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THE
NEW MONTHLY
BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

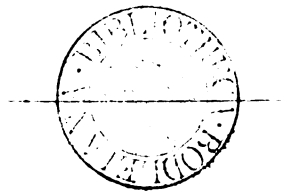
A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION,

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

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ELIZABETH.

LESBIA.

I.

Lesbia! since far from you I've ranged,
Our souls with fond affection glow not;
You say 'tis I, not you, have changed,
I'd tell you why—but yet I know not.

II.

Your polish'd brow no cares have cross'd;
And Lesbia! we are not much older
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

III.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
Two years have lingering past away, love!
And now new thoughts our minds engage,
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

IV.

'Tis I that am alone to blame,
I, that am guilty of love's treason:
Since your sweet breast is still the same,
Caprice must be my only reason.

V.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,
With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not;

Warm was the passion of my youth,
One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

VI.

No, no; my flame was not pretended,
For, oh! I loved you most sincerely;
And—though our dream at last is ended—
My bosom still esteems you dearly.

VII.

No more we meet in yonder bowers;
Absence has made me prone to roving:
But older, firmer hearts than ours
Have found monotony in loving.

VIII.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
New beauties still are daily bright'ning,
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
The forge of love's resistless lightning.

IX.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
Many will throng to sigh like me, love!
More constant they may prove indeed;
Fonder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Westminster abbey has been pronounced a part of the English constitution. There are, indeed, circumstances which invest this fabric with a greater interest and call forth a deeper reverence for it than can belong to any of our other ecclesiastical buildings. For, besides that it is of the first order of architectural merit, it presents associations of a peculiar kind. It stands in that part of the metropolis which is the seat of government. Within its walls the sovereigns of England have for centuries received their solemn coronation. It contains the monuments, and in many instances the ashes, of the most illustrious men who have done honour to our country. A walk in Westminster abbey is a pictured lesson in British history. The expectation of being enshrined here has urged on our heroes to victory: "A peerage or Westminster abbey," were the words of Nelson previously to the battle of the Nile.

Prior to the establishment of Christianity in England, it is said that a heathen temple, dedicated to Apollo, occupied the site whereon at present stands Westminster abbey. As paganism, however, disappeared before the light of the gospel, the spot where sacrifices had been offered to a demon was destined to be consecrated to the worship of the true God. In or about the year 604, it is supposed that Sebert, king of the East Saxons, a Christian convert, founded a church in Thorney Island, and dedicated it to St. Peter. This island appears to have been of a triangular form, which may even now be traced, and marshy in its character, overgrown with thorns, whence it derived its name. The church erected by Sebert was destroyed in a Danish invasion, and it was not till the reign of Edgar that it was restored. This monarch, at the suggestion of the celebrated Dunstan, and, as it is said, to atone for a crime he had committed, rebuilt the church, and gave it, with valuable endowments, to the order of St. Benedict.

In 1220, Henry III. laid the first stone of a chapel of the Virgin, and in 1245 he began entirely to re-erect the abbey. The sums he expended on the building were enormous: the amount laid out between 1245 and 1261 on the lady chapel alone is stated to have been 29,605*l*.

The abbey was not completed in Henry the Third's reign, and in 1297 it suffered much by fire; it was shortly, however, repaired by the abbot, and in the succeeding century many additions were made. The eastern parts of the nave and the aisles were rebuilt and finished in 1307; and between that time and 1386, when the abbot, under whose direction the works latterly were, died, the cloisters and the principal monastic building were erected. The civil wars

which desolated England during the fifteenth century retarded the completion of Westminster abbey, but by degrees the western parts of the nave and aisles and the west front were built, though it was not till the time of Sir Christopher Wren that the completion of the two western towers was undertaken. They were finished as we now have them in 1735.

Henry VII. commenced his chapel in 1502, on the site of that dedicated by Henry III. to the Virgin; and it was completed by Henry VIII., the total amount expended upon it being 14,000*l*., equivalent to an enormous sum of our present money. By Henry VIII. the monastery was suppressed, and Westminster erected into a bishop's see: one prelate, however, alone sat here. Its revenues at the time of the dissolution were 3,976*l*. per annum, and it possessed two hundred and sixteen manors, besides other property. The monastery was re-established by queen Mary, and finally dissolved under Elizabeth.

This edifice shared the fate of most of our noblest ecclesiastical buildings in the troubles occasioned by the great rebellion. In 1643 it was converted into barracks for the parliamentary soldiers. Of course the usual outrages were committed; the tombs were mutilated or destroyed, the altar rails were broken down and burnt, the organ was pulled to pieces, while the venerable church itself was the scene of the vilest indecency—the troopers drinking, smoking, and committing worse sacrilege within its walls. Little was done to repair the injuries thus sustained, till the reign of William III. A parliamentary grant was then obtained for its restoration, and Sir Christopher Wren, as already stated, employed. In the year 1809 the beautifying of Henry the Seventh's chapel was commenced under Mr. Wyatt's direction, 42,000*l*. being on the whole expended upon it. Much has also been done during the present century in restoration and in repair of the parts injured by fire.

At the western end of the abbey rise two lofty towers; but they are not, unfortunately, in accordance with the rest of the building, Sir Christopher Wren having introduced ornaments little in the Gothic style of architecture. The base of the southern tower is hidden by the gable of the Jerusalem chamber. Here a portal, above which is the great western window, gives admission into the nave. But the most imposing entrance is in the northern wing of the transept.

The general form of the abbey is a cross, but the outline is obscured by numerous chapels. At the centre is a very low tower, scarcely rising above the ridge of the roof. It was probably intended to raise this to a greater altitude,



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ENTRANCE TO SOUTH AISLE

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SOUTH TRANSEPT

THE NEW

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

JULY, 1844.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(*A Domestic Tale.*)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

WORDSWORTH.

CHAP. I.

"Beware, dear Florence; I fear this warm attachment must end in disappointment, fully as I can sympathize in its present happiness," was the warning address of Mrs. Leslie to an animated girl, who, on the receipt of a note, and its rapid perusal, had bounded towards her mother with an exclamation of irrepressible joy.

"Disappointment, dearest mother? How can that be?" was her eager reply.

"Because friendship, even more than love, demands equality of station. Friends cannot be to each other what they ought to be, if the rank of one party be among the nobles of the land, that of the other lowly as your own."

"And so I told her, dear mother; at least so my manner must have said, for she once called me a silly girl to be so terrified at rank, and asked me if I fancied, because 'Lady' was prefixed to her name, it raised up an impassable barrier between Ida Villiers and Florence Leslie. I loved her from that moment."

"No doubt," replied her mother, smiling. "Yet, my Florence, I wish the first friendship your warm heart had formed had been with some other than its present object. You do not know how often I have longed for you to find a friend of your own sex, and nearly of your own age, on

whom to expend some of those ever gushing affections you lavish so warmly on me and Minie —"

"And my father and Walter, do I not love them?" laughingly interrupted Florence, kneeling down to caress her mother, as she spoke.

"Nay, if I must enumerate all whom Florence loves, I believe we must add Minie's kitten and Walter's greyhound, and all the mute animals which come to her for protection and care," rejoined Mrs. Leslie in the same tone; "but, nevertheless, I have longed for you to find a friend, because I feel you stand almost alone."

"Alone, mother! with you and Minie? How can you speak so? Have I ever wished or sought another?"

"No, love; but that is no reason why your mother should not wish it for you. Minie is a pet, a plaything for us all, younger in looks and manner than thirteen years may justify, and no companion for your present pursuits and opening pleasures."

"But are not you —"

"I cannot be to you all I wish, my warm hearted girl, or all your fancy pictures me," replied Mrs. Leslie, with difficulty suppressing emotion; "confined as I am, almost continually, to a sofa or bed; often incapacitated from the smallest exertion, even from hearing the gay laughter of my children; my sufferings are aggravated by the painful thought, that now you need female companionship and sympathy more than ever, I cannot give them. A few years ago you were still a child, and your natural light-heartedness bore you up against all that might seem melancholy in your home. But within the last year I have observed that my sufferings have too often infected you with more sadness than they inflict upon me; and continually to watch with me, and to bear with me, and think for me, this is no task for you, my Florence."

"It is so precious, even in its sorrow, that I would not resign it for anything that other friends might offer, dearest mother. It is only the last two years I have been conscious of all I owe to you, and all you endure, and all the trouble and sadness my wilfulness must often have occasioned you. And if I have seemed more thoughtful and serious, it is because I have only now begun to think and feel."

"And for that very reason, my child, I have wished you to find some friend, whose affection and personal character might sometimes give you more cheerful matters of meditation, and a happy change of scene. You are only too prone to think and feel, and might become morbidly sensitive before either of us had imagined the danger. I know, too, that there is an age when the young require more than their natural relatives whom to respect and love; they fancy it no credit to be loved merely in their domestic circle; they need an interchange of sentiment and pursuit, and all their innocent recreations and graver duties acquire double zest from being shared by another. Sympathy is the magic charm of life; and a friend will both give it and feel it, and never shrink from speaking truth, however painful, kindly indeed, but faithfully, and will infuse and receive strength by the mutual confidence of high and religious principle. Trust me, there are such friends, my Florence, friends that will cling to each other through weal and through woe, who will never permit coldness or distrust to creep in, and dull their truth; aye, and who will stand by, protecting and comforting, should sorrow or even sin be the lot of the one, and that of the other be happiness complete."

Mrs. Leslie ceased, her voice becoming almost inaudible from emotion or exhaustion. Florence imagined the latter cause, for there was a deep flush on her mother's usually pallid cheek which alarmed and pained her, and throwing her arms round her neck she begged her not to talk too much, dearly as she loved to hear her, adding somewhat mournfully, "You have indeed pictured true friendship, mother, and that which I yearn for; Lady Ida may be all this to me, but I am too lowly in station and in merit to be such to her; though I do feel I could go to the world's end to make her happier than she is. Oh, mother, if you did but know her as I do."

"Without that pleasure, my dear child, I have seen enough of her to know that, were her rank less high, I could not wish a dearer, truer friend for Florence. A character like yours, almost too clinging, too affectionate, needs the support of firmness and self-control, qualities I have never seen possessed in a more powerful degree than by Lady Ida. But remember, my Florence, it is not only the disparity of rank which must eventually separate you. Lady Ida is about to leave England to reside in Italy for an indefinite time."

"And with my whole heart I wish she could set off directly, lonely as I should feel," exclaimed Florence eagerly.

"No doubt you do; for there never was any selfishness in true affection, be it friendship or love. Yet still I wish there had been no occasion for this self-renunciation, and that your first friendship had not been with one from whom you will so soon be called upon to part."

"But I would not lose the pleasure of the present to escape the pain of the future. You know, dear mother, I always say I feel that pleasure and pain are twins; I never feel one without the other, and I should be a poor miserable being, without a particle of spirit or animation, if I were to give up

the joy of the one feeling for fear of the suffering of the other."

There was an indefinable expression of sadness on the countenance of Mrs. Leslie as her mild eye rested on the beaming features of her child. It was an expression which others might often have remarked, but when observed by Florence she believed it natural to those beloved features, marking perhaps greater suffering of body than usual, and in consequence calling forth increased tenderness on her part.

"It is too late to wish the present pleasure recalled, my child; continue to love Lady Ida, only remember there must be a cloud in your horizon of joy, that this intimacy cannot last, even if she return to England. Your respective stations cannot permit the confidence of perfect friendship, and my Florence has too much of her mother's pride to seek to be a *humble* friend."

"I could never be such to Lady Ida," replied Florence, "for she would cease to love me, or at least to feel the same interest in me, if I were. No, mother, no; I am not ashamed to stand in a lower grade than hers. I shall never become one of those despicable characters who, attempting to rise above, sink lower than their natural station, and thus expose themselves to laughter and contempt."

CHAP. II.

The family, of whom the animated speaker of the preceding chapter formed so engaging a part, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie and their three children. They had resided for several years in the lovely little village of Babbicombe, situated on the south coast of Devonshire. Occasional visits had indeed been made to the metropolis, and other parts of England; but their home was Devonshire, and there had the affections of Florence taken root, with all the enthusiasm of her nature. London she abhorred; she fancied its denizens were cold and heartless, and her mind had not yet received the magic touch which could awaken it to those treasures of art and science which the emporium of England's glory so richly contains. As yet, the music of the birds and streams, and the deeper base and varied tones of Ocean, were sweeter harmonies than the rarest talent of the capital. The opening flowers, the diversified scene of hill and dale, the groups of village children, of sturdy peasants and rustic girls, amid the fields and orchards, presented to her fancy lovelier pictures and more perfect forms than the finest galleries of art.

The feelings and mysteries of her own loving heart and simple mind presented enough variety; she needed not change of society to develop her intuitive perception of character. Reading with avidity all that she could obtain—history, poetry, romance, all that could delineate nature according to the responses of her own heart—she needed no other recreation. The gentle councils of Mrs. Leslie preserved her from all that mawkish sentiment and undue prominence of romance which in some dispositions might have resulted from such

indiscriminate reading at an age so early. But Florence Leslie was no heroine, to take a volume of Byron or Moore, and wander alone amid the rocks, and fells, and woods of Babbicombe, and weep in secret, imagining herself to be some love-lorn damsel, and pining for all the fascinating heroes of whom she read. That she was often seen tripping lightly, on an early summer morning, or a cool fresh evening, down the hill, to a favourite cleft in a rock almost hidden by luxuriant brushwood which covered it, and within hearing of the sonorous voice of old Ocean, and seen too with a book in her hand, we pretend not to deny. But look not aghast, ye votaries of Byron and Moore, that volume was generally one of Felicia Hemans, or Mary Howitt; or, if of deeper lore, Wordsworth, Coleridge, the stirring scenes of Scott, or the domestic pictures of Edgeworth, Mitford, or Austin. Florence was not yet old enough, or perchance wise enough, to appreciate the true poetic beauties of Lord Byron's thrilling lays, or the sweeter, softer music of Moore. She was as yet only sensible of that which pleased her fancy and touched her heart; and therefore to these poets her gentle spirit echoed no reply.

But Florence was not so wedded to her books, and shrubs, and flowers, as to eschew those pleasures which might perhaps appear somewhat irrelevant to such a quiet life. No one loved a ball so well, no one was so lightly gay in all festivity and mirth. The morning hour might see her in tears over a favourite book, the evening find her the life and centre of a happy group of children, laughing, dancing, like the youngest there.

Such she was at the age of fifteen; seventeen years found this internal and external happiness somewhat clouded. She became more awake to outward things; to the consciousness of, and sympathy with, the sufferings of a mother whom she loved with no common love. For the last five years, Mrs. Leslie had been labouring under an incurable disease, which not only always debilitated her frame, producing a languor and depression under which many a mind would have sunk, but exposed her at intervals to the most excruciating suffering, which she would yet bear so uncomplainingly, so heroically, that very often the damp drops on her brow, or a fainting fit, would be the first sign that she was enduring pain. A sudden and violent disease would have alarmed, and thus excited the attention even of a child; but Mrs. Leslie's complaint had crept on so silently and unsuspectingly, her languor and weakness were so successfully combatted, that it was not strange that Florence should have failed to observe them at first, and that when she did so, the fact should have dashed her glowing visions with a saddening shade. She felt the pleasures of gaiety were alloyed, for she could never join in them with her mother.

True the yearning for something more to love was not strong enough to affect her happiness; for, when by Mrs. Leslie's side, listening to her loved counsels, or caressing her young and joyous sister Mary (or Minie, as she was always called), she felt it not. It was only when taking a ramble too long for Minie, or joining in the pleasures of

evening society, for which Minie was too young, and which were for Mrs. Leslie too painful an exertion, that she was conscious she might be happier still.

There was an ardent longing in Florence Leslie's heart from her earliest years, which most people imagined but romantic folly engendered by indiscriminate reading, and a consequent love of adventure, but which (strange to say) always appeared to cause Mrs. Leslie some uneasiness. All that concerned Italy, from the dryest history, the deepest antiquarian research, to the lightest poem, were pored over with a pertinacity, a constancy, which no one but Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, perhaps, could comprehend. Rogers's poem she committed to memory page after page, simply for recreation; and she learned to draw, chiefly in order to copy every print of Italy, modern or ancient, which came before her.

"What would I not give to have some claim on that lovely land?" she had said one day, when only twelve years old. "It is so foolish merely to love. Now, if I had by some strange chance been born there, I might love Italy as much as I pleased. By the way, papa, where was I born? I have asked mamma several times, and there seems a fatality attending her answer, for I do not know yet."

Mr. Leslie's face was shaded by his hand, and it was twilight, or Florence must have discovered that his countenance was slightly troubled; but he answered quietly, "If you so much wish to forswear poor old England as your birthplace, my dear child, you have my permission so to do. For, in truth, if to be born in a country makes you a child of the soil, you are Italian, having first seen the light, about twenty miles from the fair town whose name you bear."

"Italian! really, truly, Italian! Oh! you dear, good father, to tell me so. Now I may love it as much as I please. Italy, dear, beautiful Italy! I am your own child! Mamma, naughty mamma!" she continued, bounding to Mrs. Leslie, as she entered the room, "why did you never tell me I was Italian? I must go and tell Walter and nurse;" and away she flew, utterly unconscious of the agitation her words had produced in Mrs. Leslie, who, as the door closed behind her, sank on a chair by her husband's side, faintly exclaiming, "Edward, dearest Edward! what have you told her?"

"Nothing, dearest, trust me, nothing that can in any way disturb her serenity or happiness, or excite the least suspicion in herself or others, inimical to her present or future peace. I did but tell her she was born in Italy, which, did she ever mingle with my family, she would find many to confirm; and you know it is but the truth, dearest wife.

Mrs. Leslie breathed more freely.

"I am very weak, and very foolish," she said, after a pause; "but the slightest reference to her birth utterly unnerves me. Dearest Edward, there come to me at times such horrible forebodings, as if we had scarcely done right to act as we have done; and, yet it was my own request, my first weighty boon, and not granted by you

without a painful struggle; if there be fault—if evil come of it—I have brought it on myself."

"Do not speak thus, my noble Mary," was her husband's instant reply, pressing her as he spoke to his bosom. "What fault can there be in acting as you did? What evil can come from it to dash your noble deed with woe?"

"If she should ever learn—" faintly murmured Mrs. Leslie; "ever know the truth—"

"It is not likely she ever will, nor can there be any need she should. Loved, cherished, ay, and dutiful and affectionate as she is, God grant that she may never leave our home till she quits it for a happier one."

"Amen!" fervently responded Mrs. Leslie; and what further might have passed between them was checked by the re-entrance of their child.

As Florence outgrew the period of childhood, and merged into opening womanhood, there was something in the intense blackness of her large, lustrous eye, the glossy tresses of her long, jet-black hair, the rich complexion, which, though refined, and rendered peculiarly delicate from the effects of an English climate, was certainly more brunette than blonde, that seemed in truth to mark her of more southern origin than her mother and little sister, between whom and herself there was no affinity of feature whatever. Minnie was a lovely English child, exquisitely fair, with deep blue eyes, and clustering curls of gold, and a voice that, even at twelve years old, was something so extraordinary in its compass, its flexibility, that many a professor might have envied her the gift.

Florence was no regular beauty, but very graceful, with a modest and winning manner, and an ever varying expression of feature, which rendered her a most loveable creature. Flattery, Florence instinctively abhorred; but if any one told her her eyes and complexion were more Italian than English, she would be as innocently delighted as a child with a new toy.

The other child of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie was a delicate boy, two years the junior of Florence, between whom and himself many an animated discussion was wont to take place, on what they termed the respective merits of their respective countries. On one of these occasions, Florence met the glance of her mother, full of that sorrowful meaning which she had only lately learned to remark, and she hastened towards her to cover her with caresses, and ask if she could do anything to alleviate her pain.

"Mamma does not like to hear you abuse old England," was Walter's laughing rejoinder, as her mother assured her she was not suffering.

"I do not abuse it; I love it, Walter; but I love Italy more, and mamma loves it too."

"Not better than England, Florence; not so well: look at her eyes."

Florence did look, and seemed disappointed; Mrs. Leslie smiled.

"I have passed many happy, but more sorrowful, days in Italy, my dear children; and, as we generally love a country from association, I candidly own it would give me more pain than pleasure to visit those classic shores again.

"There!" exclaimed Walter, triumphantly.

"It is not likely I shall ever have the happiness of seeing them; so let me love on, at least," rejoined Florence, in a sorrowful tone.

CHAP. III.

Among the many visitors to the mild and beautiful sea-port of Torquay, was the family of Lord Melford, a nobleman, with whom Mr. Leslie, during his casual visits to the metropolis, had become acquainted, from having done him some essential service in the way of business. The climate of Devonshire having been recommended for the health of one of his daughters, two successive winters found the family comfortably domiciled in a noble residence near the town, acknowledged to be second only to Tor Abbey in importance, both for interior arrangements, and exterior beauty; its picturesque localities possessing all the varied charms of hill and dale, wood and water, peculiar to Devonshire.

Lady Melford and her daughters made it a point to return Mr. Leslie's services by attentions to that gentleman's family. Florence was not a being to be passed unnoticed. Her animation, her grace, her cultivated mind, and intuitive refinement, were acknowledged even by those accustomed to the most fashionable society; and, consequently, she was invited to St. John's, made much of by the Misses Melford, dignified by the title of the honourable Emily Melford's "intimate friend," caressed by the viscountess herself, and though not yet "out," admitted to all their domestic festivities.

Still Florence retained her independent spirit, her love of her own more humble home, untinged by a wish to exchange her unpretending sphere for that of her noble friends. Notwithstanding that she became an object of envy to many a young lady in the vicinity who thought her pretensions to the notice of Lady Melford were quite as good as Miss Leslie's, not one in the whole neighbourhood could be found to say that this distinction had changed one tittle of her character. She was heard to declare that it was worth while to mix with grandeur and be petted by strangers a little while, as it only made her feel how much dearer was her home, how much more precious the love of its inmates than they had ever seemed before.

Though the refinement of high rank and well cultivated minds, mingled with lighter accomplishments, rendered the honourable Misses Melford far more congenial companions to our young heroine than any she had yet met with, there was still something wanting; the mystery of sympathy, that curious power which links us with kindred minds, which bids us feel long before the lights and shadows of character can be distinguished, that we have met with the rich blessing of a heart which can understand us, and on which our own may lean. A fashionable education, and, in the two elder, the gaieties of four or five London seasons, had been productive of their natural consequences, coldness and heartlessness, which could not assimilate with the ardent temperament of Florence. She knew not their extent, for they were always kind to her, and she did not

feel any restraint before them ; but she intuitively felt that all her high aspirations, her exalted feelings had better not be spoken, for they would not be understood ; even Emily Melford, though but just eighteen, had not passed through the ordeal of fashionable training entirely unscathed ; perhaps, too, nature was as much in fault as education, for she was naturally cold, though so independent both in thought and action, as often to startle Florence.

The first winter, St. John's had only been honoured by the presence of Lady Melford and her daughters, occasionally varied by visits from the Viscount, and the honourable Frederick and Alfred Melford, true specimens of joke-loving, amusement-seeking young men of fashion, whose gaiety and good feeling excited the mirth and ready enjoyment of Florence, but nothing more. The second winter brought an addition to the family ; Emily had alluded to a cousin, her mother's niece, the Lady Ida Villiers, eight years her senior, and spoken so rapturously of her exceeding grace and beauty, and richly gifted mind, that Florence thought these all-sufficient food for fancy ; but the tale connected with Lady Ida was such as to interest much colder hearts than hers.

She had lost her father seven years previously ; her mother some time before ; and Lady Ida, the last of an ancient line, was left under the guardianship of Lord Melford, until the age of twenty-four, when full liberty became her own. The title of her father, the ancient earldom of Edgemere, had indeed gone to a distant branch, but his possessions, with little diminution, passed to his daughter, leaving her, in consequence, a wealthy heiress. She had certainly charms enough, both of person and mind, to remove all idea that she could be sought in merely for fortune ; but whatever the cause, the richest and proudest bowed before her, acknowledged her surpassing loveliness, and besought, in all the varieties of passion, the honour of her hand. But the heart of the Lady Ida Villiers had appeared to be as cold as ice ; her majesty of demeanour had never descended to encouragement, in even the passing courtesy of the moment. All were rejected, some with winning kindness, some with contemptuous scorn, according as her quick and penetrative mind discovered the true feeling, or worldly-seeking pretence of her respective suitors. In vain her guardians expostulated, and Lord Melford, remembering he was an uncle also, took upon himself to threaten. The young lady was inexorable, and, at length, the truth was discovered. The heart, which had appeared impregnable, had, in fact, been carried by storm already ; and Lady Ida scrupled neither to deny nor to conceal it, for its love was returned ; she knew this in spite of the hopelessness with which it was accompanied.

Edmund St. Maur was the youngest branch of the noble family whose name he bore. There was a chance of the barony becoming his, but a chance far too remote for speculation. Moreover, he and his widowed mother were poor ; poor, at least, for the sphere in which their relationship to rank imperatively called them to move ; and Edmund was of that delicate frame and constitution, which are too often attendant on studious habits and

reflective minds. The late Lord Edgemere had known the worth of both mother and son, and had cherished and encouraged the intimacy between them and his child. Whether he ever thought of danger arising from it, or really would not have objected to the union of Lady Ida with the poor but high-minded Edmund St. Maur, could never be ascertained, as he died before Ida herself was aware of the engaged state of her affections ; and St. Maur, whatever might have been his private feelings, knew his position too well to think of their betrayal.

Lady Ida had not however, been a year an orphan, before the fading form and pallid cheek of Edmund startled her into perfect consciousness as to the state of her own heart ; and with all the refinement and delicacy of a high and pure mind, she recalled all that had ever passed between them, all that she knew of his character, and felt that gold, despicable gold had caused this change. His too sensitive mind imagined fortune had for ever divided them, that he dared not aspire to her hand. She knew his pride, and felt that did she not advance more forward than was, perhaps, quite consistent with maidenly propriety, not only her own happiness, but his would be sacrificed for ever. Her first measures were sufficiently unsuccessful to rob her own cheek of its glow, her own form of its roundness ; the more kind, the more gracious her manner, nay, the more she thought to draw him to her side, the more he shunned her.

"But how did she ever discover his sentiments ? how ever conquer his pride ?" was Florence Leslie's ardent exclamation, aware of the sequel, yet not imagining how these difficulties could be overcome ; and Emily Melford, as eager to speak as her companion to listen, continued :—

"Simply, because he chanced to have a mother, in whom he could confide a tale of love. It was easy for Lady Helen to penetrate Ida's secret, and the betrayal of Edmund's sentiments of course followed. Once assured that she was beloved, neither her own maiden modesty nor natural pride could be in aught impugned. All reserve was at an end ; they understood each other, and never were three happier persons, I believe, than Ida and Edmund, and not least, Lady Helen."

"She must have been happy, for it was greatly her doing," observed Florence. "But why are they not married yet ? why only engaged ?"

"For a very weighty reason ; Ida had to bear the brunt of all sorts of persecution—my honourable family at their head ; every one who could claim the most distant relationship chose to declare she should not so throw herself away, that it was worse than folly ; she was wedding herself not alone with poverty, but with death, for every one must see Edmund St. Maur had not five years more to live."

"How cruel !" indignantly exclaimed Florence.

"Cruel, in truth ; and not content with this, invec-tives nearly approaching to insult were thrown at her by all, not excepting my own family."

"Not Lady Melford ?—impossible !"

"No, not mamma ; she had rather more regard for her sister's daughter, though she disapproved of the match quite as much as others. If the good

folks had ever misunderstood my cousin before, it was impossible to misunderstand her then. She bore the storm firmly, and, in appearance, unconcernedly. Papa once went the length of saying, he would prohibit the marriage. She told him very calmly that she understood his legal authority ended when she was four-and-twenty, and she did not intend to marry till then. When the important day arrived, and, becoming her own mistress, there seemed no farther obstacle to her happiness, St. Maur was suddenly taken seriously ill, as the medical men declared, from over excitement, and so many dangerous symptoms returned, that he was peremptorily desired to winter at Madeira and then to remain in Italy till his health was perfectly re-established. They assured Lady Helen and my cousin, that if he did this, no danger whatever need be apprehended; but, if he should remain in England, they could not answer for the consequences. Imagine poor Ida's anguish: even at this moment she would have united her fate with his, that she might be permitted to follow him, and be his nurse and his untiring attendant; but Edmund was far too unselfish, even in his love, to permit this sacrifice on her part; and Lady Helen, much as she felt for her, seconded her son. All things were against poor Ida. The medical fraternity put a decided negative on her proposal; declaring that, in his present state, even the pain of separation would be better borne than the excitement of her presence. The opinion of Sir Charles Brashleigh at length made her yield; she consented to let her lover go without her, though she well knew what a period of anxiety and suffering his absence, and in this precarious state, would be to her. I never saw her so wholly and utterly overcome as she was the first week after his departure. She struggled against it till she was thrown on a bed of sickness, and I am certain she will neither look nor feel like herself till she shall rejoin him."

"And when will that be?" inquired Florence, her eyes swelling in tears; "how long have they been parted?"

"Nearly eighteen months, and it has been a period of intense anxiety to Ida. The accounts have become more and more favourable, but of course poor Ida cannot feel happy or secure, till she is by his side. Papa is so angry at her resistance to his authority, that he will not allow us to go to Italy, as we all wished to do; he fancies separation will do the work for him, and that they will forget each other. However, next spring or autumn, Lord Edgemere's family go to Rome, and Ida goes with them."

"Oh, what a blessed time to look forward to!" exclaimed Florence; who added, "but you say she has even encountered persecution from your own family—surely your sisters must have been her friends?"

"Surely not, my very simple girl. Georgiana imagined herself one of the greatest wits and scholars of the day; and that Ida, without the least effort, should surpass her, and fascinate not only the butterflies, but every man of genius and letters who approached her, was somewhat too mortifying to be borne meekly. No woman ever yet quietly

surrendered the reputation of superior talents to another woman, and, certainly not to a younger. Then Sophia once dreamed she was a beauty; and though three successive crowded seasons passed, and no reward of that beauty made its appearance in any thing like an offer of marriage, she chose to imagine Ida's faultless face and form a decided affront to her, and so disliked her accordingly."

"How can you speak so of your sisters?" inquired Florence, half laughingly, half reproachfully.

"How can I? very easily, for I hate such little-mindedness. My dear Florence, London is very different from the country. Sisters so often become rivals; there is so little time in the whirl of gaiety for words and acts of mutual kindness, that we should laugh at the idea of imagining them better than other people."

"Save me from London, then!" ejaculated Florence, so heartily, that her companion was yet more amused; but Florence continued—"How comes it, Emily, that you can afford to speak so enthusiastically of Lady Ida?"

"Simply, first, because I know I am no beauty; secondly, it is too much trouble to attempt rivalling her in talent or in wit; and, thirdly, she is eight years older than I am, and, before I make my *début*, she will have passed all ordeal, by taking unto herself a partner for better or worse, and so she cannot be my rival; so do not give me credit for any seeming amiability, for if I were a *belle*, and a would-be *blue* one, I should be just as envious as others."

CHAP. IV.

Lady Ida Villiers came, and Florence Leslie found every vision of fancy and anticipation more than realized. It was impossible for such an enthusiastic, affectionate being as herself to be in Lady Ida's company, to listen to her varied powers of conversation, which she had the rare faculty of adapting to every character with whom she mingled, still more to find herself, after the first few days, an object of notice, even of interest, without feeling every ardent affection, based on esteem, enlisted in her cause. She found, to her utmost astonishment, that her thoughts were read by her new companion before she had shaped them into words; her tastes drawn forth irresistibly to meet with sympathy and improvement; her simple pleasures, both in books and nature, appreciated, encouraged, and so delightfully directed higher than she had ever ventured alone, that every hour spent in Lady Ida's society was productive of pleasures which she had never even imagined before. Nor was it only by words that Lady Ida's character opened itself to the admiring and wondering gaze of Florence. She observed her daily conduct to those around her. Courteous and kind, to her aunt far more affectionate than either of her own daughters—no stranger could have ever imagined she was simply returning good for evil; even to her uncle she never failed in courtesy and gentleness, though his manner towards her was always cold and supercilious. The trials of her own heart, her own anxieties, never passed her

lips; but the paleness of her beautiful cheek, the occasional dimness of the large, soft, hazel eye, the fragility of her finely proportioned form, were only too painful evidences of all which in secret she endured.

Obtuse beings, indeed, might not have marked these things; but Florence did, and, with all the vivid imaginativeness of her nature, placed herself in Lady Ida's situation, and shuddered. Faithful love and mutual devotion were subjects absolutely hallowed to her fancy; and so strong was this feeling that her own heart beat thick and painfully on those days when letters could be received from Italy, and her quick eye, awakened by affection, could read the rapidly increasing paleness of Lady Ida's cheek, the trembling of the hand rendering every effort to continue drawing, writing, or work impossible, though all the while her conversation upon indifferent subjects would continue without hesitation or pause. Once she had been present when one of these precious letters was unexpectedly brought to her friend, and Lady Ida, it seemed, had forgotten any one was near, for the thrilling cry of transport with which she seized the papers, the passionate kisses she pressed on the senseless letters which composed his name, the burst of fervent thankfulness which escaped her lips, betrayed how strong must be the control which she exercised when receiving similar treasures in presence of her family.

Some dispositions would have triumphed in witnessing this absence of restraint, would have hugged themselves up in the belief that they were more in her confidence than others. Not so Florence Leslie. She glided from the apartment as silently, as fleetly, as if she fancied herself guilty in tarrying one moment to witness emotions so sacred and so blessed. Now it so happened that Lady Ida was aware of her young companion's presence when the packet was received, but not till the delight of its perusal was in part subsided had she leisure to remark that Florence had disappeared, bearing the drawing on which she had been engaged along with her. The action struck her, and heightened the interest that from the first the simple country girl had excited; nor was the feeling decreased by the glistening eye and timid accents with which, when they met again, and, as it chanced, alone, Florence ventured to ask,

"If the news from Italy were favourable? If Mr. St. Maur were as well as by the last accounts?"

The pressure of the hand which accompanied the rapid answer, "Better, my dear girl, better than he has been yet, and for a much longer interval," at once told her that Lady Ida accepted her sympathy.

No persuasion, no authority, could prevail on Lady Ida to join Lady Melford and her daughters in their visitings, balls, concerts, and other Christmas amusements with which they sought to while away their sojourn in the country.

Georgiana and Sophia called her proud and overbearing, and said that the poor simple folks of Torquay were not good enough to associate with one so fastidious. Even Lady Melford repre-

sented that her reserve might create unpleasant feelings, which would be better avoided.

"Tell them the truth, my dear aunt," was her half-laughing though earnest reply; "tell them Lady Ida Villiers has forsworn all gaiety such as visiting engenders, till she has made a pilgrimage to St. Peter's, and has returned thence miraculously cured. Pray smoothe all the plumes my reserve may have ruffled, by the true information, that for the last eighteen months I have withdrawn myself almost entirely from London society; that I mean not the very slightest affront; and if my word be not sufficient, I will give them references to Almack's and lady patronesses, and to all the givers of balls, concerts, private theatricals, &c., as vouchers of my truth."

"How can you be so ridiculous, Ida? You make yourself the laughing-stock of the country by this perverseness. I shall tell them no such thing. Surely, when you are the wife of Edmund St. Maur, it will be time enough to make such a sacrifice; there is no occasion for it beforehand."

"Then you see, aunt, you would do less to save the poor people's feelings than I would."

"As if such a tale would be believed," interposed Miss Melford, sourly.

"Disbelief is their sin, then, Georgy, not mine; I would tell the truth."

But laugh off such attacks as she might, she was not to be persuaded; and, much to the marvel of her cousins, the greater part of the gentry continued to give her the meed of admiration still.

Lady Ida Villiers might and did refuse to enter into evening gaieties; but their residence in Torquay presented her with one rich source of gratification, which drew her from herself almost unconsciously. Nature, the beautiful scenery of Devonshire, presented, even in the winter months, sufficient charm to banish all recollection that in summer it could be lovelier still. Lady Ida would order out her own carriage, and leaving the gay resorts of the town, put herself under the guidance of the delighted Florence, and explore the country for twenty miles round; and when there, sketches were to be taken, associations of history or romance recalled, passages of favourite poems sought for, in glowing words to embody the imagery around.

For Florence these were, indeed, happy days. She gave vent to her vivid fancy, her exuberant elasticity of spirits, for it was impossible to retain the silencing awe which Lady Ida's superior endowments, both personal and mental, had first inspired, when thus unrestrainedly enjoying her society. Emily Melford was often of their party, and by her quaint remarks only heightened our young heroine's buoyant mirth; and in witnessing her happiness, Lady Ida, ever the most unselfish of mortals, could forget her own anxieties, and rejoice that even in her present depression she had the power of bestowing so much joy.

"Florence, you are really such an admirable Cicerone, I must recommend you to all visitors of Devonshire. If it had not been for you I should have left the county as ignorant of its beauties as I entered it"—was Lady Ida's observation, when

returning from a beautiful excursion to the ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle.

Their road was winding close by the banks of the Teign, seeming to be divided from the river only by the high, luxuriant trees, which growing on either side so closely the carriage would have been in some danger had it encountered any other vehicle. There were innumerable evergreen shrubs, and the clear tracery of every minute branch and twig of the trees against the light, blue sky, produced as beautiful an effect as the darker and richer shades of summer. The sun, too, was setting with that gorgeousness peculiar to Devonshire even in the winter months; and the river reflected every shade with a fidelity as lovely as it was striking.

"You certainly ought to give some weighty proof of gratitude, Ida; for either Florence or Devonshire has made you a different being. You are more like yourself than I ever see you in London," rejoined Emily.

"Poor London, for what sins has it not to be answerable in your estimation, Emily? I wish you would be candid for once. You abuse London, because, you say, the people are so cold and artificial, and for a multitude of causes which I cannot define. Will you tell me, are your country visitors more to your taste?"

"No; they are as much too simple, as the Londoners are too artificial; but at least you can escape from their influence better here than in London."

"Then you would like to live an anchorite in the country?"

"Not for the world! I like society, bad as it is, rather too well."

"Then pray do not abuse it. You know I often tell you, Emily, it is your own natural coldness which reflects itself upon every body."

"Thanks for the compliment, most noble cousin."

"It is no compliment, Emily; but sad, sober truth. I cannot bear such sentiments in one so young; for what injustice or evil can you have witnessed?"

"None in the world; only as we believe in original sin, there must be some contradiction to our faith in human virtue. Now, as I mean to be consistent, I uphold that evil is more prevalent than good; and, to descend from such grave subjects, that we meet disagreeable people more often than agreeable ones."

"Perhaps so; but there is good in the world, dark as it is—great good, and the sublimest virtue. I believe there may be almost perfect characters even on earth."

"Edmund St. Maur, for instance," interrupted Emily Melford, mischievously.

"No, Emily," replied Lady Ida, gravely. "If I had made him an idol of perfection, I should stand but little chance of lasting happiness; for I should be liable to have my bright picture tarnished by all the unforeseen chances and changes of life. I esteem him, or I would not wed him; but I know his failings, as I trust he does mine. He is not old enough for the perfection to which I allude; he has had the trial neither of adversity nor of prosperity—I mean, in the extreme. His mother comes

far nearer my standard of perfection in human character than my Edmund."

"Eloquently answered, at least, cousin mine; I may believe you or not, as I please. Florence, what are you thinking about? Ida is no oracle that you should so devour her words. My wisdom is quite as good."

"I do not think so, Emily; for my feelings side with her view of the question."

"But I wish you would tell me, Lady Ida, all you find to like in London."

"All, Florence? what a question! Why, a great many things; some of which, had I you near me, I would compel you to like London for, too. Its magazines of art; its galleries of painting and sculpture; its varied avenues to the indulgence of every taste—in music, from the solemn strains of our sublime Handel to the lightest melody of the Italians. Then there are all the *litterati* of the land. We may gather around us the poet, the philosopher, the novelist, and mark if their characters accord with their writings, and love or shun them accordingly. Oh! there are many things to make a residence in London delightful for a while; though I acknowledge with you, I should wish my home to be an old baronial hall of dear old England."

"But these things, Lady Ida, are only for the noble and rich. Now, in Rome, Naples, Florence, such treasures of art and science are open to every rank and every fortune; and there too, with the most lovely country that eye can dwell on or mind delight in."

"So it seems from a distance, my dear girl. When I return from my pilgrimage to Italy, I will give you truer impressions. Will you trust me? and, meanwhile, rest content in old England?"

"Yes, if you *will* tell me."

"If I will! what do you mean?"

The eyes of Florence slowly filled with tears, and she turned hastily to the window, exclaiming at the same instant that they were at home!

CHAP. V.

That Florence Leslie's simple and unselfish nature was uncorrupted by the notice she attracted in the noble circle of St. John's, many trifling incidents served to prove. She had been spending some days, as usual, at St. John's, and was seated one morning in Lady Ida's own boudoir, employed in finishing a drawing of a pretty little group of peasant children, who had attracted her notice on a late excursion. Lady Ida was embroidering; Emily Melford, stretched listlessly on a sofa, reading, every now and then uttering sounds expressive (as Florence declared) of such disapproval, that she wondered how she could go on with the book. It was a lovely morning in March, so balmy that the French windows were open, permitting the entrance of a complete flood of sunshine. Already the lawn, on which the windows opened, was spangled with snowdrops; hepaticas, violets, double and single primroses, and the loveliest hyacinths of every brilliant colour, decorated the room. It was a lovely retreat, peculiarly delightful to Florence, from the books, the music,

prints, and flowers which Lady Ida's taste had collected around her. Their retirement was often invaded by Alfred Melford, who declared himself a butterfly, seeking the warmest sunshine; and so, wherever he might rove for awhile, he was even compelled to return to his cousin's boudoir.

"What is the matter, Emily? Why are you groaning over your book in this melancholy style? If it be such trash, why read it?"

"Because I have nearly exhausted all the libraries in this out-of-the-world place, and I am even compelled to resort to this, over which I chanced to find that simpleton Florence deeply affected the other day; so, as I will give her credit sometimes for good taste, I thought I would try it."

"I should think you need scarcely resort to public libraries for books to while away your time, before dinner at least. My uncle has furnished a plentiful supply, I am sure, and you are quite welcome to any of mine."

"Thanks, cousin mine; I am too lazy in the country for anything but novels; they sickened me with history, and almost with poetry, at school."

"For heaven's sake, Emily, do not say so, and still more, do not feel so. Do you mean to tell me you never intend reading anything serious again?"

"Now, Ida, do not preach. You do not know what it is to be under fashionable thralldom, and care, rigid as that of any lady abbess, for fourteen years out of nineteen; so you cannot tell what it is to feel free. I mean to seek my own comfort, my own pleasure henceforth, to make up for it."

"And be the most selfish, most disagreeable being amongst all those you dignify with such appellations," replied Lady Ida, indignantly. "If you do, only keep out of my way, for I shall disclaim all relationship with you."

"But what is there in this book you so dislike, Emily?" interposed Florence. And an animated discussion of its excellence and non-excellence followed, which we have no space to transcribe: it ended by Emily's declaring that Florence was certainly intended for a poet, as she had such high-flown notions of human nature—all the worse for her.

"Why all the worse?"

"Because you will never be appreciated or understood, and are doomed to lonely musing all your life."

"Do not heed her, Florence," interposed Lady Ida: "she judges all the world by herself!"

"Oh, but you do not know Florence as I do: she says it is not only possible, but quite natural, to seek the happiness of those we love more than our own."

"Well, and she is right."

"What, even in the rivalry of love?"

"Stop, Emily, let me tell Lady Ida exactly what I said—simply that I thought it *was* possible for a woman to love, before feeling certain of a return; and that, should she ever discover the happiness of him she loved was unfortunately distinct from her own, she would do everything in her power to forward that happiness, even if in so doing she condemned herself to misery. Emily declares it

is impossible, and that she should hate herself, her supposed lover, and his more fortunate choice, one and all inveterately."

"It is a weighty subject for decision, Florence," replied Lady Ida; "requiring more complete immolation of self, than, perhaps, any but those in such an emergency can imagine; but that there are such noble spirits I do most truthfully believe."

"There, Emily!" exclaimed Florence, triumphantly.

"Wait till you yourself are in such an enviable position, and decide on the possibility or impossibility then," replied Emily.

"If such suffering were indeed mine, heaven grant I should feel and act the same; and that I might be stronger, firmer, O, how much firmer than I am now," responded Florence; and there was so much solemnity, so much feeling in the tone, that it effectually checked any further jesting on the part of Emily. All that is really natural is always affecting; and Florence was so completely a child of nature, that what would have appeared folly in others, in her did but enhance the interest she never failed to excite, and increase affection in every heart capable of appreciating and understanding her.

"And I say, Florence, dearest, heaven grant you may never pass through such a fiery ordeal, for, of all persons, you are the least fitted to endure it," answered Lady Ida, in a tone which brought her young companion to the cushion at her feet, and resting her arm on her knee, Florence simply asked, "Why?"

"Because you give me the idea of one formed but for happiness, my gentle-minded girl. One who is so continually alive to the feelings, the joys, and griefs of others, ought to be happy herself. It would be a real grief to me to hear you were in sorrow, Florence."

"So, if your love is to be unreturned, do not love at all," laughingly added Emily; "or Ida will have to grieve somewhat too soon."

"Love! oh, I never mean to love! I dread its power far too much. You know what my song says; and the lively girl flew to the piano, and warbled forth:—

"No, tempt me not, I will not love!
My soul could scarce sustain
The thrilling transports of its bliss—
The anguish of its pain:
Too full of joy for earth to know,
Too wild to look above;
I could not bear the doubt, the dread—
No! no! I will not love!

"No, tempt me not—love's sweetest flower
Hath poison in its smile;
Love only woos with dazzling power,
To fetter hearts the while:
I will not wear its rosy chain,
Nor e'en its fragrance prove;
I fear too much love's silent pain—
No! no! I will not love!"

"Bravo, Florence!" exclaimed Alfred Melford, bounding through the open window, with a pink

note in his hand; "I never heard you sing so well; what has inspired you?"

"Your absence, of course, and the absence of all critical listeners, but Ida and myself. What have you there?"

"Something to shake off your *ennui*. An invitation to a ball at the Oaklands."

"Oh, delightful! give it me;" and the young lady was absolutely roused enough to spring from her sofa, and snatch the note from her brother's hand: "and one for Ida, too, of course, and of course she will not go. Florence, do you think your family are asked?"

"Probably not. Your friends associate but with lords and ladies, gold and jewels; and, believing fine feathers make fine birds, unless I would consent to go, jackdaw fashion, bedecked in borrowed plumes, they would not admit me."

"Florence Leslie a satirist!" rejoined young Melford, laughing; "who would have believed it? What a joke it would be to attire and proclaim you the Lady Ida Villiers, and take you with us. You are much of the same height—Ida, do bestow your jewels and name on Florence for the night."

"She is welcome to them, if she will accept them," replied Lady Ida.

"Thank you, I had rather not, even if I stood no chance of being recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Oakland themselves, and the greater number of their guests; I will never go where my own proper person is despised."

"Proud too, Miss Florence! why, I never knew you before to day. I vow if you were not likely to be discovered, you should go as Lady Ida; but as Miss Leslie cannot, Ida, I wish you would, if it were only to give these affectors of refinement a taste of England's real dignity and pride."

"You know I never go anywhere, Alfred; and Florence has not given me any desire to make an exception in favour of Mrs. Oakland."

"Ida can give the good folks of the country a much better idea of London refinement and fashion, than by going out to do so, Alfred. I have been conjuring and beseeching her to give a ball, preceded by a regular series of *tableaux vivans*, dress, scenery, frame and all. One of the large rooms up stairs would do admirably for it, and then a ball! Why, this poor rustic town would be in convulsions of excitement for months afterwards; and, as for you, what would you not be in their estimation? Beauty—grace—fascination! Ida, you would impress yourself on every Devonshire heart indelibly, to the utter forgetfulness of all the seeming pride, with which you may have been charged. You promised me to think about it."

"But not to grant it, Emily."

"Oh, but to think about it is half consent, Alfred. Florence, you might assist me with your united influence."

"I am sure I will, even on my knee, sweet cousin mine; be merciful—think how rusticated, how gothic we are here, and for pity give us some taste of London and its fashion. The governor is much too solemn for anything but those great pompous dinners, which, in a country place like his, I detest. Now, do be kind, sweet Ida;

Edmund is better, you are going to Italy next August, and, in all probability, ere the year is out, will have merged the Lady Ida Villiers in the Lady Ida St. Maur. Now, all these things considered, ought you not to give us poor mortals the thing we crave? You know Edmund has taken you to task very often, for making yourself a nun for his sake; and I am sure, if I could but write and ask him, he would say—Ida, be obliging; give the poor folks a ball."

"Alfred, you are perfectly absurd; get up, and be a rational being. Florence, what do you say—shall I give this said ball—would you like it?"

"Would I not!" exclaimed Florence, with animation; "and the *tableaux*! oh! I have wished to see them so very often."

"Mind, then, if I grant this weighty boon, I engage you for one of my principal performers."

"Me! dear Lady Ida; I should be terrified out of all pleasure—how could I compete with Mrs. and the Misses Oakland?"

"Oh, admirable!" interposed Melford, comically; you shall not dance at the ball, if you will not give your aid to the *tableaux*. Come cousin, love, I give you a fortnight to think of it; for it must not be till Easter week. Frederic comes down then with my father, and they bring a host of people with them, so we shall muster a splendid *corps*. I promise to be rational and grave, and all you can possibly desire."

"And I will read every wise book you can recommend, and forswear all novels till after your ball, Ida, dear;" continued Emily, hanging caressingly about her cousin's neck.

"And not remember one word of my wise books, as you call them," replied Lady Ida, laughing. "Well, wait till my next letters from Italy, and I promise you a decided answer then."

CHAP. VI.

Lady Ida's only condition of waiting for news from Italy was so natural, that her cousins did not utter one word of entreaty more, but amused themselves by anticipating all the delights they were pre-determined to enjoy. Alfred waylaid the postman every evening. Emily commenced reading Scott's *Life of Napoleon*: whether balls, *tableaux*, and charades, fashionable costume, and a new set of jewels presented to her by her cousin Ida for Mrs. Oakland's grand assembly, ever floated on the pages, till, by an Arabian transformation, Scott seemed to write of them, and not of heroes and battles, we will not pretend to say; but certain it is, Lady Ida's quiet smile at Emily's new study appeared to doubt the good effects which might accrue from it. Florence evinced no unusual excitement, but there was a bright glitter in her dark eye, a laughter on her lip, whenever Emily alluded to the ball, which said she enjoyed its anticipation quite as much as her more noisy companions. The honourable Miss Melford drew herself up, and looked solemn, and declared, Ida might talk, and Emily make herself a fool, but nothing would come of it. Miss Sophia looked at her pretty face and person, in a large pier glass,

about six times more often than usual, in the course of every day, and allowed, that a ball would be very agreeable, and *tableaux* still more so ; and Emily enjoyed a hearty fit of laughter, in spite of Lady Ida's reproaches and Florence's entreaties, at catching her sister one day hunting out a variety of dresses, and practising various graceful attitudes for the different characters she might be called upon to personate.

The long-desired letters came, at length, and were so much more than usually satisfactory, that Lady Ida felt her own spirits rise sufficiently, even to satisfy Emily and Alfred ; who, notwithstanding their frivolity, really loved her, and would have done much to serve her. Edmund St. Maur was so well, that it required all the authority of his medical adviser, all the persuasion of his mother, to prevent his setting off for England to fetch Ida himself. He had been told that a residence of four or five years longer in Italy, would (under a gracious Providence), so effectually confirm his health, that he might then, in all probability, reside wherever he pleased ; endowed with sufficient physical strength to occupy that high station among the senators and the *literati* of his country, for which he had, at one time, so pined as to increase the disorder under which he laboured. A brief visit to England might not be hurtful, but there was a doubt attached to it, which Lady Helen could not nerve her mind to meet ; and while Edmund filled his letter to his betrothed with eloquent entreaties for her only to say the word, and he would fly to her side, in contempt of every prohibition ; that his inability to live in England was all a farce ; why should he banish his Ida from her native land, where she was so fitted to shine, when he was as well and strong as any of her countrymen ? While he wrote thus, Lady Helen besought her to come to them at once, by her presence, her affection, to retain him in Italy, to control those passionate aspirations after fame, which he was not yet strong enough to bear, and which her influence alone had power to check.

Had these letters been the only ones received, there would indeed have been much to cause rejoicing, but they were mingled with alloy, as to how Lady Ida could reach Nice as soon as inclination prompted. Lord Melford, irritated, as we have seen, beyond all bounds at his niece's independent spirit, she knew would not stir a step to forward their meeting, and would as soon think of taking a flight to the moon, as of accompanying her himself to Italy ; though both his sons declared, that were it but etiquette, they would go with their cousin themselves, rather than see her so tormented by anxiety or delay. Fortunately for Lady Ida, the inheritor of her father's title, who had been selected by him as her second guardian, was a very different character from Lord Melford. Disapprove of the match Lord Edgemere decidedly did, but only on account of St. Maur's extremely precarious health. Lady Ida's constancy and independence, however, instead of irritating him, only increased the warm admiration which her character had always excited ; and he had long determined that he would himself conduct her to Italy, and give her to St. Maur, from the bosom of his own family.

Lady Edgemere had always loved Ida as her own child, and received from her the attentions of a daughter ; while her eldest daughter, Lady Mary Villiers, was Ida's dearest and most intimate friend, though nearly five years her junior. This noble family had never joined in those persecutions which Emily Melford described as heaped upon Ida by every man, woman, or child, who could claim relationship with her ; an exception, perhaps, because, though distantly connected, they were scarcely relations, and, being of a different school to the Melfords, could afford to admire Edmund St. Maur in spite of his poverty and talent.

The same post, however, which brought Lady Ida such blessed tidings from Italy, also gave letters from the Edgemeres, announcing their intention of accepting Lady Melford's invitation to St. John's for the ensuing Easter, and that the period of their visit to the continent was entirely dependent on Ida's will.

Great, indeed, was the relief and joy this information gave to her mind ; and when the excitement of answering these all-important epistles was over—when she had poured forth her whole soul to her betrothed, peremptorily, though with inexpressible tenderness, forbidding his return to England ; telling him that in three months (perhaps less), Lord Edgemere's family would be at Nice, and he might chance to find her with them, never to part from him again in this life ; with many other breathings of that fond heart, too sacred for any eye save his to whom they were addressed—when she had written to Lady Mary, in all the confidence their mutual friendship demanded, entreating her to make haste down to Devonshire, as she longed for some one to whom she might speak of Edmund and her future prospects, since she felt sometimes as if her spirit must bend beneath its weight of grief, anxiety, and now of joy, referring her to her letter to Lord Edgemere concerning her wishes for speedy departure—when all these weighty matters were arranged, Ida had leisure to remember, and inclination to perform her promise to her cousins ; and telling Emily she must take every trouble off her hands, by collecting the multiplicity of invitations she had received, and inviting every one whom she ought to invite, she gave her and Alfred *carte blanche*, to arrange, order, and collect every thing for the furtherance of their wishes, that the ball might be in truth the *recherché*, the refined, the elegant reflection of all the fashion, grace, and dignity they were pleased to attribute to herself.

It was marvellous to see how rapidly Emily Melford's *ennui* passed away before this very delightful employment, though she made so much bustle and confusion in her preparations, as greatly to annoy and torment her sister Georgiana, who imagined herself far too literary and wise to care for such frivolous things : besides which, it was a woeful falling off to her consequence, that Lady Ida had the power of making herself so exceedingly agreeable to the simple country folks, among whom Miss Melford had reigned an oracle, a star, brighter than she had ever shone in London : and worse still, it was only Emily and Alfred with whom she could quarrel, for Ida was so quiet in

the midst of it all, so faithful to her own *boudoir* and its refined amusements, that she looked in vain for some annoyance wherewith to charge her.

And where was Florence Leslie all this time? Still, with her parents' free and glad consent, lingering by the side of Lady Ida, imbibing improvement, alike morally and mentally, from lips to which harshness and unkindness were such utter strangers, that the severest truths seemed sweet, the boldly uttered reproof scarcely pain; but there was a secret alloy, scarcely acknowledged even to herself, in her brightest anticipations. The more her young and most ardent affections twined themselves round one whose notice would evince they were not despised, the more she felt the truth of her mother's words, that it would have been more for her lasting happiness had Lady Ida's rank been nearer her own. She had not felt this when thrown, as they were, so intimately together; but when she heard her speak of the friends she expected, almost all of them of her own rank, and dear from long years of intimacy, there would intrude the thought, what could she, a simple country girl be to her, when Lady Ida was in Italy a happy wife, or in England surrounded by her own friends. But though the thought of the future would sometimes silently and sadly shade the delight of the present, she continued to rejoice in listening to her words, in learning lessons of self-knowledge by the study of Lady Ida's higher cast of character, and determined to correct all those youthful weaknesses and failings of which she became conscious in herself by their total exclusion from her friend; and the wish to become more worthy of regard, of esteem, till Lady Ida could look upon her in the light of a friend, not merely as an affectionate, playful girl, scarcely passed childhood, pervaded her whole being.

It is the fashion to deride woman's influence over woman, to laugh at female friendship, to look with scorn on all those who profess it; but perhaps the world at large little knows the effect of this influence—how often the unformed character of a young, timid, and gentle girl, may be influenced for good or evil by the power of an intimate female friend. There is always to me a doubt of the warmth, the strength, and purity of her feelings, when a young girl merges into womanhood, passing over the threshold of actual life, seeking only the admiration of the other sex; watching, pining for a husband, or lovers, perhaps, and looking down on all female friendship as romance and folly. No young spirit was ever yet satisfied with the love of nature. Friendship or love, gratifies self-love; for it tacitly acknowledges that we must possess some good qualities to attract beyond the mere love of nature. Coleridge justly observes—"that it is well ordered that the amiable and estimable should have a fainter perception of their own qualities than their friends have, otherwise they would love themselves." Now, friendship, or love, permits their doing this unconsciously: mutual affection is a tacit avowal and appreciation of mutual good qualities—perhaps friendship yet more than love; for the latter is far more an aspiration, a passion, than the former, and influences the per-

manent character much less. Under the magic of love, a girl is generally in a feverish state of excitement, often in a wrong position, deeming herself the goddess, her lover the adorer; whereas, it is her will that must bend to his, herself be abnegated for him. Friendship neither permits the former, nor demands the latter. It influences silently, often unconsciously, perhaps its power is never known till years afterwards. A girl who stands alone, without acting or feeling friendship, is generally a cold unamiable being, so wrapt in self as to have no room for any person else except, perhaps, a lover, whom she only seeks and values, as offering his devotion to that same idol, self. Female friendship may be abused, may be but a name for gossip, letter-writing, romance, nay worse, for absolute evil; but that Shakespeare, the mighty wizard of human hearts, thought highly and beautifully of female friendship, we have his exquisite portraits of Rosalind and Celia, Helen and the Countess, undeniably to prove; and if he, who could pourtray every human passion, every subtle feeling of humanity, from the whelming tempest of love to the fiendish influences of envy and jealousy and hate; from the incomprehensible mystery of Hamlet's wondrous spirit, to the simplicity of the gentle Miranda, the dove-like innocence of Ophelia, who could be crushed by her weight of love, but not reveal it; if Shakespeare scorned not to picture the sweet influence of female friendship, shall women pass it by as a theme too tame, too idle for their pens. A late work, though of the latest novel kind, has powerfully shown the fearful evil that may be accomplished by woman upon woman. Our simple tale would prove the good. How consoling and how beautiful may be "woman's mission," even unto woman.

There was not a particle of selfishness in Florence Leslie's feelings, for at the very moment she wept in secret over her own fast fading joys, she rejoiced with the most unfeigned pleasure that Lady Ida's term of anxiety was drawing to a close, and could she in any way have hastened her meeting with Edmund St. Maur, she would have done so gladly.

Still the idea of a ball, and given by Lady Ida, and yet more, that her taste, simple as it was, had been more than once consulted and even followed in the decoration of rooms, &c.; the very fact that Lady Ida had asked her if she would like the ball to be given before she answered her cousins' entreaties, and evidently thought of her pleasure in so doing—all this was delightful; and, in witnessing her artless, almost childish effusions of joy, Lady Ida felt as if her consent to an exertion for which she had very little inclination was amply repaid.

(To be continued.)

TO MY BETROTHED.

Sweet girl, not only with a lover's eye,
Not with the passionate glance of hope alone,
Which views thee fairest, worthiest, and most
dear,

I gaze upon thy face, and sun myself
In the soft rapture of thy loving smile,
But with the thoughtful retrospect of all
That won my love to thee in years gone by,
And deep affection's meditative gaze
Into thy probable lot for years to come.
My wife, my friend! upon whose faithful breast,
Pillowed in quietness, this aching head
Shall often rest its cares; my wife, my friend!
Whose counsel still shall aid me—whose dear
smile

Of kind approval still shall shine upon
My rugged path of life—whose earnest prayer
Shall rise not seldom for the soul she loves—
Whose deep affection's gentle tenderness
Shall be in sickness as my healing balm,
And my sweet solace in the spring of health;
My wife, my friend, my first, my only love,
All these I see in thee! Nor these alone:
The patient mother, cradled at whose breast
Some unborn darling slumbers—at whose knee
Some future prattlers lisp in innocent tones
(Their little hands in thine) the infant's prayer,
Their guide to blessing thou—whose careful love,
Well judging in thy fondness, wins them on
By early precept and example bright,
To all that blesses life in making good—
All these I see in thee! Nor these alone:
Perchance, all patient on thy bed of pain;
Perchance, all tears for some dear dying child;
Perchance, all desolation in thy grief,
At the dark lot of lonely widowhood!
Yet not quite lonely, dearest: if I may,
I will be near thee then—nor only I,
For my God shall be thy God, and will haste
In condescending love to comfort thee,
Pouring sweet mercies in thy cup of woe.
But, ah! perchance the dreary lot is mine,
To close *thy* glazing eye—to watch in vain
For yet one throb to heave *thy* freezing breast—
To hope in vain for yet one word, one look!
Well, well, dear love, God's tender will be done:
He gives us blessings now—he fills our cup
With over-flowing mercies; let us love Him,
And when the storm of woe is lowering near,
He will be with us!

June, 1834.

M. F. T.

MEMORY.

Oh! busy, haunting Memory!
Who hath not felt thy power?
Whose spirit hath not bow'd to thee
In thy self-hallow'd hour?
Ay, hallow'd e'en amidst the noise
Of life's distracting round—
Hallow'd amidst the wildest joys
Of pleasure's fairy ground.

Brows form'd in nature's sternest mould,
By pride's own seal imprest,
Have known their stubborn mood controll'd,
Thy syren power confessed;
And eyes, whose bright and haughty ray
Beam'd naught but ire and scorn,
Have found those feelings melt away,
As night before the morn.

The stroke of thy light willow wand
Recalls departed years;
And who can then thy might withstand,
Or check the falling tears?
Whate'er may be the time or place,
Thou mak'st them all thine own;
In every mind we find thy trace
In ev'ry heart thy throne.

We stand within the sacred fane,
A holy awe we feel;
We list the preacher's earnest strain,
The organ's solemn peal;
And find that there thy presence dwells,
With strong and forceful power,
Weaving around our hearts thy spells,
E'en in that solemn hour.

We gaze on childhood's gleeful mirth,
Its bearing light as air,
And feel our spring is past on earth,
And thou art with us there;
We gaze upon the broad, blue wave,
Upon the starlit sky,
Or on the cradle, or the grave,
And find thee ever nigh.

And could we shun thy strong control,
Or live beyond thy reign,
Would not the restless, weary soul,
Seek thy lov'd aid again?
Say, would she not in sorrow's day,
Seek thy pale light, to cast
O'er present hours one blessed ray,
From those bright moments past?

Oh, yes; that thing of mystery,
The wayward human heart,
Will ever fondly cling to thee,
Though grief thou should'st impart;
Our by-past troubles oft take forms
That give our pleasures zest,
As seamen love to think of storms
That long have been at rest.

And what a world of sunny light
Would from our pathway fade,
Were not the joys of childhood bright,
By thy sweet skill pourtray'd!
Oh, when the future doubtfully,
Or present sadly gleams,
We turn to thee, sweet memory,
And cheer us with thy beams.

FLORENCE.

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO EARTH!

BY W. M. KIRKHOUSE.

Farewell, ye bright and glittering scenes,
Where mirth and joy preside;
Farewell, ye first imaginings,
To youth and hope allied;
And yon bright, golden orb of day,
Whose glorious path to view,
Doth gladden other hearts than mine, —
To them and all, adieu!

Farewell, ye groves, in whose retreat
The muses love to dwell;
Farewell, ye flowers, whose varied sweets
It hath been mine to tell;
For other hands full soon shall twine
Fresh garlands in my stead;
And, oh! perchance some friendly hand
May strew them o'er my bed.

The gorgeous glory of the Spring,
It hath been mine to share;
But now my soul doth seek its home,
Where all is bright and fair.
No more the bitter taunt be mine,
Which earth's proud children throw
On those whom Genius hath endowed
With gifts they cannot know.

A long farewell to every thing
Which this cold world contains;
My soul is raptured with the sounds
Of seraph's witching strains.
I hear them call my soul, to join
Their minstrelsy divine,
And pay my tribute to the Lamb,
Who made those glories mine.
Brighton.

FLOWERS AT A FESTIVAL

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY,

(Late Miss M. A. Browne.)

"The touch of the sunbeam hath 'waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows."
MRS. HEMANS.

The lamps in the stately hall are bright,
The plumes float softly, the pearls gleam white;
Many a cheek is lit with joy,
That yet hath known no sad alloy;
The music breathes unearthly sweet,
The dancer's steps, like the zephyr's fleet;
But turn where the light so softly showers,
And gaze with me on those beauteous flowers.

The very "fairest of the fair,"
From garden and wild are gathered there;
Pure water laves each broken stem,
The vase is rich with gold and gem;

And the lily looks like an ivory tower,
And clear as the sky is the harebell's flower;
And the rose's heart like a ruby burns,
As they catch the light in their lucid urns.

Flowers, ye are part of the festal scene,
And its changing spell hath upon you been;
Brighter than ever beam your dyes,
And sleep hath fled from your open eyes,
And ye feel not night's soft breath and dew,
Your morning freshness to renew;
A few short hours—a brief, bright stay—
Then ye shall fade, and fall away!

How slumber, unseen, your sisters now?
Some by the peaceful river's flow,
And some in the depths of the thick green wood,
And some o'er the dewy meadows strewed;
And some in the garden's gay parterre,
And some midst the mountain's freshening air;—
But each with its soft leaves folded up,
And the starlit dim on its bending cup,
And a brooding scent on the air to creep,
And a something around it that must be sleep!

Morning—and all shall to life be stirred
By the thrill of the wind, by the song of the bird;
Morning—and ye, with your faint perfume,
Shall linger alone in the vacant room;
Never to join the myriads bright,
In the free fresh air, and the open light,
Never to bathe in the summer showers—
Teach us your lesson, oh, dying flowers!

MORNING.

The morning air so redolent
Of sweetness and of health,
The morning hour so full of thrift
For those who covet wealth;
The morning sun, the morning dew,
The breath of morning flowers,
And the song of nature's choristers
Amid their leafy bowers.

Oh! who would then, in indolence
Upon their couch, delay
To mark the fragrant beauty of
The summer's opening day?
Neglecting all the benefits
Of morn's life-giving powers—
For they are all bright and beautiful,
The morning's early hours.

And they are found to recompense
The sons of toil and gain,
And they are fraught with blessings too
For those who suffer pain;
Health dances on the morning breeze,
And life and gladness brings,
And fills the heart with thankfulness
For all these lovely things.

OLD TOM.

FIVE DAYS FROM HOME.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

(Continued from page 346.)

While on the lawn at Carndaisy House, and sighing for one who was absent, I expressed a wish that we should prepare for starting. Off we went to the village which we had passed a few hours previously; a short halt was come to here for the purpose of making some arrangements for an evening party, and the two who formed the "we," and two others were, from the same house, amongst the guests. At four o'clock, or thereabouts, we were back to Moneyhaw, when a very unassuming gentleman, who has been lately dubbed M.D., nephew to the proprietor of the house where the party was assembled, along with some of his cousins, took a short walk. While we were promenading, a courier was sent to announce the "sounds so joyful," that dinner was on the table. When dinner was over, the M.D. and his cousin Mick were fidgety to meet the ladies, who it was supposed were then on their way. Did I hold back? oh, no. Punctual to the time, the divinities were seen at the distance; the lady who occupied my attention more than any of her compeers, had her finely proportioned figure arranged in lavender-coloured silk, in a style of taste and fancy that might almost defy the competition of a Parisian *modeste*. Notwithstanding the superb beauty of this lady's attire, it was of a colour that has few admirers; and, indeed, the muslin dress she wore in the morning, with white bonnet, and feathers that "fluttered in the breeze," did she but know it, displayed her to much better advantage than which was effected by the "lavender." Although late, let me return her my best thanks for the flowers that she plucked in her father's spacious garden, and placed in the button-hole of my coat. There was one given to me as a keepsake, the "forget-me-not;" this poetical flower, in recollection of the donor, is treasured in a select corner of my portfolio. Well, then, although the emblem has withered, she who presented it shall not hastily wither in my remembrance—may she live long, and live happy. The garden queen, "the rose," was intertwined with the "forget-me-not," and, as the giver is herself a "rose," how I looked at the *bouquet*, taking a diagonal peep the while at the fair rose, Anne's blooming lips, resembling

"Morning roses newly tipt with dew."

Now for the tea table! which was presided over by the host's eldest daughter, and my floral benefactor; and never did two acquit themselves with more elegance in the execution of their onerous yet agreeable duties. The amusement that followed was not so varied as I have often witnessed under this hospitable roof. At cards we were engaged for three or four hours, losing five minutes about the selection of partners; one gentleman was extremely desirous to secure the second daughter of the man-

sion as his partner. The system of choosing was changed, and with this youth's sister, the "flower sylph," I was destined to sit opposite, and he, och hone! was baffled in the achievement of procuring his dearly beloved. Twelve o'clock struck, some of the company withdrew, and as the stars were shining in the firmament, and the moon illuminating the half-mile walk, they afforded us additional pleasure in escorting the ladies a portion of the way home.

"Are the gentlemen continuing at the paste-board?" asked one of the inmates at Moneyhaw.

"Yes, and let them play till they are tired, when they will stop," was the rejoinder.

The ladies and I had a light supper, and while at it, there was a question jocularly asked me, which a guest, a next door neighbour, fancied she was correct in answering. A minute's reflection reminded me it was one o'clock. Shaking hands with the household, nine or ten in number, one of whom remarked in a strain of the purest affection "that my stay was generally very short, and the next time it should be extended." At four, I was off on a car to "Magherafelt," a distance of four miles, from which I started for Belfast at five o'clock.

"What's the fare to Belfast?" said I to the clerk, who, on this occasion, was no other than the wife of the coach proprietor.

"Three shillings."

Ready money down was instantly on the counter, and as it would be *un-Irish* to part with the man who drove me hither, without giving him a "summit" for himself, he accepted a glass of inexcusable beverage with *smacking cordiality*. "Let go that off leader," shouted the whipster of the stage coach, and at this the lash laced the jackets of the horses. An Englishman who sat behind was murmuring at the vehicle being so overcrowded; when, to appease his animosity, a burly innkeeper assured him that on the day preceding there was nothing on the coach but the cushions. On every alternate day, a steamer sails along Lough Neagh for Portadown, whence the railway trains go six times per day to Belfast; this, to the coach owner, gives him one day the materials for a "feast," the other, a "famine. The "growler," poor fellow, at every hill when the coach slackened its pace, continued to pour his invective on the head of the unfortunate driver; he had an appointment with a gentleman at eleven o'clock, and according to the rate of travelling, it would be midnight ere he obtained his desired interview. I once saw a shopkeeper distressed in mind at the failure of a bank, and accursing himself for want of judgment; but the grumbler with whom I this day had the misfortune to come in contact, beat him hollow.

"Here is a steep hill, gentlemen," said the driver, addressing the passengers, "and you'll have to alight."

An oath was the rejoinder of the unhappy cockney.

His irascibility was exceedingly amusing, the more so as a companion, who gave me "the wink," incited him to continue his virtuperation. With this companion, as we were walking together, I

had some chat; when he told me that the solitary gentleman then on the coach lost his night's rest by the continued howling of a dog and the braying of a donkey; that when such unfortunately is the case, he never recovers his "happiness" till he spends a few hours in "misery." An additional horse at Antrim pulled up for lost time, and at eleven o'clock I had the unexpected pleasure to see, awaiting my arrival, "a fine old Irish gentleman," who has dwelt in his present house, in the principal street in Belfast, for a longer period than, with one exception, any other in the town. My namesake, as usual, was happy to see me; the feeling was reciprocal: he brought me to his residence in High-street, where I was delighted to see all the members of his family, who had, at the end of the preceding week, removed from their country seat. Into the parlour I was ushered, when the three good daughters, vying with each other in their attention to a "wearied traveller," regaled me with some strong tea, and the *et ceteras*. I was not at a loss to discover my usual room up stairs, and a very comfortable room it is, where having changed my travelling costume for more appropriate toggerly, I took a tour through the town to inspect a newly erected bridge, constructed at an expense of £20,000.; the shipping in the harbour, the water-works under the cave hill, and other places of resort. At five o'clock dinner was on the table, when I sat next a gentleman who lives "over the way;" and I feel annoyed—what a misfortune it is to be stupid—at my remissness for not expressing my thanks for the kindness he manifested towards my sister, when on a visit with his family. In the evening, I met, not for the first time, his step-daughter, to whom nature has been bountiful in giving a sweet and expressive face, and unaffectedly sedate and graceful figure.

"The evening is fine, is it not?" addressing myself to this pretty Northern; "and yet you are muffled in a sable boa. Have you got a cold?"

She replied in a plaintive manner, a forced smile tinged with sadness lighting up her features—

"No, I have not; but, for preservation sake, think it indispensable to be carefully muffled to guard against the possibility of catching cold."

"Oh, then, for the weather is changeable, you are a very sensible girl (good people are scarce), but others don't follow your example."

"They have," with a suppressed sigh, "no necessity."

I was reluctant to be too inquisitive, but when asking a question, I was interrupted by the host's second daughter, who pleasurably exclaimed,

"The young lady had too much of what is called jaw—she has now lost a portion of it."

A burst of laughter followed, from which I readily inferred that a tooth had been removed by a dentist's operation. These toothaches, what plagues they are! Ascertaining then that the sufferer the day before parted with a companion that never forsook her for nineteen years and some months, a sufficient cause, I thought, to militate against her sustaining that air of fascinating sprightliness which is so inherent to her disposition. Frequently did I address her in the course of the evening, inquiring—

"How do you find yourself now, Miss Johnstone?"

The Misses Smyth, Spence, and others, jestingly re-echoed the interrogation—to expiate which we must claim the young lady's forgiveness; and for all frivolity I must make atonement, by fervently praying that the same disagreeable affliction will not again affect the nerves of her masticating organs, which are of such exquisite whiteness and symmetrical order, that from her residence to the city of Londonderry, fifty miles asunder,

"None but themselves can be their parallel."

In the latter town resides a most facetious young lady, whom I met in the autumn of 1842, in Belfast. While at tea, on one occasion, doubtlessly for the purpose of showing off her ivories to advantage, she was mincing biscuits, which were as hard as a plank. Should I hereafter meet this Derry maiden, more peaceable in her demeanour than her Welsh namesake Rebecca, I shall not fail to mention the comparison that I made concerning her teeth.

"Have you any objection to a dance?" asked one of the household.

Acting on etiquette, I chose her eldest sister, a young lady who was once so distant—so silent—and these defects being removed, she is now imbued with a vivacity which will not fail to render her additionally liked by her admirable selection of associates—

"Her manners are so gentle, and her heart is so kind."

I observed that the lady who, previous to dancing, wore the boa, replaced it around her neck, and, for a few minutes, till I aroused her, she was again sinking into solemnity. There was a song, and one only, from "the fair-haired Maria;" it was of that sigh-away die-away character which did not correspond exactly with the sentiments of the singer. On a former visit, I heard "more eloquent music" from the accomplished cantatrice. This truly laudable young lady has in her the material as well as the polish, youth besides beauty, a noble bust and stately figure; and with the profession she has adopted, having an expansive mind stored with intelligence, did she remove from a provincial to a more extensive sphere, such as the Irish capital or the "great metropolis" itself, to say that she would not win her way to eminence is an assertion that no admirer of talent could for a moment entertain. Two hours uninterruptedly employed in dancing and song created a simultaneous wish for something to moisten our palates. We were not doomed to a lengthened delay, for a most delicious draught was promptly supplied.

"Will you allow me to help you to a little more?" said one of the gentlemen to a lady.

I was looking for a smiling nod of acquiescence, when "No," decided otherwise.

"Will you, you, you, you, or you!" was put to every fair one, when a similar rejoinder was returned.

My vision deceived me much, or they relished the luxury. At any rate, the gentlemen, for the

sake of reviving a custom becoming obsolete, repeated the dose, and drank each others' health.

At eight, I was up and out to take a morning stroll; at nine, returned to breakfast; and while at it, the servant announced that a messenger in breathless haste, desirous to save the first train, had brought me a note, which conveyed an invitation to go that day, along with all my friends, to visit the nursery at Ogle's Grove, near the magnificent mansion of the Marquis of Downshire, at Hillsboro'. Having read the *multum in parvo* epistle, I addressed myself to one of the ladies, in a tone audible to all, when "Yes" was the unanimous reply except from their father, whose modesty inclined him to remark, "I fear that if we all go, our number will appear rather formidable." When I counted our number, I found it was just five, and as a car would be requisite at Lisburn, I visited the sufferer with the tooth-ache, and wished that she would form one of the party. There was no hesitation, no insincere demurs to require pressing, no hems, haughts, regrets, and so forth, at the shortness of the notice: no, a compliance was at once given.

"Where are you bound to-day?" inquired this amiable girl's stepfather.

"To Ogle's Grove nursery, near Hillsboro'," was the reply.

After some preparations, we walked to the railway, and went by the twelve o'clock train, and as the weather was delightfully fine, we enjoyed the trip. "That's the place," pointing to a gentleman's country seat, "where your sister, when she was here in the spring, and we, spent a day." The next moment, the train was brought to a stand still; when one of the railroad porters, in livery garb, with rod of office in hand, bawled lustily, "Dunmurry." Some passengers went out, others came in, and in a minute we were off till another stop took place at Lisburn, where the "outs" and "ins" were more numerous. Six of us here vacated our seats. Economy, to those whose finances are limited, is to be studied; but for the sake of humanity, why have not the railroad company seats for the accommodation of the passengers in the "open train?"

Lisburn, the property of the Marquis of Hertford, is a fine town; there are many superior houses in it occupied as private dwellings. On the evening before, I heard a lady say that a friend of hers had a story about him, which, as it was of daily recollection, would continue for life. I was in the dark till the mystery was explained that the gentleman's house had "one story" added to it which makes it three stories high.

Let us proceed to Ogle's Grove. After driving a short distance on the line of road to Hillsboro', to save a short distance we branched into an avenue-like thoroughfare, which brought us on the banks of the Ulster canal. On this road, excellent by day, we jaunted for two miles, till we were ushered into the ancient mansion at Ogle's Grove. A domestic announced that his master was preparing some boxes of dahlias for a horticultural exhibition in Dublin the succeeding day, and begged us to enter the house, where he would be with us in a few minutes. The "few minutes" were by necessity extended to half-an-hour, and pleasantly was the

time occupied walking through the flower-garden, and shaking the pear-trees, having the proprietor's daughter as our *Cicerone*, who politely supplied us with fruit and gave us interesting descriptions of the dahlia and other magnificent flowers. Mr. Davis, the owner of this rural paradise, now relieved from his toilsome, yet tasteful labours, now came amongst us. I had the pleasure of introducing him to the visitors, whom he *piloted* to his ancient mansion built three centuries since, and for twelve generations inhabited by his ancestors.

"Pray, Mr. Davis," asked Miss Johnston, "is not this a dahlia of peculiar rarity?"

"Yes, it is a seedling, a dark crimson lined with purple; its habit is compact, its flower petals rounded, and the heart well up," he answered in the florist's language. "I have named it the 'beauty of Ogle's Grove.'"

"The day is advancing," remarked one of our company *sotto voce*, "and I suppose it will be imagined we have come to dinner."

This was spoken to and meant for myself, but it vibrated on the tympanum of Mr. Davis, who earnestly observed, "that such was his intention, and he would feel bitterly disappointed if it were not fulfilled." Not having an inclination to disoblige the invitor, and being grateful for the handsome terms in which the invitation was conveyed, at four dinner was supplied in a neat and comfortable manner, the purveyor apologizing for not being better prepared.

While at the repast I was feasting my eyes on the picturesque beauties visible north or south. View southerly, overhanging the house a majestic maple tree with its exuberant foliage, the feathered tribe hopping from branch to branch warbling their sweetest strains; and in an opposite direction were autumn flowers of every kind and complexion, for this was the 20th of September.

"You see your dinner," said the florist, wielding a knife, a "big one," while its colleague, for the sinister hand, was not of diminutive importance.

"Will you have some steak?" enquired the hostess, suiting the action to the word.

"Yes," said I, suiting the word to the action, handing her my plate, telling her no secret that "a *stake* in the country was always acceptable."

"Take a little mutton?" asked the carver.

A little mutton! I had heard of a "Vauxhall slice" and had partaken of it there, as thin as a wafer. A cut at Ogle's grove would outweigh a smoothing iron.

"Before dinner walk a mile,
And after it rest a while."

• Adopting this precept, we rested a while discoursing on the fertility of the spot surrounding the place; one field in particular was worthy of commentary, which in July yielded a luxuriant crop of hay, and when it was removed to the haggard the field was ploughed afresh, an appropriate seed being sown presented a crop of turnips that promised in productiveness to realize the hopes of the enterprising cultivator. The fineness of the evening actuated the florist to recommend a removal to the verdant turf, where, on a rustic seat of

tolerable dimensions, there was room for five. Happy indeed did every one seem at the rurality of the scene; on no countenance was there depicted a shade of sorrow: no, on all were beaming the purest felicity.

Presently was added to our ranks a native of England, a fine specimen of John Bull, and who took his seat on a chair which was placed on the green carpet of nature. Rarely, if ever, have I conversed with so social a gentleman, nor one who could so well infuse jollity into others as this importation from the sister country. At dusk we were obliged to leave, having to save the last train at Lisburn for Belfast; Mr. Davis politely handed each lady a *bouquet* of dahlias, his favourite flower, which he was one of the first to introduce into Ireland and bring to such unequalled perfection. By nine we found ourselves "at home." Silence or dullness was unknown to us during the day, and till the watchman's midnight howl (while the clock was chiming and before it had struck) "past twelve o'clock," intimated that it was time to withdraw for the night; we then separated, the lady unconnected with the family, who lives "over the way," staying as she occasionally does, and none more welcome or deservedly so than "the sufferer from the tooth-ache."

Next day, accompanied by two of my namesake's daughters, I visited "the fair-haired girl," the pretty star of the north, who, owing to a domestic calamity, the long continued illness of a gifted parent, is much depressed in spirits. Her portfolio, which I got permission to open and inspect, was embellished with a few productions from her pencil, and while admiring a caricature, sketched by a juvenile brother, of monkeys performing on musical instruments, a renewal was given, and a pressing one, of an invitation to spend that evening. I was in an unhappy state of indecision, recollecting that I had promised to be the same evening in Moneymore, till I had gradually to thank Miss S——e for the honour conferred, and with expressions of regret, like Sir Boyle Roche's, and that I could not be in two places at once, I bade her and her sister Jane farewell.

Thanks to my respected namesake, the oracle of integrity, the hater of tobacco, and to his nephew for seeing me "off," and thanks to some one else for an appropriate air which was played on the piano-forte previous to my departure. With this I conclude my narrative, wishing the fair north-erns, for the kindness they manifested towards me, "happy destinies;" and as steam by land and sea, with various other modes of conveyance, affords ready facilities, mayhap I'll again revisit my native province before the expiration of 1844, and delighted shall I be to extend my stay something longer than "five days from home." J. A. S.

Dublin.

THE DESERTED WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

There was a time, dear husband, when
Thine eye would beam on me,
With all that fondest love desires,
Or heart could wish to see.
But now thine eye, though still as bright
As when thy love it told,
But seldom turns its light on me—
And then—how chang'd and cold!

And I have watch'd that sparkling glance
That once was all my own,
Till my poor heart had nearly burst,
And all its weakness shewn.
Oh, then I've left the brilliant throng,
Whose mirth but mock'd my pain,
And pray'd for patience and for help,
Or for thy love again.

Yet never, never, have I once,
By word, or look, or sign,
Reproach'd, that while my love was firm,
I look'd with doubt on thine.
And when I've seen thee smile on some,
As thou wert wont on me,
With outward joy I've hid my grief,
And still have smil'd on thee.

I care not, dearest, for thy wealth—
Oh, I could wish 'twere gone,
That I might prove this sinking heart
Pines for thy love alone!
Then fondly smile on me once more—
Bid ev'ry fear depart—
Give others, if thou wilt, thy wealth,
But only me thine heart!

MARION.

IF O'ER THY SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

If o'er thy sunshine
A cloud should appear,
And thy bright visions
Be dimm'd by a tear;
If they should scorn thee,
The proud and the vain,
And the mantle of joy
Ne'er enfold thee again—

Turn thou, believing,
To yon beaming skies,
Earth's film disappearing
From heart-weeping eyes;
Turn thou where never
A shadow can come,
And the arms of thy father
Shall welcome thee home!

Cambridge.

AN ENTHUSIAST'S INTERVIEW WITH A POET.

BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

"The words of such a man are worth attending to."
CARLYLE.

"And you have *seen* Lord Byron!" I exclaimed, delighted even to *look* on one who had looked on the great and gifted poet; "you have *seen* Lord Byron!" I exclaimed, as words to this import reached my ear from the lips of one of the most ardent admirers of genius I have ever had the good fortune to be in company with. "I knew him well," was the impressively uttered reply. The "when," and the "where," were rapidly inquired into by my ardent self; and pleased, perhaps, at meeting a kindred spirit in enthusiasm, my new acquaintance kindly entered into the particulars of an interview, which was too characteristic and too interesting to pass quickly from memory.

"The poet," he commenced, "was at a villa at the Lago di Como, and I brought with me a letter of introduction from Moore. Two English gentlemen with whom I was slightly acquainted were staying with his lordship, and, on the morning of my visit, I met them both just quitting the portico on an excursion. When they understood my wishes, one of them courteously re-entered with me, and, conducting me into a small saloon, presented me to Lord Byron, and again withdrew. I was young that time (and the speaker passed his hand over his now time-worn brow); I was young and ardent, and a passionate admirer of every man, woman, youth, or maiden endowed with the 'celestial gift'—the 'art unteachable;' therefore, with interest the most intense I gazed on Byron—the great, the famous Byron—

'Who ope'd new fountains in the human heart.'

He sat by a table, in a thoughtful attitude, with his forehead resting on his hand, and occasionally sipping some hollands and water which stood beside him. On my entrance, he had slightly moved his head without rising, and he took no further notice of me, but left me standing beside him in the most uncomfortable position. I felt his discourtesy to the quick—the blood mounted to my very temples—but England's mightiest poet was before me, and I was an enthusiast! 'For once' I inwardly said, 'I will be a philosopher, and bear this indignity with patience, and see how it will end.' Seemingly lost in a fit of musing, he appeared, or affected to appear, wholly unconscious of my presence for the space of, at least, fifteen minutes. At length he suddenly looked up, and abruptly asked—

"Have you read all my works, sir?"

"I do not think *one* of them has escaped me," was my reply.

"Which of them do you prefer?" was his next interrogation.

"Why, my Lord, it is almost presumptuous in me to make choice amongst them," I answered; 'but if urged to do so, I should name the poem of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:" it suits my temperament best; your Lordship hits hard!'

"Ha, you judge!" he exclaimed, with animation; and something like civility became perceptible in his manner, as he added—"Take a seat, sir."

"I gladly availed myself of the offer, and drawing forth my letter of introduction, I said—"As your Lordship appeared in a reverie on my entrance, I did not take the liberty of interrupting it; but now will you permit me to hand you a letter from a particular friend of yours, and, I have the honour to say, of mine."

"Who—who is it?" he inquired.

"Tom Moore."

"Instantly he started from his chair, and springing towards me, shook me cordially by the hand, and eagerly seizing the letter, pressed it several times with the utmost ardour to his lips, exclaiming—"Ah, Moore! my dear, dear Moore!" Then turning to me, he rejoined: "Why did not ——— (mentioning the gentleman who had admitted me) tell me this? or, why did not you tell me at once that you were a friend of Moore?"

"I felt like one spell-bound, the change was so rapid from the cold, arrogant, discourteous muser to the cordial and warm-hearted friend. My being the friend of his beloved Moore, seemed at once a passport to his favour and regard. In half an hour, I felt as if I had known him for years. He urged my stay with an importunity I could not resist, and in the society of this gifted and extraordinary man, I passed one of the most agreeable weeks of my life. At times he abandoned himself to a reckless vivacity that was delightful to me, after the haughty arrogance that marked our first interview; flashes of gaiety streamed from those lips which have been pronounced lips of scorn, and methinks I hear even now the low ringing of his musical laugh. Alas! alas! and now that voice is still!" continued the speaker musingly: "that face so full of mind, is wrapped in dust, and upon that glorious brow the worm has long since made its feast! Oh! would that he had lived to verify the speculations of him, who has sweetly said—

————— 'If years had brought
A blessed store of brighter thought,
How much of all that mars his fame
Had vanished in a purer aim.'"

ANSWER TO ENIGMA

In our last.

P-R-I-M-R-O-S-E.

DISOBEDIENCE.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

—
 "They're all gone—my loved—my own !
 With swelling heart and swimming eye,
 In our old home, I sit alone,
 And call them—but there's no reply."
 MISS H. F. GOULD.

—

It was on a summer evening when a young man might have been seen walking with a kindling eye and flushed brow, the frown upon which deepened every moment, backwards and forwards before a neat rose-covered cottage, its high wall sheltering him from the observation of those within, until the door opened at length, and a maiden appeared, whose bright glance won a smile even from him, tired and impatient as he was : but his ill-humour soon returned.

"This cannot last, Rhoda," said he, "you must feel that it cannot. I will never consent to come prowling after you like a thief! You must either become mine, as you have so often promised, or give me up for ever."

"That is," replied the girl sadly, "I must make up my mind which of the only two beings in the world whom I have to love me will be the least missed, my father or you. Oh! William, it is much better to wait but a little longer—things may change—he is growing very old—and I am his only child."

"No, no," exclaimed her lover impatiently, "I have waited time enough; I must have your answer this night!"

"Must!" repeated the maiden haughtily.

"Ay, even so. Hear me, Rhoda; did I marry you for the little fortune which they say will one day be yours, I might, indeed, fear to brave the old man's wrath, lest in his anger he should bestow it on another. But I court only thyself, my long-plighted bride. And yet for your sake, and for fear it should grieve you to think on it afterwards, I would not urge you to this step, were I not sure he would forgive it, for you have often boasted to me of the power you had over him in his sternest moods."

"Heaven forgive me then, for it was very wrong. And yet, I do believe he loves me too much to be long angry, for somehow in the end he always comes round to my way of thinking; but how much better to wait until that time arrives—until of his own accord he places my hand in yours; and tells you in his kindest voice, that a good and dutiful daughter is sure to make a good wife. How often I have dreamt that it was thus."

"And I fear that it is only in dreams that it will ever come to pass," replied William Dormer, "but it needs neither his voice nor any one's else to tell me of thy virtues, Rhoda."

They walked on, beguiled either by the beauty of the evening or their own earnest conversation, and the shades of night had begun to fall before

the maiden returned, alone, looking thoughtful, and almost sad.

"You are late," said the old man sternly.

"Yes, father."

"This should not be, Rhoda, for you are far from strong. Your poor mother died of consumption, and at times your strange resemblance to her makes me tremble."

"If it makes you love me for her sake, I care for little else," said the girl gently.

"Silly child! Are you not everything to me now?"

Rhoda kissed him fondly.

"The neighbours say," continued the old man, after a pause, "that I am stern and harsh, so that I have but few friends among them; but I have never been so to you—have I, Rhoda, darling?"

"Only in one thing, my father," said the girl, "and then I do not think that in your heart you meant half you said against poor William Dormer;" and here she paused suddenly, while a dark frown gathered upon the withered brow of her companion.

"I understand all now," said Mr. Pemberton, for that was the old man's name; "he has been with you to night?"

Rhoda could not deny it.

"Be it so; but remember that the wife of William Dormer is no daughter of mine. I have sworn it! My curse rest upon his head, and that of all connected with him!"

There was a passionless solemnity in the tone with which this sentence was uttered, which awed Rhoda far more than the words themselves, but did not silence her, for she had her father's spirit.

"You must have some powerful reason to make you act thus?"

"I have: his mother was my first love; and now the son too, would steal away my last treasure, and ill-use and break her heart, as his father did hers who is now an angel in heaven. Hush! not a word more—I will not hear it—unless it be to swear to me, you will never behold him again.

Poor Rhoda sat down and leant her throbbing temples upon her hands, while a dreary silence ensued, which was broken at length by Mr. Pemberton.

"Rhoda," said he fondly, "do not let us quarrel about him, my child. Forgive me if I spoke harshly to you just now, and let the subject be no more mentioned between us."

And so all their conversation upon this topic ever ended, although the old man was frequently so violent, that it made her shudder to listen to his threats and imprecations; but then she knew how passionate he was, and how soon the fit passed over, and relied perhaps too much upon his almost childish affection for herself, and so the summer wore away. One day Rhoda Pemberton was seen to leave the cottage early on a sunny morning, in her neat white dress and straw bonnet, and return a few hours afterwards, as she had often done before, with young Dormer; but there was no lingering farewell uttered beneath the shadow of the high wall; no parting protracted so long, that the girl in the opposite cottage grew weary of looking out to see if he were gone, and

became, in the ready sympathy of her kind heart, quite anxious lest Mr. Pemberton should come suddenly and unawares upon them. Both walked straight up the gravel path, and entered the house as if it had been their own, closing the door after them, although they must have known it was at an hour when the old man was sure to be within.

And then arose, on a sudden, the mingling of fierce voices, until Rhoda was seen with a face whiter than the robe she wore, closing the casement hastily, so that a confused murmur only was heard, followed at length by a wild woman's shriek; and a few moments afterwards William Dormer again appeared, bearing Rhoda in his powerful arms as though she had been a little child. But when they had advanced a few paces, she broke from him, and tottering back sank down fainting upon the threshold, stretching out her arms imploringly towards the doors that had closed against her for ever.

A crowd, attracted partly by sympathy and partly by curiosity, were soon collected around them, and many were the kind and friendly offers which the young couple received from those who had known them both from their childhood.

"Nay, do not weep," said one soothingly; "the old man will be sorry for this after a time."

"No, no!" exclaimed Rhoda, "what's past can never be recalled. The curse must be worked out! For myself I want nothing, only be kind to him when I am gone, for my sake. And, Lucy, dear!" added the poor girl to her sympathizing opposite neighbour, "if all this agitation should make him ill, do not say a word to any one, but go yourself immediately to Doctor Lee, who is the only person that understands and does him good, and do not let them judge him harshly for his conduct to me this day, for I have deserved it all."

At this moment the casement was again flung open, and the harsh voice of Mr. Pemberton heard threatening, if the crowd did not instantly disperse, to send for a constable; and Rhoda, clinging to her husband's arm, went forth from among them without another word. A weary bridal day was that for her, and wearier still to come; truly, her punishment was a heavy one!

Years passed away—what unexpressed wretchedness is often crowded into that common phrase, which we utter with careless lips—years passed away, and the old man had grown feeble as a child, and blind beside, so that they were obliged at last to put some one into the house to take care of it and him. Lucy went first, for she was still unmarried, and remembered her promise to poor Rhoda, whom no one had seen from the day she wedded William Dormer. And being a meek-spirited girl, she bore all his harshness, as long as she could without a murmur, and even tried to introduce the subject of his daughter's disobedience, and win him to seek her out and pardon her; but discouraged and frightened too, by the fearful rage into which he got, she gave up her task in despair. Next came a hired nurse, who left the first week, and then a succession of strangers who almost drove the old man mad.

At length one arrived who looked ill-fitted for the arduous task she had undertaken; but Doctor

Lee vouched for her skill, and, contrary to the predictions of all, she stayed. The new nurse was tall and fearfully attenuated, and wore her hair, which was perfectly grey, although it would seem from some other cause than age, parted simply beneath her widow's cap, and she had a low, melancholy voice, which fell upon the ear like music heard long ago. The old man seemed quite to take to her, as it were, and, as they sat together of a winter night, would tell her how the last woman that was there had even beaten him; but bid her not to weep, for that was all past now.

"Many a time," said he, "have I heard the rattling of money, when she thought I slept, but I said nothing, although I knew that she was robbing me, for it mattered little since I have no one to leave it to."

"But had you not a daughter?" asked his companion.

"Yes, I forget her name now. She disobeyed me, and I cast her off for ever!"

"Poor girl!" exclaimed the nurse.

"And why poor? she has her husband—it was her own choice—and she preferred him to her old father."

"But what if he be dead?"

"Ah! she would be lonely then, almost as lonely as I have been, and seek me out perhaps, but I hope not. I never wish to hear that voice again. I have grown calmer and happier of late than for years before; it would only irritate, and tempt me perhaps to exult in the speedy punishment of her disobedience—to curse and spurn her from my door, as I did years ago."

"Now heaven forbid!" said Mary, for so his attendant was called, and the conversation dropped.

The walls of the cottage were very thin, and sometimes Mr. Pemberton could not sleep all night for Mary's hollow and incessant cough; and he used to lay and think of old times, for it was thus with his wife for the few months previous to her death; and how lonely he should feel if Mary were taken too, just when he had begun to like her so much; and when she came the next morning to hope that she had not disturbed him very much, tired as he was, he would answer kindly, and even asked Doctor Lee if something could not be done for it, although he anticipated the answer almost before it came.

"Mary," said he, when the worthy physician had departed, "you have been a good and kind nurse to me, but you require one yourself now, take what money you want and go back to your home."

"I have no home," replied she sadly, "no friend in the whole world that I know of."

"Poor child! and yet you must not die—what can I do for you, Mary?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing, but let me stay here with you. Indeed I am not so very ill, and my cough will go away when the warm weather comes, as it always does, only do not send me from you."

"Well, well, we will wait until summer," said the old man, "and see what that produces; I believe I should have missed you very much, Mary."

His companion smiled almost joyously, and went quietly about her household duties.

Weeks passed away, and still that hollow cough was heard even more frequently than before; while the weak frame, which it so shook and tortured, wasted to a mere shadow; but the invalid had got used to the sound, and slept through it, so that she did not much care, for her greatest trouble had always been the fear of disturbing him, who every day grew feebler and feebler, so that the neighbours used to wonder among themselves which would pass away first, the old man, or his gentle and devoted nurse. As we have before said, Mr. Pemberton was blind, and when he called out in the middle of the night for water to cool his parched lips, and Mary brought it with a kind word and a cheerful voice, how was he to guess of the wasting fever which burnt in her own veins—of the broken slumber into which she might have just fallen, for the first time for many nights, when she never uttered a complaint. Sometimes he would say:—

“I hope I did not disturb you, Mary, but my throat seemed on fire,” when her ready reply always was—

“Oh no, I was not asleep, and it sounds cheerful to hear your voice in the night, for it seems so long and lonely else.” And when he did not call, she used to fear he was ill, and creep out of her warm bed a dozen times to listen if he breathed.

At length came the wished-for spring, when the invalid dreams of the long promised walk beneath the fresh air of heaven, and wakes smiling to see the early sunlight. When the dying girl who has waited wearily for the hour of her release, lifts up her drooping head and prays to be spared yet a little longer. It seems hard to pass away when all things look so bright and joyous. When the poor, believing that the worst is past, look hopefully forward to the sweet summer time, and little children escaping from their narrow homes, run shouting for very glee in search of the early flowers. When the poet's heart is full to overflowing, and a voice bursts forth, as if by enchantment, finding an echo in a thousand gladsome hearts—a voice now passed away, save in memory, for ever.

“I come! I come! ye have called me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.”

But to our tale. It was on one of these bright spring mornings, redolent of sunshine and flowers, that Mary flung open the casement of their little cottage, and leant languidly out, until there gradually stole a tranquil and subdued lustre to her sunken eyes, a warm flush to her hollow cheeks, and she even smiled, as though a tide of sweet remembrances were rushing through her heart. She was thinking, perhaps, of the merry spring days which had come and gone when she was a child; how she used to go with her companions seeking for primroses and violets, others, yet the

same which now cluster in such profusion amid the quiet haunts to which her thoughts had wandered back, so that it seemed her only who was changed.

A branch of fragrant honeysuckle was dancing in the fresh wind, and seemed every now and then to be playfully wooing her to inhale its odour, and be of good cheer, for the warm glad summer had come again; and as the girl put it back with her thin wasted hand, her pale lips moved and half involuntarily gave utterance to some old melody loved years ago, and brought back, as it were, by enchantment. We all know how deep a spell may lay in a simple flower to conjure up the past. That honeysuckle might have been a cherished thing in by-gone days. Low and broken as the sound was, it awoke the old man, although he thought at first that it must be a dream, and spoke not until it died away at length in bitter weeping.

At the first sound of his voice, Mary sprang to the bedside; heaven pardon her, if she rejoiced for a moment that he was blind! Mr. Pemberton had raised himself up in his bed, his head bent eagerly forward, and his lips moving fast and convulsively.

“Who was it sang but now?” he questioned a little wildly.

“I am sorry I disturbed you,” began his companion timidly.

“Ah! was it you? Nurse, who taught you that song?”

“My mother.”

“And she is dead, you have often told me so; but thy father, girl!—why do you weep? Oh, God, if it should be Rhoda!—It was her song—Poor Rhoda!”

“Father!” exclaimed his companion, clinging about his neck; and the old man parted the grey hair upon her still youthful brow, and kissed it repeatedly with a bewildered air.

“Poor Rhoda!” repeated he at length.

“No, no, rich now—rich in thy restored affection.”

“And he?”

“Will never come between me and thy love again—he is gone!”

“Heaven forgive me!” said the old man, “I have been too harsh.”

“No, indeed, my punishment was a bitter one, but I deserved it all. I should have remembered that I was your only child. Since I left you, Father, I have known want and hunger; I have seen those I love die away one by one; but that terrible curse was harder to bear than all the rest!”

“My poor child! and I not to know that dear voice; and yet there was something in the cough—your sainted mother's cough, which sounded fearfully familiar. We must get rid of that now; you shall not toil as you have done of late, but only sit by me and relate all your troubles, until I hate myself as their cause; and I will tell you how much I missed you—and how, even with the harsh word upon my lips, the blessing was in my heart for my poor Rhoda.”

“Dear Father! Ah! how often I have longed to utter that name, but dared not, lest you should send me from you. How I have prayed with

tears in the long winter nights not to be taken away, until I had received your forgiveness, and my supplications were not lifted up in vain; and yet it is hard to die just now, when I had so much to tell you!"

"Hush, my beloved one!" said the old man, pressing his lips to the cold cheek which rested against his; "it is for the aged and bedridden, such as I, to talk of death. And yet even I have dared to hope to live a little longer, now that you are come back to me again. I know I shall be a great trouble to you, but you will not mind that—will you? And when summer comes, who knows but I may be well enough to sit in the cottage porch, with you at my feet, as in old times, while you sang to me all my favourite airs. And though I shall not be able to see the flowers, and the golden sunsets any more, I can remember just how they used to look at that hour. Rhoda, I was very proud of you, and when the sunlight fell upon your young brow like a glory, used to liken you to one of the angels in the altar-piece at St. John's church, and I never dared to go to that church after—after you left me. But you are cold—so cold!—I think the casement must be open. Rhoda!—my child!—Oh, if I could see you now!"

The poor girl made an effort to move her pale lips, and to smile upon him, forgetting he was blind; and so the weary spirit passed away for ever. While the old man went on talking until the silence fell upon his heart with a strange fear, and he bent down towards the sweet face which still rested on his bosom, and spoke no more.

"I am sure," said the compassionate Lucy, that evening, as she sat in her comfortable little chamber, for from living so much alone she had got quite into the habit of talking to herself; "I am sure that it is not good for Mr. Pemberton, or his nurse either, to have the window open at this hour; and she with her terrible cough. Oh! how I wish she would not be quite so shy and reserved. I am sure my heart yearns to her, poor thing! How sweetly she smiled this morning when I passed the house, the first time I have ever seen her smile, and yet her look seemed familiar too. Surely she could not be angry if I were just to step over and offer to sit up with the old man for once, and a night's rest would do her a world of good. At any rate, I will warn her how wrong it is to sit with the casement open at this hour."

And crossing the lane she knocked gently at the cottage door, but receiving no answer, after waiting a few moments, lifted up the latch and entered. It was a bright moonlight night, and the fresh breeze from the open window rustled among the neat white bed-curtains, and waved to and fro the damp curls upon the pale, upraised face of the nurse. Lucy thought she was asleep.

"Poor thing! how tired she must have been," said she, "and what quantities of hair!"—for the widow's cap had fallen off. "It is sad to see grey hairs on a young head! But surely—surely I should remember that face, changed and faded as it is? Can it be, that Rhoda Pemberton has been with us so long, and we knew her not?—dear—kind—merry-hearted Rhoda! But how

heavily she sleeps—and the old man too, and yet their eyes are open—merciful heaven if they should be dead! Both dead, and help so near!" And the girl sunk upon her knees, and lifted up her trembling hands in prayer.

It was very terrible, and yet there was comfort in the bright smile, which even in death illuminated the pale face of poor Rhoda; and Lucy knew by it that she had died happy, and forgiven. But the history of the weary years that had intervened before the wanderer's return to her birthplace, was buried with her.

LINES

ON THE MARCH OF THE TEMPERANCE MEN AT CARRICKMACROSS.

"Music was heard in the distance; the road was seen, far as the eye could reach, filled with dense masses of human beings; call them processions if you will, preceded by bands of music, banners, &c.

"I seemed to see John the Baptist preparing a pathway through the wilderness for the coming of the holiest; for like unto his, is this mission of temperance. Clean senses are fitting vessels for pure affections and lofty thoughts."

MARIA CHILD.

A sound of music on the wind,
Of footfalls, firm and free;
A show of banners, flinging wide
Their shining blazoury.

What comes—an army on its path
For the crimson fields of war?
A host returned from conquering—
A victor on his car?

Not these—yet are they conquerors, crown'd
With trophies far more bright
Than the red spoils of battle fields,
Their carnage and their blight.

They have brought back to lonely hearths,
Not love words from the dead;
Nor tokens, prest with dying hands,
Where life's rich fount was shed;

But old affections, hidden deep
In the mole-heap heav'd by time,
And welling up, like living springs,
With a soft, heart-moving chime.

See where they come, a mighty host!
Nor sword nor lance is there;
But wands, with peaceful flowers entwin'd,
And laurel boughs they bear.

And for proud shouts of high acclaim,
Exulting triumph-notes,
The blessing of a thousand homes
Upon their glad way floats;

And follows on their holy march
Their crusade pure and high,
Filling our earthly homes to bear
The bright Millennium sky.

CAROLINE WHITE.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

No. IV.

MY VISIT TO RICHMOND—PART II.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

I lost no time in completing Mrs. Corrie's likeness, and on the third morning from my last interview I was with anxious thoughts ringing the gate-bell at Downe House.

"My mistress is very ill," said the domestic, shaking her head, "and cannot see even you; but she begged me to ask your London address, as she wishes to write as soon as she is able; it was with difficulty she could direct this note, which she requested me to give to you when you called."

I left the miniature with the faithful attendant, and returned to my lodgings full of inquietude; although Mrs. Corrie's letter contained a bank note, double the amount of my price, and which at any other time would have made my heart leap with joy.

On the evening of that day I was on my road to town, having received information from my maid, that I was required at home to paint two children, and that the lady who had brought them had appointed to be with me the following morning at twelve o'clock.

Punctual to the hour, my expected visitors arrived; a young widow, whose mournful looks contrasted sadly with the bright ones of her little boy and girl. The lady did not give me her name, but said she was recommended to me by an Indian family, and she wished to have the children painted the size of the bracelet likeness she wore on her arm. It was fortunate for my pencil that my little sitters possessed the beauty of their mother; for I never gazed upon a more distrustful and mean expression than was depicted in the lineaments of their father's miniature. In the course of conversation, I learned he had died on his passage to England, whither he was accompanied by his family.

The children were most unmanageable; pulling down my books, clambering up the chairs, and strewing the carpet with my drawings, alike heedless of my entreaties or the remonstrances of their gentle parent.

"They will soon be tamed," said I, in reply to the lady's apologies.

English nursemaids are usually more tyrants than slaves to their young charge; for, in this country, a child is oftener taught more obedience to domestics than to their parents.

I made the sitting as short as possible, for I was sad and weary, with thoughts full of my Richmond adventure. And when, the next morning, I received by a coach, a packet, it was with feelings of intense interest I tore it open—it contained the miniature I had just finished of Mrs. Corrie, and the one painted of her when she was a girl: a lovelier face was never seen. These were accompanied by several sheets of closely written paper, the contents of which were as follows:—

"May 20th, 18—, Richmond.

"You are the only being in Dalton who doubted my guilt, and in return for the balm your guileless remarks gave to my wounded spirit, I am going to inflict upon you the penance of reading my unfortunate history—a history I had neither strength nor courage personally to relate: and yet now, overwhelmed as I am in recalling the agonising scenes of the past, I am buoyed with the hope, that by the mysterious ways of the Almighty, you may one day become the instrument of clearing my fame in the eyes of my beloved child. I have, therefore, left instructions in my will, of the best manner of forwarding to that child the two miniatures I entrust to your care.

"In the village of Brook Mead, not many miles from Dalton, you will probably have seen an old-fashioned white house, with its quaint and sloping garden, surrounded by a moat, over which swings a ponderous drawbridge. It was from that spot I date my first recollections of existence, as the spoiled orphan pet of a maiden aunt, who had long outlived her youth and beauty, and who, in the simplicity of her heart, would overwhelm me with caresses and sweetmeats whenever it had been her painful duty to punish any of my childish faults for a few minutes. Children are excellent judges of character; and I soon found out the way to escape punishment by pretending to refuse all attempts at reconciliation, until my aunt's patience became exhausted in her vain endeavours to coax me to accept her peace-offerings. At length I was suffered to do whatever I pleased: so passed the first period of my childhood; and with all my faults, I was fond of knowledge, and read with eagerness any books that came in my way, some, far beyond the comprehension of my early years, for I had but a limited range, the faded library containing but few readable volumes. My aunt was proud of hearing me read aloud, and though often the subject proved even more puzzling to her than to me, still my pronunciation of hard words, without once stopping to spell them, was such a marvel in the old lady's eyes, that she looked upon me as a prodigy of learning. Then I could knit stockings ten times faster than she could, and copy in tent-stitch the moth-eaten tapestry of our bed-room with an accuracy that to her seemed like magic. In fact, my aunt and I daily grew more and more companionable. I, imitating the tone and manners of maturer age; and she, descending to second childhood. Herself and my nurse were my only associates, my will with them was law, and both gaily joined in all the vagaries of my little head. Alike joyous was every season: winter had no dreariness—it was to me full of the life and light of summer; but a heavy cloud rose above me, which was soon to darken all my future prospects.

"An adventurer arrived in Brookmead; he was about forty years of age: from whence he came none knew, and few cared to inquire, whilst they listened to his skill on the guitar: our servants were full of his fame, and one summer's evening he

stood upon the drawbridge and sang a serenade. I clapped my hands with delight, and dragged my aunt towards the spot where he was singing. He knew well how to turn to advantage all things that crossed his path, and before we separated he inveigled my aunt to give him an invitation for the following day. Step by step the acquaintance gained ground, until it increased to an intimacy, and dull seemed those evenings which he did not spend at the old white house. He not only sang to us, but read novels, in which he personated the hero so admirably, that ere the first leaf of autumn had fallen to the earth, my maiden aunt, at the age of sixty-five, had bestowed her hand and fortune upon this daring minstrel. At first I was delighted with the novelty of having an uncle, but gradually I was deprived of all my accustomed indulgencies. My aunt seemed to grow every hour more sorrowful—her smiles were gone; her form, hitherto so upright for her years, became bent: it was evident she was suffering acutely from her folly. She scarcely dared to notice me with her usual affection when her husband was present, but he spent great part of his days at a neighbouring public-house, where he suffered coarse jests to be passed upon his wife's credulity and his own good luck. On such occasions he would return home brutalised by the effects of intemperance, and if he found me up, send me, with an oath or a blow, broken-hearted to my chamber, where, in the arms of my loving nurse, I sobbed myself to sleep. Her sympathy was not long allowed me, for she and the rest of the servants were changed for others, and my tyrant uncle reigned supreme. No wonder that my high spirit was subdued. I became shy and timid as a hare, was laughed and sneered at by the new domestics, and even thought an interloper and a disturber of peace by my once kind aunt—so completely did her husband hold her mind in thrall; and in one of their daily bickerings, it was agreed that I should be removed from their presence, and placed for a time at some cheap establishment at Dalton. My entrance into Mrs. Foxall's school-room was another epoch in my life,—replete for a time with fresh mortifications, for the girls laughed at the odd fashion of my dress, called my shyness slyness, and ludicrously imitated the stiff curtsy and starched manners of my old aunt when their governess had introduced her to my future companions. Goaded by these perpetual stings, the wilfulness of my nature returned, and book and stools were flung by me at the heads of the scoffers: then followed complaints of my violent conduct, succeeded by the regular routine of punishments—a long list of dictionary words to learn, with their meaning, by heart—a page from scripture, or a piece from the speaker, to recite in a given time. But these tasks were positive pleasures, so quick was my memory; and when, in a few weeks I proudly stood the foremost of the first-class, and assisted my seniors in their lessons, the girls ceased to sneer at my aunt, or quiz the fashion of my long-waisted frock; but it was by still slower degrees that I won the love of the mistress of the establishment. My first vacation arrived, bringing to all but me joyful anticipations,

for in my wretched home nothing but stripes and harsh words awaited me. Fortunately, my presence had become so intolerable to my aunt as well as to my uncle, that on returning to the school, my governess received instructions to retain me during all future holidays. My eyes sparkled with pleasure at her consenting to this arrangement, and from that hour I became the especial favourite of Mrs. Foxall as well as of the elder girls. After our lessons were learned, we used to crowd round the blazing fire of a winter's evening, where I would relate to eager listeners the legends from the old books I had read at home. Then came the thick slice of bread-and-butter—the marvellous appetite with which it was devoured—the family prayers—the maternal kiss of our beloved governess, followed by the unbroken sleep, which gave health to our bodies and vigour to our minds. “Year passed on year, and I went no more to my aunt's. She rarely paid me a visit, and scarcely ever wrote. How often have my eyes overflowed with tears, when Mrs. Foxall announced letters to her pupils! how I envied their sacred emotion, as they used to hurry out of the school-room to read their treasures by themselves! Then the boxes of cakes and tarts that were constantly arriving, the feastings divided with all, and frequently the largest share given to me, because I had nothing to give in return. I would fain linger over those brightest scenes of my life, where human nature stood out in such beautiful relief; but soon was that sunny world shut out to me for ever.

“There was an old lady in Dalton, a Mrs. Stukely, who made a point of inviting all the young people of our school to drink tea on her lawn once in the summer: it was my misfortune to attract her attention, and when she learned my history, she was particularly attentive to me, and eventually invited me to stay at her house the greater part of the Christmas holidays. Whilst on my visit, one of the winter balls took place, and Mrs. Stukely suddenly determined on taking me to it. I was overcome with delight at the proposal, till I remembered my best dress was only of thick cambric muslin.

“‘Never mind,’ said my kind hostess, as she saw my joy changed to sorrow, ‘these long black tresses of your's will amply compensate for your want of finery; why, half the girls would gladly exchange their gauze robes for such an ornament as nature has given you, and here is a broad purple sash I have brought you, and rely on an old woman's judgment when she ventures to prophesy that you will look fairer than any there.’

“All this was very flattering, but the fortitude of sixteen was scarcely strong enough to bear the idea of being the most shabbily dressed young person in the assembly. And, when that night I entered the brilliantly lighted room, my cheeks glowed more with shame than pleasure, as I contrasted my appearance with those around me; and I gladly sheltered myself from observation behind the chair of Mrs. Stukely, as she sat down in a snug corner to make one at the whist table, where, in a few moments, she became so absorbed as entirely to forget I was under her care. With envious looks I watched the smiling faces of the

young girls as their respective partners led them out to dance. I heard the kind inquiries made from each to each of friends and kindred in the promenade which succeeded; and my heart throbbed with anguish as I bitterly felt that I of all that laughing crowd was alone unthought of.

"It was in the middle of a cotillion which preceded the preparations for tea and coffee, that a tall and elegant looking man entered the room, and after carelessly surveying the dancers for a few minutes, he advanced to the card-table.

"Ah, James," said Mrs. Stukely, addressing him, whilst she was dealing out the pack, 'I scarcely expected you to-night; but now you are here, I wish you would do me a favour.'

"Most gladly. What is it, aunt?" said the gentleman.

"I want you to dance with this poor child, a protégée of mine; I believe she has not had a partner to-night," replied Mrs. Stukely.

"That must be your fault, aunt," quickly exclaimed her nephew; 'I suspect you have forgotten to introduce her.'

"But too true, dear James; so atone for my neglect, and do the amiable. You know when once I am at my favourite pastime I forget the whole world. My dear Miss Corrie, this is my nephew, Mr. James Gordon, who I am sure will be kind enough to dance with you.'

"Rather say, aunt, if the young lady will honour me so far," replied the gentleman, as he politely offered me his arm.

"Frightened as a caged bird, I accepted it with trembling, and did not dare meet his gaze.

"Are you ill," said my companion, observing my trepidation, 'or do you dislike to dance?'

"Oh, no! I am so fond of it," I quickly replied; 'but,—' and I hesitated as I looked down on my plain attire, 'but I do not look as if I belonged to yonder circle.'

"Indeed, you do not," answered Mr. Gordon, emphatically, 'and I am proud of the privilege of introducing such a partner amongst them: but see, the dance is ended; so for the present you must accept my attentions at the tea-table.'

"In less than an hour all things in that ball-room seemed changed by the wand of a fairy. A gentle voice was whispering words of praise in my ear, with a sweetness that was never heard before by me; and when he made me promise I would accept no other partner but himself, for that evening, I told him, in the innocence of my thoughts, that I was but too gratified for the enjoyment he had given me, to wish to change him for any other. That meeting was only the beginning of a succession of equally delightful ones; and whilst Mrs. Stukely was engaged with her little home parties at whist, Mr. Gordon took every opportunity of remaining at my side and devoting every minute to my amusement and improvement; whilst I was both grateful and proud that a man so many years my senior, should take so much trouble about one inexperienced like myself. But my visit was suddenly cut short by the interference of a friend of Mrs. Stukely's, who called one morning to condole with my hostess on the attachment, which was the talk of the town, that the rich Mr.

James Gordon had formed for Miss Corrie, a mere child and a nobody. Mrs. Stukely was astonished, and for once regretted her love of play had so blinded her to the danger which was coming on; so, by the advice of the old maid, I was sent back that very night to Mrs. Foxall's, on the plea that other visitors would unexpectedly arrive and occupy my room. I was both puzzled and hurt at the cool manner in which the hitherto kind Mrs. Stukely took leave of me.

"My romantic school-fellows, when I related to them my adventures, read the true meaning.

"Ah, Cecile! Cecile!" said one, 'Mr. James Gordon, the great lawyer, is in love with you, and the spiteful old aunt is jealous, and I should'nt wonder if he sends you a declaration next Valentine's day.'

"It has come already," cried another, as the postman knocked at the street door, 'and I will bet six tarts it is a letter for Miss Corrie.'

"The merriment of the girls had scarcely subsided, when Mrs. Foxall, with a very grave face, entered the room.

"I have an unexpected communication to make to you, my dear child," said my governess, addressing me. I turned very red, and the girls looked at each other. 'I trust,' added Mrs. Foxall, 'I have taught you to bear all changes of fortune with calmness. Your poor aunt is very ill,—dying, perhaps, and wishes to see you immediately, and it is my duty to see her request complied with; a carriage is already ordered, and I shall accompany you home, in the hope we may arrive in time to see justice done to your merits.'

"Fast as the horses rattled over the creaking drawbridge, the spark of life had fled before we entered the house. In silence the servants ushered us into the chamber of death; my uncle was pacing the room with rapid strides, but the scene had only produced a passing emotion, and he stiffly bowed to Mrs. Foxall without noticing me. We remained unwelcome guests till after the funeral, when the will, which was of recent date, was read, in which my uncle was named as the sole legatee. In reply to Mrs. Foxall's remonstrances, he urged that I had no claim upon him, but out of respect to his wife's memory, he would pay for my education three months longer, when, like thousands of other young women, I must get my living by my talents.

"She shall never want a home," exclaimed my kind governess, 'whilst I have one to offer; and with feelings of sorrow and indignation we departed from Brookmead.

"On reaching Dalton, the servant informed her mistress that Mr. James Gordon was anxiously awaiting to see her in the drawing-room. I was therefore dismissed to my chamber, and the purport of his visit remained long a secret to me, and I saw no more of him for months, except at the church-gate on Sundays, when he always made a point of shaking hands with Mrs. Foxall. One Sabbath-day he was not there, and the news reached us the next morning that he was dangerously ill of a fever. My governess looked fidgety and uneasy, and I went through the usual routine

of business, dull and spiritless, for the impression he made upon me had never been forgotten.

"I have had a visit, my love, from old Mrs. Stukely," said my governess to me one evening, 'and it is my duty now to communicate to you its purport, and what took place between Mr. James Gordon and myself on the day we left Brookmead. Your pale cheek tells me you have guessed what I would say. That gentleman made, then, an honourable offer of his hand, but as it was unknown to his aunt, my pride in your welfare induced me to reject it, without even consulting you; and I insisted on his not naming the subject to you unless he had the sanction of Mrs. Stukely, and he promised, although unwilling, not to do so until you had passed your minority. The ravings during his fever betrayed his secret; and his doctors pronounced nothing could save his life from sinking under his present debility, unless the weight was removed from his mind. The old lady, anxious to preserve her adopted son, has consented to his engagement with you. Can you love him well enough to become his wife?'

"I threw myself into Mrs. Foxall's arms, and wept like a child.

"Mr. James Gordon recovered from his illness, and in less than a twelvemonth from my aunt's death, I became his envied bride. My husband was lavish in his presents to me, but I soon found I owed them more to his pride than his generosity. Rich in the adornments of my house and person, I was poor in the power of rewarding my beloved governess as she deserved; a handsome ring, and defraying the just expenses of my education, up to my marriage, was all the remuneration she received from my husband; who often reminded me, that the companions of my girlhood were not the companions suited to his wife, and my spirit withered, as I thought of the ingratitude these cherished friends would internally tax me with, at my apparent neglect of all the promises I had made whilst residing under their roof; and often I buried my face, bathed in tears, upon the downy pillows of my gilded couch. Notwithstanding, I loved my husband sincerely, but I felt to my heart's core, the inequality of our station, and I knew he felt it also. The servants too, who had ruled their master for years, naturally disliked having a mistress, and the housekeeper always addressed me with a scowl of malignity.

"Mrs. Stukely rarely paid me a visit, it was evident her set had condemned me as a cunning and manoeuvring person, and the young people of Dalton made but few advances towards my friendship. In time I became diffident of my powers of attraction to please even my husband; he cared little for music, and still less for painting, and was mortified and annoyed to see that my timidity prevented me from taking that stand in society which he expected; but my thoughts, in presence of the cold exclusion of Dalton, were frozen, ere my tongue could give them utterance, and it was with a feeling somewhat akin to joy, that my physician, who had been consulted on the delicate state of my health, prohibited my going into company.

"It was in the latter end of autumn, when a

gentleman of birth and fortune came to pass a few months at our house, as he was anxious to understand something of the mysteries of the law before he yielded to his parents' wish of making it a profession. My husband desired me to conquer my habitual reserve, and make myself amusing to our new inmate, as he had owed his success in life partly to the high connections of this young man.

"Mr. Douglas was handsome, with a highly cultivated mind, and under the influence of his bland manners Mr. Gordon's became less imperious, and mine less reserved. The long winter evenings, which I fancied would have brought only *ennui*, passed away happily enough, and, seated in my *fauteuil*, I enjoyed for the first time in my life the intellectual pleasure of hearing the favourite authors of the day read aloud to us by Mr. Douglas. At this period Mr. Gordon announced to me that a difficult law-case would require him to be often away from home, but if his young friend would continue his readings to amuse me, he should feel more uncontrolled to pursue the necessary researches.

"Byron's mighty genius had just blazed upon the world, and one of his warmest worshippers was Mr. Douglas. I, who had scarcely known the name of poetry, except from pages of Enfield's Speaker, was enchanted; its beauties were rendered doubly impressive by the tone of voice of the reader; and frequently he would pause to elicit my opinion in the progress of the volume. Once or twice, as I met his earnest gaze, I trembled lest the natural vanity of man should construe my admiration of the poet to himself; the bare thought was full of danger, and yet I had not courage to act upon the internal warning; but I resolved when my husband returned I would speak to him on the possible impropriety of allowing a single man to pass so much idle time with me.

"It was rather later one evening than usual when Mr. Douglas entered the drawing-room with a new work by Byron; and, as he asked my permission to read it, I fancied he looked pale and excited. He overruled my scruples of the lateness of the hour, and pleaded the shortness and exquisite pathos of the poem; it was *Parasina*; and as I listened I felt my cheeks burn, and mine ears tingle with the palpable immorality of the story. I felt too, though I did not once look up, that Mr. Douglas was watching its effect upon me; and I resolved, in spite of giving offence, this should be the last time I would listen to such readings alone; when the book was closed I rose hastily to ring the bell, that I might retire to bed; but my companion, seeing my intention, forcibly grasped my hand.

"'Dear Mrs. Gordon, beloved Cecile,' he exclaimed passionately, 'you must and shall hear me. I can no longer conceal my passion.' Agitation rooted me to the spot, and I burst into tears. 'Your husband is not worthy of you,' continued he; 'you love him not, those tears speak volumes, and tell me, what I have long known, that you are his victim. All things are arranged for our flight, and—' But ere I could reproach him for his audacity I was paralyzed at seeing Mr. Gordon in the half-

open doorway. He had returned home unexpectedly, and had heard the latter part of Mr. Douglas's speech. My tears, my agitation, were proofs in his mind of my being a willing listener; and, in a voice of thunder, he desired the polluter of his honour to leave the house, ere he met with the chastisement he deserved. The door closed on the destroyer, and in the next moment a blow rendered me insensible; how long I remained so I know not. When I recovered I found myself in bed, the malignant housekeeper standing over me. 'What has happened?' I faintly exclaimed, as I felt the blood gushing from my nostrils. 'You can best answer that, Ma'am,' said the woman; 'all I know is, my poor master is pacing up and down the drawing-room like mad.'

"I must see him this instant," said I, attempting to rise, but I sunk down exhausted with the effort. An hysteric sob for a moment relieved me, and I commanded my attendant to do my bidding. As soon as I saw Mr. Gordon enter my chamber, I sprang out of bed, and threw myself at his feet; he would have spurned me, but I clung to his knees. 'James, James,' said I, 'hear me, for God's sake; do not condemn your innocent wife unheard.' He was pale and trembling, and pointed to the scattered clothes lying on the floor. I gazed wildly on these apparent preparations for flight—'Oh, James!' I exclaimed, 'listen, in mercy listen to me. I know nothing of these arrangements—a fatal snare has been laid by some fiend, who has worked ruin for us both.' He made no answer, but sat down on a chair and hid his face in his hands. I rose from my knees, calm and rigid as marble—I felt my asseverations were not believed, perchance never would be—and the agony of my spirit became too great for words or tears—a thousand years of life could never make me forget one moment of that long, long night. The next day I was in a delirious fever, and for weeks remained unconscious; the weakness which followed reduced me to the brink of the grave; but when my child was born, this new and holy tie gave fresh vigour to my constitution, and, as I pressed her soft cheek to mine, I no longer prayed for death. Mr. Gordon often entered my chamber to caress his little girl; but in vain I tried to attract his attention, his eyes were invariably turned from mine, and the few words he addressed to me fell like ice upon my heart. I longed to see my beloved governess, and pour my griefs into her ear; but after sending to inquire of my health the first few days after my confinement, her attentions ceased altogether, and the solitude of my room remained undisturbed by any of the Dalton visitors. But these slights could not destroy the happiness I possessed in cherishing my little Cecile, who grew hourly in strength and beauty.

"The Sunday after my recovery I accompanied my husband to church, but as I leaned heavily on his arm, no returning pressure reminded me we were going to the house of God with one heart and one mind. I gazed anxiously, after the service was over, at Mrs. Foxall's distant pew: but she answered not as usual my eager glance, and the

girls palpably turned away their heads to avoid recognition.

"I returned with sad forebodings to my splendid home, where there was not one face but my child's to smile upon me. Next morning the young woman whom I had engaged as a nurse, requested to speak to me. She wished to leave her situation. I offered to advance her wages. No; she wanted to return to her parents. Was she unhappy? I enquired. The girl burst into tears, and, after some hesitation, acknowledged that if she remained with me she could not get another place. Even then in the eyes of my menials I was depraved. I rushed to my chamber, and on my knees implored the Almighty to teach me fortitude to endure. Who is there that does not feel the efficacy of prayer? and where is the grief that does not yield to the comfort that comes from the Eternal Spirit? I rose from supplication strong in my weakness; I wrote a long letter to my husband, and implored him to dismiss the servants who had so basely maligned me to the nurse, or allow me to leave him for ever. I asked but a small pittance for myself and infant. He answered my appeal personally. He was cold and distant, and told me I was at liberty to leave him, if I preferred it; I had brought shame on his name, and if we separated he should retain his child; she should not share the exile which I well deserved. But though he no longer loved me, he felt the evil would be less in my remaining under his roof, than in the publicity of a separation; it was arranged that the servants should be dismissed, and to all outward appearance he would continue my protector. I must not attempt to relate the years of mortification which followed; my brain seems scorched at the bare recollection—my sweet Cecile was the only ray which lighted my gilded prison. Mrs. Stukely never again darkened my doors; and the only reply that Mrs. Foxall made to my urgent and private request to see her was, that for the sake of her pupils she dared not comply; and both she and Mr. Gordon's aunt passed from the earth in the full belief of my ingratitude and guilt. My husband, even when at home, was never my companion; and when Cecile grew older she visited with him, and from that hour the trusting affection she bore me daily decreased; the insidious remarks she heard snapped asunder the holy links between mother and child. I dared not seek an explanation; she was too young to understand the trials I had gone through; she saw me despised and neglected, and seemed afraid to trust herself to my judgment.

"At this time a sister of my husband's, the widow of a general, had come from India to settle in Paris; she was childless, and wished Cecile to pay her a visit. Mr. Gordon thought this a good opportunity for his daughter to see the world, and my sanction was not asked; my hopes had long ceased to rest upon the gifts of this earth; I therefore made no complaint, and bore our parting with less anguish than I anticipated. Little did I dream I should never see her again; and without a tear I witnessed the departure of my husband and child for the continent, and in the silence of my closet I poured forth my whole soul to God, in-

voking him to soften the heart of the one, and strengthen the weakness of the other.

"Within a twelvemonth my daughter was married to a young officer, Edward Lorraine; my husband went over to the nuptials, and I wrote to Cecile such a letter as only a mother could write to her daughter; no answer was returned, and when Mr. Gordon came back few and brief were the answers he gave to my eager questions. Mr. Lorraine was rich, well connected, and bound for India. Two years of gloom succeeded this event, occasionally enlivened by letters from Cecile, which were addressed to her father and not to me.

"One winter's afternoon my husband received a summons from my old enemy, the housekeeper, who had long been pensioned off at some little distance from us. His horse was soon saddled, and without taking leave of me, he was on his mission to the dying woman. That night he was brought back speechless from a fall, which had produced concussion of the brain. The labourer who accompanied him, related that he had seen Mr. Gordon riding on the high road, as if a demon were behind him; and, in urging his horse to the utmost speed, it had started at the shadow of a tree, and threw its rider, apparently lifeless, against the trunk. The medical man who examined the wounds pronounced the possibility of a fatal termination, unless the patient were kept profoundly quiet. He promised to visit him at early dawn, and I kept watch alone beside my husband's pillow. He lay there long, scarcely showing any signs of life; and tears streamed down my cheeks as I dwelt on the probability of his being called to his heavy reckoning in that unconscious state. At last he moved, and murmured, as if in a dream, 'Cecile! wife!' How strangely those words thrilled through my heart. 'Cecile!' he repeated again, as he endeavoured to raise himself up. I flew to his assistance; our eyes met, and in his was the love and tenderness of our early years: his reason was returned. 'That box,' he articulated, pointing to the iron one in his own chamber, 'the key is in my pocket; burn the papers you will find at the top.' I hastily obeyed him, and a gleam of exultation played upon his features as he gazed upon the consuming parchment. 'Thank God!' he faintly exclaimed; 'that was my last testament, and to the trifling stipend I left you, I attached the stigma of my anger. Oh, Cecile, beloved Cecile, only to-night did I learn from the housekeeper, who has gone to a more merciful Judge than myself, that you were innocent: it was she who laid the snare to ruin us both—she it was who urged Mr. Douglas to insult you with his love, he believing from her that you secretly indulged a passion for him; and to give her lie every appearance of truth, unknown to you, apparent preparations were made for your quitting my roof, which I was summoned to witness by an anonymous letter. Cecile, it is too late, now, to atone for all your wrongs; I am dying! Oh, do not weep; let me but live to write an explanation to the world, and you may, yet be happy.' I wiped the dew from his brow as he sank exhausted in my arms. A stillness succeeded: for some

moments I thought he had fainted; but suddenly the quivering lip grew rigid, and without a struggle his soul had passed its mortal boundary, and with a wild shriek I fell on the floor.

"Deep and settled became my melancholy, as I found all endeavours to establish my innocence at Dalton unavailing. The clergyman and physician were both attentive, but I believe their wives only the more despised me, for what they considered my shallow attempts to impose upon their credulity. Oh, those self-righteous, hard-judging people, could they but have probed one human heart, what a lesson they might have learned!

"Thus months passed away in desolation; but I still clung to the hope that Cecile would return to England, and that she at any rate would be but too glad to believe my statement. Her husband's appearance was absolutely necessary, as I could claim only my widow's portion. I did not speculate whether it were more or less than the sum named in the will; it was sufficient for my wants. At length Mr. Lorraine arrived, unaccompanied by Cecile. He was a man who, naturally, viewed everything in a suspicious light, and held doggedly to his prejudices. The impressions he had received of my guilt from my husband's sister were never to be erased; he therefore scoffed at the account I gave of Mr. Gordon's dying moments, and departed, strong in the determination that I should never be reunited to my child.

"Worn down in body and mind, I quitted Dalton for ever; and when I arrived in London, I sold out my property, took my maiden name of Corrie, and without friends or advisers, I found peace and shelter amid the sweet scenery of Richmond; but for some time I suffered from a train of nervous disorders, in which originated my dislike to perfumes. Here I have remained undisturbed until now, by the terrible recollections of the past, which your description of myself awoke in me: but I have learned to know all things are willed by the Most High for our ultimate good, and my meeting with you was not ordained by chance. When my weary race on earth is run, I shall die in peace. When you forward the pictures to India, inclose the history of my trials: Cecile will then not blush to weep over the memory of her mother. My executors will have orders to forward you Mr. Edward Lorraine's address. I will not give it you now, fearing you might be tempted to make the disclosure during my lifetime—a disclosure which would still be treated as an imposture. Already have I trespassed too long upon your time, and will only add the prayer that you may meet in your hour of need the same balm of kindness which you poured upon the broken heart of CECILE GORDON!"

I had scarcely folded up the narrative, when my young sitters were announced, and gladly would I have given up the profits of the pictures, to have had at that moment leisure to have dwelt upon what had I read; and the children appeared more restless than ever.

"How very tiresome you are, to-day," said the quiet mother: "how you weary Mrs. T: you are worse than your brother," continued the lady,

speaking to the girl. "See how you have torn the crape from your frock, Cecile."

Cecile! the word acted upon me like an electric shock—it was a name so full of interest. "And what else are you called, my dear?" said I.

"Lorraine—Cecile Lorraine," replied the child.

The pencil fell from my hand, and I sat without power to move.

"You are ill—over-fatigued," said my visitor, rising; "shall I ring for your maid?"

"Oh, no, thank you," I replied, half ashamed of my emotion, "I am better, but may I ask your husband's Christian name?"

"Edward," answered the widow, looking in her turn agitated; "but why do you ask?"

I opened my desk and placed the two miniatures before me. She snatched up the one painted of Mrs. Corrie in her youth, and pressed it to her lips.

"It is my mother," she exclaimed, "and this other too is of her, but, oh, how faded! How did you come by them? Do you know her? Where is she? for if she be alive I know not where to seek her."

In a few words I explained my professional acquaintance, and entreated her to take home the narrative I had just perused, and act upon it as her best feelings would dictate.

A few evenings from this occurrence, a carriage stopped before my house, and, as the servant threw open my study door, I beheld Mrs. Corrie leaning on the arm of her child: both were full of tearful gratitude to me; and never before or since, did I so much value the blessing of having made choice of portrait painting as a profession.

NIGHT.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

(Continued from page 342.)

"Enough," the Spirit sighed, "enough is shown: Choose now a star that gems the Boreal crown." And, like a feather drifted by the wind, My soul obeyed the spell the Spirit twined! There is a chamber rude—a casement high, And one poor watcher of the starry sky. His day's too needful toil at length is past When the bowed heart with joy upsprings at last. Lofty the brow the night winds softly fan, But the supporting hand is weak and wan; (And, oh! methinks the observing eye may trace Expression here, not art nor will can chase.) THE MAN BEFORE HIS AGE!—alone—apart From the dull throng communes with his own heart.

'Tis well! for every faculty has bent To one great purpose, and one sole intent: Crushed by the iron heel of Poverty Not his to form affection's holiest tie; No loving wife, or prattling child is near, The care-worn student's hour of rest to cheer.

And through all ages such the minds who still "Our spirits rule," and Fame's bright records fill,

More often lone than with the shield From half life's ills a *happy* home can yield; More often lone: for in the wheel of life How oft has Genius drawn but woe and strife! Or is it that each faculty and sense Is fretted by the river's feeble shock, Although an earthquake threw it up unrent, When all the elements of power were blent; So the proud heart of Genius, day by day, Girt by domestic misery, wears away. Thus, for the thankless world perchance 'tis best—No human ties find anchor in *his* breast. He had a glorious dream in days of yore, But now a score of years are passed, or more; Love's flowers are dead, or faded all, Though kept like relics beneath memory's pall. And ever since that hour when the decree Of that gaunt despot, iron Poverty, Went forth to quench Hope's bright and cheering light,

And blast Love's flowers, which bloomed beneath his sight, The expanding mind, braced by the shocks of fate,

Stands forth the mightier, and more concentrate. The Man before his Age—The Pioneer! Who cries "Eureka," and the herd but jeer; And yet the pathway that he leaves behind, The broad foot-marks which they that follow find, Lead—if to future years we quickly leap, To the rich harvest meaner minds shall reap. Perchance in earlier days a meteor flame Lured him to dream of winning earthly fame. But this is over—and no visions now Image the laurel round his fading brow; They only whisper, that a future age Of wiser men shall venerate his page. So, as the bright beam from the Starry Crown Meets the raised orbs which Genius' fire illumines, Kissing the cheek whence health's clear hue is flown,

And the bent frame, that slow decay consumes, Unto his heart it seems a type on high Beyond the pale of poor mortality. Methinks to many a world-weary'd mind, That Northern Crown, so clear, so well defined, Hath whispered the soul's language—which must be

Those deathless Truths, whose Truth is Poetry! (For it doth seem no other word expresses The dim revealings which the soul confesses.) It tells of something dearer to such hearts Than earthly fame, or earthly crown imparts. This is the spirit essence which is found In pure religion, and is shed around The soul of Genius, where it doth distil, And lowlier minds with borrowed glory fill. He asks no guerdon now from feeble man, But feels his Soul a part of the Almighty Plan! (To be continued.)

"THE CHAR-WOMAN."

A Sketch from Real Life.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

The class of persons which forms the subject of our present sketch, is one which has even enlisted our sympathy and commiseration.

The undefined, yet multifarious occupation devolved on them, the scanty, still often begrudged remuneration doled out for long hours of ceaseless and wearisome labour; the uncertain and contingent nature of their *vocation*, which compels them, perhaps, to task every corporeal energy, "to rise up early and late take rest" three days in the week, to supply the wants of the unemployed remainder, are all so many and forcible appeals to the charities of our nature—

"Take physic pomp,
Learn to feel that which wretches feel, and
Show the heavens more just!"

Go look at that poor, emaciated, worn-out woman—age has come upon her, yet she lacks the provision its wants and infirmities demand. Sickness, it may be, enfeebles her frame, and bows her strength; she has lived a life of honest labour, but for servitude she is now unfit. What can she do to gain wherewith to pay for a roof to shelter her, or to produce the coarsest meal to support life? Her spirit, cramped and crushed as it is by the thralldom of poverty, yet revolts at the sterner shackles, the bitterer bondage of pauper maintenance. One last effort she makes for independence, and self-sustainment, ere she seeks the door of the parish poor-house, which, once closed on her, she knows will not open again, till the hard pallet is exchanged for the green sod of the grave—she becomes a "char-woman." The early winter's morning, dark and bleak, sees her on her way to her work. The thin and scanty habiliments in which she is clothed are but poor defence against the wild wind which howls around her; but she murmurs not, and the weakened sinews and failing strength will put forth their every effort, that she may retain employment in the house to which she is going. Amidst all her toil she still remembers that night brings release; that she has yet a home, poor and humble though that home may be, where she is mistress; and where action, as thought, is alike free. But often the "char-woman" works not only for herself. She has a husband at home prostrate through sickness, and the two shillings, won by twelve hours of unlimited toil, must go to provide not alone rent, and food, and firing, but a portion must be deducted to satisfy the lingering of diseased appetite; a little fruit, perhaps a glass of wine, has been eagerly coveted, and the poor "char-woman" will go to her bed tired and suppelless, that the help-mate of her love and of her youth may be indulged in his fancy.

But our "char-woman," it may be, is a widow; her husband, a mechanic, long since has fallen a victim to one of the diseases, which, in specific employments, darken the path of productive labour, from which the artisan reaps large wages, knowing

at the same time he inhales the poison which saps his physical energies, and mildews the cords which bind him to existence. She is a widow with three helpless children, she cannot command the little capital necessary to establish her in business, or purchase the mangle and other implements to enable her to follow the occupation of a laundress, she must get bread for herself and little ones by "*charing*." She goes forth to work—alas! alas! how often do the public journals chronicle that she is summoned from her labours to the succour of one of her babes, who is injured, perhaps to death, by fire. Without the playthings and appliances to amuse childhood's taste which wealth and luxury provide; in a room destitute, perhaps, almost of furniture, no cakes "to make a feast with," no toys, no scraps of finery wherein to bedeck themselves, and, dearer than all these, no loving mother's voice to cheer and enliven with song and story; (for the mother's heart shall be full to bursting, yet will she force the song from her parched throat, and amidst the hard and drear realities of life, weave the gay story of fairy enchantment to amuse the babes of her bosom;) the children have crept to the fire, and sought amusement from the burning embers, till a spark has caught the clothes of one, and the terrified shrieks of its young companions summon aid, often too late. The distracted mother arrives at the hospital where her darling has been conveyed, to see the cherub face she left a few hours since rosy and smiling, scorched and blackened, and hear the wail of dying agony from the lips of her loved and her last born. But let us change the scene.

Mary Morgan (or as she was commonly called Molly Morgan) was a "char-woman," it is true, but of the most thriving and prosperous sort. Ever in demand, summer and winter, spring and autumn, in season and out of season, she was still employed. She had been a soldier's wife, and little akin as her appearance or temperament were to melancholy, a shade of grief would cloud her round rubicund face, when allusion to the battle of Waterloo, in which her husband perished, was made; of a frame, whose "thews and sinews" seemed formed of *cast iron* at the weakest; of *spirits* so exuberant, they did not need the foreign aid which scandal said she assisted them occasionally with. She seemed to take to it as a pastime, and would do the office of three ordinary "maids of all work" on any day. It was, indeed, the readiness with which she turned her hand to everything, which made her in such request with the ladies of our acquaintance.

Was the cook ill? albeit she had not taken lessons at Crockford's in the cunning science of gastronomy, she was competent to roast and boil to a minute, and, if occasion required, concoct a *fricandeau* of irreproachable flavour. Had the housemaid sprained her wrist? who swept the rooms so thoroughly? who shook the beds with such strength and *vivacity* that not one feather clung to another? or, who brought to the bright bars so dazzling a polish? We have known her promoted to the nursery, when some pretty "Fanny" or "Jane," who presided there heretofore, has suddenly linked herself in Hymen's silken bonds with

the neighbouring baker's "assistant." Her appearance was always hailed by children with clamorous delight. Her exhaustless and imperturbable good humour, her stock of marvellous stories, domestic and foreign; the treasures of a pocket, so ample, little hands could scarcely fathom it, which included, not only the usual complement of pen-knife, scissors, needle case, thimble, and purse, but an endless variety of picture books, song books, shells, to say nothing of *hard bake* and comfits; all these made Molly to baby-hood an amusement and joy. But great and useful as were her qualifications, it is not, we believe, on record, that in any household, however pressing the emergency, she was ever exalted to *my lady's* dressing-room. Poor Molly! she would, indeed, have been sadly out of place in braiding hair, or adjusting robes; we hardly know how her large hands would unite in accurate juxtaposition the tiny and delicate links of "hooks and eyes." But if we have glanced at the *attributes* which recommended her to *mistresses*, we must speak of those which gave her in the eyes of servants such wide-spread popularity, and made all to whom she was known, when extra help was demanded, instantly suggest—

"Oh! ma'm, let me fetch Molly, no one can be so useful as she."

Not only was it that they knew when she came, every servant's burden in the house was lightened by her readiness, strength and activity; not only was her merry jest and sage counsel in love affairs always acceptable; but, added to these, and which gave her priceless value—Molly could tell fortunes! Could *read* the cards, and extract from the grounds of a tea cup, the type and promise of future events! As we do not wish to degrade her in our reader's estimation, we wish it distinctly to be understood, that it was as an *amateur* only, that she practised in the occult sciences.

But her powers of divination were said to be so infallible, that—but we must not betray the secrets of our young friends, or we could name two or three instances in which Molly's skill has been sought—not by the *soubrette*, to learn whether the "butcher's young man" were true or false—but they do say by fair *damosels* of gentle birth, by the lovely and the gifted, who have lent an attentive and credulous ear, to be resolved whether the aristocratic guardsman, or the handsome Oxonian, preserved inviolate his love and fealty. We verily believe it was her skill in these matters, inclusive of deep and profound acquaintance with all arts, charms and spells for allhallow's eve, midsummer's day, &c. &c., and her own apparent implicit belief in her prophecies and "conjurations," more even than her general usefulness, which procured her such constant employment and ready acceptance any where.

Go on, Molly, and prosper; and we hope the lore which tells you when

"Coming events cast their shadows before,"

will teach you to lay up from the gains your industry and (forgive us) cunning levy, a provision for the day—far off may it be!—when age shall diminish your exuberant strength and fertile fancy.

Again we say, go on and prosper!

SONGS FOR STRAY AIRS.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

No. IV.

A BARCAROLE.

Italian Air—*O Pescator, dell'onde.*

The sun has brightly risen,

Isoline!

From morning's misty prison,

Isoline!

Arise, my sweet, arise!

Come and shame the deep blue heaven

With the beauty of thine eyes,

Isoline, Isoline!

The winds are perfume bringing,

Isoline!

The waves flow past thee singing,

Isoline!

Arise, my love, arise!

Come, and let thy lute breathe music to each

Billow, ere it dies,

Isoline, Isoline!

Come, ere the morning waneth,

Isoline!

For nought unchang'd remaineth,

Isoline!

Arise, mine own, arise!

Let us seize love's happy moment, for how soon

The shadow flies!

Isoline, Isoline!

TO A FRIEND.

BY ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

Weh uns! wo sind Sie? Böses ahnet mir!
SCHILLER.

Sweet summer-time!—you lov'd it so!

'Tis here! 'tis here in all its pride;

The glad earth smiles, the blue skies glow,

And birds are singing side by side.

Your favourite flowers are blooming bright

Upon the hill and in the glen;

I saw them bath'd in dew last night,

But will you never come again?

The old oak woods with leaves are green,

And blossoms deck the chestnut tree;

And ev'ry spot where you have been

Invites you to return to me.

The star you lov'd, still brightly burns,

Still softly shines on yonder plain;

Eve after eve that star returns—

But will you never come again?

SKETCHES OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

BY MARY ANN YOUATT.

Introductory Remarks.

The principal literary names of Germany have, for some years past, been nearly as familiar to the educated classes of England as those of native writers, and her language, literature, and music, have lately become the objects of study, criticism, and eulogy. In these days of steam and rail-roads, when we are brought so closely in contact with this nation, when every petty tourist who can escape from his business or profession, even but for a week or ten days, hastens up the Rhine, to feast his eyes on its wild scenery, its vine-clad hills, and mouldering castles; pausing for a day here and there to view the ancient cities of Coblenz, Cologne, or Mayence, or perhaps to visit the gay metropolis of Frankfort—in these days, it behoves us to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with this interesting people, with their rich, powerful, and expressive language, and their imaginative, philosophical, oft-times quaint, and ever beautiful literature.

It is with a view to the furtherance of this object, that these sketches are written; and if our pigmy endeavours should tend in the least towards its advancement, we shall be more than repaid.

In one point of view, German Literature of the present day greatly resembles our own; the most celebrated authors have passed, or are passing away, and, although there is an abundance of talent still remaining, the individual writers bear no proportion to the colossal forms of past years. Schiller and Goethe still tower far, far above all competitors, the giants, as it were, of poetry. It is true that a numerous body of young aspirants claim their share of public attention, many of whom possess feeling, elegance, and imagination; for the national characteristic of the Germans may be said to be poetry, and certainly they have every requisite both for its production and appreciation, in their enthusiasm, simplicity, energy, warmth of heart, superstition, acute taste for all the beauties and wonders of nature, and love of the marvellous and imaginative. But most of the poets of the present day are wanting in originality; they seem content to tread in the steps of their predecessors, to form themselves on their model, revel in their beauties, and, with very few exceptions, seek not to strike out for themselves any new path to fame. Menzel, in his "German Literature," when speaking of them, says:—"They are more anxious to sing, than to be listened to, and, like birds in the spring time of the year twitter upon every branch, apparently quite unconscious that their number is so great, or that they do but repeat the old song over and over again; and many too," he adds, "vanish with the spring, and are heard no more."

The same observations will apply, in a great measure, to the prose writers of fiction; a quiet dreamy speculative style pervades the works of some of the very best of them, diversified here and there by rich morsels of imagination or sentiment;

but very few have enough of the incident, the passion, and the stirring realities of life, to interest the English reader generally. It has so frequently been found that translations of German novels do not answer in this country, that few publishers will now attempt them. This is, however, not attributable so much to any deficiency in the works themselves, as to other and very different causes. Firstly, the translation is, perhaps, undertaken by some novice in literature, or by one who does not catch the spirit of the author, or if he did, would not have power to do it justice; for it is seldom that we see such names as those of Bulwer and Howitt appended to a translation. In Germany, they manage these things better; there even Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Schlegel, and Tieck, have not disdained thus to employ their mighty genius, and the consequence is, that no nation possesses so many, and such perfect translations as Germany does, and, consequently, such facilities for study, comparison, and improvement.

Another great reason why, generally speaking, the isolated translations which do reach us occasionally, afford so imperfect a means of coming to any just appreciation of an original or thinking author, especially if his writings reflect the age, the national characteristics, and social circumstances of the man, is, that in all probability the reader is but superficially acquainted with the manners, customs, idioms, modes of thought and expression, or habits of the nations to which the work belongs, and is consequently surprised and puzzled by much that he meets with; his prejudices rise up against the apparent innovations, and all that appears so preposterous and unnatural, and he condemns the author and his work, because he cannot rightly understand them. How often do we encounter, nay how often are we guilty of this great error in human judgment; we form our opinions of others on the basis of our own personal feelings, situation, and experience, forgetting that, in all probability, we have not one thought, habit, or feeling in common with those whom we thus judge.

"Fully to enjoy the flowery, graceful, richness of German Literature," says Mrs. Trollope, "locked up as it is in its splendid case of Gothic workmanship, where every quaint idiom stands out in deep relief upon it, like some precious gem, requires long months of study, if not an actual residence among the people."

The last obstacle which we shall mention to the success of translations from the German is, the prejudices and misapprehensions respecting the peculiar tendency of that literature, which have warped the judgment even of men of sense and liberality, and been very generally entertained. It has been condemned as sentimental, trashy, and maudlin; nay, even worse, as immoral and irreligious: and certainly those who have formed their judgment of it, from the writings of Veit Weber, Kotzebue, and some few others of similar standing, have some ground to go upon; but as well might any foreign nation attempt to form a criterion of our literature from such works as "the Castle Spectre," "the Mysteries of Udolpho," Lewis's "Monk," and the questionable morality of Rich-

ardson and Fielding, or judge of our dramatic taste from such dramas as "Tom and Jerry," and the "Beggars' Opera." A closer acquaintance, however, with the treasures contained in the writings of such men as Goethe, Lessing, Schiller, Wieland, Richter, Tieck, &c., will soon dissipate these illusions.

It is true that idealism, and romanticism, are among the most prominent features of German authors; that they love to indulge in a species of composition, half miraculous, half poetic, full of the ideal and beautiful in point of sentiment and feeling, breathing of all that is lovely in nature, pure in virtue, holy in religion, and yet told with a simplicity of eloquence, which reminds you of some tale recited by the sweet lips of childhood, or one of the narrative portions of the Old Testament. And it is also true, that in many of them, the love of the beautiful, the spiritual and the sublime—the unattainable in this life—is carried to such an excess, as to place virtue on so high a pedestal, that the enthusiastic student who pines to reach this imaged perfection, shrinks back discouraged, and while striving to attain to that lofty ideal on which his mind's eye is fixed, neglects the material good within his reach, and becomes a mere visionary; but these are their greatest faults, and there are spots even on the sun.

We will however proceed, without further preface, to introduce our readers to some of the principal German writers, and endeavour to give a slight sketch of their principal works, their lives, and peculiarities, as far as it has been in our power to become acquainted with them.

SKETCH I. *Goethe.*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfurt-on-the-main, in the year, 1749. The history, or rather the poetical account of himself, which he has given in his own memoirs, (*Aus meinem Leben*) enables us to trace the mental development of this extraordinary man from his childhood upwards. While very young he seems to have thought deeply and anxiously about religion, and before he was eight years old, had devised a form of worship to the "God of Nature," and actually burnt sacrifices. All the arts and sciences seemed to have had charms for him, and he was particularly fond of the study of languages, to further his proficiency in which, he wrote a romance in which seven sisters corresponded, each in a different tongue. He began to write poetry in early youth, but his decidedly poetical genius did not manifest itself until he was at the University of Leipsic. "Here began," says he, "that tendency which never afterwards departed from me, to poetise every feeling of my life, whether of joy or pain."

About this time also, he devoted some time to the study of the fine arts, and made some attempts at etching, but this pursuit impaired his health, and he was still very far from well when he left Leipsic, in 1768. In order to recover his health and strength he was sent to the residence of a lady named Klettenberg. She was a mystic, a female philosopher, and, at her house Goethe became acquainted with the study of alchemy, and with many cabalistic authors, which gave a new turn to

his thoughts, and colouring to his feelings, so that on going to Strasburg to finish his studies, he neglected jurisprudence and gave up his thoughts to chemistry, natural philosophy, and the sciences. On his return home in 1773, he published the play of "Götz von Berlichingen," and in 1774, the novel of "Werther," which excited a general sensation throughout Germany. The Prince of Weimar made his acquaintance, and on assuming his government invited him to court; he went to Weimar in 1775, and in 1779 was made a privy-counsellor (*Gehcimrath*). In 1786 he travelled to Italy, where he stayed two years; subsequently he became one of the ministry, received honourable marks of notice from several sovereigns, and died in 1832, after a long and useful life devoted to science, literature, and art.

"Werther," Goethe's first novel, was, as we have before stated, published in 1774. The plot is very simple. The hero is a student at one of the universities, and coming to pass his vacation in the country, sees, and falls in love with Charlotte the daughter of the Amtmann, and the betrothed of Albert. The period appointed for her marriage approaches, but this, far from diminishing, only serves to increase Werther's unhappy passion. He, at length, so far forgets himself, as to lose sight of the respect due to her, she indignantly forbids him the house, and, in despair, he borrows Albert's pistols and shoots himself. Notwithstanding the rich vein of pathos, beauty, and poetic eloquence, which runs through this work, there is a sickly effeminate sentimentality about the hero by no means in accordance with our English tastes; nor do we cordially agree with the moral bearing of some of the philosophical portions. It has been translated from a French translation, and very incorrectly, its melancholy rendered maudlin, and its hero shorn of every ray of interest. We have heard that a new and better English version of it is either published or forthcoming.

"Götz von Berlichingen," is rather a series of dramatic *tableaux*, illustrative of the times of Maximilian than a drama. Martin Luther, then a monk, is introduced; also a very graphic sketch of the *Vehmgericht*, or secret tribunal. The character of Götz of the iron hand, the sturdy, warm-hearted, old German knight, is finely drawn, and his fate excites our sympathy. The gentle womanly Maria, the subtle intriguing Adela, and the homely domesticated affectionate Elizabeth, are all truthful sketches. This play has been very well translated by Sir Walter Scott.

"Egmont" greatly resembles Götz von Berlichingen in point of style, both being imitations of Skakespeare. The prince of Orange, and Count Egmont, are contending for the liberties of the Netherlands, and endeavouring to resist the Spanish encroachments. Margaret of Parma is Regent, and Micchiavel, who afterwards became so celebrated in history, is her secretary; they are both inclined to lenient and temporizing measures. Suddenly the Duke Alba arrives with authority to supersede Margaret. He is resolved on enforcing unconditional submission. His first act is to summon all the chief nobility to hear his commission read. The Prince of

Orangedistrusts him, and betakes himself to his own territories, after vainly endeavouring to induce Egmont to do the same; but he courageously attends, and advocates the ancient constitution and rights of the people. Alba, whose only purpose in inviting them was to get them into his power, seizes the Count, throws him into prison, and executes him. There is little of pathos, and much of historic detail in this drama. Egmont, with all his frank, careless confidence, his courage, and high qualities, is irresolute and trifling; his character, however, bears the stamp of nature. Goëthe does not usually portray man as he *should* or *could* be, but as he *is*; if his heroes are not always interesting, they are usually natural, and every incident is probable. He appeals less to the passions than to the experience of his readers. The heroine of this piece, Clara, charms us by her devoted self-sacrificing love, and by the fervency with which she cherishes the image of her noble lover through weal and woe; but we cannot quite forgive her trifling with Blackenberg, and admitting his attentions, when she cannot return his attachment. We quote one scene from this drama, which somewhat reminds us of one in "Kenilworth."

"Scene, a Cottage—Clara and her Mother—Enter Count Egmont, enveloped in a riding-mantle, and his hat pressed down over his brows.

Egmont.—Clara!

Clara.—(Springing towards him) Egmont!—dearest!—best! Do I behold thee here once more?

Egmont.—Good evening, mother.

Mother.—God greet thee, noble sir! My child has been pining for your presence, and speaking of you the whole live-long day.

Egmont.—Will you give me some supper?

Mother.—Will I! with the greatest pleasure. But we have nothing in the house fit for you to eat.

Clara.—Do not be alarmed, mother, I have cared for that, and small as my preparations are, they will suffice; for when he is with me, I can never think of eating, and hence do I judge that he will not have any great appetite.

Egmont.—Dost think so? (Clara stamps her feet peevishly and turns away). Nay, what ails thee?

Clara.—Why this cold formality? no embrace, no kiss, but there you stand with your arms wrapped in that cloak, like a child enveloped in swaddling clothes. A soldier and a lover should ever have his arms at liberty.

Egmont.—Patience, love, patience! When the soldier plans some secret stratagem wherewith to deceive the enemy, he assumes a disguise, suppresses each emotion, and waits his time in silence; and a lover—

Mother.—Prithoe sir, be seated, and make yourself at home. Clara can think of nothing when you are present; but you know you are welcome, and will take things as you find them.

Egmont.—Thanks, thanks, your kindness seasons everything. (Exit Mother) And now my Clara! (Throws off his mantle, and stands before her magnificently attired.)

Clara.—Oh, heavens!

Egmont.—Now my arms are free (embraces her).

Clara.—Let me go—you will spoil all this. (Gazing on him) How gorgeous—I dare not touch you now.

Egmont.—Art contented, love? Long ago I did promise to come to thee in this my Spanish uniform.

Clara.—Yes; but I have ceased to ask it of you lately, for I thought it was unpleasant to you. Let me look at that splendid order. May I touch it? did not the emperor, with his own hands, place it about thy neck?

Egmont.—Yes, dearest! and this chain and order gives to those who wear it, the noblest of all privileges. I acknowledge no superior on earth, no judge over my actions, save the grand-master of this order and his chapter of knights.

Clara.—O, thou need'st fear no man's judgment! This velvet too, how soft—how rich it is, and these glittering jewels—this skilful embroidery—I know not where to begin.

Egmont.—Look thy fill at all, sweet!

Clara.—You did once tell me the history of this bright golden medal, how that it was a valued mark of honour and distinction, only to be won by sterling worth and earnest striving. 'Tis precious—so is the rich jewel of thy love; so do I wear that on my bosom, in my heart, but there the comparison ends.

Egmont.—How so, love?

Clara.—I have not striven for it—not deserved it!

Egmont.—Ay! but in love it is far otherwise. Love is a free gift, oftentimes bestowed on those who seek it not, and best retained by those who scarcely value it.

Clara.—Does experience prompt these words? Do these proud remarks apply to thyself, so loved by all the people?

Egmont.—Would that I had done, or could do something for them. 'Tis not to my deserts, but their good will, I owe their love.

Clara.—You have been with the Queen Regent to-day? are you on good terms with her?

Egmont.—It would seem so. We are friendly, and mutually serviceable to each other.

Clara.—And at heart?

Egmont.—I wish her well. Both have their own private views and aims, but that is nothing to the purpose. She is an excellent woman, loves her people, is quick-sighted and shrewd,—'twere well if she were a little less suspicious. I fear I give her a great deal of trouble, for she will persist in seeking for mysteries, and secret purposes in all my actions, while there are none.

Clara.—Positively none?

Egmont.—Well, well! The purest wine will leave some sediment. But the Prince of Orange affords her still more occupation, for he has such a reputation for intrigues and plots, that she mistrusts his every glance, rivets her piercing gaze upon his brow, in hopes there to read his thoughts, and marks each step.

Clara.—And think'st thou she is sincere?

Egmont.—How, Clara!

Clara.—Forgive me—I do but fear for thee. Should she be false?

Egmont.—She is not more or less so than all who seek to compass their own ends.

Clara.—Thank Heaven, I was not born great ! I ask no world beyond thy love. Let me but feel thy circling arm, listen to thy voice, look into thine eyes, and there read love, hope, joy, pride, and I am content. But speak, mine own,—tell me,—Art thou Egmont—the Count Egmont—the great Egmont ? He whose praise forms the universal theme—whose deeds are chronicled in fame's bright heraldry—the hero—the beloved of all the provinces ?

Egmont.—No, Clara, *that* Egmont am I not.

Clara.—How ?

Egmont.—Listen ! but first let me be seated. (*He seats himself, she kneels before him on a stool, resting her arms upon his lap, and gazing fondly into his face.*) That Egmont is a proud, cold, reserved being ; tormented by his friends, misjudged by his enemies—one whose whole life is a glittering, unreal pageant. Beloved by a fickle populace, honoured and looked up to by a crowd of unmanageable spirits—surrounded by friends on whom he dares not rely, tracked by artful spies—he seeks his country's welfare with his whole heart, and labours on uncheered by success, and with scarcely a gleam of hope. No no, Clara, such is not *thy* Egmont ! He is calm, frank, joyous, happy. On him is bestowed the rich treasure of a woman's pure, gentle, confiding heart, which he knows how to value, and presses to his bosom in perfect love, gratitude, and trust.—(*Embracing her tenderly.*)

Clara.—Oh, let me now die ! The world has no joy surpassing this.

ACT. III., Sc. 2nd.

"Stella" is a domestic tragedy, the moral bearing of which is rather questionable, although the language and style are pure and chaste. Fernando, a young officer, is, early in life, united to Cecelia. He appears to have been very sincerely attached to her, but satiety, or a natural tendency to fickleness, causes him suddenly to quit her, and, for years, she is left in ignorance of his fate. Meanwhile, he has encountered Stella, a lovely, innocent, enthusiastic girl, won her affections, and brought her to the secluded retreat in which we are first introduced to her. She has advertised for a companion, and Lucia, the daughter of Cecelia and Fernando, a lively, spirited girl, answers it, and comes accompanied by her mother. The parties are mutually delighted with each other, and all is harmony, until, suddenly, Fernando returns, who has been away on another of his long absences. Some very painful explanations ensue ; each lady offers to resign him to the other. Fernando hesitates between his love for Stella and his sense of justice. Cecelia proposes, as a mode of solving the difficulty, that they shall all three reside together as brother and sisters ; but Stella has already taken poison, and while the mother and daughter soothe her last moments with their affectionate sympathy, Fernando shoots himself.

"Clavigo" is another tragedy of the same stamp. The hero of this has won the affections of a delicate, gentle girl, into whose family he was received when he was poor and friendless, and is betrothed to her. Fortune subsequently smiles on him ; he

risks in fame and court favour, becomes ambitious, scorns his early friends, and forsakes his destined bride. Beaumarchais, Marie's brother, comes from France to revenge this insult offered to his family. The coward soul of Clavigo quails before the just indignation of the fiery youth ; he consents to write an abject apology, and, moved by momentary compunction, or some return of better feeling, seeks Marie, implores, and receives her pardon, and renews his engagement. His friend Carlos meets him, ridicules his repentance, reasons with him on the folly of such conduct, points out the advantages which might accrue to him if he wooed some wealthy, influential bride, and eventually persuades him once more to break off the connection. Marie, always delicate, sinks under these repeated shocks. Clavigo meets her funeral repents once more, raves over his victim, falls by the sword of her brother, and dies. The fiery young soldier—the ambitious, weak, vacillating Clavigo—the cold, worldly-minded Carlos—the patient, loving, suffering Marie—her affectionate sister Sophie—all are life-like pictures ; and we cannot but admire their fidelity of colouring, even though the grouping does not please us.

"Erwin and Elmira" is a melodrama, turning chiefly on the jealousy, separation, and subsequent re-union of a pair of lovers.

"Die Geschwister" is simple in its plot, and affords a charming representation of the domestic manners of Germany. Wilhelm, a middle-aged, retired merchant, is living with his sister Marianne, who is fifteen years his junior. Fabricius, a friend of the family, makes her an offer, which she declines, pleading her attachment to her brother, and her happiness in her present position. Wilhelm then informs her that she is not his sister, but an orphan bequeathed to his care by a dying stranger ; that he educated her at first as a sister, and afterwards became so much attached to her that he could not bear the thoughts of disavowing the relationship, and thus losing her society. Of course Marianne accepts him, and all ends happily.

"Iphigenia in Tauris" is an imitation of Greek tragedy, and is universally admitted to breathe a more truly Grecian spirit than any other work of modern times. Schlegel styles it "the echo of Greek song." When this play opens, the heroine is priestess of Diana at Tauris, a barbarous region, whither she has been conveyed by that goddess from the altar on which she was about to be sacrificed. Thoas, the sovereign of that place, woos and would wed her, but she declines his suit, and pleads her mysterious, and fatal birth as an excuse. The enraged monarch, as a punishment for her wilfulness, commands her to sacrifice two strangers who have appeared on the coast, and whose lives are forfeit according to an old and sanguinary law, which had long been suspended at her entreaties. In these persons she recognises her brother Orestes, and his friend Pylades. Influenced by their persuasions, she reluctantly agrees to fly with them, and give up to them the image of Diana, which they believe the oracle has commanded them to seek ; but subsequently repenting of what appears to her rightly principled mind, to be an act of treachery towards one who

has shown her so much favour and kindness, she confesses all to Thoas, and entreats him to sanction their departure, and, won by her eloquence, the noble, though uncivilized monarch consents. Iphigenia is by far the most perfect of all Goethe's heroines: the exquisite beauty, pathos, and simplicity of her character, her gentle earnest piety, her high moral attributes, the fondness with which she cherishes every memory of her ancient home, and the ardour with which she longs to return thither, all conspire to charm and delight us. This play was performed at Weimar as a compliment to Goethe on his 80th birthday. We quote two short extracts:—the first is a portion of Iphigenia's soliloquy on her own isolated state.

"Alas, the sea
Doth sever me from all I love!
Day by day on this lone shore I stand,
My soul still pining for the land of Greece.
But to my sighs, the foaming beating waves
With their hoarse murmurs do alone reply:
Alas! for one who desolate and friendless,
Remote from parents and all fond relations dwells!
Grief from him doth snatch each fleeting joy
Before it reach his lip. To his father's halls
His restless thoughts do wander ever,
Where first to him the radiant sun unclosed
The gates of heaven; where day by day, closer
And closer still, brothers and sisters round
Each other did the bonds of love entwine."—*Act I.*
Scene 1.

The following passage forms the conclusion of the last act.

Iphigenia.—Think on thy promise; let thy heart be moved

By what a true and honest tongue hath spoken:
O king! look on us. An opportunity
For a deed so noble occurs not oft.
Thou canst not refuse! give then thy quick consent.

Thoas.—Then go.

Iphigenia.—Not so, my king; I cannot part
From thee in anger, or without thy blessing.
Banish us not for ever, but let us
The sacred right of guests still claim:
Honoured and loved as my own father was,
Art thou by me, and ever on my soul
Will gratitude's impression still remain.
Should e'en the meanest peasant in thy land
Bring to mine ear the tones I heard from thee,
Or should I on the humblest see thy garb,
I will with joy receive him, treat him as a prince;
With mine own hands prepare his couch,
Place him in the warmest spot, and ask only
Of thee and of thy fate. O, may the Gods
Thy kindness, thy benignity reward!
Farewell!—Oh! turn thee not away, but give
One kindly word of parting in return;
So shall the wind more gently swell our sails,
And from our eyes, the tears of separation
With softened anguish flow.
Fare thee well once more! And wilt thou not
Graciously extend thy hand to me
In pledge of ancient friendship?

Thoas.—(*Extending his hand.*) Fare thee well.

"Torquato Tasso," ranks next in point of poetic

and classic beauty to Iphigenia. The poet presents his newly finished poem, "Jerusalem Delivered," to his patron, Alphonso of Ferrari, in the presence of Leonora D'Este, the sister of that prince, and her friend Leonora of Scandiano. The princess compliments him, and places a laurel wreath upon his brow. Antonio, the ambassador of Ferrari at Rome, returns at this moment; he is filled with envy at the honours conferred on Tasso; meets his proffered friendship with coldness,—his subsequent surprise with ridicule and sarcasm, until the irritated poet forgets that he is within the precincts of the palace, and draws his sword on him. He is imprisoned, but liberated at the intercession of the princess, to whom he flies to express his gratitude, and there gives utterance to his long cherished passion for her. Alphonso discovers this daring, and Tasso is banished. The passionate, enthusiastic, sensitive nature of the poet, is most graphically delineated. The character of the princess comprehends all that is feminine, lovely, and dignified in woman—her calm, gentle earnestness, and highly cultivated reflective mind, are beautifully portrayed. She is second only to Iphigenia. The Countess Leonora too is a finely drawn character, but there is a slight shade of worldliness and self mingling with all her wit, graces, and accomplishments. We cannot forbear extracting portions of two scenes. The first is a conversation between the two friends, and tends to unfold their characters.

Princess.—Yes, if all have feelings quick a thine;

'Tis a happiness I oft times envy thee.

Leonora.—And yet 'tis one which thou, my friend,

As few besides most fully dost enjoy.

My heart impels me ever to express

Promptly and freely whatsoever I feel,

While thou, with feelings more intense, art silent.

Delusive splendour doth not dazzle thee,

Nor wit beguile; vainly doth flattery strive

With fawning artifice to win thine ear.

Firm is thy temper, most correct thy taste,

Thy judgment just, thyself most truly great,

And with greatness dost thou ever sympathize.

Princess.—This highly coloured flattery thou should'st not

In the sacred garb of lovely friendship dress.

Leonora.—Friendship is just; she alone can estimate

The full extent and measure of thy worth.

Even if to fortune and to chance belong

Thy culture, it still is thine—and

All the world do speak thy sister and thyself

The noblest women of the present age.

Princess.—That can but little move me when I think,

How poor at best we are, and for what we are;

How much to others more indebted than ourselves.

My acquaintance with the ancient tongues

And with the treasures by the past bequeathed,

I to my mother owe, who in varied lore,

And mental power, her daughters far excelled.

If either of us with her can be compared,

It is Lucretia, certainly not I.

Besides, what is by nature or by chance
Bestowed, as rank and property, I do not esteem.
I find with pleasure, when the wise converse,
Whate'er they say my mind does comprehend;
Whether they judge some bygone sage or hero,
And weigh his actions; or of science treat,
Which, when extended and applied to life,
Mankind at once exalts and benefits.
Where'er the converse of such men may stray
I follow willingly, because with ease.
Well pleased the strife of argument to hear,
When eloquence, with graceful ease,
Inspires and animates the tuneful lips;
And gladly listen when the man of thought
Treats of ambition, or the thirst for fame,
Seeking with subtle wisdom and fine tact,
Not to perplex and dazzle, but instruct.

Leonora. And after this more grave and sage
converse,
How with tranquil inward joy doth ear and mind
Upon the poet's tuneful verse repose,
Who through the medium of harmonious sounds
Infuses sweet emotions in the soul.

I honour all men after their desert,
And am in truth towards Tasso barely just.
His eye scarce lingers on this earth; his ear
To nature's beauteous harmony is tuned.
What history offers, and what life presents,
His bosom promptly and with joy receives.
Both near and distant is by him combined,
And his fresh feelings animate the dead.
What we oft count for nought he doth ennoble—
What we do treasure is by him despised.
Moving thus through his bright enchanted sphere
This potent sorcerer still allures us on
To wander with him, and partake his joys.
E'en while he seems to approach us he remains
Remote as ever, and perchance his vision,
Resting on us, sees spirits in our place."

Act I. Scene I.

The next is a portion of a scene between the Princess and Tasso, and considered (by Germans) to be one of the gems of the piece.

Princess. The golden age, my friend, long since
hath vanished;
None but the good alone can e'er restore it.
But, if my secret thoughts I should to thee confess
This golden age, of which all poets do
So love to speak and sing—this beauteous fairy
time—

No more was known in bygone years than now;
Or, if it was then, so might we as certainly
It real make in this our present age.
For kindred hearts can still unite, and in
That union find all joys of an enchanted world.

Tasso. Would that an uncontrolled tribunal,
Formed of good and noble men, did once decide
for all

On what is decorous. Then no more would each
Esteem that right which most doth benefit himself.
How oft we see the mighty and the shrewd
Find all succeed, and what they do is sanctioned.

Princess. If man would really learn what
fitting is,

Let him from exalted women seek the lore.
To woman it is indispensable that all
By her becomingly should be performed.
Modest propriety must ever, like a wall,
Surround the tender, weak, and vulnerable sex!
They reign where reigns propriety, but where
Rudeness holds her throne, there are they nought!
Man aims at license, woman at decorum!
'Tis the difference ever visible 'twixt the sexes.

Tasso. Dost thou then deem us rude, insensible,
untamed?

Princess. Not so! but after objects far remote
ye still will strive,
With ever violent and headlong strife;
While we, with views more narrow, on this earth
Seek one sole possession, and are too happy
If that with constancy remain our own.
Of no man's heart are we, alas! secure,
Whate'er the ardour of its first devotion!
For beauty is a fleeting treasure, and that alone
Man seems to honour—what beside remains
Allures no more—what allures no more is dead.
If men there were who knew a female heart
To prize—who could but understand
How rich the store of truth and pure affections
A woman's breast can in its depths conceal;
If the memory of bliss-fraught, happy hours
In your souls could but vividly endure,
Then, then, for us a beauteous day indeed
Were dawned, and we once more might celebrate
The "Golden Age." *Act II. Scene I.*

"Faust." This drama, or rather dramatic poem, is one of the most wild and imaginative of all Goethe's works; in it he seems to have concentrated all his peculiarities, all his tendencies. Lessing, the great originator of German dramatic art, was the first who attempted this subject, but only a fragment of his work ever appeared; and Goethe was the first who ever carried out and embodied the idea. Several imitators have followed him, but with little or no success. The following is a slight sketch of the plan of the work:—Faust, a learned doctor and professor, high-souled and enthusiastic, pines for knowledge far exceeding aught he sees within his reach, and to attain it has recourse to magic. His spells summon to his presence the *Erdgeist*, or symbol of original power. This spirit proceeds to explain to Faust its mode of creation and action; but man's limited understanding cannot comprehend the immensity of this spiritual power, and it disappears. Faust now resolves on suicide, hoping that by releasing his spirit from its fleshy, material boundaries, it may rove freely through all the regions of superhuman knowledge; but, as he raises the cup of poison to his lips, sacred music, church bells, and sweet hymns, come echoing to his ears, recalling to mind his childhood's joys, his youthful pleasures, and hours of gentle happiness; and he cannot resolve to die. The devil shortly appears to him, and he enters into a compact with this spirit, not with the hope of securing that knowledge for which he yearns, for that hope he knows is vain in such companionship, but in order to

obtain uninterrupted activity, change, and bustle; that bodily motion may deaden the mind's fierce longing. His fate is that of all who quit the path of truth for that of error, who prefer the welfare of the body to that of the soul. As soon as the intellect of man succumbs to his passions he is rapidly whirled into the vortex of sensuality and material existence. The character of Faust is true to itself in all its bearings, and the glimpses of his better and gentler nature, which occasionally break like sunbeams through the dark clouds which envelope him, are touches by a master hand. Mephistophiles, the tempter, the evil spirit by whose agency he is led onwards in his downward career, is no vulgar devil, with hoofs, horns, and tail—but a subtle, shrewd, sarcastic, artful being. Virtue is to him a mere farce; honour, an empty sound; honesty, a mark assumed to enable its wearer the better to cheat; good, a mere illusion; and evil, the sole reality. It is no individual dislike to the man which leads him to tempt Faust, but simply a wish to experimentalize on human nature. He is the devil of the present day, polished and refined, stripped of all his tell-tale characteristics, with which he is painted to terrify ignorance; but not one whit less malevolent, less to be shunned and hated. The character of Margaret is very touchingly and naturally sketched; her youthful simplicity, her love, her child-like devotion and trust, nay, even her fall, are pictures full of nature; and at the moment when, amid the ravings of madness, she prefers a death of ignominy to a life of sin, she wins our perfect sympathy.

We forbear to make any extracts, as so many translations of this drama exist, among which those by Dr. Anster, and Lord Leveson Gower, rank highest.

"*Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahr*" (apprenticeship) is a prose work, imbued with great enthusiasm of imagination and feeling, united with glowing and faithful descriptions of the beauties of nature. It contains one of Goethe's most admired lyrical productions, of which Byron has given us a beautiful version in his ballad, "Know'st thou the land of the cypress and myrtle." The main purpose of this work is to exhibit the progress of a youth who, though at first ignorant of the world, and filled with the most romantic ideas, becomes in process of time an accomplished gentleman. It contains many valuable criticisms, not the least of which is that on Shakspeare's *Hamlet*. The gentle, romantic, confiding Wilhelm; the sceptical Jarno; the business-like Werner; the calm, polished Lothario; the unearthly and enthusiastic Harper; the gay, lively Philena; and the mysterious and almost spiritual Mignon, who sat for the model of Scott's *Fenella* and Victor Hugo's *Esmeralda*; all are sketched with a truthful and masterly hand; all blend together to form one harmonious whole, wherein man's passions, life, and business, feelings, hopes, and purposes are imaged out in types of poetic and beautiful significance.

"*Dichtung und Wahrheit*" is an exquisite work, wherein perfect knowledge of the world is united with tolerance and candour of judgment; as an autobiography it is unrivalled; would that we

possessed such an one of Shakspeare, Milton, and some few more of the great spirits of our country. We cannot forbear making one short extract, as it shows Goethe's opinion on a somewhat disputed point:—

"First love, it has been justly said, is the *only real one*. If that feeling does return a second time, its brightest gem, its sublimest attribute, namely its infinity, its eternity is gone for ever; by the very act of loving again do we learn that the feeling is perishable and evanescent, appearing and disappearing like all other earthly things."

"Herman and Dorothea" is a poem in hexameters, modelled after Homer; the subject is a love-tale in simple life.

"Jerry and Betsy" has appeared on our stage as a musical opera, entitled "*Batley*."

"*Wilhelm Meister's Peregrination*," although retaining marks of the master's hand, and not wanting in beauties, betrays occasional tokens of the prosiness and garrulity of age.

"*Die Wahlverwandschaften*" (Elective attractions) is a novel containing many beauties, and some scenes of great delicacy and interest; but its moral bearing is peculiar, and unsuited to English opinions.

The sequel to Faust, *Pandora*, and some few other of his later dramatic and poetical writings, betray a deficiency of power; but even to the last Goethe was the master-spirit of the age.

The universality of his genius was one of the most striking features in this great poet's literary character. No writer ever attempted such a variety of styles, and succeeded so well in all; and none ever possessed, in so high a degree, the power of carrying his reader along with him, and exciting his most perfect sympathy. None was ever so persuasive, so fascinating, and gifted with such unlimited command of language. It is almost impossible to escape the spell which his enthusiasm throws over our senses.

Fully to understand his greatness, we must also observe that he may in some measure be regarded as the creator of German literature; for before his time little had been written in the language that could be said to possess any decided superiority of thought or style. He trod no beaten path, but created a bright world of his own, peopled it with the beings of his own imagination, and then delighted his countrymen with the vivid and graphic pictures which his eloquent pen sketched of its scenery, its inhabitants, and their feelings, passions, and actions.

He was an enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful wherever it is found, shone in polished society, and was in life and opinions a decided aristocrat.

Among his own countrymen there are two distinct parties, one claiming supremacy of poetic skill for Goethe, the other for Schiller; and many and various are the opinions put forth by each. We quote two. Jean Paul Richter says, "There is in Goethe a plastic rounding, a dictatorial determinateness, which betrays the manual artist, and makes all his works resemble a gallery of bronze and marble statues."

Novalis says of him, "He is in his works what the English are in their manufactures—simple,

convenient, and useful; and has done in German literature what Wedgwood did among English artists."

And Menzel, even while he does due homage to the "mighty mind," to the graphic powers, and artistic skill of this great poet, adds, "But Goethe has infected our youth with a baneful disease, not of body, but of mind; leading them to desire to be more than their nature admits of, to strive after impossibilities, or coldly and superciliously to look down on the world, and complain that it is far too common-place for them. Many really talented individuals have been led astray by this fallacious reasoning; the idea that they are shining lights, and as such ought to be worshipped, has turned the brain of many clever youths, and prevented them from afterwards becoming what, in a more healthful frame of mind, they were fully capable of being."

But our remarks have already far exceeded their due limit, and were we to make them doubly as long, our faint praise could add nothing to the honour of him of whom we speak. Goethe is the pride of his own country, the admired of every nation to which his fame and works have reached.

EDITORIAL TRIALS.

(Addressed to the Editress.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

Lady, amid the crowd who gaze
On these, thy graceful-varied pages,
Fertile in stories and in lays,
Adapted to all tastes and ages,
How few regard in pitying thought
The anxious toils of thy employment—
How many deem its duties fraught
With constant pastime and enjoyment!

But I, who may presume to guess
The cares of letter'd occupation,
Know that thy work derives success
From due and skilful preparation.
In fancy I behold thee sit,
At midnight, by the gleaming taper,
Searching for genius and for wit,
Amid vast piles of scribbled paper.

"Tributes to Friendship"—"Woodbine Bow-
ers"—

"Musings by Moonlight on the Waters"—

"Songs of a Sad One"—"Faded Flowers"—

"Stanzas to Infant Sons and Daughters"—

"Sonnets to Freedom"—"Last Farewells"—

Odes to pet lap-dogs and canaries—

Lays from desponding "Isabels"—

And lyrics from deserted "Marys!"

And tales in prose of flames and darts,
And trellis'd cots and empty purses,
And ruthless sires and broken hearts,
And children chang'd by treacherous nurses!

And nuns entomb'd at dead of night,
And seamen toss'd upon the billow,
And spectral forms array'd in white,
Flitting around the murderer's pillow!

These thy continual labour ask,
Yet, lady, dread not the inspection:

Well art thou fitted for the task

Of vigilant and wise selection;

Giving to some inspiring hope,

To others kind advice extending;

And striving, in the words of Pope,

Oft to "reject" without "offending."

Go on; nor in thy efforts tire,

Whatever troubles may impede thee;

Experience thou shalt thus acquire,

Suited through life's rough paths to lead thee;

Habits of prompt and cheerful zeal,

Clearness and strength of mental vision,

And power to think, to act, and feel,

With rational and firm decision.

Would that thy sex were all endow'd,

Like thee, with ready comprehension,

To seek the wise, admire the good,

Scan and unveil each false pretensi

Administer reproof with grace,

Give meek timidity a trial,

And ever, in the proper place,

Accord acceptance and denial.

IMPROMPTU ON RECEIVING THE ABOVE.

Dear Lady, would I more deserved
The praise your verses send,
Where wit and fancy sparkling bright,
With kindly wishes blend.
If worthier than—white paper stain'd,
If BELLE be sometimes *blue*,
The honour be to minds like thine,
Who give the proper hue!

SONG.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

As quickly as the light leaf shivers,
When zephyr haunts the bower,
As quickly as the needle quivers
Beneath the magnet's power;
My true heart vibrates at the sound
(Of thy sweet voice divine,
And yearns, with tenderness profound,
To blend itself with thine.

Not long the storm-vexed stream could dally
On yon rough mountain's breast;
It swiftly wound into the valley,
Its own sweet place of rest;
And thus o'er wild ambition's height
I quickly ceased to roam,
And sought with thee the calm delight,
The blest repose of home.

THE HAYMAKERS.

A Rural Sketch.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

“——— in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.”

L'ALLEGRO.

Of all English rustic employments with which we are acquainted, haymaking is assuredly the most delightful. Talk, as much as you please, about the “merry harvest field,” and “the reaper's joyful band;” write songs and sonnets on them, and revel in descriptions of sturdy youths, and dark-eyed gleaners, they belong not, after all, to our island: under southern skies, they are beautiful enough; but, in England, say what you will, the most picturesque and delightful rural scene is presented by the hay-field. We never yet encountered any one who did not like haymaking, and if it should ever be our lot to meet such an individual, we shall immediately pronounce him altogether destitute of sympathy with the pleasures of the country, and cold and callous to nature's fairest prospects.

Can anything be more charming than a stroll through a newly-strewn field, when the sweet scent of the fresh-cut hay is perfuming the evening breeze, and rendering the whole atmosphere odorous? Can anything be more delightful than to mingle with the merry groups of haymakers whilst they are busily engaged in turning the fragrant crop, or raking it into winrows previous to getting? No other employment seems half so healthy or exhilarating. All are brimful of mirth, that vents itself in innocent jests and hearty laughter. The old actually recover their energy for a while, and the indolent are roused to activity; the flush of health is recalled to pallid cheeks,—and so equalising is the influence of the situation (as indeed is always the case when persons of different ranks are brought together in *natural* scenes), that Pride unbends his haughty brow, and Humility loses at least one half her timidity. We like this; for, although no one is readier, in proper place and season, to yield or claim honour for those to whom it is due, we abhor that frigid stateliness, that unapproachable pomp, which arrogates to itself a superiority in body and spirit above its human brethren, and sitting enthroned in a sort of mysterious and self-created semi-divinity, bears written on its front, “Touch me not, for I am better than ye.”

We all entered into the world alike, and alike we must all depart; bringing nothing with us, and taking nothing away. Even during our stay here, despite the different ranks and callings which necessarily exist, we participate in the self-same feelings. The noble and the peasant, the rich and the poor, have the same thoughts, cherish the same hopes, weep the same tears, and suffer the same emotions of sorrow or joy, although modified by fortuitous accidents: and when a few transient years shall have passed away, all distinctions,

however great, will be destroyed for ever; for we shall then all have entered into a state where neither crowns, nor principalities, nor powers, will anything avail, but the upright heart and pure will receive its exceeding reward. Surely, then, it is well for us, during our pilgrimage here, to mingle freely at times with those fellow mortals who, though their names are unrecorded by the herald's pen, perhaps possess souls capable of thoughts as lofty as our own; in whose bosoms may beat hearts less polluted by pride and sin. They lose much both of pleasure and knowledge who, haughtily environing themselves with state, refrain from inquiring into the feelings by which the humbler classes are actuated.

What noble sentiments, though couched in rude language, we occasionally hear fall from peasant lips! what beautiful ideas are sometimes given utterance to by those whose talk might reasonably be expected to be of nought but oxen. They themselves are wholly unconscious of it; their mental faculties have never been cultivated, and, devoid of education, they labour on, holding, it may be, in secret, a sweet, but unutterable, communion with the choice things of nature that surround them; breathing to the wild flowers, and the sighing zephyrs, and the stars of night, those thoughts which, under more favourable circumstances, would have conferred immortality; and having finished their course noiselessly, they are borne to the burial-place of their fathers, and there laid down to mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with dust, unnoticed and unremembered. Unremembered, said we? Nay, verily, even for them Memory has a shrine in the fond hearts of surviving kindred and friends, and the fair maidens whom they loved when living will visit their graves with tears as precious, and, it may be, far truer than those shed on the tombs of coronetted rank. So passes away many a young rustic genius, ignorant of his own powers, but happy in that very ignorance. He enjoys the pleasant things which God has made for all as much as does the most renowned. He breathes the fresh air of heaven, and listens to the lark's sweet song, and inhales the dewy fragrance of the meadow blossoms, and so goes on, contented and rejoicing, until the dread messenger calls him, and, like one of those blossoms, he quietly lies down to moulder in the lap of our mother earth, thus putting off the mortal for the immortal. If the world has not known him, he, on his part, has not known the cares of ambition; therefore we may, without error, in this pronounce him happy.

But we are wandering from the haymakers and their pleasant task. Let us return, and, entering yonder field, walk down the line of joyous and laughing maidens who are moving so briskly across it, turning, as they go, the hay which was strewn yesterday. It is a well known fact, that the climate of England, notwithstanding its variable character, is peculiarly favourable to beauty; and, consequently, we find the females of our lower orders not only possessed of charms we vainly look for in the same class in continental countries, Spain perhaps excepted, but also retaining them at a period of life when foreigners have lost all pre-

tensions to comeliness. A young English peasant girl, even if she is not absolutely pretty, is usually good looking. Her complexion is clear, and if the national plague, consumption, has not insidiously touched her, a sweet healthy colour glows upon her cheeks and lips, her motions are free and graceful, her step elastic, and although she lacks that courtly air which can only be acquired by mingling in high society, her natural and modest *naïveté* amply compensates for it.

Look at those half-dozen lasses, busily plying their rakes, and tell us if you cannot select a village beauty. You hesitate. Nay, then, we must even choose for you; or, as choice will perhaps be difficult where all are pretty, let us present them in succession. Do you admire light brown tresses, liquid blue eyes, and a bust slightly inclining to *embonpoint*? then here is Charlotte * * * * * for you. One kiss of those tempting lips would amply repay a week of forced marches. Next comes a striking contrast; a damsel whose long sable locks escape from under her bonnet in profuse ringlets. What rich, melting black eyes she has! and how arch their expression! She is a rustic coquette, and has a host of lovers: no wonder,—we will look at her no longer; another of those glances, and we are but a lost poet. What a different being we find in her right-hand companion! Do you not observe the mild expression of her Madonna-like countenance? She blushes beneath your gaze:—gentle girl, coquetry would ill suit thy kind heart; or thine either, sweet Mary * * * * *. Mary's well-formed figure and pretty face never showed to greater advantage than in that light dress and straw bonnet. She seems too delicate for out-door work, and is indeed unaccustomed to it, but she gladly escapes from her usual occupations to partake in the labours and pleasures of haymaking. Next to her, moves a light, sylph-like being, with bounding step and merry eye; she is scarcely sixteen, and her figure is not yet filled. At no period of her life is a woman more interesting than at this age. As we gaze upon her, fancy indulges in bright dreams of coming years, and we invest her with charms which afterwards she may fail to possess. Surely Eliza will fulfil the promise she gives of future goodness and beauty; at present she is indeed

"A rose with all its richest leaves yet folded." Last, though certainly not least, either in personal attractions, or sweetness of disposition, comes Ellen * * *. How brilliantly expressive are her fine dark eyes! how rich her ripe lips, sufficiently parted by a smile to show the pearls within! how peach-blossom-like the hue of her cheeks! and mark well the whiteness of her well turned forehead, overshadowed by a profusion of auburn tresses! She is—but, no matter—we have passed the group in review; and now, tell us, what think you of them? Ah, we see you are satisfied.

Truly, hayfields presenting such fair creatures for our admiration, are pleasant places to visit; and if all do not contain a galaxy of beauty like that we have just been delighted with, there are few in which we cannot find one or two blooming girls, whose fresh looks and comeliness peeresses might envy. A brilliant ball-room is, unquestion-

ably, a very enchanting scene. The dazzling lights, rich music, and rare perfumes, lead the senses captive; and we admire the lovely women surrounding us, till we entirely forget how *artificial* a great part of the whole affair is; and thus surrender ourselves, in blind worship, to self-created divinities, altogether unmindful of what they owe to sparkling jewels and rich robes, to rouge and pearl powder.

Agreeable illusions please mankind; few wish to see them dissipated; hence we go on, day by day, cheating ourselves into the soothing belief that fiction is reality, and tinsel sterling gold. How many radiant lamp-light belles lose all their charms when stripped of adventitious ornaments, and viewed by sober day. Roses fly from cheeks they adorned—white brows take a sallow hue; and the change is sufficiently striking both to repel and cure the despairing lovers of the preceding evening, if they were only fortunate enough to witness it. Herein the young rustic damsel has a positive advantage over the fashionable lady. She needs not dread the tell-tale daylight, for her bloom is due to health, not to carmine; neither have late hours and crowded assemblies withered, in aught, the freshness of her beauty.

"——— If the sun, with ardent frown,
Has slightly tinged her cheek with brown,"

how infinitely preferable is the glowing hue of that complexion to the swarthy stain caused by using noxious pigments.

Does Love dwell mostly in cities or in villages?—amid the din of bustling streets, or in the quiet seclusion of rural groves? It would be difficult, very difficult, to say; for there is no place under heaven into which, at times, his holy and all-pervading influence hath not entered. Prisons and palaces have alike received him; he has sprung to life on the wild sea when tempests vexed it, and manifested himself when its waves were calm; he has lived contentedly in the waste wilderness, and displayed unwearied devotion in the darkest nooks of over populous towns,—but, surely, his favourite haunts are peaceful hamlets, hidden in verdurous valleys, far from the noise and bustle of business or state. There, in lonely walks by clear moonlight, under the shadow of green trees, while the nightingales are warbling melodiously, should lovers' vows be sealed, with no other witnesses than their own hearts and the ever watching stars. Yet, suitable as such pleasant wanderings are to Love, in these his chosen retreats, there are many other scenes where his pure flame may be kindled, and the soft impeachment owned; and doubtless, often, when engaged together amongst the fresh hay—shaking it out in the warm sunbeams, or finally gathering in the fragrant crop—village youths have falteringly whispered those sentiments which spoken words are scarce eloquent enough to express, and written ones can never embody, while bashful maidens have acknowledged a passion destined hereafter to prove the blessing or bane of their existence.

Stroll again through the hayfield. It is high noon,—there is scarcely a breeze stirring, and the deep blue sky is cloudless—all is silent, except the

from insects. Where are the haymakers? Look under yonder wide-spreading elms, whose mossed trunks and gnarled boughs seem to have defied more than a century's tempests, and you will see the joyful groups reclining upon the sweet hay, and busily discussing their mid-day meal; not even in thought envying the curious cates and costly wines of the great. Healthful labour has given them appetites which would make an alderman jealous to imagine; and their fare, though plain, is plentiful. There is abundance of cold beef, and nicely cured bacon, displaying its tempting streaks of red and white—and meat pies, and fruit pies, and cheese, and beautifully baked bread: and if any man, with such "appliances and means to boot," simple though they be, cannot contrive to make an excellent meal, a month's confinement in the Penitentiary, or in a Union workhouse, would be serviceable to him. Neither is there any lack of drinkables. There is sweet milk for those who like it—and yonder large tin vessels contain nut-brown ale—nice, sparkling beverage. How delicious it looks as it is poured foaming into those capacious horns. There are two places in which ale decidedly drinks best—in the cellar, and from a horn out of doors when you are warm and tired. Anywhere else it loses half its goodness.

The repast is soon over, but it is too hot to recommence labour immediately, and so the haymakers remain a little longer beneath the cool shade, singing, joking, and laughing. It seems actually impossible for any one to be morose in a hayfield. Thus passes the noontide hour pleasantly, and then—"all hands to work again." A fresh breeze has sprung up, mitigating the fervour of the atmosphere, and rendering exertion less fatiguing than it was a little while ago; so they move on gaily, collecting the luxuriant harvest, until, in two or three hours time, a fresh supply of ale makes its appearance. Another halt takes place; again the joke passes round, and, after a short rest, they return to their task, brisk and invigorated.

But evening draws on apace. The sinking sun throws lengthened shadows on the glade, and the air becomes yet cooler. Many acres of well-won hay have been this day got, but some yet remains ungathered. Never mind; the sky gives promise of a beautiful morrow, and the hour of repose is near. Wearied, but not exhausted, with their day's labour, the haymakers retire from the lively scene to their own dear homes—those safe and quiet cottages of which England has such just cause to be proud. There, under lowly roofs, upon humble couches, with roses and honeysuckles clustering round their chamber casements, the fair girls we so admired will be, ere long, sleeping tranquilly and securely; dreaming, it may, of love, and beholding, in the night watches, vistas of future happiness. Peace be with them! nor think it a dream, that angels indeed keep guard over the slumbers of innocence. When the lark trills his matin song, they will arise, blithe and gleesome as that heaven-seeking bird, and, with light hearts and smiling faces, hasten to resume their labours in THE HAYFIELD.

Banks of the Yore.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

No. VII.

LIESE.

A grey-haired man, a blind old man,
Leant on a fair girl's arm;
"Thou'st been to me, sweet child," said he,
"A guard 'gainst every harm;
For ten long years, since God's decree
First sent the flash that blinded me,
My staff by day, my nurse by night,
Thou'st been my heart's delight!

"I have not often chidden thee,
Though age and pain are apt
To fume and fret, while they forget
That youth's free pastimes, snap
In twain, 'tis very hard to bear;
Thou never didst complain—still there,
Where most thy gentle aid was wanted,
Its fondest care was granted!

"And, though I could not see the face
Of her who is my daughter's child;
Thy voice, when heard, a joy conferr'd,
Which vision's want beguiled:
Like hers, thy flower-soft accents fell—
Like hers, I felt its music quell
Each querulous murmur in my breast,
And soothe me to sweet rest!

"God bless thee, young Liese! I feel
The hour draw near which parts us. Nay,
Weep not; Heav'n doth most kindly deal
With me, to let life pass away
Without a pang. You kiss my hand,
But tears are with those kisses bland;
Our God will dry those tears, for He
Knoweth thy love for me!

"Now, lead me where the summer's sun
May warm my fastly chilling cheek—
Even to my wife's lone grave! Not one
Intruding guest that spot will seek:
There, let me kiss thy brow, and bless
Thy life, in that last, pure caress:
'Tis well—now let me kneel and pray—
Child, turn thy head away!"

She led him to her grandam's grave,—
She placed him kneeling on the sod;—
She turned away, and tried to pray,
With closed eyes, to her God.
But when the silence—long to her—
Caused terror in her breast to stir;
She looked—and found that old man brave,
Stark dead upon the grave!

"MR. ANYBODY."

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

"Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Having already introduced that worthy trio of individuals, Messrs. Everybody, Nobody, and Somebody, to the reader, it now only remains for me to say a few words upon the last of the "Bodies," viz., Mr. Anybody, which I will now do without any further preface.

It is a very common observation in the world, that "Anybody is Nobody," but I am induced to think that the world in this instance (as it does by the way in a great many other instances) has come to a wrong conclusion. Undoubtedly there is in many points a striking resemblance between the pair, yet the propriety of laying it down as an axiom "undeniable and incontrovertible," at all events demands a doubt.

We are all well acquainted with "Nobody"—that he is a most insignificant fellow—spiritless, mean, and looked down upon by society at large. Not so "Anybody," he is an important member of the community, one whose name and actions are continually being called in question and scrupulously canvassed. Few undertakings of a public character are carried on without his having a finger in the pie; and, though it must be admitted the part he acts in the play is frequently a humble one, still it is quite sufficient with his other attributes to rescue his name from "the blank of dark oblivion" to which the many would wish to consign it.

Mr. Anybody is moreover endowed with a versatility of talents truly astonishing; and these talents he applies in a multitude of ways for the benefit of his fellow-mortals, being a most obliging creature—in fact, too obliging—for I am sadly afraid that it is the numerous and weighty matters he undertakes to perform, and his consequent inability to execute all which has given rise to the universally used expression, that Anybody is Nobody. When you hear a person saying "Anybody will do this, or Anybody will do that for you," and following such advice, the affair is entrusted to his care, it very frequently falls to your own lot to carry it out in the sequel; or from Anybody's dilatory habits it would never be done at all. In these and similar instances Anybody proves himself an arrant Nobody.

Truth bids me acknowledge that he is a notorious babbler, more given to tattling perhaps than ever were a bevy of scandal-loving damsels "over a cup of tea," in proof of which take the following:—

The reader must imagine two "influentials" meeting in the street of a country town, and the one addressing the other in a portentous undertone, thus—

"Well B. have you heard the news?"

"What news? No, I have heard no news," says B., inquisitively.

"Why, that C.'s bank has stopped payment!"

"You don't say so?" cries B.

"Yes, 'tis pretty true," continues A.

"But," (and here the speaker drops his voice to a whisper, scarcely audible,) "let me beg of you not to tell Anybody."

"You may rely on me," says his friend; and so they part.

Here we find no salvo as to secrecy, made with reference to any other person than Mr. Anybody, the informant being, no doubt, well aware of his gossiping propensities, and total inability to keep a secret.

B, faithful to his promise, does not tell Anybody, but he imparts the intelligence to his very particular friend, whom he meets some twenty yards up the street, on the same promise. This gentleman retails it to Somebody, and from him, in the most natural way possible, it reaches the ears of Everybody, and then adieu to all secrecy.

I was once at one of the London minor theatres, and a portion of the evening's amusement was the performance of a company of acrobats. It was during one of their most difficult feats, which the majority of the audience, myself among the number, beheld with wonder and amaze, that an elderly gentleman with a plain matter-of-fact looking countenance, sitting at my right hand, exclaimed to the great edification of those around him,

"Stuff! 'pshaw! 'Anybody' can do that!"

"Can he?" thought I; "then, forsooth, he must be a very active fellow."

But the sneering, contemptuous way in which the old man gave utterance to the above, led me to infer that he had a very poor idea of the performance, and that it required but little agility to execute it. And so it is—whenever a person, wise in his own conceit, seeks to run down a work in any branch of art, he is almost certain to express himself by saying, that Anybody could do it as well.

Hence it may be deduced that this same Mr. Anybody is a species of Caleb Quotem—a Jack-of-all—no, not trades—accomplishments, possessing many, excelling in none; a living realization of the truth of the well-known saying, that it is impossible for a man to reach the Temple of Fame if he treads more than one road.

Should Anybody read this (and such an event may come to pass), he will of course not feel offended at any remark made here—as I have "nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice." From the privacy he maintains, it is wholly impossible to form a correct estimate of his character. All must be done by inference; above everything, let him remember that it has ever been an indication of a great mind to disregard the petty insinuations of the evil-disposed.

STANZAS.

Standing by the silent sea
 On a golden autumn day,
 Saw I brother, sisters three,
 Children of one absent mother,
 Gazing fondly on each other,
 Soon to part and sail away!
 Tossing on the Afric sea,
 Saw I brother, sister, twain,
 Landward turning wistfully;
 While aloft with throats agape,
 Howl'd the spirits of the Cape,
 Farthest barrier of the main.

Reading in a firelit room,
 Saw I her they left behind;
 Thither crept from outer gloom,
 Scanty sunbeams lacking heat,
 Winter's foot was on the street,
 Winter's wailing in the wind.
 Now the twain are in the East,
 Which with fruits and foliage tall
 Gloweth like a wedding feast.
 Though the air be thick with dangers,
 Long they dwell apart, and strangers,
 Youth's communion past recall.

Far from home and kindred grave,
 Shall the three dis sever'd sleep?
 Or, will Fate from distant wave,
 Orient plain, and northern city,
 With a late remorseful pity,
 Back their scatter'd ashes sweep?
 Mother, doating on thy flock,
 Thou no future canst descry;
 God thus spares thy heart the shock
 Of the baply coming pangs,
 Chill estrangement, quarrel's clangs:
 Blessed wert thou first to die!

E. A. H. O.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

BY MISS POWER.

Hark to yon breezy moan,
 Sad, sweet, and low!
 Sure not of earth that tone!
 But of some spirit lone
 Those notes of woe.

Faintly I hear them die—
 Sadly depart.
 Then comes a sudden cry
 Of wild deep agony,
 Wringing the heart.

'Tis but the zephyr's wings
 Wandering past;
 As they sweep o'er the strings
 Those tones the wild harp flings
 On the night-blast.

Thus oft a passing sound
 Wakes the heart's pain;
 And some unhealed wound,
 Hid in its depths profound,
 Answers the strain.

THE VOICE OF MOURNING.

BY ELLEN S. M.

Gone are the days of youth,
 Like early leaves, by cold winds shed,
 Like the noon's sun-beams have they fled,
 Like dreams of love and truth.

Gone are the days of mirth,
 The silv'ry laugh, the gleesome bound,
 The dear one's footsteps' welcome sound,
 Gone from the lonely earth.

The voice of love is flown,
 Affection's watchful eye and tear,
 They linger now no longer here,
 Heav'n, then, hath claimed its own.

For me no spring can bloom;
 No summer, with her dew and flow'rs,
 Nor autumn's rich and fruitful bow'rs;
 I sigh but for the tomb.

From that shall spring fresh youth;
 E'en from the wintry grave shall rise
 Eternal summer in the skies,
 For those who worship truth.

No blossoms *there* shall fall,
 No scattered leaves proclaim their death,
 No tempests' cold and fatal breath
 Shall spread a funeral pall.

No lov'd one *there* shall die,
 No weeping mourner linger near;
 But God himself shall wipe the tear
 Of grief from ev'ry eye.

TO A LADY.

(*In Reply to a Warning not to write for an
 Annual on the subject of Religion.*)

Not of RELIGION, dearest lady! Nay,
 Why would'st thou fetter thus the Muse's wing,
 That joys on heavenward flight to soar away,
 O'er these dim shades of sin and suffering?

Behold yon wayworn pilgrim, doom'd to bend
 Beneath his weary load of toil and care!
 Tell him to think not of his journey's end—
 To speak not of the REST that waits him there!

See yon poor mariner, as tempest-toss'd
 His little bark reels o'er the foaming sea—
 Tell him to speak not of the friendly coast—
 His native port, just rising on his lee!

Bid the red soldier hush his battle-cry
 As on he toils, where death contends with life—
 Tell him to speak not of that victory,
 Whose very thought still nerves his arm for strife!

"Nay," say'st thou? "Let them all their hope
 enjoy,
 And cheer each fellow-suff'rer with its ray."
 Dear lady, even so; and thus would I
 Feed *my* bright hope, and share its sweets with
thee!—

With *thee*, and every reader of thy lay!
 That hope, which breathes of HIM, whose love
 has given
 (For all who blindly turn not thence away)
 A rest—a port—a "victory" in Heaven!

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

ASIA MINOR.

BY T. M. RUSSELL.

VII. MUSTAPHA PRETENDER.

The confusion incident to Bayazeid's capture by Timour the Tartar, gave occasion to many bold bad men to work their way into power. Among the most remarkable of these were Sineis Pacha, of Smyrna, whom Mahomet Bayazeid's youngest son, but immediate successor, once pardoned, and Mustapha, who, for a long time passed for Bayazeid's eldest son, of that name, but who died bravely fighting at the battle of Angora. The origin of this worthy, as well as I can trace it, is romantic enough, his connection with Sineis equally so, but the circumstances that threw the baleful shadow of his evil genius across the path of the well-meaning and faithful, but as it happened very unhappy Vizier Bayazeid, are of a nature to demand their being called forth from the bitter record of treachery and woe which constitutes oriental history, and being arranged as an historic romance of no trivial import.

While Mahomet I. yet lived, and after the first outbreak and forgiveness of Sineis Pacha of Smyrna, who at the time governed Nicopolis, in Roumelia, Bayazeid Vizier, accompanied by Amuruth then but twelve years old, commanded the force sent against Pereligia the Novator,* another trouble of the unquiet times. He succeeded in reducing the insurgents, or whatsoever they might be called, and it was on the evening of the day on which the Novator had been crucified that I wish to introduce him to my reader. There he sits, girt with many a gallant slave on a costly carpet, spread on the ground just without his tent. His jewelled scimitar is in his hand, his beads over his arm, his amber headed chibouk in his mouth; but the distorted corners of that mouth, and the nervous quiver of his eye-lid from time to time, show that

* Through the distorting media of the historical annals of the middle ages, it is exceedingly difficult to discern the real figure and proportions of such personages as this Pereligia. As he denounced, nay, warred against the Moslems, they have at once set him down for a Christian; but, amid the chaos of extravagant heresies and schisms of the time, we can find none with whose tenets those of Pereligia can be identified. Had he lived in the third century, he might have been sympathised with by the Manichees: if in the nineteenth, he would in the Socialists have found, in the laxity of their morals, very suitable disciples. When taken prisoner he defied his conquerors, very probably to avoid torments, to inflict death, the consequence of which was, he was for many years afterwards, though crucified publicly, believed by his followers still to exist.

his mind is ill at ease even in the hour of triumph, ere yet the full tide of his miseries had set in upon him. Thoughts like to these were passing within him, while his eyes wandered over all that was left of Ephesus.

"Woe is me! Woe is me! Unhappy man that I am! The young Amuruth delights in the death of mere dogs, but whom my master bids me save. How shall I fulfil the sultan's wishes in preserving his younger children when Amuruth asks their heads, which he surely will? It is well the sultan has made agreement with the Greek emperor that they shall be kept in Constantinople out of their brother's reach. I hope the Christian will not be intimidated by the threats I shall have to send him, or the fair promises I shall have to make by command of Amuruth when Mahomet dies and his son wishes his brothers' death."

While the grand vizier thus cogitated, some glittering Kowasses made their appearance at the foot of the hill whereon the Bayazeid's tent was erected. Several of the vizier's people, with an obedient start rushed down to meet them, and the Seraskier stroked his beard, and endeavoured to look as composed as if the apostrophe with which he had commenced his soliloquy had never passed his lips.

"Sineis Pacha of Nicopolis greets you, Vizier Effendi, by me his pipe-holder, and he greets you with more compliment and assurance of love than the tongue of man can express. You are the light, &c. &c."

It is needless to repeat the hyperbolical expressions that followed, for are they not written with perfect truth and fidelity by Mœriar and Fraser in their inimitable oriental tales. The same unmeaning flourish precedes all state dialogue, whether in Persia or Turkey. The reply of the grand vizier was also quite in conformity with the national custom of throwing away as few words upon an inferior as possible. His reply consisted of but the word *pecke* or "well," twice repeated. But though that is its literal meaning, its more general construction admits of great latitude according to the intonation given in utterance. So the robe was kissed and the coffee sipped, and the messenger doubled up at a suitable distance on the extreme edge of the carpet.

"Sineis Pacha," continued the pipe-holder, "will rejoice much at your successes against the infidels, more especially since it has pleased the prophet that you should be the sultan's red hand. By the sword in that hand, Sineis loves you, and deems you a happy man."

"Pecké, pecké," quoth the vizier, in a note amounting probably to, "I am much obliged."

"By the life of the sultan, I declare; yes, I, the humblest man of the thousands he commands, affirm it: Sineis loves Bayazeid; and why should he not? Did you not turn aside the scimitar that thirsted for his blood? How that Pacha does reverence you."

"Pecké, pecké," said the great man, which perhaps meant, "I have no doubt he does."

"Now, Excellence, I humbly pray of you to consider wherefore did Sineis Pacha send his pipe-holder from Nicopolis hither? certainly not merely

to say he loves and reverences you; he were a dog not to do so."

"Peckè."

"He cannot live, Effendi, he cannot live, he bids me say, unless assured you still hold him in your favour, and that you believe him to be ever devoted to you and to the sultan."

"Peckè, peckè," said the vizier, in a manner that seemed to imply, "You are doing your own part very well, any how;" and then a pause took place.

"Most excellent vizier," resumed the messenger, in a different key to that in which he had as yet spoken, as a singer having disposed of the recitative commences upon the aris, "Vizier Effendi," whispered he, looking furtively in the direction of the attendants, "Sineis Pacha wishes much to hear that your son is well."

"Peckè," murmured Bayazeid, and now it meant "He is very well."

"When it pleases you that he should marry," continued the holder of pipes, "Sineis bids me say there lives in his harem, a wife not unsuitable to him, our master the sultan having no daughters. Effendi, this matter would he not send by a nubian, for he looks upon it as a matter that concerns our holy faith, knowing as he does, how wise—how good——" The Pacha prepared to rise. "I may then, Excellence, say that you think well of this matter?"

The grand vizier arose, but he did not say "Peckè."

"By my head!" said the diplomatic bearer of delicate messages and shiraz tobacco; "By my head!" cried he, hastening to his feet, "Sineis loves you much, and would do, or assist in doing anything you wished him.—I have said it."

"Peckè," muttered the Vizier Bayazeid with a frown, but this time it was interrogatory, amounting to "would he though?"

"By my life, which is nothing—by the prophet's beard, he will do all you can require of him."

"Poco! poco!" roared the prince vizier, wrenching away his robe and walking into his tent, and by Poco he expressed the uncomplimentary desire that Sineis, the pipe-holder's principal, and Pacha of Nicopolis in Roumelia might—eat dirt!"

Back to Nicopolis went the moody messenger, and bore to Sineis this account of his rejected addresses. The Pacha vowed revenge, and well he kept his oath.

Meanwhile the grand vizier walked into his tent, and thus resumed his musings:—

"The dog of a traitor, to wish to wed his daughter with the son of Bayazeid, grand vizier of Mahomet—Shaw of all the Osmanli Pachas. Sineis, whom I am enjoined to watch like an unchained tiger! Here again, oh, wretched man that I am! my duty to my sultan is at war with my own interest, for certainly my son would perhaps do well to have Sineis' interest hereafter, &c. &c."

Bayazeid, together with the youthful Amuruth, returned to Brusa, where Mahomet I. held his court. After receiving the sultan's thanks for the courage and conduct he had displayed, he sought his son Ali, the subject of Sineis' overture. To

the vizier's surprise, he found the young Turk already acquainted with the proposal, and to his mortification, that he entertained it in a far different light to what his father had done. I wish this desire to gain his only love sprung from his only hate could be traced to some chance first-sight and consequent first-love; but fidelity to national habits, as well as history, obliges me to acknowledge the fact, that he had never seen the young lady in question in the whole course of his life; and considering he was sixteen and the maiden six years younger, this was not to be wondered at: Neither did the son of Bayazeid Vizier fall in love altogether from description, so that with our sixth Harry he might exclaim to the emissary who canvassed him on the subject,—

"Your wondrous rare description, noble sir,

Do breed love's settled passions in my heart!" Love, I am sorry to say, had nothing to do with it, so we must refer the passion he professed for Sineis' daughter to ambition.

The plans suggested to Ali, and which, upon this occasion, he revealed to his amazed parent, were essentially oriental. The jealousy of the Mahomedan sultan towards his Christian neighbour Manuel of Constantinople was to be excited, and in consequence his two younger children transferred to Sineis' keeping, under escort of Ali, who was eventually to feign disobedience to his father, and revolt actually from the sultan: then joining himself to the Pacha of Nicopolis, await the issue of his dark and devious policy, receiving at the same time the promised hand of his daughter. Bayazeid, we have seen at the commencement, spurned this state villany as far as he was concerned, but with his headstrong son, a youth elated with the implied importance of being necessary to a state plot, he appears to have exerted his persuasive, as also his parental power to no purpose. On the third day after his arrival, Ali departed suddenly from Brusa and joined his father's bitterest foe.

The faithful Bayazeid was the first to carry to the sultan the news of his son's disaffection, and the public designs of Sineis. Mahomet, it is said, almost repented him of the mercy he had shown him when Pacha of Smyrna, and the Vizier received orders to cross over into Europe and invest the town of Nicopolis: but the army he had just brought from Ephesus being wanted in northern Annatolia, he was dispatched into Syria and instructed to make head against the aspiring Pacha at the town of Aleppo, and proceed leisurely from thence, by the Cilician passes, along the southern coasts of the Peninsular, confirming as he best might, the wavering fealty of the intervening states and Sangiacs. This was not of course the work of a single summer; meanwhile, in the very act of diligently and faithfully serving the sultan, the Vizier unearthed a cockatrice that had like to have proved a dangerous enemy to the state, being no less a personage than Mustapha Pretender.

In the number of Timariots raised at Aleppo for the service of Bayazeid, there happened to be a certain Spahi, named by the historians Griuli Eben Sagran; he appears to have been one of those persons destined by Providence to perform a remarkable part on the theatre of the world, without the

slightest pretensions to abilities, sense, virtues, or indeed, to any but adventitious circumstances: there consisted in his having the ill or good fortune to lose his wife on the first day of their nuptials, and bearing a close resemblance to a deceased prince.

It was on the day and at the hour that the grand vizier passed over the moat of the city of Aleppo, even where the troops of Timour are said to have slain their fugitive foes, three at each stroke of the javelin, in order to review the supplies mustered, for the service of his master, that Griuli Eben Sagram, the Timariot, darted from a building of but mean pretension, without the walls, habited in the costly attire of a bridegroom, but distracted in appearance. He rushed furiously amongst his companions, who were drawn up in arms to receive the grand vizier, and regardless of that great officer's presence, uttered discordant yells, accompanied with extravagant gesticulations of joy. The only coherent expressions he used were—

"Yes she is—she is—I saw her in Eden!"

"What means this?" cried the grand vizier of Mahomet, riding into the crowd that surrounded Griuli, now foaming on the ground, "Is he mad?"

Now this inquiry was rather complimentary than otherwise, wherefore, perhaps, it ought to be rendered, "Is he inspired?"

"Truly, Effendi," said they, standing about, "we know not; of a truth we accompanied him home to that chiosque last evening, with shouts of joy, for did he not bear upon his camel Syntana Fissa herself?"

"And who is Syntana Fissa?" said Bayazeid.

"A daughter of Paradise—a blessed Houri—the loved of the Holy Prophet!" cried Griuli, still grovelling on the ground.

"She is the daughter of Selicitur Aga," commenced one of the spahis.

"She was, she was, unbelieving dog—now she is the favoured of him who rode from Mecca Marshallah! Hear me, most gracious shadow of our sultan! These, my friends, accompanied me last night to the oda of yon building. I entered it with Syntana Fissa in my hand; none else was there, Effendi. I swooned, Effendi. I lay entranced even until now; but I slept not,—it pleased the heavenly messenger that I should see the glories vouchsafed me. Behold, I saw the pleasant walks in the garden of Eden, and she, Syntana, walked next Mahomet the prophet, hand in hand! Even now I awoke, and she was not near me—no, she is in Paradise—in Paradise—a miracle! a miracle!"

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the bystanders, and forthwith, and to this day, Syntana Fissa, who of course was never heard of again, was enrolled in the Turkish calendar as, I believe, the first and only female saint. For centuries afterwards, the poor in the streets of Aleppo begged alms in the name of Syntana Fissa.*

* The worst of Turkish miracles is, they are so short-lived. In the early part of the last century, this miracle was well known in Europe as well as

Leave we now, Bayazeid Vizier, to traverse the extent of Asia Minor as he best may, stumbling over the rocky uplands of Syria, threading the difficult passes of Taurus, and skirting Phrygia and Carmania, until he attains the Sangiac of the Troad, his troops were rife for war and plunder, and no doubt followed not the less willingly from the treat they had just had in the supernatural. Wonders however, like misfortunes, seldom come single. Though Giruli really could not boast of any thing interesting or preternatural in himself, excepting the matter of his miraculous divorce, his companions were determined to descry some startling fact, and, after the delay of a few days, this was recognized in a very marvellous similitude, in form and feature, to the late Sultan. This the Vizier imagined was carrying the joke too far, wherefore he dispatched Giruli on escort service with a Kowass he deemed it necessary to send before him to Sincis Pacha—a well-intentioned, but unfortunate step.

Sineis, in the meanwhile, had received the fugitive son of the man he had sworn to destroy, with every appearance of affection and esteem. He introduced him to his intended wife—a very unusual step—and then proceeded to attach him to his fortunes by every specious illusion his art could devise. Still, the justly-offended parent was drawing nearer and nearer, and the rebellious Pacha began to fear lest his more experienced followers might question the wisdom of his disaffection, when the arrival of the Kowass from the Grand Vizier, accompanied by Giruli Eben Sagram, gave to the garment of rebellion,

"A fine colour that might please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents."

Of course it was not long before the faithful communicated to each other the miracle and the brevet canonization of Syntana Fissa, and also the rumoured likeness her favoured husband was thought to bear to Bajazet the 2nd. Of this latter idea Sineis immediately availed himself; the Kowass he dismissed, with promise of submission; but he retained Giruli. He then departed suddenly from Lampsacus, taking only such troops as he could rely upon, and passing the ocean stream repaired to his pachalick; here he remained for some time in comparative retirement, instructing, it is supposed, Giruli Eben Sagram in the parts he intended him to perform, and feeding

in Syria. Having repeated *all* the circumstances to a Turk of to-day, he will nod to you his confirmation to each turn, but seldom contribute any additional matter himself. There are some free-thinking fellows among them who hesitate not to deride such traditions pretty freely. I have known some officers feel themselves and their nation scandalized by the pranks of a mad Derwish, though under the Seraskier's peculiar patronage; and the soldiers of Ibrahim Pacha, in the last account we have of the ceremonies at Mecca, are described as ridiculing the over zealous display of the pilgrims.

the weak Ali with delusive hopes of future distinction. Lapsacus and the Asiatic Sangiacs submitted to Bayazeid, who returned to Brusa, where he also remained inactive until it pleased Mahomet to send the angel of death for his namesake, when he continued grand vizier to his successor, Amuruth II.

The next or third outbreak of Sineis was in the commencement unsuccessful. Amuruth marched against him and the pretender in person; their rude undisciplined force were quickly scattered, and the Pacha of Nicopolis and Mustapha (Giruli), who dreading the turn things would take had kept in the very outskirts of the battle, escaped to the nearest stronghold of the Greeks. These, for the sake of weakening their natural enemies, the Turks, affected to believe Mustapha's pretensions well founded, and under this idea were deaf to the threats and entreaties of Amuruth. Manuel allowed them to take shelter in Lesbos, then belonging to the Christians, a classic but somewhat barren isle very conveniently situated for neutral purposes; and thither repaired Mustapha as to another Elhâ, with Sineis and the unfortunate Ali, who waited in vain for the completion of the promises made to him at the commencement of Sineis' second rebellion.

Willing, if possible, to detach from Mustapha his sole stay in the Pacha of Nicopolis, Bayazeid, shortly after Mahomet's death, with the full sanction of his successor, Amuruth, dispatched his own brother-in-law, Khalil, to Lesbos, with full power to sanction the alliance originally proposed by Sineis between his daughter and Ali. But the plans of Sineis were altered, and while he amused Khalil and Ali with various excuses and delays, he matched his daughter with a chieftain of the main land, who was endeavouring to maintain a sort of independence in the interior. Ali, ashamed to return to his father, disappeared none knew whither, and Khalil, after throwing a brave defiance in Sineis' teeth, joined his brother-in-law.

It is very evident these matters were almost of a personal nature, for we read of the grand vizier immediately marching against the preferred bridegroom, defeating and using him with great cruelty; the only act of mere revenge the grand vizier seems ever to have been guilty of.

Meanwhile Manuel, Emperor of the Greeks, in compliance with the treaty made between him and Mahomet, demanded the infant children of that Sultan, and the grand vizier, by order of Amuruth, sent a distinct refusal. The Christian emperor, after some reverses, thought of his *protégés* at Lesbos; for them he sent, and once again Mustapha and Sineis saw themselves at the head of considerable armies, the pacha giving his whole time and military experience—and the latter seems to have been considerable—to disciplining their followers, and the former by adding to their number by profuse promises and studied suavity of manner; or, as the historian has it, "having nothing, promising everything." Against these marched Bayazeid, the grand vizier, a sad man; for, in endeavouring to satisfy and faithfully serve his two masters, he had lost his son, and made bitter enemies to himself at home and abroad.

The two armies were encamped near to each other. The grand vizier offered battle, but the wily Sineis had other objects in view. Every day, Mustapha, attended by a slight guard, rode from post to post along the outward lines of the vizier's encampment, and entered freely into conversation with the soldiers who occupied them: "No Mussulman," he used to exclaim, "shall perish on my account. I call Allah and his prophet to witness I am the true son of Bajazet, who was prisoner to Timour. If I were an impostor, would I present myself before you, who would strike me dead? But you see I have no fear—you are as my own soldiers. Come to my tent, talk with my followers, and return if you choose. Who shall prevent you? By Mahomet! the vizier shall come and return if he think fit."

The effect of those speeches was to draw over daily hundreds of his opponent's followers, and the soldiers being allowed, nay, enjoined to return to their own tents in the evening, took with them most favourable accounts of the generosity and imperial qualities of Mustapha, "who declined," said they, "to receive any as deserters, since he knew the time was not far off when the grand vizier would be prompted by Allah to renounce the usurper Amuruth, and come to his side."

Poor Bayazeid seems, as usual, to have effected the worst ends with the best intentions. He was privately, but treacherously informed, and of course by means of Sineis himself, that there existed a coldness between Mustapha and his general; and that it was his, Sineis' intention, to seize on the person of Mustapha, and declare for Amuruth. At the same time Mustapha sent him word openly by means of the soldiers, who now passed and repassed unmolested from camp to camp, that should he, Bayazeid, come over, he would immediately accredit him grand vizier, and commander of both armies, and leave his pretensions to be judged of by the heads of their holy religion.

It is not likely an experienced general like Bayazeid was altogether deceived by such specious promises, still the fact of his personal enemy Sineis being ready to seize on the very position offered him, and the conviction he felt that his, the Vizier's downfall was the grand object of Sineis life, he determined on complying with Mustapha's wishes. He rode out of his encampment at the head of the Beys and Agas belonging to his suite, and approached the tent of Mustapha, where that personage sat in great state, and, as ottomite etiquette merely required him to sit perfectly still, and look composed, no doubt he became the carpet-jure, as well as a legitimate emperor, for his face and features being after all those of a Turk were as such

"Well skilled to hide

All but unconquerable pride."

On this occasion, however, he did speak, and to the following purpose:

"Vizier—Grand Vizier of the Ottomites, beloved of the soldiers, and dread of our enemies, speak to me the words of truth; didst thou, when thou first beheld me when riding over the broken walls of Aleppo, didst thou, or didst thou not, recognize

any similitude to the father of him you then served? speak, for there my friends would fain hear the word of an independent soldier like to you, and one who rememberest well my father."

This was a very trying question to the unfortunate Vizier; not to have recognized Mustapha in Grinli, was merely disavowing him at once, and to have recognized him, and have left to others the asserting his rights, was not likely to be better approved of; he got out of the matter by an ingenious combination or confusion of matters.

"Great Sultan," he thought as he was so for the pre-ent, there was no use mincing matters; "Great Sultan, your likeness to your father, doubtless, is more easily discernible, and those who remember you in early life, are assured of all matters being true that you have said, and that you are indeed Mustapha Sultan! But you remember, great sir, that I met you, even as you recovered from the trance, wherein you saw Syntana Fissa walking—"

"Enough—enough," interrupted he of the heavenly spouse, who, strange to say, cared not to make this great mark of the prophet's personal favour the subject of general conversation; "you know me now and will accept my grace, favour, and protection?"

"I will! I do, Great Sultan!" exclaimed Bayazeid, prostrating himself at his feet, and seizing the hem of his garment. This was signal of complete submission, and the Beys and Agas bent to the ground and uttered the cry "Mustapha Sultan!" When they rose, it was to see Bayazeid in the hands of two gigantic Arabs, and Sineis standing behind the couch of Mustapha, regarding his enemy with joyous malice.

The silence, which for an instant came upon the bewildered assembly, was broken by the unfortunate Vizier. "I hold the garment of grace and mercy, who will assault me in the presence of my lord and Sultan?"

"Sineis Pacha!" exclaimed that fierce leader; "Sineis Pacha, whom you have wronged and insulted, I offered my daughter to the dog your son—you refused—you since sought her for him yourself, and because in turn refused, you destroyed the happiness of him to whom I had given her. Mustapha Sultan, I will have this man's head!"

In vain did the pretender endeavour to assert his right of protecting the Grand Vizier; in vain did the Beys interchange dark looks of anger and disapprobation. The Arabs tore from his grasp the hem of the Sultan's robe, and dragged him from the presence through part of the encampment until they arrived at the outside of Sineis' tent, and there, where in the meantime the other had seated himself, they struck off the aged head of one, who, during a long life, seems ever to have taken the wrong course, just seeing the right too late to be of any expediency to himself or master.

The death of Bayazeid, and the submission of his army, left the conspirators in the undisputed possession of European Turkey, at that time of no very considerable extent, for the Venetians were strong in the Peloponessus, and Constantinople still obeyed a Christian ruler. Mustapha

Pretender is now described as a child of fortune beginning to repose on the bosom of prosperity. He appears to have been loved by his soldiers, supported in his pretensions by the Greek Emperor, and, possessed of immense resources—but they were less stable than their appearance promised—by a life of open profligacy, he quickly dissipated his means, and Amuruth very soon found means of detaching from his interest Sineis, who hesitated not to enact the traitor for the fourth time. Discomfited in the first engagement, he fled as before in the direction of the Christian powers, by whom it is very doubtful if he would have been received, but it was not destined he should try their amity. The pipe-holder, well fitted for such employment, by orders of Sineis remained next his person; at his instance he drew bridle at a remote village in Macedonia, where he called for wine, as he was known to be unorthodox in this practice, the villages needed no denouncement from the pipe-bearer; his person was instantly seized, and ere the next day's sun had set, at the feet of the youthful Amuruth lay the head of Mustapha Pretender.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

Thy face sweeps o'er my midnight dreams,
As glimpses of an eastern sky;
Like sunshine seen in fitful gleams,
Like some far melody
Glowing with radiance—purely bright,
Adorned with honour's quenchless, holy light.

But not to me its glory sent,
Wildly as I have loved;
The stars in yon blue firmament
Are not from me removed
Farther than thou: but far or near,
Thou art the star that lights my sphere!

"LE DESEPOIR."

(From the French of C. Delavigne.)

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh, hail to the sunshine of hope,
Though but for a moment it glow;
Oh, hail to the heart-cheering rays that can cope
With the gloom-shedding shadows of woe.
And hail to the flowrets, that but for an hour
Diffuse their sweet odours around;
And hail to the music, that rings through a bower
Rarely blest with one joyous sound.

The moments of joy are all fled,
The smile of affection is gone;
I hear but the sigh of despair for the dead—
I see but the wretched alone.
I feel a dull void in the crowd of the world,
A blank in the empire of stars;
A desert with green woods and gardens unfurl'd,
And a bleeding heart cover'd with scars.

THE FAIRY CHAIN.

BY MISS ANNA FLEMING.

"Please your majesty, two of your majesty's subjects are fighting so, there is no doing anything with them."

The Queen of the fairies frowned, shook her little head, and said, angrily—

"Fighting! there is too much of this. Not a day passes but I am disturbed with complaints against some of you. Who is it now?"

"Two of the mountain troop, your majesty."

"Well, let them be bound and brought to me immediately."

The fairy page bowed low, and flew away.

In a short time, the queen's commands were obeyed. The two refractory little people who had incurred her displeasure appeared before her, sorrow-stricken and tearful. All the court crowded round to listen.

"What is the matter?" asked the queen, with as much dignity as she was able to command.

"Why, your majesty," said one, "as long as she is to be on the mountain, I can't live there, and I declare I won't."

"And if your majesty would be pleased to exile her from the dominions——"

"Silence; I will have no reproaches. Is there any particular cause of dispute between you? If there is, let it be produced."

At this, a rattling noise was heard on the staircase without; and the above-mentioned page entered, drawing after him a slender chain of fine gold, which he laid at her majesty's feet.

"Where did this come from?" asked the queen, surveying it with admiration. "It seems to be of mortal make, though beautiful enough for fairyland."

"I found it in the grass, your majesty."

"Will you hold your tongue? It was I found it, your majesty."

"Hush, can't you! I saw it first, gracious sovereign."

"But I picked it up."

"My children," said the queen, "you have done very wrong. Instead of following my peaceful example, you have, from what I hear, been disturbing those around you by quarrelling and disputing, to which even my presence has not put an end. To this you have added the sin of covetousness, one which, I fear, is increasing in my dominions. To prevent its spreading further, I will confiscate the article in question to my own use. Let it be taken to my treasury."

The page stepped forward and removed the chain; as he did so, a murmur ran round the assembly; the queen thought it was applause. The two criminals, although biting their lips for disappointment, rejoiced secretly, each in the other's discomfort.

"But this is not all;" said the queen, "your conduct needs severer punishment. Listen, then—I exile you both from fairyland for the space of one year: I condemn you to wander over the

earth, and you to traverse the upper and lower regions—the air and the water—seeking, each of you, as you go, a chain far more beautiful and more enduring than the one in question."

"But how are we to find such a chain, your majesty?"

"Seek diligently all around you, and link by link you will find it. Deem nothing too small, nothing too great. Go now! I wait your return in a year from to-day."

Mournfully and sadly, the fairies turned away and set out on their separate paths.

"Where," said one of them to herself—the one whose travels were to be upon earth—"where can I ever find such a chain. Our queen said it would be link by link. If I could but see the first one! I will look about for it."

The scene was a forest. Tall trees raised their heads high in the air, higher than she could see, and the use of her wings was denied her now. The gnarled and twisted roots crossed the little pathway repeatedly, and in one place she saw that they formed a circle.

"Our queen said we must deem nothing too small, so for want of a better, I will make this my first link. Now for a second."

And stooping down, she saw upon the ground innumerable little insects hastening hither and thither, backwards and forwards, in search of food, forming ring after ring in their various courses from tree to tree, so that by evening she had completed some yards of the chain; and climbing a flower, she slept soundly till morning.

By sunrise she was up, and, crossing a stile into a flower garden, was soon busy again. At the gate, a little boy had hung a string of birds' eggs over the topmost rail. The gardener was trimming the beds into various fanciful curved forms; an untrained vine with its curled branches hung on the ground, and on the top of a smooth-shaved holly bush a snake was coiled up fast asleep.

When the wind blew in the fields, the corn swayed backwards and forwards in graceful circles, meeting, intertwining, and receding. A woodman felt something stay his axe;—it was the fairy's hand, busy with the rings that the growth of years had laid upon the half-chopped tree.

The fairy came to a village. At the very entrance there was a circle of footsteps, where some merry children had been playing. Unseen to mortal eyes, she walked up the little street, and in every house, in every room, she found new rings, links of the great chain she was discovering so speedily. We could not tell them all if we were to try; but anybody who, like the fairy, will look, may see them.

And here there were some more spiritual links disclosed to her—the kind deed returning to bless the doer, the bread cast upon the waters to return after many days.

Frightened with the noise and bustle, she sojourned for a time in cities; but here, for some distance, the links were of art—man's work upon God's materials.

And the other fairy—her sister—where was she all this time? Immediately upon receiving the queen's command, she raised her wings and

was soon high in the air; and on her travels, taking with her wreaths of smoke from cottage chimneys, and many and many a spreading sound, for chasing one another in quick succession, came rings of laughter from the village merry-making. The fairy laughed too, as she strung them together; she knew not how short-lived is mortal merriment.

Farther on, there were troops marching, and she had to fly very fast to overtake their mournful sounds. But what the east wind made her lose, she made up with slow tones from the church bell; for she hovered an instant to look at a military funeral. And here she caught a glimpse of her sister, linking a sword belt that lay on the bier to a knot of blue ribbon dropped by the village belle, and adding them both to a plain gold ring on a woman's finger.

After a long time spent in the air, the fairy remembered the queen's commands, and betook herself to the waters. Here she was very busy, collecting the rings that lay all around her in beautiful profusion. Most of the time she was under water, but whenever she saw a circle spreading over her head, she hastened to the surface to catch it. Sometimes it was the dash of an oar from a little boat; sometimes a song from some one at the oarsman's side; sometimes a water-spider darting along. It was all alike to the fairy—all alike; link upon link was her object. And sometimes she was mischievous. A girl dropped a bracelet into the water, and before her exclamation at her sudden loss was finished, the fairy was laughing, and running a piece of channel grass through it on one side, and the crownless rim of a beggar's hat on the other.

But to tell all her discoveries would be as impossible as to recount those of her sister. Suffice it to say, that one day she was amusing herself by riding on the top of a high wave, and suffering herself to be carried on shore by it. She found herself on the very spot where she shed her first tears upon being exiled from fairyland.

Looking round with delight, she heard her name pronounced in a tone of surprise and of joy;—a name not to be spelled intelligibly to mortal ears, so fine and small was it.

The fairy started—her sister stood beside her. Long and affectionate was their embrace. All former animosity was forgotten in their joy at meeting again and relating their respective adventures.

"Here is the root from which I set out a year ago. I will make a hole in the bottom of this bird's nest, and then let us hasten to our queen. I am sure she will be satisfied with us."

"I know she will."

The queen of the fairies sat in state upon her throne. Her ministers stood respectfully around.

"Is the banquet table spread?" asked the sovereign.

"Very nearly, your majesty."

"Let every thing be in readiness; and let some one bring me that gold chain from the treasury."

"Your majesty's commands shall all be obeyed."

"I wonder who in the world is expected to-day?" whispered the keeper of the robes to the high chamberlain.

"I'm sure I don't know; and, you know, one dares not ask."

"No," sighed the keeper of the robes. "But such tremendous preparations! Why, almost all our people have been up all night."

"Yes; and poor what's his name there had to press the juice out of five large grapes yesterday."

"It's ridiculous!"

"Invitations have been sent to a great distance. I carried some of them myself. Do you know any of the valley fairies?"

"No; but I know one thing, that if any of them are to be at the banquet, the queen will have to do without me."

"What's that?"

"Some one at the gates. They may knock a good while before I will open it for them."

Another knock, and the little folding doors were opened, and hand in hand the little wanderers entered; and approaching the queen, knelt down before her.

"Welcome back to fairyland, daughters," said the queen, rising graciously from her throne. "Stand up now, and tell me how you have fulfilled my commands."

"Your majesty commanded us to seek a chain far more beautiful and more enduring than the one which now lies before you. We have sought—I upon earth, my sister in the air and on the water—and link by link we have found it; or rather, link by link some parts of this chain have been disclosed to us, parts which, small and faint though they be, are yet enough to tell of their identity with the great chain which wreathes the whole earth, and climbs the walls of the universe, surrounding and enclosing all created things, whose source is God, whose symbol is eternity."

"The banquet awaits your majesty's orders," said a page.

"Come, daughters," and taking one on each side of her, the queen marched through the open door, followed by all the court. In the greenwood they found as magnificent a fairy's supper as ever was spread; and down the mountain and across the fields, the little people were seen pouring in thick crowds, hastening to be present at the revels and welcome the wanderers home.

THE CLOUDS.

BY GEORGE BAYLEY.

Refulgent beaming! ye bright cradled clouds!

Celestial wand'ers! how divinely fair!

Your glimmering radiance hill and valley shrouds,

Embosomed in the lake. I mark ye there,

Reflected on its surface, and the tints

That tinge the far horizon, winnowed deep

Within its stagnant bed: a calm imprints

Your likeness in the depths of ocean—sweep

Ye not o'er towering pinnacles, whose brows

Majestically mark your onward flight?

Have ye no hidden bliss, no sacred vows,

Amid those regions of the starry light?

With rapture I gaze on you—would be proud

To be amongst ye, and myself a cloud.

ASK ME NO MORE FOR A GLADDER
STRAIN.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

Ask me no more for a gladder strain—
 Press me not thus for a blither lay :
 How can the spirit exult 'mid pain ?
 How shall the weary in heart be gay ?
 Hasten to those who have known no grief,
 Over whose hopes blight hath not been ;
 And bid them wake—for their hour is brief—
 A gleesome song in this desert scene.

Let them dream of flowers not doom'd to fade—
 Let them fancy suns that ne'er decline :
 Long on my rose has a canker prey'd—
 For me have the sunbeams ceas'd to shine.
 The bird that is caged may warble well,
 But anguish breathes through each melting
 strain ;
 For the captive pines in his cheerless cell,
 For the distant grove and the breezy plain.

And like such a prisoner's, low and sad,
 Must my lyre's wild music always be ;
 So if ye delight in notes more glad,
 Demand of others, but ask not me.
 Not mine to give you a gleesome strain,
 Or bend my thoughts to a blither lay.
 How shall the spirit exult 'mid pain ?
 How shall the wearied of earth be gay ?
Banks of the Yore.

STANZAS.

BY W. K. TAGGART, ESQ.

There was joy in a human dwelling,
 For a child was born to earth ;
 The mother smiled as she looked on her child,
 And listen'd to songs of mirth.

A wandering band of the spirits of air
 Came floating the casement round ;
 For still by sweet human sympathies
 The spirits of air are bound.

" Oh, sweet and pure are the ties of earth,"
 Sighed a lovely spirit there,
 " This baby so bright, with the angel light,
 Shall still have my watchful care."

And fair grew the face of the child of earth,
 But her soul was brighter far,
 For the angel guide, that was still by her side,
 Had taught her to seek the star.

And ever she seemed 'mid the homes of men,
 As a spirit of love might be :
 Soothing the weeper, and warning the sleeper,
 That child of earth you might see.

There was woe in a human dwelling,
 For the child of earth was dead ;
 While sadly they stand, the kindred band,
 And wail for their bright one fled !

A wandering band of the spirits of air
 Came singing the casement round ;—
 " Alas for the weeper, but not for the sleeper—
 Joy, joy for the spirit unbound !"

LITERATURE.

THE FORLORN HOPE. A Story of Old Chelsea. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Printed and sold (at 20, Great Marlborough-street) in aid of the Fund for building the Hospital for Consumption and diseases of the chest, in Old Brompton.—Price 5s.—In presenting this richly illustrated little work as a free gift to the institution it is intended to assist, Mrs. Hall does much more than contribute the tens—if not hundreds—of pounds its sale may ultimately bring into the treasury. This golden return would alone be a noble and generous gift ; but her simple story will do something much more lasting. It is a touching tale of a victim of that stealthy, and slow, but life-consuming disease, which may be called the plague of our changeful climate ; and though in the form of fiction, conveys those truths which must reach every feeling heart. It is a story of Hope, not only " Forlorn," but " Forsaken," of sickness, of poverty, and of death. And who can doubt that finding its way, as it must already have done, into the hands of the rich, the happy, and the healthy, that in touching the chord of gratitude to the Almighty for blessings vouchsafed to them, it must, at the same time, have awakened, in many instances, those generous sympathies which prove their reality by active benevolence.

It may not be generally known that, until the recent establishment of a hospital for consumption, the very hopelessness of the disease was, according to the bye-laws of our charitable institutions, a reason for the exclusion of consumptive patients. The poor and suffering could, beneath every other bodily affliction, find care and shelter during the last hours of lingering life ; and, perchance in the earlier stages of disease, the means of alleviation and the comfort of hopeful words, both for this life, and for a future state. But the signs of consumption were looked on as the leper spots of old, a mark for desertion and neglect ; because the patient could not be cured, he must be turned out to die a lingering death, it may be houseless, and without the means of procuring the feeblest alleviation to his pain. Was not this monstrous ? Of a disease, too, which spares neither age, rank, nor sex, and therefore ought to claim the warmest and most active sympathies from all.

Let us hope, however, that the example which has been set, and that too by the highest in the land, will be quickly and generously followed. For our own part, we have seldom or never witnessed a more gratifying sight than the laying of the first stone of this hospital by His Royal Highness Prince Albert, which took place on the 11th of June. On the platform might have been observed some of the first nobles in the land, as well as numerous individuals who have won for themselves high places by their talents ; but all on this occasion becoming more noble—more distinguished by their individual exertions and influence in the cause of Christian charity. Forcibly does Mrs. Hall allude to the blessed changes which have been wrought during the last ten years ; true it is that at last " a cry has been raised throughout the

empire, *not by the poor, but for the poor*; not by the oppressed, but for them." Witness the loud voice that echoes wide and near for the "lone sempstress—the slave of the lamp, working from weary chime to chime, bearing her cross in solitude—toiling, while starving, for the few soiled pence, the very touch of which would be contamination to the kidded hands of tawdry footmen;" for the wretched dress-maker "fainting during her brief minutes of 'rest,'" for the infant victims of the loom; for the degraded coal drudges, "crawling like reptiles along damp and slimes;" for the cruelly wronged shopmen, robbed of health, youth, and morals, by the debasing slavery of their existence. The voice is raised: it is a righteous cry, and therefore it will be heard. Surely, the erection of the hospital for consumption will not be the smallest blessing it has brought about; where not only the sufferings of the dying will be alleviated, and the erring soul taught its ONE reliance, but where, it is confidently hoped, numerous human lives may be saved by the adoption of those remedies which, for the want of an extended field of action, medical men have at present no opportunity of practising.

We ought to have mentioned that the grounds of Chelsea Hospital were devoted to the purposes of a fancy fair; stalls being held by the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Countess Grosvenor, and numerous other ladies of the first rank. "The Forlorn Hope" was on sale at each of them, and, we believe, seven hundred copies were sold. Moreover, though additional funds are of course highly desirable, it was gratifying to hear that the total amount of the receipts on that occasion exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the committee.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER. By Douglas Jerrold. (*Punch office, Strand.*)—Originally published piecemeal in "Punch," the "Story of a Feather," though, we believe now slightly extended, forms a volume, rich in many high attributes. A work broken into fragments for such a method of publication, must necessarily be constructed on a very different principle from stories which are given to the world complete. Every chapter must be rounded off, and have distinct interests and incidents. Its progress is like breaking up a large diamond, to have the more refracting angles; or, if that be a far-fetched simile, we may compare the chapters as now united to dissolving views of human life melting into one another, but all painted by the hand of a master in the enduring colours of truth. The giving to an inanimate object eyes to see and ears to hear, and withal a tongue to tell its story, is the reviving of a quaint old fashion, never, perhaps, adopted with so much success as in the present instance; while, as if to be in keeping with the style, the scenes are laid some eighty years ago. A feather, however, of the present day doubtless hears and sees things quite as well worth repeating, as that which burst into splendour, as one of the "Prince's plume," that nodded above the cradle of George IV. But one who depicts human nature with the power and fidelity always displayed by Mr. Jerrold, writes for all ages;

for vice and folly, which often quail more readily beneath the satirist's keen shafts than from the heavy artillery of grave discourse, spring always from the same seeds, however modified by circumstances; and to the true philosopher the events of life are but the machinery to bring out and unravel the mysteries of the human heart.

Those who take up this book as the production of a "wit," expecting to find therein incentives to mirth and laughter, will be disappointed—yet that is scarcely the word, for disappointment means regret, and though the "Story of a Feather" may rather make one sad than merry, and at any rate must make us earnest and thoughtful, it must also, unless we fling away its wisdom, improve and elevate. Knowing that such very seldom live upon earth, Mr. Jerrold rarely depicts either fiends or angels; unless, indeed, now and then he deifies a woman, for the which we upholders of our own sex, and believers in its noble attributes and wondrous bravery of heart, that *endures* where man can but display the inferior courage which prompts to action—shall scarcely quarrel with him. Consequently, his characters have all life and individuality about them—we should know them anywhere;—and oh, above all does he deserve praise and gratitude for the crusade he wages against the heartless selfishness which is the upas vice of the day. Would that we could convey to our columns whole chapters from the "Story of a Feather!" and yet, now that they are joined, it would be a pity again to divide them. Our few extracts shall relate to an important change in the autobiographer's condition. The Countess Blushrose was a lady in waiting.

"Had the Countess Blushrose felt less devotion towards the Prince of Wales, I might for years have remained in the Palace: it may be, thrown aside to pass into the stomachs of palace moths. I was, however, doomed to a more various destiny. The Countess Blushrose refined away the vulgarity of mere honesty by the excess of loyalty. A philosopher, or—if he were duly hired for the coarse word—and Old Bailey practitioner, would say the Countess stole me. Well; in hard, iron phrase, she did so: but surely the spirit that prompted the felony, made the theft a divine one! Even the accusing angel must have put his finger to his lip, and inwardly said 'Mum!' as the Countess, in a flutter of triumph, bore me from the palace. How her heart beat!—for, snugly concealed under her short satin cloak, I felt the throbbing organ beat, as the beautiful robber entered her carriage.

"I doubt not, there are simple folks who will marvel at this story—nay, it may be, give no belief to it. They may ask—'What! a countess filch a feather, when a word in the proper place would doubtless have made it her lawful chattel? Such petty pilfering might have been looked for at the hands of Mrs. Scott, the prince's wet-nurse—or of Jane Simpson, or Catharine Johnson, rockers—but from Countess Blushrose!'

"I confess it: in my inexperience of the world, such were the very thoughts that oppressed me; now it is otherwise. Not without melancholy I own it; but I have found that with some natures

it would pain and perplex their moral anatomy to move direct to an object; like snakes, they seem formed to take pleasure in indirect motion; with them the true line of moral beauty is a curve. Had Queen Charlotte herself bestowed me upon the countess, the free gift, I am sure of it, had not conveyed so much pleasure as the pilfered article."

On her arrival at home she is waited on by the domestic chaplain, who has a disclosure to make and a petition to offer. The scene is a long one: we give but a few fragments.

"What does the man mean?" asked the countess. "Did you not say that you had to speak of something that affected happiness and peace of mind, and all that?"

"True, Madam," answered Inglewood.

"Well, then—and to whose happiness, to whose peace of mind could you possibly allude, if—"

"Will your ladyship hear me? I will be very brief," said the chaplain, with an inward twinge—a rising of the heart—at the inborn, ingrained selfishness of the beautiful creature before him.

"Oh, say what you like—I suppose I must hear you," answered the countess, again taking me from the table, and pettishly waving me about her.

"A person in your ladyship's household has committed a fault—"

"Of course," said the countess—"such creatures do nothing else."

"She has proved not trustworthy in the duty confided to her."

"I hear of nothing else" cried the countess, waving me more violently. "Let her be turned away immediately."

"You will pardon me, madam: she was about to be cast from the house—cast out broken-hearted and with a blighted name—when I took it on myself to stand between her, and for what I know, destruction, and to plead her cause before you."

"Come, come," said the really good-natured nobleman, "not so hasty, Mr. Inglewood. Spoil not your hopes in life by a piece of temper."

"My hopes in this life, my lord," said Inglewood, "are a quiet conscience, health, and a cordial faith, let them make what mistakes they will, in my fellow-creatures. Of these three hopes, it may please God to deprive me of one; nevertheless, two—whilst my reason lasts—must, and shall remain with me."

"I would plead for a weak and foolish woman. She has betrayed her trust. Yet, I believe 'twas pride, a silly pride—no deep sin—that beguiled her."

"What woman's this?" asked the earl.

"One beneath your roof, my lord. One of your tenant's daughters, hired to tend your child. This morning—"

"Ten thousand pardons, my lady," cried an elderly, hard-featured woman, bursting into the apartment, "but flesh and blood can't bear to have such doings made nothing of. If Susan isn't

packed off, nobody's safe. I knew his reverence here wanted to talk her off—but—I—I beg your pardon my lady, for breaking in, but everybody's character must suffer." Here the ancient dame, with her apron corner, carefully dislodged a small tear from either eye.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Pillow—what has Susan done?" asked the countess.

"Stolen half-a-yard of luce from his lordship's cap," answered Mrs. Pillow.

"Not stolen—not stolen," shrieked a girl, as she rushed in, and with streaming eyes fell at the feet of the countess. "I never had a thief's thought—never: nurse said 'twas of no use—none; and I only took it to remember me of that sweet child—I love it dearer than my own flesh—to remember it when I should be old, and baby be a man."

"The girl, with clasped hands, looked with passionate grief in the face of the countess. Her ladyship rose, and fanning her cheek with me—new from the Prince's coronet—said,

"Send the culprit from the house, and instantly."

"The girl fell prostrate on the floor. Mr. Inglewood followed the countess with his eyes as, still waving me to and fro, she walked from the room. 'God teach you better mercy!' he said in a low voice, and he stooped to raise the heart-stricken offender."

MESMERISM AND ITS OPPONENTS. By George Sandby, junior, M. A., Vicar of Flixton, Suffolk. (*Longman*).—The celebrated sermon, preached at Liverpool by the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, and published under the title of "Satanic Agency and Mesmerism," has been so widely circulated, that doubtless the subject is anything but new to the majority of our readers. To the few, however, who may be ignorant of the production in question, it may be sufficient to say, that, though the author professed himself entirely ignorant of the phenomena he so violently denounced—never having witnessed himself any mesmeric experiments, and imploring his listeners or readers equally to abstain from satisfying a very rational curiosity—he boldly and unhesitatingly attributed the results to which we are alluding to the direct influence of the Prince of Darkness. Assuredly an Alexander-like manner of cutting the knot of a difficult question, but scarcely one to be expected as worthy of a Christian philosopher or Christian minister. The nucleus of the present work was a pamphlet published about a year ago, and somewhat hastily put together, as an immediate answer to the bigoted and fiery sermon, which really was infinitely more like a production of the dark ages—of monkish superstition—than anything else we could name. Thus, in a manner, were two benefited clergymen tilted against each other; though it must be owned by every dispassionate reader, that in the grand elements of Christian humility and Christian charity, Mr. Sandby has all the advantage—not to mention that he favours us with scientific facts and philosophical reasoning.

For our own part, we profess not any knowledge of the mysterious subject. We have seen several of the mesmeric phenomena produced, both upon

and by intimate friends, and others, whose position and character place their *honesty* beyond suspicion. But we have been content to own, with Hamlet, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." In the same dispassionate spirit, avoiding alike the ignorance of rash credulity or of blind unbelief, would we draw our reader's attention to Mr. Sandby's book—as a simple statement of facts which have come within the author's own knowledge, combined with much lucid reasoning. M'Neile says, "*I have seen nothing of it, nor do I think it right to tempt God by going to see it.*"

Mr. Sandby writes :

"I would not have Christian men, from a disgust at the tendencies of this sermon, join the ranks of the infidel, and laugh to scorn the doctrine of Satanic agency as the invention of men—holy Scripture teaches it, experimental religion confirms it; but I would have them be cautious not to confound the ways of Providence with the works of the Evil One. I would have them remember how little a part of God's wonders are yet laid bare to his creatures. I would have them look into the subject with a devotional spirit, anxious for truth, not rashly condemning that of which they are ignorant, lest, haply, in their presumption, they be found "fighting against God." Christian men need not fear to be present at scientific lectures or physiological experiments, if they go in a Christian spirit." Not inappropriately may we here extract a few lines from a beautiful poem by Anna Savage, "On hearing Mesmerism called Impious," and which Mr. Sandby has introduced entire into his pages :—

"Say, is the world so full of joy—hath each so fair a lot,
That we should scorn one bounteous gift, and
scorning, use it not,
Because the finite thought of man grasps not its
hidden source?
Do we reject the stream because we cannot track
its course?
Hath nature, then, no mystic law we seek in vain
to scan?
Can man, the master-piece of God, trace the un-
erring plan
That places o'er the restless sea the bounds it can-
not pass,
That gives the fragrance to the flower, the glory to
the grass?
Oh, life, with all its fitful gleams, hath sorrow for
its dower,
And with the wrung heart dwell the pang and
many a weary hour.
Hail, then, with gladness, what may soothe the
aching brain to rest;
And call not impious that which brings a blessing
and is blest.
The gladden'd soul re-echoes praise where'er this
power hath been;
And what in mercy God doth give, O call not
thou unclean."

Mr. Sandby proceeds to say —

"My original purpose was to treat of the religious aspect of Mesmerism. But, in the position

in which I have been placed, and with the facts in my possession of which I have been a witness, such a narrow view of the subject appears to be inconsistent. * * * * When the leaders of the medical profession (for the larger part of the junior members are happily an exception) can obstinately persevere in terming this valuable discovery a delusion and an absurdity, I should be wanting in my duty towards God if I did not thankfully announce that which I have experienced; nay, I should be even wanting to my own character among my fellow men if I did not show that, in thus advocating Mesmerism, I had reasonable grounds for my conviction, and spoke but the words of truth and soberness."

But we hope we have said enough to refer those readers who are interested in the subject to the work itself.

POEMS BY VIATOR. (*Saunders and Otley*.)—

These poems are in turn "grave and gay, lively and severe," including here and there a paraphrase from Horace. Between the "parts" of the volume we have a sort of dramatic scene or dialogue, intended to convey a notion of the author's views of things in general. We are sorry he has so bad an opinion of the critics; taken in the mass, if they do some harm, they also do much good. They are mortals, and so not infallible; but they often serve by just censure, to keep even an established author up to the right mark. Although it is the fashion to abuse them, we are inclined to believe them passing honest, and that they err quite as often on the side of good-natured forbearance as the other. We think the most clever of Viator's poems is a ballad of the olden time, called "Sir Guion de Broke," too long, however, for extract, though we can find room for

"THE POET'S LAMENT.

"In this terrible practical age,
When the muses have nothing to do;
And iron and steam are the rage,
What course can the poet pursue?

"Keep moving : 'progress' is the cry,
All bow to the useful and real;
Hippocrene's bright fountain is dry,
And vanish'd for aye the ideal.

"Apollo sits drooping his wings,
His shrine will be honour'd no more;
Thrown aside are both lyre and strings,
The bard's occupation is o'er."

THE BATUECAS; ALSO, FRANCISCO ALVAREZ;
AND OTHER POEMS. By William Henry Leatham.
(*Longman*.)—The "other poems," which we presume are the least ambitious in this collection, please us the best; they are often sweet and graceful, though we cannot say more. In our opinion, the author breaks down in blank verse; he certainly has not an ear for it. This roughness, consequently, distracts the reader from the thoughts which otherwise would strike the mind. Altogether, we think the author displays more of the elements of a poetical prose writer, than of a so-called poet.

A GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. Price One Shilling. (4, Trafalgar-square, and 21, Paternoster-row.)—A most excellent idea, admirably carried out. This Guide, the same price as the ordinary catalogue, answers the additional purpose of presenting against the name and number of each picture worthy of note, two or three criticisms extracted from the most popular newspapers and periodicals; thus directing taste, and comparing opinions. A work by the same publishers has also reached us, entitled, "The Unjust Suppression of Art-Unions." But as this is a subject on which there is considerable difference of opinion, we need only refer our readers to this pamphlet for a statement of many interesting facts.

FRANÇOIS DE BONNIVARD; OR, THE PRISONER OF CHILLON. An historical work thus entitled, from the pen of Percy B. St. John, has commenced in the columns of the Brighton Guardian. We shall allude to it more fully in our next; meanwhile we mention the fact, as, from the known talent of the author and extreme interest of the subject, great things may be expected.

OCEAN THOUGHTS. HOMEWARD BOUND FROM INDIA. By a young Officer. (*J. Hatchard and Son.*)—This pleasing and interesting little volume is evidently the production of an enthusiastic and right-minded man—seeing God's saving power in all things, and "holding fast that which is good" under all circumstances. He evidently loves his profession and his country with a sailor's earnestness and truth, and is most anxious that those who go forth in "the great waters," should have the same faith in a protecting Providence which has comforted and supported him. Those who seek for excitement, will be disappointed in this simple journal; but those who can enjoy a Christian Sailor's "Log," without exaggeration or false sentiment, must derive pleasure from a perusal of "Ocean Thoughts."

GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

We are very desirous to introduce this Institution to such of our readers as may be unacquainted with it, and to excite an increased interest in those who may have heard of it, but who as yet hardly appreciate all its claims to public favour. It is about twelve months since we first had a prospectus put into our hands, shewing that such a society was being established, and we said, as we perused it—"Here are the seeds of a noble institution, if properly conducted and encouraged." Now we have lying before us the first Report, and behold, the seeds have already sprung up into a goodly tree, yielding fruit to moisten the parched lip of sickness, and to strengthen the weak and weary, and even spreading a shade for the repose and comfort of old age. In fact, the subject has awakened the interest it so well deserved; the public has responded to the appeal as fully as could have been looked for in one short year, and

the result is, indeed, most gratifying. But before we tell our readers what has been done, it will be right to premise what the Society aims at doing. In the first place, it comes forward with ready and delicate kindness to assist those ladies who may be in temporary difficulty, to aid them in obtaining change of air after long sickness, or in procuring suitable apparel for taking a situation, when the want of employment or family claims have exhausted their resources; or in procuring that more generous diet during convalescence, the want of which too often retards recovery, and lays the foundation of long and incapacitating debility. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth," says the wisest of men; and we learn from the Report, that within three months of the reverend Secretary's undertaking his most kind and gratuitous labours, the Ladies' Committee met to practise this heavenly wisdom, and that in six months they had the pleasure of assisting fifty-six. "The assistance rendered in many instances," says the Report, "was too little to do all that was needed"—and far less, doubtless, than will be done when the more extended funds of the Institution will allow of more extended usefulness—but still, *something* was done; the word of kindness and sympathy was spoken when the reluctantly limited assistance was rendered, and hope and "light sprang up where all before seemed dark." We would warmly recommend our readers to obtain a Report, and read the "extract from the case-book:" it is given without one word of exaggeration, almost without comment, and in truth it needs none. May He who gave Solomon his words of wisdom, shed abundantly his blessing on the work! The next object of this Society, is to invest donations in the funds, and give the dividends as annuities to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and are now growing old, and unfit for their former duties; and here we gather the striking and affecting fact, that the candidates are eligible ten years earlier at this than (we believe) at any other institution granting pensions, from the conviction that the anxieties and mental labour of the governess anticipate by TEN YEARS the usual inroads of advancing age. We are glad to see that these annuities do not depend on annual subscriptions (though we cannot doubt *they* will annually increase), but that the money once invested for this purpose is so devoted for *ever*; and that already an annuity has been given, and two more will be given in November. The annuities are indeed painfully small, but again we recognize the eagerness to do *something*, where so much is needed; and truly says the homely proverb, that "half a loaf is better than no bread." Doubtless, the managing parties would have been glad to have allotted a larger sum, and we confidently hope the public will enable them soon to do so. The last object of the Society is, to encourage ladies to put by their earnings in *their own names* in Government funds, and to put them in the way of doing it, by an arrangement which offers this undoubted security, and other great advantages; and it appears that its usefulness has been gladly recognized, £2,351 9s. 9d. having been paid in this first year

of the Institution's existence for that purpose : nor can we be surprised that the assistance thus offered should be eagerly accepted. Every *lady* knows the difficulty of placing out her money, particularly in small sums—a difficulty which has led many to entrust their little savings to private hands, by which they have often lost all, or to spend them in the recklessness of not knowing where and how to dispose of their earnings; but we refer those who feel an interest in this branch to the printed tables. We have dwelt thus long on the subject, for it is especially a subject of interest to us; nor can we dismiss it without noticing that, in all the papers put forth by, and in the Report of this Institution, there is a most distinguishing propriety. It is too much the custom to befriend one party by speaking against another; but we observe that every remark is confined to the necessary evils of a governess's life, and all allusion to their position in families is carefully avoided; there is no assertion that they are unworthily treated, or too poorly paid—no question why a governess should be less a *friend* in England than she is in France or Germany—nothing more than a simple statement of their important and anxious duties, how little they can save, and *why they can save so little*. Doubtless we do wish that there was a better understanding between the parent and the governess, and that while we every day hear that the services of "that respectable person," the fond and faithful nurse, can never be forgotten, we should not see that the claims of the *lady*, the kind and faithful governess, are considered to end when her last quarter's salary is paid—doubtless we do feel it to be a miserable mistake of the parents, who inquire whether the governess, to whom they are about to entrust the minds, manners, and morals of their children, "expects to be asked to take wine at her dinner;"* or who inform her that "she will *never* be asked into the drawing-room;" or request she will "traverse the back stairs of the house;" or forbid more than a solitary letter now and then to be delivered at the door, because her thoughts should not be "divided from her pupils"—or servants have the trouble of carrying her letters to her! Our womanly feelings rise within us as we think how little she can lose in such companionship, and how sad it is thus to alienate affection and discourage duty; but yet, as every family has its own complicated and delicate machinery, we respect the propriety of feeling thus strongly evidenced, and truly such aggravation is unnecessary. The governess may or may not be well treated; she may or she may not deserve more consideration; but she *must* claim our sympathy for her many sacrifices. She goes at the season when life is brightest, and the spirits dance most gaily, to devote her spring-tide to a school-room; she leaves home at the time when the young heart is all tendrils, and yearns for something to cling to, to dwell amongst strangers. We are too apt to talk of the governess giving up her *time*, but that were little; the day labourer gives his time, and goes *home* to his wife and children; but the

governess gives up home, and youth, and love, and hope! Let us come forward, heart and hand, to do something for her in return. Let us hail and support an institution that gives her a friend in her need. Let us help her to provide for herself. Let us soothe her in her sickness. Let us take care that she shall not want in her old age.

May, 1844.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

THE FLOWER GIRL. The Poetry by C. H. Hitchings, Esq.: the Music by A. J. Rexford. (*Cramer, Addison and Beale*.)—This is a charming ballad in E flat, major; with far more originality in the melody than we find from an ordinary composer; for which reason it must be heard twice or thrice before it is at all appreciated, and then it will grow in favour on every repetition. The words are by a true poet; a few lines shall speak for themselves:

"I come from the woods, where the summer's
light rain,
Had just wetted the flowers that were fainting
with heat;
And they scarce had recovered their freshness again,
When they first heard the tread of my light little
feet.

"And I stole them e'en then, in the midst of their
draught,
Tho' a tear-drop was starting it seem'd from their
eye;
But I shook it away, and I merrily laugh'd,
As I brought home the flowers for sweet ladies
to buy.

"I've flowers for the lover, I've flowers for the
maid,
That passion may speak, e'en when accents
would fail;
I've flowers for the lady her tresses to braid,
And shadow the pearl of her forehead so pale.

"I've flowers for you all, ay, enough and to spare;
And I tell you, sweet ladies, with tears in my
eye,
I've a mother at home, and I dare not go there
Till it please you sweet ladies my flowers to
buy."

THE SINGLE MAN. Comic Song, inscribed to Mr. John Parry, by Mrs. F. B. Pearce. (*Johanning and Co., Newman-street*.)—Lively words to a lively and appropriate air; an effusion belonging to the reformed order of comic songs, which, by the way, make up in genuine wit all they dispense with of coarseness, when compared with some olden productions, which were equally vulgar in words and in spirit. A balance in favour of the "new generation," to which, perhaps, we are in no small degree indebted to the taste and talent of the inimitable Parry. We hope he will "take up" the Single Man, and then its popularity will be rapid as well as certain.

* Fact—May, 1844.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

ITALIAN OPERA.

Saturday, the 8th of June, will be long remembered as the occasion of Her Majesty's visit, accompanied by her illustrious guests, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Saxony. Indeed, for a sight-loving people—and crowned heads are always reckoned "sights"—it was no ordinary treat to behold such an assemblage of royalty. Consequently, the most extraordinary endeavours were made to obtain either a seat or standing-room on that eventful night, by the multitude, whose opportunities for such gratification are rare; while, from etiquette, or out of respect to the august individuals who were expected, most of the *habitués* of the Opera were present. As might have been expected, the scene was most brilliant and interesting. The opera selected was the famous and favourite *Barbiere*; and though Grisi, Lablache, and the gifted corps, exerted themselves to delight and surprise even more than usual, we suspect that, "for that night only," they were, with the mass, a secondary consideration. The Queen and her guests did not arrive until a quarter past eight, at which time the house had been literally crammed for an hour—even the fair leaders of fashion having deigned, for once, to be punctual. It was a most imposing sight to witness the loyal greeting with which the royal party was received; when the profound silence of expectation was succeeded by enthusiastic cheering, and the stillness of the dense mass gave way to the waving of handkerchiefs. The visit not having been formally announced as one of *state*, there seemed some little indecision about the propriety of singing the national Anthem. Doubtless the company behind the scenes were all prepared, awaiting only the demonstration of the audience. There was a disposition to call for it at first, although, after a little while, the overture proceeded, and the opera commenced. At the conclusion, however, of the first act, the notion that "God save the Queen" should be sung revived—and now the "ayes" had it. The solo parts were deliciously given by Grisi and Favanti; and, immediately afterwards, the band struck up the national Russian anthem, playing it, as we hear, at sight, but certainly playing it with the feeling and precision to be expected from such an orchestra. The anthem was followed by Cerito's Spanish dance, the *Manola*, and then the opera proceeded; at the conclusion of which the royal visitors departed. We hope the strangers carried away a favourable impression of their reception; certainly, as far as could be judged from appearances, they were highly gratified. Lablache elicited many a laugh by his strange antics, and the odd bits of French with which he interlarded the *libretto*. The Queen especially laughed at his humour with downright heartiness.

More recently, the established favourite, Fanny Ellsler, has made her first appearance for the season, in the graceful ballet of *Le Délire d'un Peintre*, which we think was brought out last year. It is one which affords ample scope for some admirable

pantomime, both from herself and Perrot. On her first entrance she was rapturously received; though in the ballet itself there is but little *dancing*, the *pas* being reserved for the *divertissement* with which it concludes. The *pas de deux* is, perhaps, the most graceful thing in the ballet, although, in the Spanish dance which she performs with Perrot, her spirited and finished movements won for her a no less enthusiastic *encore*. Only the first portion, however, was repeated. We should not forget to mention, that Scheffer Plunkett and St. Leon met with their share of applause on the same occasion.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The event of the month may of course be considered the production of the prize comedy, and—its failure! After all the columns that have been written about it, and all the gossip it has occasioned, wonderment must resolve itself into two questions. What were the judges about? Or, if this is the best, what could the other ninety-six be? We must own we expected a different result; not that we by any means looked for an immortal work among these plays, because, in the first place, an author of known and appreciated powers would be very unlikely to condescend to run a sort of school-boy race for a "prize," when the labour of his brain could at all times command a golden return. Thus tried competitors removed from the field—the lists were opened to Young England—and feeling a strong persuasion that, with rare exceptions, talent does find its just level, we are somewhat devoid of veneration for that mighty body, the Great Unknown. All editors know that they are flooded with mediocrity—that it is the vice of the day, and that high and available talent is the rarest of things—and we suspect that managers are in the same predicament. Consequently, what we did expect was something soaring to the highest limit of mediocrity, or perhaps scintillating somewhat above it. And lo! instead of this is presented a play—and we grieve to say from a lady's pen—which is allowed on all hands to be vulgar where it is not inane, a play in which the attempts at wit entirely consist of slang words, or the constant repetition of set phrases, supposed to suit particular characters. And this is a picture of manners in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century! We are sorry for the heavy draft upon Mr. Webster's purse, for his offer was both liberal and well intentioned. We are also extremely sorry for the disappointment of the public; but it seems to us that a deeper cause of regret than all is the hopeless state of the drama. And yet we would make a few remarks, with all the deference of those who ask questions desiring information.

The Drama is no longer a mirror to reflect the form and pressure of the time. Do managers strive to make it so? Do they not rather encourage only the worn-out stage effects and stage tricks—which are repeated through every variety of flimsy plot, dependent upon stock characters? In reality they are afraid of novelty, yet something new is the only thing that can save them. We have a Literature of the day, but we have no Drama—nothing to be the voices of the many,

speaking, as it were, through one from the stage. A great work, which faithfully embodies the feelings of a period, must be a great work for all ages, simply because its elements are truth—truth. And this is now what we are wanting and waiting for. But nothing of this kind will be found among the stock characters of loquacious valets and vivacious Abigail; or cruel fathers and children changed at nurse. Alas! we may well talk of the decline of the drama; though perhaps we should rather say dramatic composition has stood still while all else has progressed. Will managers never have faith in a public?—will they never try them with something not dependent on scenery—or where a play upon words instead of ideas is not substituted for wit. Would it be the worst plan in the world to have a public reading of a play before the expense and trouble of “getting up” are incurred? The very incompetent would not find attraction in such a gathering. Is it quite certain that scholars, managers, and actors, selecting often indiscreetly, that the public would not be able to choose for itself? This may, or may not, be a novel idea, but we cannot think it an absurd one. The reading of a fine new play, with a rapid—sort of outline—sketch of the characters by way of introduction, might be, for aught we see to the contrary, as interesting as the reading of a fine old one.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

Crabbe's story, to be found in the “Tales of the Hall,” of the two brothers, whose ill-fated love for a village maiden caused so deep a tragedy, forms the ground-work of a piece lately produced here, under the title of “The Momentous Question.” The plot, however, has been greatly altered, to suit stage arrangements; and, though it loses greatly in point of poetical treatment, it makes, nevertheless, an effective and touching little drama. Miss Fortescue entered into the character of *Rachel* with a sweet and unaffected pathos, and all the other parts were very fairly sustained. The engraving from Miss Setchell's exquisite picture of the “Momentous Question” must be familiar to many of our readers; and a scene in which a *tableau* of it was given met with rapturous applause. The piece indeed takes its title from the picture which represents the unhappy lovers in the poacher's prison, the “question” being to relinquish life or love.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

If the object of a farce be to provoke roars of laughter—and we believe this the benevolent intention of farce providers—then has “Taken by Surprise” been eminently successful. Anna Thillon has, of course, drawn crowds of admirers every night of her delightful performance.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

This favourite resort of the lovers of melodrama, and of graceful and wonderful feats of horsemanship, has lost nothing of its popularity during the present season. A spectacle, entitled the “Chinese War,” and a drama, called the “Deserter of Moscow,” have been great favourites. It is a great recommendation to this house that it is admirably ventilated.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Under the able management of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps, the “legitimate” drama has here taken refuge. These able tragedians are in themselves a host, and from the manner in which characters of Shakspeare, and those of Byron's *Werner* have been recently sustained, we do not wonder at the crowds which are drawn to a somewhat obscure part of the town.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRANKFORT “OBER-POSTANTS ZEITUNG,” May, 22nd, 1844.—On the 8th of May, Mr. E. Aguilar, from London, gave a concert in the saloon of the Weidenbush, for the benefit of the Mozart Institution. The members of the *Lieder Kranz* also assisted to forward the praiseworthy and noble end. Such opportunities of displaying benevolent feeling are not rare in Frankfort, and are always cordially responded to. The performances of this concert were excellent, the grand symphony of Mr. Aguilar, composed in the spirit of Beethoven, gave us proof that he has not taken that immortal master as a model in vain. The symphony (although perhaps rather too much extended) is admirably instrumented; the adagio, and the scherzo especially, elicited the most encouraging and honourable applause.

It was conducted by Kapellmeister Guhr, and was performed with extraordinary precision. Mr. Aguilar selected for his performance on the pianoforte, a concerto of Beethoven's, and a rondo of Hummel's; thus proving his own good taste, by his admirable selection. The firm, round, touch of the young *virtuoso*, the artist-like quietness in his performance, the dominion over the technicalities of the art, the contempt of the *salto mortalis*, *non plus ultras*, &c., which prevail so much in the present style of pianoforte playing, are all so many evidences of the high aim which Mr. Aguilar has proposed to himself, and the diligence with which he labours to attain it. The cadence introduced into the concerto of Beethoven, showed that the spirit of melody with which nature has endowed this artist gives promise of healthy and luxuriant fruition. Mr. Eliason performed the first movement of a violin concerto of Beethoven's, and exhibited anew all the traits of a good and solid school, united with an original and truly artist-like mind; the elegance of his performance, its security and ease, and the beautiful tone he elicited from his instrument, deserve the highest commendation.

Mr. E. A. Aguilar was a pupil of Mr. Neate, and of Mr. John Goss, in London, previous to his studying in Germany. In compliment to the giver of the concert, the leader *Kranz* sang “Rule Britannia,” accompanied by the whole orchestra. Great curiosity had been evinced whether so young a man could have the proper conception of Beethoven's magnificent concerto; but he surprised the most fastidious, and was, in consequence, most rapturously applauded. A rondo of Hummel's was also given by him most beautifully.

A Darmstadt paper, agreeing with the previous accounts, continues to state, after high praise of

the symphony of Mr. E. A. Aguilar, that there is throughout a poetical seriousness, exciting sympathy, and causing the universal desire that the symphony might very soon be heard again.

MACFARREN AND DAVISON'S CONCERTS.

The last of the series was a very charming concert, opening with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, by the composer, pianoforte; Herr Joseph Joachim, violin; and Mr. Hausman, violoncello; performed with great delicacy, and each of the four movements was *encored*. We first heard Dr. Mendelssohn in 1829, when he led the performance of his beautiful overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," worthy of the work which inspired it, like Locke's music to Macbeth; and since then he has taken the highest place amongst living composers. But what a wondrous boy is this Herr Joseph Joachim—not more than seven years old, it is said, and he does not look more than ten—who plays the most difficult music, upon the most difficult of instruments, with a purity of tone and power of execution which only veteran professors can achieve after years of toil and study! "There is more than natural in this, if philosophy can find it out." To assist those who have not seen him, we add, he is not what most people would think—an "interesting" boy; his manner is awkward and ungainly, and his countenance dull; but the forehead is remarkably full, and overhangs his eyes (which are so heavy as to give a momentary impression of blindness) like a pent house; *au reste*, he is like any other boy, and looks as if he would enjoy a game at marbles or peg-top. Among the vocal pieces, we would particularly notice Mr. Macfarren's series of songs from the Arabian Nights, and Mr. Davison's Lament "Swifter far than Summer's Flight," from "vocal illustrations of Shelley" (to the latter indeed we before alluded); both remarkably graceful and beautiful compositions. How is it that we do not oftener hear such pieces as these in our drawing-rooms, instead of the eternal "Willow Glens," and the other thousand and one variations of the same idea; and that, as Dr. Johnson used to say, a wrong one?

We thank Messrs. Macfarren and Davison for the opportunity they have afforded us of hearing so many of their own exquisite compositions so admirably performed. Those executed at their concerts this season are alone sufficient to place them in the first ranks of native *musical genius*, if, indeed, they had not long ago achieved their high reputation.

PANORAMA OF HONG KONG, LEICESTER SQUARE.

We were truly sorry that a notice of this interesting work was accidentally omitted in our last number, inasmuch as the season is now more nearly over, and any of our courteous readers who are inclined to take our word in such matters will have the less time before them in which to visit the Panorama. Mr. Burford's wonderful productions of this description are so well known that they need little recommendation from us; but,

perhaps, he has never chosen a subject more replete with interest to a British public than the present. Hong Kong, the "Island of Crystal Streams," so called from the many fine streams of clear water that flow in all directions, is, it is well known, the first permanent settlement the British have obtained in China. The Panorama is taken from a commanding situation in the harbour; on the south presenting to us the already considerable new town of Victoria; and on the north the mainland of China, with a succession of lofty hills and mountains as far as the eye can reach, some of them rising suddenly from the water's edge and towering to an immense height. The whole of the immense bay is covered by ships and crafts of every description; the heavy uncouth-looking war-junks beside the symmetrical "Men of War," together with the carved and richly decorated mandarin boats, and every variety of Chinese craft. The numerous figures, executed by H. C. Selons, are full of expression, and so life-like that they seem starting from the canvas; and the smoothness of the water and the clearness of the atmosphere are so admirably represented that they add greatly to the illusion of the scene, so that, without any great stretch of the imagination, we can dream ourselves to be in the celestial empire.

In the small circle we are presented with a view of the City of Baden Baden, and the adjacent country, with a pic nic party, &c.; and before this appears, we believe a novelty will supply the place of the view of the queen's landing at Tréport.

Your egotist is of three descriptions—he is your complacent, your complaining, or your contemptuous egotist. The first class is a sufficiently common one and needs no particular description. He is your sniggering, simpering, lack-wit—constant with his smile, who, if he will not help, cannot hurt, and may escape harm on the score of his own harmlessness. The other two classes, though not equally common, are sufficiently so in all conscience. Contemptuous egotism is always ready for a fight—complaining egotism is always ready for a bribe. The former always fancies that the world is treading on his toes; the other is always afflicted, lest the world should not see when he puts them down. I have an acquaintance, who, before dinner, is the first character in perfection—after dinner, the last. He unites the species. Meet him before he gets to his chop-house, and his acknowledgment of your "God den," is a sort of defiance. After his steak is discussed, he moves your bowels, if they be at all given to compassion, to hearken to the narrative of distresses which trouble him. The whole world has gone wrong with him—all the world are in a league to persecute him, and the only assurance that you have that he will not throw himself into the river, is the consoling conviction that you feel, all the while, that, let the world treat him as it will, he is a person who can never dispense with himself. His self-love, alone, keeps the world from losing that which it could—very well afford to lose.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré,
à Paris, June 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Although several of our most distinguished fashionables have quitted Paris for their *châteaux* or the different watering places, their absence is as yet scarcely felt, for every day brings fresh arrivals from other parts of the continent, and from the provinces. The summer fashions gain by these arrivals, for novelties are daily introduced to attract the notice of our visitors. I have sent you the most remarkable of these for your plates, and shall now proceed to notice such of the others as are most deserving of the attention of your fair readers.

Crape is more in vogue than last month, both for *chapeaux* and *capotes*. Several are of that brilliant green called *vert Anglais*. This colour is in great vogue at present, not only for *chapeaux* but also for robes, polonaises, and scarfs. The *chapeaux* are mostly trimmed with feathers shaded in green and white. The *capotes* are usually decorated with flowers; roses are in great request, either in wreaths alone, or mingled with mignonette or myrtle. Lace lined with crape is also highly fashionable both for *chapeaux* and *capotes*, I mean white lace. The favourite colours for the crape are cherry, and other lighter shades of red, and different shades of yellow. The garniture is composed of gauze ribbon, figured in the two colours, and accompanied with either feathers or flowers to correspond. India muslin *capotes* lined with pink crape are among the most novel creations of the month. The only trimming for a *capote* of this kind is a *voilette of point d'Angleterre* attached by a shaded taffetas ribbon. Fancy straw, hitherto confined to the promenade, is now admitted into half-dress. Some are trimmed with wreaths of fancy flowers, others with a single feather laid upon the brim, and half wreaths of roses in the interior. Straw colour of various shades, and lilacs are much in vogue for flowers and shaded feathers, but the former hue is in a majority. Some *chapeaux* that have just appeared are composed of white crape; the brim is trimmed with three *biais* of pink crape; the first is placed at the edge, the second in the middle, and the third round the bottom of the crown; a small bouquet of roses on the left side completes the trimming. The *capotes* are lined with blue or pink crape, and trimmed with *biais* of ribbon shaded in both hues. Crape *chapeaux* covered with *tulle bouillonnée* have lost nothing of their vogue. Some that have recently appeared, are trimmed with a new description of willow plumes; they are composed of the beards of marabouts, are very light, and shaded in the *caméléon* style. Silk *chapeaux*, though fashionable, are not so extensively seen as those I have already spoken of; a good many are trimmed with lace, which indeed is also employed for crape and rice straw. One of the prettiest garnitures of this

kind is composed of a long lappet disposed round the front of the *chapeaux*, partly on the crown and partly on the brim, in a new kind of *bouillonnée* in which a wreath of flowers is entwined: the end of the lappet descends in floating *brides*: tufts of flowers corresponding with those of which the wreath is composed, ornament each side of the interior of the brim.

Though our public promenades offer a great variety of summer *paletots*, *polonaises*, *mantes*, &c. &c., the majority rests with the scarfs. It must be owned, however, that some of these scarfs bear a strong family resemblance to the *mantelet*, which is now voted *hors de la mode*. It is very likely that black and white lace shawls, and those of white *barège*, will soon, in some degree, rival the scarfs. I have seen several white *barège* shawls embroidered in white *soutache*, and others trimmed with a new and very pretty kind of fringe, called *frange mossense*: it really presents a very good imitation of moss. The majority of the *paletots* are of shaded silk; they are drawn in at the back by a casing, and made with very large sleeves à la *Venitienne*. A good many of the *mantes* are composed of black lace; the others are of plain or shaded silk, but the latter is preferred. The *mante* is merely a short, round cloak, coming up to the throat, and sitting close round the shoulders, but increasing in circumference so as to be sufficiently wide at the bottom. Fancy trimmings continue their vogue for *polonaises*, *mantes*, &c. &c.: the most fashionable are the *passenterie lyrinthe*, the *points de Venise*, and the *frange mousseuse*. Lace is also very fashionable; more so, indeed, than any other kind of trimming. Ribbon *ruches*, and *garnitures à la vielle*, though not so much in vogue as they have been, are still adopted by many *élégantes*.

Silk robes are still in a majority in promenade dress, though I cannot say that it is a very large one, for muslin; *barège*, and other half-transparent materials, are also employed. The *redingote* form predominates in promenade dress. Those laced from the top of the *corsage* to the bottom of the skirt are in a majority. I have given you so many elegant models of these dresses, that I have nothing new to say respecting them. *Robes amazone* are also very much in vogue, and I think that those made quite in the habit style, with a jacket, are preferred. The *ceinture* is fastened in front by a long, narrow gold buckle, and the waist is drawn down to the greatest possible length. The *manche Isabelle* is a favourite sleeve for these robes; it sits close to the arm, but is laced up over an under sleeve composed of muslin, which puffs out between the lacings. *Passenterie* of different kinds, but principally that called *lyrinthe*, is employed for *redingotes* and *robes Amazone*; it is frequently mingled with small silk buttons. Some dresses are ornamented down the front with small gold buttons, wrought in open work, without any mixture of *passenterie*.

The *peignoir* is now in great vogue in morning dress, and is also a good deal adopted in *demi-toilette*. A good many of those for early morning costume are made *en blouse*; they are composed of cambric or striped muslin, and have the top of the



corsage frilled with Valenciennes lace. The upper part of the sleeve is disposed in small longitudinal plaits, which makes it sit nearly close to the arm, about half way to the elbow; it is moderately full from thence about half way down the fore arm, where it is again confined by plaits to the waist, and terminated by a Valenciennes lace ruffle. Those adopted in *demi-toilette* are composed of *orgundy* or India muslin; the former are always lined with pink, blue, or green Florence. They have the *corsages* made rather more than half high, and *en peignoir*, the sleeves are made easy, but not wide, and of the same width from the top to the bottom; they are not confined at the wrist, but are very full trimmed with lace; there are usually two rows, with an embroidery, not an *entre deux* between them. I should have observed, that the top of the *corsage* is also trimmed with lace and embroidery. In some instances, the skirts have no trimming; in others they are ornamented with deep tucks, surmounted by embroidery.

Silks, *tartatane*, muslin, and *mousseline de soie*, are all adopted in evening *négligé*, but the lighter materials are most in favour. I think that black *tulle* is coming into favour for evening robes; I have lately seen several dresses composed of it; they were to be worn over coloured silk dresses, and were trimmed with very deep flounces festooned at the edges with silk of the colour of the under dress. Silk robes, particularly those shot in green and gold colour, or green-only, are frequently trimmed with black lace flounces. Indeed these garnitures, I mean the *volants*, are in a very large majority. The effect is decidedly ungraceful, for certainly there was nothing wanting to increase the already enormous rotundity of skirts. A much prettier stile of trimming for *mousseline de soie* and *tartatane* robes is composed of *ruches* of gauze ribbon. The *corsages* of these robes are cut low, but moderately so; some are draped, others are laced up the front. The sleeves are in general demi-long, but if short they are not excessively so.

Coiffures en cheveux are not so much adopted as usual at this time of the year; caps and *demi-coiffures* are made at once so pretty and so youthful that they are adopted even by the youngest of our married *belles*. Caps are made round, short at the ears, and either without *brides* or with floating ones. Some of the most novel are composed of *tulle*, and trimmed with *ruches* of white and pink *tulle* placed alternately. Others are trimmed on one side with a small blonde lace scarf, and on the other with a full blown rose. A good many of the *demi-coiffures* are composed of ribbon arranged in a wreath of *coques* round the hind hair; a full knot of the same ribbon with long ends falling on one side of the throat, generally completes the *coiffure*, but a flower may be employed instead. Another style of *coiffure* very much in vogue is composed of a lace lappet, doubled and placed on one side of the head; the folds where it is doubled are retained by a knot of ribbon, and the two ends of the lappet, both falling on the other side, are looped by a half-blown rose with buds and foliage. The only change I have to announce to you in the colours *à la mode*, is the vogue that green enjoys at present. I think I have seen it in a greater

variety of shades than I ever before remember, it is also a great deal employed for shot silks.

Adieu, ma très chère amie!

Toujours Votre dévouée,

ADRIENNE DE M——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.

SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.—Robe of *foulard Pompadour* over one of India muslin: the latter has the *corsage* made quite high, and ornamented with embroidered *entre deux*. Long sleeve, demi-large at the upper part, but the fullness is confined below the elbow to the wrist by *entre deux*, each row terminated by a fall of lace corresponding with that which stands up round the top of the *corsage*. The skirt is trimmed with two embroidered flounces disposed in *dents de loup*. The *corsage* of the silk robe is low, very full draped in front, and tight at the back. Short sleeve finished by two *biais* set on full. The skirt is made sufficiently short to show the flounces of the under robe, and is trimmed with a single very deep flounce festooned round the edge. White crape *chapeau*, a round and moderately open shape, entirely covered by three falls of *point d'Angleterre*; a sprig of honeysuckle is placed upon the one that encircles the crown, and a smaller sprig decorates each side of the interior of the brim; a knot of white ribbon at the back and floating *brides* complete the garniture.

DRESS FOR A FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.—Robe *redingote* of *soie caméléon*: the *corsage*, disposed in a little fullness at each side of the front, is trimmed with a high *berthe* of Brussels lace, which forming a *cœur* at the upper part descends in a straight line to the waist, where it meets a double *nuntant* of the same lace descending in the form of a broken cone to the bottom of the skirt. Long tight sleeve, ornamented at the upper part in the *armlet* style with ribbon. Rice straw *chapeau*, a round open shape, the interior trimmed at each side with a half wreath of blush roses; the exterior is trimmed with a *bouquet* of long green feathers, formed of the beards of marabouts, attached on one side by a knot of white ribbon edged with green; *brides en suite* complete the garniture.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. *DEMI-TOILETTE*.—Pink *mousseline de soie* robe: the *corsage* is quite high behind, but partially open on the bosom, and is trimmed with a *ruche* of pink gauze ribbon. Long sleeve of *tartatane* of moderate width, and loose at the bottom; it is terminated by embroidery and a fall of lace; *mancheron* of *mousseline de soie*, edged with a *ruche*. The skirt is trimmed with two very deep flounces, each headed by a *ruche capote* of white *tulle* over white crape; a round shape; the interior of the brim trimmed at the sides with knots of pink gauze ribbon; the exterior decorated in a very light stile with *tulle* and white flowers.

No. 4. PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of pale *aventurine poulx de soie*; the *corsage* high behind, but very open on the bosom; the sides descending *en cœur* are bordered with *pussementerie*,

and laced half-way up with silk cord, displaying a high under *corsage* of cambric ornamented with *entre deux*. Cambric long sleeve, *demi-large*; that of the robe equally long at the back, and of moderate width, is loose at the hand, sloped in the centre, and bordered with *passementerie*. Italian straw *chapeau*, a round open brim lightly turned up, and edged with blue and white ribbon; floating *brides* of the same; the exterior is decorated with two round blue feathers. Scarf of black *filet de soie* trimmed with black lace.

NO. 5. DEMI-TOILETTE.—White *barege* robe; the *corsage* half high and tight to the shape, is made with a round lappel of two falls each bordered with *passementerie lyrrinthe*. Long sleeve tight to the arm, and composed of a succession of *biais*. The skirt is trimmed with two, each finished with *passementerie* in the same stile as the lappel. Rose-coloured crape *capote*: it is a drawn shape, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a *bouquet* formed of a rose, with a profusion of foliage.

PLATE THE SECOND.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—India muslin robe, the *corsage* made quite high, and fitting close to the shape, has the front entirely covered with embroidery. *Manche à la Henri III.*, with a turned-up cuff, and small *mancheron*, both embroidered. The front of the skirt is worked in a light but rich wreath, which rises in a *gerbe* in the centre. Castan of pale gold-coloured *poult de soie*; it is a three-quarter length, the skirt ample, the *corsage* full, high behind, but open on the bosom. Long sleeve falling over the hand, easy at top, but excessively wide at the bottom. *Ceinture*, tied in short bows, and long floating ends. The whole is bordered with a rouleau of blue *poult de soie*. White crape *chapeau*; a long brim, the interior trimmed with blue flowers, the exterior with a full bouquet of white ostrich feathers, shaded in pale gold colour; blue *brides* complete the garniture.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Robe of green and claret-coloured shot *poult de soie*; the *corsage* is a three-quarter height, tight to the shape, and round at top and bottom. The sleeve is tight to the arm, forming a reverse V at the lower part, and rather more than a three-quarter length, displaying in the opening and at the bottom a cambric under sleeve, the skirt is trimmed with two deep *biais*. Cambric *canecou* made quite up to the throat; the upper part is composed of embroidered *entre deux*, and full bands of cambric alternately, the lower is trimmed with four rows of Valenciennes lace. A succession of *coques* of rose ribbon decorate the centre of the front, and terminate in floating ends. Fancy straw *chapeau* lined with white *poult de soie*, a *demi-baisée* shape; the interior is trimmed with rose buds; the exterior with a long curled white and green-shaded ostrich feather.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

NO. 3. DEMI-TOILETTE.—Lilac striped silk robe, a half-high *corsage*, and long tight sleeve. India muslin *canecou*; the form is that of a high *corsage* and long tight sleeve, both composed of full bands of muslin placed longitudinally between embroidered *entre deux*, but with a broad embroidery in the centre of the breast. The top and bottom of the *canecou* are trimmed with lace;

ruffles to correspond. Rice straw *chapeau*; the interior is trimmed with a half-wreath of exotics and green *brides*; the exterior with a wreath of similar flowers, and a knot and ends of green ribbon.

NO. 4. LONDON PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of dark *pousière gros de Naples*; *corsage à l'Espagnole*, made quite high, slashed in the *cœur* form down the front, and descending in a point; the slashes are attached by wrought silver buttons. Long sleeve trimmed to correspond. Under *corsage* and sleeves of plaited cambric. Italian straw *chapeau*; the interior of the brim is trimmed with knots and *brides* of pink ribbon; the exterior with a rouleau, knots of white and cherry-coloured ribbon, and a bouquet formed of two damask roses and foliage.

NO. 5. MORNING DRESS.—Azure blue *barege* robe, half-high *corsage*, and long sleeve made with a little fulness lengthwise; the skirt is trimmed very high with two deep flounces, the upper one surmounted by a *ruche canecou en cœur* of embroidered cambric, made quite up to the throat, with a falling collar, and trimmed down the front by three knots of blue ribbon. White *poult de soie chapeau*, trimmed with green and white ribbon, and an *oiseau*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to be addressed to the Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all business is transacted.

ACCEPTED with many thanks: Viola; Summer by A—s P. Q. R.; Impressions of Beauty; X. Y. Z.; A. Z.

DECLINED with thanks: Elizabeth; Cleora; To Hope; Emily H. G.; A. J.; Monsieur Jean Borhwick, to whom we may hint that Philomel belongs to the last century, while we inform him that the paper to which he refers never reached the hands of the present Editress.

We are sorry Gertrude's poem is too irregular for our pages.

To avoid any mistake as well as unnecessary trouble to herself or chance contributors, the Editress wishes it to be understood that she cannot return or preserve short articles. When longer papers are declined, authors may recover their MSS. by expressing such a wish a few days previously to sending to the publisher for them; or, if they think it worth while to enclose an address with a sufficient number of postage stamps for the purpose, they shall be transmitted by post. The Editress however cannot undertake to preserve even prose articles with an uncertainty of their being claimed longer than one month from the announcement appearing that they are declined.

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THE END.

D U D U.

A KIND of sleepy Venus seem'd Dudù,
Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those
Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendant hue,
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose.
Few angles were there in her form, 'tis true:
Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce lose;
Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

She was not violently lively, but
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking:
Her eyes were not too sparkling; yet, half shut,
They put beholders in a tender taking:
She look'd (this simile's quite new) just cut
From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,
The mortal and the marble still at strife,
And timidly expanding into life.

* * * * *

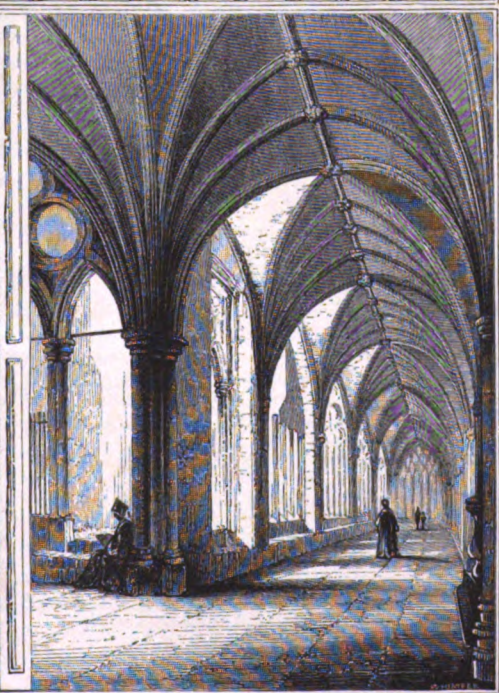
Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature;
Not very dashing, but extremely winning,
With the most regulated charms of feature,
Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning
Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature
Which they hit off at once, in the beginning
Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,
And, pleasing or unpleasing, still are like.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions, and so forth,
Which some call "the sublime;" I wish they'd try it:
I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,
And serious more than pensive, and serene,
It may be, more than either—not unholy
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have been.
The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was wholly
Unconscious, albeit turn'd of quick seventeen,
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;
She never thought about herself at all.

No. II.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
WESTERN TOWERS

HENRY VIIth CHAPEL.
CLOISTERS

THE NEW

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

AUGUST, 1844.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(*A Domestic Tale.*)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."
WORDSWORTH.

CHAP. VII.

The invitations for Lady Ida's ball were dispatched, giving full four weeks' notice; and no little amusement did Alfred and Emily Melford promise themselves, in quizzing the heterogeneous mass of quality, real and affected, whom they should succeed in mustering together. In vain did Lady Ida remonstrate against this flippancy, declaring that all whom they had invited should receive the same courtesy as titled guests. Her cousins would have their joke.

About a week after the invitations had been issued, Lady Ida received a note from Florence, stating that her mother had had an unusually severe attack of illness, and though she trusted all danger would pass away, as it had often done before, she dared not hope to take any part in the intended amusements. Trusting that Florence's natural anxiety had magnified her fears, Lady Ida answered this note in person; and though she could not succeed in making the young girl hopeful as herself, her kindly sympathy so far roused her drooping energies as to check the indulgence of sorrow to which she was perhaps too naturally prone, and made her feel no longer incapacitated from serving as well as watching the beloved invalid.

"Your mother will do so well, dearest Florence, I shall still have you to dance at my ball," was Lady Ida's playful farewell, after no short visit;

but Florence answered with a mournful shake of the head,

"Oh no, I do not think of it. If mamma is well enough to admit even the possibility of my coming, it will be quite happiness enough. Besides," she added, with a deep blush, but unable to control her own ingenuousness, "I am not like you, Lady Ida; I am my own sempstress on such occasions; and I have neither time nor inclination to give to such things now."

"Lady Ida kissed her blushing cheek, and simply saying, "you are a dear truthful girl, Florence, and need not blush so prettily about it," departed.

Days passed, and Mrs. Leslie slowly rallied; but Florence remained true to her own unselfish nature. She nursed her mother, cheered her father; wrote all the letters to Walter, that he might not be anxious; and superintended Minie's studies; so that the economy of their small, but happy household, should go on the same. And often did her father press her to his bosom, and declare she was indeed a comfort to them all. There was at such times that peculiar expression of sweet, though mournful, satisfaction on Mrs. Leslie's features which we have before noticed; and Florence would have wondered had she witnessed the agitation of her mother as Mr. Leslie, on her leaving the room, bent over the invalid's couch, and whispered fondly, "I have indeed secured a treasure in listening to your request, my best beloved. Oh that our own Minie may walk in her paths, and give us equal comfort."

Mrs. Leslie only pressed his hand convulsively, and seemed imploring him by her looks not to give utterance to the thought, however precious it might be.

"Nay, you are too morbidly sensitive on this point, love," he replied. "I wish I could understand your fear, and so soothe and remove it."

"You cannot, Edward," was the agitated reply; "it is peculiarly a woman's. You think of our sweet Florence as she is to us, to Walter, to Minie; to all with whom, as a child, she associates; but my fears look beyond. She must love; she may be loved, sought, asked for; and can we, dare we, permit her to enter the solemn engagement of marriage without revealing ——"

"Wait till the evil comes," interrupted her hus-

band, affectionately kissing her. "I have no such fearful apprehensions; and, even in such an alternative, would act as I do now, conscientiously believing there would be more virtue in so doing than in condemning one so pure and good to suffering and misery, which the truth, however softened, must produce."

The day before the eventful Thursday Mr. Leslie observed to his daughter, as he was going out after breakfast, "Your mother is so much better, my dear girl. You will go with me to Lady Ida's ball, will you not?"

"I cannot, dear papa."

"But I am sure your mother would prefer having only Minnie for a companion for a few hours than that you should lose so great a pleasure."

"I know she would, papa. Mine is quite a feminine reason, so pray do not laugh at me. I have no proper dress, and I could not be so disrespectful to Lady Ida as to appear plainly attired."

"But, my dear child, why have you not a dress?"

"Because I was too premature in my preparations, and so am punished for my vanity. I knew of this ball a full fortnight before the invitations were given, and to be quite ready I destroyed a dress, that might in an extremity have done, to make use of the beautiful lace which was on it for another. That other I have not had time to make, and so you see, dear papa, I am compelled to stay at home."

"But why not get it made, my Florence? Surely you do not imagine I could grudge you such an indulgence."

"No, papa. If I had thought so perhaps I would have been tempted to think only of myself; but I knew I had but to ask and have, and so it was easy not to ask. And then, the first fortnight I really did not think at all about it; and I was still much too anxious when I saw mamma getting better. I own I did wish it were possible to have my dress ready, but then I knew I could not make it without neglecting Minnie and Walter, and perhaps even mamma; and I would not expose myself to such a temptation. No, dear papa, I shall be much happier at home on Thursday night than going to St. John's, with the recollection of so many duties unperformed."

"I quite believe you, my sweet child; but still I grieve you did not come to me. Did you never think of such a thing?"

"Oh yes, more than once; but how could I tease you with such a trifle when you were so anxious about mamma; and I know Walter's being from home increases your expenses very materially; and you look so careworn sometimes. Why, the ball were not worth the pain it would have been for you to fancy your Florence regardless of these things."

"You are careful of every one, everything but yourself, my child. Would I had thought of this before, for I cannot bear you should lose such a pleasure. Is it too late now?"

"Quite, quite too late, papa; so do not be so cruel as to turn tempter," replied Florence, smiling and throwing her arms round his neck to

kiss him; then bounding from the room to conceal that, in spite of all her assurances, in spite of even the still small voice of conscience sounding again and again "You have done your duty, be happy Florence;" still, child as she was in feeling, in enjoyment (perhaps we should not say child, for youth is far more susceptible of the pleasure of life than childhood), Florence was disappointed, and very painfully.

When under the first excitement of conquering inclination, that duty should triumph, there is an infused strength even in trifles such as these; but there never yet was any such self-conquest which was wholly joy, as some good but cold-hearted people declare. There is generally a revulsion of feeling, occasioning a doubt as to whether or not we need have acted as we have done; and then, as all excitement overstrains the nervous system, the blood flows less equally, and affects us mentally, so that depression and dissatisfaction for a while too often follow even a duty done. And so it was with our young heroine; she felt all she had told her father, but now the tormenting thought would come, that perhaps she could have attended to her duties and gone to the ball also; and that she had made a sacrifice, and rejoiced in her strength to do so, when there was really no necessity for it. She was weary too; for her mother's illness, and her own multiplied duties, had prevented her customary daily walks and mental recreation; and her head ached—that gnawing, nervous pain, so difficult to bear because it is not bad enough to complain of, or do anything to relieve. And so our poor Florence was weak enough, when quite alone, to indulge in a hearty fit of tears; but this was not of long continuance; she very soon conquered what she felt was selfish folly, and hastened down to their little study to attend to her sister's impatient call, and superintend her morning lessons.

But Florence was not to be steadily employed that day; Lady Ida came to inquire after Mrs. Leslie as usual, to introduce her particular friend Lady Mary Villiers to the pretty cottage and its interesting inmates, and to carry off Florence for a drive. The pure fresh air, the beautiful country, the freedom from care, and above all the intellectual rest and enjoyment springing from the society of refined and accomplished minds; all did the young girl good, and caused her to converse with her natural liveliness and animation.

"You are right, Ida; Miss Leslie is worthy of your interest; even I allow it," said Lady Mary, when Florence left them; "but I am sorry you have made her love you; widely separated as you must be in so short a time."

"I am not going to remain in Italy for ever, Mary; so why should not my interest in Florence continue?"

"Because I have no faith in an interest such as this continuing through time and separation. It is not absence which severs friends, but changes in heart, and mind, and position. You cannot return to England as you leave it; you will have new ties, new interests, which must weaken former ones."

"You believe, then, that absence is really what

some poet, I think, called it, 'the grave of love?'"

"No; but that it is very often the grave of sympathy—not with those whose spheres of action and position are the same, as ours are; but fancy you and Florence both in London a few years hence—with interests, duties, occupations, each as distinct as one planet from another. What can you be to her but a source of yearning and of pain?"

"I cannot tell you at this moment, Mary, but time will show. You know I have many strange fancies, and one is that women do not do half as much as they might do for each other; they are too often influenced by such petty jealousies, distraction, envy—things I abhor. I may still be Florence's friend, even in London, and widely severed in position, as you say we shall be. Now do not look so solemnly incredulous; all things are possible if we would but think so, and exert some degree of energy in bringing them about."

CHAP. VIII.

The eventful night at length arrived. Mr. Leslie, who had received an invitation from Lord Melford to dine with some other gentlemen at St. John's, went; but all his intended enjoyment was clouded because Florence could not join him. Mrs. Leslie was yet more grieved, reproaching herself for never having thought what Florence might need; forgetting, now that she was almost as well as usual, all the deeply anxious thoughts which had engrossed her, when she anticipated death—anxiety, not for herself, for her trust was fixed on the Rock of ages. But she was a wife and mother; she knew her husband's causes of anxiety almost better than he did himself; and there was one care, peculiarly her own, which rendered the idea of death one of intense suffering; for Minie and Walter it was simply the thought of separation; but for Florence, the most incongruous, the most mysterious emotions were concentrated in one feeling of anxious anguish, which none but her God could penetrate and soothe.

With such reflections, united to intense bodily pain and prostrating weakness, it was no matter of wonder that Lady Ida's ball and the necessary arrangements for Florence should have entirely escaped her memory till it was too late for the evil to be remedied. The disappointment itself she knew was of no real consequence; but Mrs. Leslie was not one of those harshly-nurtured spirits who trample on the sweet flowers of youthful life without one remorseful pang; she knew how soon, how very soon the lovely buds fade of themselves; and she trembled lest harsher duties should demand in Florence the crushing of youth and all its dreams years before their time. And so full of regret was her caressing manner that evening that Florence, even had she felt any remaining depression, would have effectually concealed it; but the sweet reward of duty was once more her own, and, animated and gay, she speedily proved that the sacrifice was absolutely nothing—when compared to her mother's comfort and enjoyment.

It was the first evening Mrs. Leslie had left her

chamber, and resumed her couch in the sitting-room, an event inexpressibly cheering to Florence, who always declared the house was desolate when her mother was up-stairs. Once more the sweet carol of Minie's voice enlivened the evening hours; song after song poured forth from the child's lips, with a sweetness, a richness, a purity absolutely thrilling. It was eight o'clock when they closed the pianoforte, and Florence, petitioning a longer vigil for Minie, opened Miss Austin's entertaining "Mansfield Park," and began, at her mother's wish, to read it aloud.

They had been thus employed about half-an-hour, when a carriage drove up to the gate, and a respectable old dame who had been Minie's nurse, and continued the humble friend of the family, bustled into the apartment, with a comical look of pleasant intelligence, which excited the curiosity, not only of the two girls but of Mrs. Leslie herself. No answer to the varied queries, however, would nurse Wilmot vouchsafe, but she deliberately drew forth a note and presented it to Florence, who, with an exclamation of astonishment, tore it open and read as follows:—

"Your father tells me, my dear Florence, that your mother is quite well enough for you to leave her to-night, and I have therefore sent my carriage for you, and must insist on your donning bonnet and shawl, and coming just as you are. William has orders to bring you to the side entrance, where you know a private staircase leads to my rooms. Do not be frightened at the string of carriages which may throng the front door; your path will be quite invisible. Go directly into my dressing-room, where you will find Alice with all the necessaries for your toilette, and I will come for you when it is completed. I send your dear old nurse, Mrs. Wilmot, who will remain with your mother till to-morrow evening, that you may leave her without any apprehension, for of course you sleep at the hall. Now do not stay to hesitate; I will never forgive you if you disobey me.

"IDA."

"Necessaries for my toilet! What can she mean? I have not a single dress at St. John's," was the bewildered speech of Florence, as she concluded; and then, as the real truth seemed to flash upon her through Mrs. Leslie's fond, rejoicing look, she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and burst into tears. But the wild delight of Minie, who, clapping her hands and jumping about the room, insisted that Florence was very foolish to cry, and make her eyes red, when she ought only to be glad, and Mrs. Leslie's caressing sympathy, soon removed all trace of these incomprehensible tears; and hastily shawled and bonneted by the active care of Mrs. Wilmot, who gossiped all the time of the beautiful things she had seen at St. John's, where she had been since six o'clock, and the kind care of Alice, and the affability of Lady Ida, and how kindly she had spoken of Miss Florence, with an endless &c., Florence was soon ensconced in the carriage, and rolling rapidly to St. John's. It seemed a shorter ride than usual, for her thoughts were very busy,

and excessive timidity struggled with pleasure. Alice, with provident kindness, had stationed herself ready to receive and conduct her with all speed to her lady's dressing-room.

True dignity was never yet attended by insolence or presumption. Alice had been an inmate of the late Lord Edgemere's family for above eight-and-twenty years, and every year increased her devotion for the gentle being whose birth she had witnessed, and whom she had tended from her youth. All whom Lady Ida honoured with her regard became objects of interest to herself.

Florence was speedily attired in the graceful robe of India muslin, so transparent in its delicate texture as to display the pure white satin folds beneath; the tiny slippers to correspond; the delicate white glove; and every article fitting so admirably, and made so simply, in such perfect accordance with her age and station, that Florence's peculiarly sensitive mind could only feel relieved. Her beautiful hair received a new grace and polish from the skilful hand of Alice; a single white camellia, with its drooping bud, plucked fresh for the occasion, gleamed like a star amid those jetty tresses so purely, so freshly beautiful, it seemed fit emblem of the gentle girl whom it adorned. A chain of beautiful workmanship, with its Sevigné and suspended Maltese cross, the centre of which, as the Sevigné, was simply yet elegantly set with valuable emeralds, was her only ornament; and even from this Florence sensitively shrunk, asking kindly if Lady Ida particularly wished her to wear it. She need not, Alice said, if she did not like; but, as it was intended as a keepsake from her lady to Miss Leslie, she thought Lady Ida would be disappointed if it were not worn; and, touching a spring in the cross as she spoke, a locket was disclosed, containing a braid of dark chesnut hair, with the letters F. L. from I. V. delicately engraved upon it. The eyes of Florence again glistened, but she made no further objection to having it secured round her throat, playfully answering Alice's unchecked admiration of her appearance by the assurance that it must be all her care, and Lady Ida's kindness, which had caused her to look well, that her own proper self had nothing to do with it whatever.

Unconsciously she remained standing opposite the large pier-glass when Alice had departed, thinking far more of the kindness she had received than of her own graceful figure and sweetly expressive face, of whose real charm she was in truth totally ignorant, for she knew she was not beautiful; and that she possessed intellect and sensibility enough to make a far plainer face attractive, was equally unknown.

"Well, Florence, have I done for you as well as you could have done for yourself?" was the playful address which roused her from her reverie; and, springing forward, Florence could only exclaim, "Oh, Lady Ida, why are you so kind?"

"Why, dearest, because it is a real pleasure to think for those who never think of themselves; and just now, that my pleasures are so limited, you must not grudge me this. Now do not look at me half sorrowfully when I mean you to be the very happiest person in the ball-room to-night;

you are as awe-struck at my diamonds and satin robe, as you were when I first came down because I was an earl's daughter. You little simpleton; my rank may be somewhat higher, but what do I exact then—only obedience in all things even to the keeping and wearing that chain and cross for my sake, without any pride in that haughty little spirit rising up against it."

"Haughty! dear Lady Ida? Do not say so."

"Indeed I will, for you know it to be truth; but come, for I must not be missed from the ball-room. Emily's last note told you, did it not? that the idea of *tableaux* was given up till another night, as being incompatible with my uncle's dinner and the ball; so you see you must play your part still, notwithstanding you thought to eschew it so nicely."

Re-assured, happy beyond all expression, even her timidity soothed by Lady Ida's caressing manner, Florence laughingly replied; and they proceeded to the splendidly lighted suite of rooms whence the alternate quadrille and waltz were most inspiringly sounding. It was the surpassing loveliness, the peculiarly quiet air of real aristocratic dignity, the absence of all, even the faintest approach to affectation or display in Lady Ida, which had struck the eager heart of the young Florence with even more than usual respect, impressing her—as Ida's quick penetration had discovered, even at such a moment of pleasure—with the sorrowful conviction how widely they must be eventually separated by their respective stations.

CHAP. IX.

As Lady Ida and her companion entered the ante-chamber, into which the ball-room opened, a young man, or rather lad, for his open collar and round jacket permitted him no higher title, though an elegant figure and remarkably handsome face rendered him a general object of attraction, hastily pressed forward.

"Frank!" said Lady Ida, greatly surprised, "why, where have you dropped from? I am really glad to see you, and to-night particularly."

"Your ladyship honours me," was the buoyant reply, with a very graceful bow. "I only arrived two hours ago, and found all the hotel in commotion and excitement, because of the Lady Ida Villiers's ball. I ventured, on the plea of old acquaintance, both with Lady Melford and yourself, to come without invitation. Am I excused?"

"Excused and welcome, Frank, as you well know. Where is your father?"

"In Paris still; but as it is the season of merry Easter in my grave quarters, I vowed I would turn truant, and visit my friends in England. After a struggle I gained my point, and finding most of my best friends in Devonshire, followed them, and here I am."

"And as you have come in a time of festivity, we shall all be doubly glad to see you. Florence, will you honour this friend of mine for the next quadrille? But I forget you do not know each other—Miss Leslie, Mr. Francis Howard. That is etiquette, is it not? Now be as agreeable as

you *can* be, Frank, in return for Miss Leslie's condescension."

The young man laughed gaily, seeming not at all ill pleased with the introduction, his eyes having lingered admiringly on Florence all the time he spoke to Lady Ida.

"Lady Melford?" whispered Florence. "Will it not be rude if I do not seek her first?"

"I will make your excuse. It will be easier for you to find a place in the quadrille than my aunt at present," was the reply. "Frank, bring Miss Leslie to me when your dance has been accomplished."

"How am I to find your ladyship?—by a treble file of *cavaliers dévoués*, suing your hand for all the quadrilles of the evening?"

"No, you foolish boy. I am a staid, sober matron for this evening, not intending to dance at all."

"Not dance!" exclaimed young Howard and Florence in such genuine surprise as to excite Lady Ida's mirth.

"Not dance, my young friends. Now away with you both, for my will is like an ocean rock, not to be shaken."

Lady Ida stood a moment, silently watching the effect that Florence Leslie's unexpected appearance would produce; not a little pleased that the purse-proud Oakland family were standing so near as not only to have seen Florence's *début*, leaning familiarly on her arm, but to hear all that had passed, even her final command to young Howard to bring Florence to her after the dance.

"Did you hear that?" whispered Miss Maria to Miss Elizabeth. "Well to be sure!—titled ladies are easily pleased. Who could have thought of that poor proud Florence getting into such favour?"

"And look what a beautiful chain and cross she has," was Miss Elizabeth's reply. "I did not think her worth such a thing; but her dress, who ever heard of any one coming to such a ball as this in plain white muslin? But of course, poor thing, she could not afford any thing better!" And she looked with yet greater satisfaction on her own amber-coloured satin, flounced and furbelowed to the knee.

An irresistible smile stole to Lady Ida's lip as these whispered remarks reached her ear, half longing for them to know that it was her own much vaunted taste they were decrying; and, scarcely able to meet with her wonted courtesy the eager cringing speeches with which, as she passed them, they saluted her.

Some, however, there were who were really glad to see Florence, and amiable enough to forgive the favour she enjoyed; nay more, to remark how well she looked, and to witness without envy Emily Melford's joyous greeting, and to see the young men of the Hall approach with eagerly extended hand, and claim her successively as their partner; while others lost half the pleasure, the triumph of being invited by Lady Ida Villiers to a ball because Florence Leslie was there too, and evidently in high favour. Alas! for poor human nature.

"Will you come with me, Mr. Leslie? I have a lovely flower I want to show you," said Lady

Ida playfully, laying her hand on that gentleman's arm, as he stood talking with her uncle, and other gentlemen, at some distance from the dancers.

"Willingly," he replied, observing, as he offered her his arm, that he thought the conservatory lay in an opposite direction.

"So it does, my dear sir; but it is not your love of flowers I am going to gratify just now; unless you can find any charm in a white camellia wreathed in a fair maiden's hair! The flower I mean has just accepted Frederic's arm. Do you know her? Or shall I introduce you?"

"Florence!" exclaimed the delighted father, in a tone that gratified all Lady Ida's benevolent intentions most completely. "And looking so well—so happy! What magic has your ladyship used?"

"Wait till I give you Florence back again: I intend to tell you nothing, now, nor will I permit her. It is enough you are satisfied that my power is more efficient than you thought. You may greet your father Florence, but that is all I permit now," she added gaily, as, escorted both by Frederic Melford and Frank Howard, Florence hastily approached.

"Ida! what can you want with Miss Leslie? If you are so determined not to dance, at least lay no prohibition on her; but here is Frank—troublesome fellow—will not give her up to me till he has given her back to you; and she says she cannot till she has spoken with my mother."

"Well, I promise you I will not detain her long. Go, and pay your *devoirs* to some other lady, and come back for her after the next dance. There is a waltz, fortunately for you; so since Florence does not waltz, you can spare her."

"The next, then, remember, Miss Leslie?" Florence laughingly assented.

"And after Melford and his brother, may I claim again?" asked young Howard earnestly.

"I believe I am engaged."

"The next, then?"

Florence assented with a bright smile. Howard bowed and retreated.

"What! you will have such compassion on Frank's round jacket and open collar, as to honour him twice, when so many dress-coats are round you, Florence? You really are a novice. Emily would abuse your bad taste," laughingly observed Lady Ida.

"Oh, he is so agreeable; he knows so much about Paris and Italy—dear Italy! Besides, indeed, I scarcely think about my partners; dancing is so delightful in itself: though certainly, when they are so pleasant as Mr. Howard and your cousins, it is more delightful still."

"And so you forgive the round jacket?"

"Because it is the only part of the boy about him."

"I admire your discrimination; he is much more worth talking to than many double his age. His father, Lord Glenville, is a strange, stern man, and I often pity Frank's domestic trials; but his gay spirit carries him through them all, and he is happy in spite of them."

Lady Melford received her most kindly, making many inquiries after her mother, which enabled

Florence to overcome the diffidence she felt, as she encountered so many inquiring glances, not from Lady Melford's resident guests alone, but of many proud families in the neighbourhood, who generally passed her with very supercilious notice. The benevolent countenance of Lady Edgemere attracted her at once, and so pleased was she with that lady's flattering notice and encouraging conversation, that she was almost sorry when Frederic Melford came to claim her.

"So you will not follow Mary's example, Ida? On my honour I feel inclined to scold you even now," said Lord Edgemere, in a later part of the evening, as cavalier after cavalier approached his former ward, entreating her to dance, and each received the same courteous but firm reply. "All my powers of oratory, Mary's of persuasion, Lady Edgemere's of argument, your uncle's of satire, your aunt's of irritation, your cousin's of torment—have all been exhausted in vain. You laugh at my lengthy catalogue—how unfeeling, triumphing over this waste of breath! Ida, what a report I will write Edmund! Now, there is the smile vanished, as if his very name demanded the banishment of joy. You little incomprehensible enigma, when shall I solve you?"

"Will not his name solve my reason for not dancing?" inquired Lady Ida, in a voice so low and quivering, that Lord Edgemere, even while he answered jestingly, pressed the delicate hand which rested on his arm.

"Truly it will not, for Edmund loved to watch your graceful movements in the dance, even when he could not join in it himself."

"And while I am dancing, listening, perhaps, to a dozen unmeaning speeches, attracting the attention of every eye, because, of course, as Lady Ida Villiers, I might not hope to go through a crowded quadrille unremarked—he may be ill, and in lonely sorrow, the void in his faithful heart unfilled, even by his most-loved studies, dreaming of me, and my promise to be his alone! And should I be fulfilling this promise, attracting the notice, the applause of a crowd? Oh, Lord Edgemere, is it strange that I cannot dance?" She spoke with strong, though suppressed emotion, and Lord Edgemere at once entered into her feelings. Quickly recovering, she said cheerfully, "You will ask me, with these feelings, why I gave the ball at all? Because I could not bear to be so selfish as to refuse Emily such a trifle; and those who paid me such continued attention, certainly demanded some return."

"You have done very wisely, my dear Ida. To conciliate is so infinitely more agreeable than to offend, that it is worth some sacrifice of individual will. You have gratified many; soothed, perhaps offended pride; given scope to kindly feelings—"

"I fear to unamiable ones too," interposed Lady Ida.

"Perhaps so; for when was there a ball whose ordeal every one could pass unscathed? Yet still there appears to me a larger share of happiness in these rooms than in some of our crowded assemblies in London. I am sure, if ever face spoke

truth, there is one person perfectly happy; look at Miss Leslie now."

In the midst of a gay throng Florence was standing, listening, and sometimes joining in the merry conversation of Emily Melford and her attendant beaux, with such sparkling animation lighting up every feature that it was impossible to pass her unremarked. Just at the moment that Lord Edgemere had directed Lady Ida's attention towards her, one of Strauss's most inspiring waltzes struck up, and several couples were instantly formed.

"Come Florence, one turn—only one; have pity on Alfred, who has been asking you so long; and he is no stranger. You may waltz with him," entreated Emily, ere she departed with her partner, and her brother was not slow to follow up the hint.

"You really must waltz, Miss Leslie; it will be a treat to have a genuine lover of dancing to waltz with. You say you love dancing, and yet not waltz; indeed you do not know what dancing is—ask Emily—ask Lady Mary."

"Will she stand firm?" whispered Lord Edgemere to his companion, as Florence, shrinking back, entreated to be excused, resisting even Emily's declaration, that she did not know how ridiculous she appeared refusing to do what every body else did.

"You know you can waltz, Florence," she persisted, "and much better than I do."

"Then it is not incapacity, Miss Leslie; indeed you have no excuse. Is not that music enough to inspire you—even were you fainting with fatigue?"

"Indeed it is; and I assure you I am not in the least fatigued. I own I have waltzed in sport very often, but not here—not now indeed—indeed Mr. Melford you must excuse me."

"But why, Florence? I assure you it is quite an English dance now. There is not the least shadow of harm in it," interposed Lady Mary. But Florence was firm, and carried her point, although Alfred Melford declared he would leave her alone as a punishment, as a post for the waltzers, instead of taking her to a *chaperon*; and he knew she would not have courage to go by herself.

"You will do no such thing, Alfred; for Florence is my charge, and I am here to redeem it," interposed Lady Ida, coming forward; and Florence clung to her arm with such an expression of relief that young Melford laughed immoderately, a laugh in which he was joined as gaily by herself.

"Oh, if Ida upholds you in your perverseness, Miss Florence, there is no hope; so I will make my parting bow, and vanish," he said, and darted off to join the waltzers with some less scrupulous partner.

"I give you joy of your conquest, Miss Leslie," said Lord Edgemere, smiling kindly. "If incapacity and subsequent real disinclination, had incited your firmness, you would have achieved no conquest at all; but when principle triumphs over inclination, I honour it, even in such a small thing as a waltz."

Florence blushed deeply, but not with pain; wondering how Lord Edgemere could so exactly have divined the truth—for no true lover of dancing (if such a person in these days of art can be found) ever yet listened to an inspiring waltz, without the longing desire to join in it.

"Do you waltz, Lady Ida?" she asked.

"Not very often; I have done so when it would have seemed greater affectation to refuse, than love of display to do so. But I am not very fond of it; it is an exercise too exciting, too absorbing, ever to be a favourite amongst genuine English women; and with your passionate love of dancing, Florence, you are right to resist all persuasions, and not waltz. All Emily's sage resolutions to that effect have, I perceive, melted into air. I am glad you are firmer."

Florence was satisfied.

To enter into all the delights of the ball would be impossible. Suffice it that to far the greater number within those halls, it was perfect enjoyment. Nothing seemed wanting; even the most exacting were satisfied, nay charmed with the attention they received from their distinguished hostess and Lady Ida.

Lady Ida left her memory as a bright star in the hearts of every one present, various as were their dispositions, their characters, and feelings. "What availed such 'golden opinions' from those she might never meet again?" the sceptic and the selfish may demand. Little in actual deed; but much, much in that account where the smallest act of kindness and benevolence is registered for ever.

Pleasures, however transporting, unhappily cannot last. No chain—be it of gold, or pearl, or flowers—can bind the stubborn wings of time, and bid him loiter on his way. He spurns the fetter, darkly, sternly, rushing on; and bright indeed must be the joys which fade not beneath his step. The festive scene at length closed. Not indeed till the blue light of morning struggled to regain dominion over the earth. Carriage after carriage rolled from the gates, bearing with them for the most part memories of pleasure often recalled with a sigh; until at last, Lord Melford's family and their resident guests remained sole occupants of St. John's.

CHAP. X.

Believing with the wise personage, who wrote, said, or left as legacy, the sage adage that

"Trifles make the sum of human life;"

and also, that it is in trifles, infinitely clearer than in great deeds, that the actual character is displayed, we have lingered, perhaps too long, on the first part of our narrative, hoping that our readers may feel some interest in, and judge somewhat of the character of, our youthful heroine; destined ere the sober grey of life came on, to figure in widely different scenes.

The perfect happiness of Florence, she herself knew, must very soon be clouded; and she roused every unselfish feeling of her nature to save her

from weak repining, or fretful regret. Early in May, Lord Melford's family were to quit St. John's. This, though a privation (for Florence liked Emily, in spite of the wide dissimilarity of their characters and tastes), was one easily borne compared to the severer trial awaiting her in the departure of Lord Edgemere's party towards the end of April, taking Lady Ida Villiers with them.

"Remember, Florence, if it should happen that in anything you need me, if my friendship or influence can be of any service to you, write to me without scruple," had been Lady Ida's parting address, in a tone of sincerity which Florence never forgot. "You are very young, but with such a mother your character will not change; and if I meet again the Florence Leslie whom I leave, trust me you will find me still the same, however the kind world may tell you that our respective ranks place an insuperable barrier between us."

Florence had tried to smile, but found the effort vain.

Lady Ida departed—and oh! how sad and lonely did every pursuit and pleasure, for a brief while, seem. But she had gone to happiness; and though when Florence received a few hurried lines from her, telling her she was on the eve of quitting England, and in a very few weeks expected to join Mr. St. Maur, who was already at Nice, the consciousness of the many miles of sea and land dividing them, pressed heavily on her affectionate heart, she could and did rejoice that the time of probation was at an end, and Lady Ida might indeed be happy with him whom she so faithfully and devotedly loved.

From Emily Melford, who was her constant correspondent, she heard all further particulars of the happy termination of the voyage and journey; and next of her marriage, for St. Maur was so wonderfully recovered there was no occasion for further delay; and then, by degrees, of their fixing their residence for some few years in a beautiful villa in the neighbourhood of Rome, and that they were as happy as mortals might be.

Not long after Lady Ida left Devonshire, some changes took place in Florence Leslie's domestic life, which must not be passed unnoticed. We have said or hinted, that Mr. Leslie was not a rich man. Nay, for the rank which his birth and education entitled him to fill, he was decidedly poor. Some few months before Lady Ida came to Devonshire, a friend had brought to his recollection a long-neglected law-suit, which had been commenced by the grandfather of Mr. Leslie for the recovery of an estate, which it was generally supposed had been alienated from the family by some chicanery of the supposed heir and his lawyer.

William Leslie, the person then concerned, died, before much more than preliminaries had been arranged. His son, an easy country gentleman, satisfied with the moderate fortune he possessed, never even examined the papers left to his charge, leaving his son, at his death, if not affluent, at least a comfortable competence. With the present Mr. Leslie, however, business had been unfortunate; and he retired to Devonshire, in compliance with the wishes of his wife, to economize, till

Walter's dawning manhood might require their home to be in London.

He had sometimes heard his father speak of an estate which ought to be their own, but regarded it little, until just before the opening of our tale. The estate became again without a master, and many old friends of Mr. Leslie urged his putting forth his claims, as well as those of the supposed heir-at-law. Mr. Leslie was so far ambitious, that for the interest of his children he would have done and risked much; and eagerly seeking the long forgotten papers, he employed himself actively in looking for a lawyer, of sufficient skill and probity, to undertake the delicate business. In vain Mrs. Leslie, far more clear-sighted than himself, entreated him to forego his claims. It appeared to her, from the papers of the former lawsuit, which she had attentively perused, that their claims were not merely remote but unfounded; or at least, not so well authenticated and proved as to ensure success. She reminded him of the expense which the carrying on the suit must occasion; she entreated him, with all the eloquence of affection, to remain contented with their present mode of life. They were not like others, absolutely dependent on exertion or some lucky chance for sufficiency. They needed economy for a few years, certainly; but they had capital, which, if not drained by unnecessary calls, would amply provide for their daughters, and settle Walter in business, where he might carve out his own fortune; a far happier lot than awaited those to whom fortune descended without exertion or ambition of their own. Mr. Leslie might have been convinced, had there not been those troublesome meddlers, misnamed friends, who spoke of henpecked husbands, and the egregious folly of having competence and wealth and distinction awaiting them, yet failing in the mental courage and independent spirit for the exertion necessary to obtain them.

These arguments had a powerful advocate in Mr. Leslie's own inclination. There was much, he felt convinced, in his son beyond what met the common eye, and he shrunk from binding him to mere mechanical employment; for him, beyond even the interests of his daughters, he longed for wealth, that Walter's uncommonly gifted mind might have scope to develop itself, and that those higher spheres of employment to which his inclination prompted might be pursued, without the cold and sordid calculations which inevitably attend mere competence.

There was much in these considerations nearly and sadly to affect Mrs. Leslie. Yet she urged that, economically as they at present lived, this same end might still be accomplished; entreating him to recollect that Walter's interests might be far more irretrievably wrecked by the loss of the suit, and its attendant heavy drains on their little capital. But Mr. Leslie never dreamed of loss. He felt so convinced in his own mind of the justice of his claims, so fully persuaded, that all the necessary expenses would be but as dust in the balance compared to the possession of a rich and unencumbered estate, that he laughed aside all her fears, declaring that the papers had been examined by an exceedingly clever lawyer, and pronounced as quite

sufficient to authorize his claims, and in his hands accordingly the suit was placed.

We must pass lightly over the next few years in the life of our heroine, mentioning only those circumstances necessary for the clear elucidation of our narrative.

Florence Leslie was not a character to fall from the promise of high and noble virtue which the early age of seventeen had appeared to give. The impression of Lady Ida's faultless qualities and most endearing character could not fade from an imagination ardent as her own. It was continually before her eyes, inciting her to many of those trifling acts of self-denial and moral strength, which might otherwise have been unperformed.

At seventeen a girl's character is seldom fully formed. It is the first opening of life; its first susceptibility of enjoyment; its first consciousness of power, of feeling, of perfect happiness, unalloyed even by those whisperings of our innate corruption, to which we only awake by degrees. All things seem as bright, as fond, as innocent, as our own minds: love! love breathes around us in nature as in man: we see nothing of the universal curse, but all of the universal love! We may hear of sin and suffering, but they are things afar off, and of little moment. Some deem childhood the happiest season of life; but oh! surely it is youth.

Childhood is but a dream, containing, indeed, the germs of after being, not the flowers themselves. It is the threshold of spring, but not spring itself. No! spring, like youth, comes in the sudden flood of sunshine—kindles with magic touch the senseless seed into the fragrant flower—converts the laughter of the moment into the deeper smile of the heart—the weary toil of task and restraint into the springy freedom, the buoyant hope, the bright unfading glory of life—awakened, beautiful existence!

But even as it is the season of guilelessness, of joy, of good that thinketh no evil, so is it of impression. The heart and mind, like wax, are moulded to whatever form the hand of affection points; and happy is it for those whose first friendships, whose early associations, are with those capable of impressing there nothing but the good. We are writing generally; but perhaps it is only to those peculiarly ardent and clinging dispositions of which Florence Leslie was one, to whom these remarks are applicable. There are girls, even of seventeen, so wrapt in self, that the material of the heart is of stone instead of flesh; and others again are content to flutter through the brief period of existence, with neither strength of impulse nor power of imagination, and consequently laugh at all things which speak of thought or feeling.

Gradually the character of Florence deepened—her intellect expanded; and as the girl merged into the woman if her wild and joyous spirits were in part subdued, there was a truth, a firmness of principle, a powerful sense of religion, a yet deeper capability of *suffering* and *enduring*, which, to those capable of appreciating, or even of understanding her, would have rendered her at twenty still more deserving of love. But Emily Melford was right. It did, indeed, appear as if by the encouragement of these lofty and glowing feelings, her

CHAP. XI.

doom was to stand alone, to meet with none to whom she could lay bare her whole heart; with few who did not smile at aught of sentiment or action higher than was common; and so at length it was only within her own circle that Florence Leslie was really known.

There was one person, however, who, though a stern, forbidding aspect, prevented many from thinking aloud before her, could yet (strange to say), afford to love, and had sense to appreciate our youthful heroine. This was a Mrs. Rivers, a distant relation of Mr. Leslie, with whom intercourse had been continually kept up, which was more intimately renewed some little time after Lady Ida's departure.

The peculiarly chilling character of this lady had been formed by a most extraordinary train of deceit and falsehood in persons whom she had loved and trusted. From having been one of the most affectionate and most confiding beings, she became the coldest and most forbidding—from trusting all, she trusted none; not at least in appearance, for it was shrewdly suspected that a young girl whom she had adopted, and to whom it was supposed she would leave all her property, which was considerable, possessed her affections in the warmest degree. This orphan, by name Flora Leslie, was the only remaining relative of Mr. Leslie who bore his name: relative, indeed, she could hardly be called, as their cousinship was five or six degrees removed, though the similarity of name often caused the supposition of a much nearer consanguinity.

The residence of Mrs. Rivers was near Winchester, and thither Florence was repeatedly invited as a companion to Flora, with whom, however, she speedily found she had not a thought in common; finding much more to excite her interest and affection in Mrs. Rivers herself. To her she was so invariably attentive and respectful, that the lady might have descended from her pedestal of coldness and pride, and trusted once again, had she not still feared to find those endearing qualities deceitful as before. That Flora Leslie was of a most unamiable temper, possessing a remarkable scarcity of attractive or endearing qualities, was her safeguard in the opinion of Mrs. Rivers, particularly as the young lady had hypocrisy enough ever to bewail these faults, and to pretend to correct them; and thus, by the most consummate art, she deceived by a completely contrary process to her predecessors. Florence speedily penetrated this, and turned from her with loathing; but how might her lips warn Mrs. Rivers of the precipice on which her last attachment seemed to stand. How descend to so mean a deed as to poison her mind against an orphan dependant on her for support. She neither could nor would act thus; contenting herself rather with continuing her simple true-hearted kindness towards Mrs. Rivers; often sacrificing her own inclinations and favourite duties to comply with her request, and make some stay at Woodlands.

We ought, perhaps, to have mentioned in its proper place, that Mr. Leslie's desire to be on the spot to superintend the proceeding of his lawsuit, urged him to give up his beautiful little retreat in Devonshire, and reside in the metropolis; thus materially increasing his expenditure, though the family lived as economically as possible, and as materially decreasing their domestic comforts and enjoyments. Mr. Leslie was far too honourable to live beyond his *present* means, because he confidently trusted his *future* would bring wealth; and when economy must be consulted, and observers of that economy are of birth and education, London does not possess one quarter of the happiness or the true enjoyment of the country. There, pleasures the most innocent, the most healthful, the most reviving, await the economist at every turn, without the smallest tax upon his finances. Not thus is it in the metropolis. It has indeed many avenues of improvement, of pleasure, of true enjoyment; but they are for those to whom money is no object, time of little value; not for that noble set of economists, who, rather than indulge in the *expense* attendant on pleasure, would forego it altogether.

Mrs. Leslie's delicate health had prevented their keeping much society even in Devonshire. In London they kept still less; for in the environs of this great city, as in the city itself, people may live next door to each other for years, and never know more than their respective names; and, therefore, though in a populous neighbourhood, the Leslies lived in comparative solitude.

It so happened that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Leslie had any near relation, or even connections, both having been only children, and the latter, in fact, an orphan from her earliest years.

All these things considered, it was no very great wonder that London to Florence Leslie was in truth a prison, compared with the joys, the freedom, and, above all, the associations of the country. Yet she was happy, for her mind could create its own resources, and outward excitement she needed not. Her domestic circle was sufficient to call forth all the affection, the animation of her nature. The opening mind, the bird-like joyousness of Minnie; the far higher character of Walter, even the anxiety his delicate health occasioned, bound her closer, and closer to them both; till with the vivid memories of Lady Ida, and the lively correspondence of Emily Melford, which, marvellous to relate, continued the length of two full years, Florence's simple nature needed no more. She did sometimes think it strange, that during the three months which the Melfords passed in town, Emily should never make any exertion to see her, or renew the intercourse between the families; but for the first few years, Florence was too happy in herself to feel it as neglect. She had no particular need of their kindness, so did not miss it. Alas! it is only in the time of sorrow, only when we most need kindness, that we awake to the bitter consciousness of coldness and neglect.

Meanwhile time passed. Two, and nearly three years, and Mr. Leslie's law-suit appeared making

no progress whatever towards a favourable completion; calling, indeed, for multiplied expenses, which he met willingly, because unalterably convinced that success would attend him at last; a conviction shared with all the buoyant anticipation of youth by his son, to whom, much against Mrs. Leslie's consent, his hopes and expectations had been imparted.

Walter looked not to riches as means of sensual pleasure and intemperate indulgences. Inheriting, unhappily, the sickly constitution of his mother, a severe illness, soon after he was fifteen, deprived him of all taste for boyish pleasures, and gave him but one great desire to become mentally great. Tastes and powers suddenly awakened within him never felt before. He had always been remarkably intellectual; but with the sudden conception of poetry, painting, sculpture, all those links of a higher, more ethereal nature, his former joyous spirits changed to a sensitiveness, an almost morbid susceptibility of feeling.

He gave the whole energy of mind and heart to his studies. It mattered not what subject they embraced; he mastered them with an ease, a capability of comprehension, which caused both his father and himself to laugh at the fancy, that by too much application he was injuring his already but too precarious health.

Mrs. Leslie's anxious spirit often trembled; but it was more at his faultless temper, his confiding and affectionate heart, his extraordinary sense of religious trust and dependence. Yet, oh! how could a mother, as she looked upon and traced the many virtues of her boy, wish it had been otherwise? how breathe the secret dread, that he seemed but *lent* to earth?

During Lady Ida's intimacy with Florence, Walter had been at school in London; but he had never been happy there: either the close air did not agree with him, or the regular and somewhat confined routine of lessons and exercises cramped his energies, and permitted no vent to his higher talents. After his severe illness, he, of course, remained at home, studying of his own accord, and with little assistance of masters. At seventeen, the air of the north being recommended, Mr. Leslie placed him, to his great delight, with a clergyman in Westmoreland; and there it was that all his natural endowments in poetry and painting burst upon him with a flash, a brilliancy, lighting up his whole being with new powers, and new life; banishing all trace of too morbid sensitiveness, or too depressing gloom, and bringing in their stead such a glowing sense of joy, such a consciousness of power, that even the desire of wealth lost all its strength, for he believed he possessed gifts within him, which would make their own way, compel a world to acknowledge them, and wreath his humble name with the bright garland of immortal renown. Alas! poor boy, he knew not how much more than to other minds is independence necessary for the happiness of genius.

Florence had just completed her twentieth year, when, to her great astonishment, she received through her father an offer of marriage, from a highly respectable young man whom she had met now and then at Woodlands, but whose attentions

she had never deemed anything more than the courtesy of the hour. Mr. Leslie was unusually urgent in forwarding young Sedley's suit, more so than Florence could at all comprehend. It needed all her firmness, all her eloquence, all her caresses, to win him over to her views, and obtain his consent for the decided dismissal of her admirer.

He said that she knew not the advantage it would be, almost the necessity there existed for her to enter early into a respectable matrimonial engagement; an argument she could not understand. True, she said that she knew if the lawsuit were unfortunately lost, his fortune would be materially diminished; but could he think that she would shrink from aught of privation shared with her family? rather she would remain to work for them, to save their beautiful and childlike Minie, all necessity to quit her home. She could not enter the holy engagement of matrimony, without feeling either respect or love for him whom she must solemnly vow to love, honour, and obey; she could not marry simply for worldly advantages. Mr. Leslie said it was not to mere worldly views he referred, but then checked himself, agitated to a degree yet more startlingly incomprehensible to his daughter, more particularly as her mother shared it. Terrified, she knew not wherefore, she threw herself on Mrs. Leslie's neck, exclaiming in extreme emotion:

"If your happiness, your interests, my beloved parents, are in any way concerned in this intended marriage, only tell me, and I will school my spirit till I can make the sacrifice; only tell me, do not deceive me; does this alliance concern your welfare, as well as the supposed advantages to myself? does it affect you in any way? Tell me but the truth—the whole truth—do not terrify me by mysteries which I cannot solve; say but the word, if indeed it be for you."

"Florence, my child! it was but for yourself I spoke," replied her father, for Mrs. Leslie could but strain the weeping girl to her heart in silence; "solemnly I pledge my word, I thought but of your interests, your happiness, and welcomed this offer as insuring you an independent home and station, which neither circumstance nor accident could affect."

"But why should I need these things more than others, father? why should you banish me from your hearth—your name?"

It was a very simple question, but Mr. Leslie's answer was, as if it said more to his wife and to himself than she had meant. He caught her convulsively in his arms, passionately exclaiming—

"You are right, my blessed child! quite, quite right. Why, indeed, should I banish you from my name and hearth? No—no—you shall never change them, save for those you may love better. Florence, darling! forgive your father. I have been too urgent, but it was for you, my child, only for you."

And hastily releasing her, he quitted the room, leaving Florence in a state of such indefinable dread, that her mother compelled herself to calmness to soothe her, assuring her that they had but spoken for her good; her father's interest were in no ways affected, and that she knew a little thing disturbed him now. Florence wept away her

emotion on the bosom of her beloved mother, and Mr. Leslie's resumed calmness, when they again met, removed every lingering fear.

"Does she suspect? Have I ruined her peace for ever? Mary—Mary! why have I not your control?" was Mr. Leslie's agitated address to his wife, when all but themselves had retired to rest.

"She suspects nothing, dearest Edward, save that your love for her is even stronger than she believed it; but oh, for the sake of our sweet girl's peace, bid her not to wed again. It seems as if that gentle heart were mercifully preserved from all love save for us, to spare me the bitter agony of giving her to another with the truth untold; the dark alternative of persisting in that which is not, or ruining her peace for ever. You do not feel this, and therefore believe that marriage would give her greater security than remaining with us; but oh, my husband, do not urge it again. An all-seeing Providence is round us. Let us believe he specially watches over her sweet innocence, and by keeping her thus from all love, guards her from dangers, from misery I dare not speak."

Mr. Leslie seemed convinced and affected; but whether, indeed, he would have followed his wife's advice, could never be known; for, two short months after this event, he was attacked by a violent illness, terminating so suddenly and fatally, that Walter had barely time to travel post to London, called thither by a letter from Florence, in agony conjuring him to come to them without a moment's delay, ere the fond husband and affectionate father breathed his last.

Of all deaths, a sudden one is the most dreadful, the most agonizing to the survivors. It is said death, whenever it comes, is sudden; a shock always stunning, always overwhelming. Perhaps it is so; but when only one week intervenes between life and death, one little week severs ties of years, hides under the cold damp earth features which beamed upon us in health and joy from every accustomed haunt; when the beloved is removed directly from his domestic circle to the narrow grave, missed from his usual seat, not to be found in some other, which, though painful (if a couch of suffering), yet becomes dear, but missed, to be remembered only as gone for ever; when no intervening period of dependence on the part of the sufferer, of unremitting attention and increased affection from the beloved ones, has taken place, and (as it were) partially prepared us for the last dread change, the final separation; when none of these things take place, oh, who may speak the agonies of death!

And all this was felt by Mrs. Leslie and her children. They had had no time to fear, still less to hope, and it was long ere they could realize that one so ardently beloved indeed had passed away for ever. The extremity of Mrs. Leslie's anguish none knew but Him in whose ear in the watches of the night it had been poured. Her illness, her uncomplaining patience had bound her more closely than common to him, and his almost womanly care and gentleness through her long years of suffering excited no common love; and bodily disease itself seemed for the while subdued,

conquered by this sudden and most agonizing mental affliction. She had left her couch to attend his dying bed; day and night she moved not from his pillow, save at the moment of Walter's arrival, for she dreaded the effect of the shock upon him. And not alone was it the husband of her love, the gentle soother of her painful couch, whom she had to mourn. There was a secret tie between them, calling for all the devotion, all the gratitude of woman's heart. In the first year of their marriage, he had granted a boon, a weighty boon; one, perhaps, that none other but Edward Leslie could have granted, and never from that hour evinced regret that he had done so. And now that dread secret was all her own, only her own; and its heavy weight appeared to increase the bitter anguish of her husband's loss.

At the moment Mrs. Leslie left the pillow of the dying to meet her son, Florence alone stood beside his bed. His eyes were closed; the livid hue of death had stolen over his features, and the poor girl bent over him, stunned, motionless, unconscious that scorching tears were slowly rolling down her cheeks, and falling upon his. He opened his eyes languidly, and tried feebly to draw her to him, and as she laid her head on his bosom, kissing again and again his sunken cheek, he whispered in broken and disjointed sentences:

"Florence, my child! my precious child! bless—bless you. You are indeed my daughter: Minie is not dearer. Love—love your mother, darling; cherish her, care for her as you have done. She has more than common claim for gratitude. Florence—darling—bless—"

And his voice had sunk from exhaustion, so as to be wholly inarticulate, though his lips still moved as if he spoke. Again and again those words returned to Florence; the feeble tone, the look of death haunted her; but there was no mystery attached to them, they seemed to her but the last warning accents of that parental love, which had so long blessed her with the guidance of a friend as well as father. With more than usual claims for love, and gratitude, she recalled her mother's years of suffering, which yet had never checked her devotion to her children, and she compared that affectionate devotedness with the fashionable selfishness and culpable neglect of others whom she knew, and she felt she had indeed a double incentive to duty and affection. She knelt by the dead body of her father, and secretly vowed to make her mother the first object of her life, and then only felt relieved from the weight even of love which her father's last words had left.

NEIGHBOURLY CANDOUR.

Our neighbours dear, we fondly dream,
By our transcendent worth imprint;
Make our deserts their frequent theme,
And oft each generous deed attest.

Oh! were our tingling ears but nail'd
Behind the scenes, too oft they'd hear
Each weakness artfully bewail'd,
And all our errors canvass'd there.

X. Y. Z.

HACKFALL.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

Few who are acquainted with Yorkshire scenery can have omitted visiting this attractive spot, or will readily forget the beauties it possesses. Through a narrow glen, whose almost perpendicular sides are thickly covered with lofty trees, principally oaks, the river Yore flows for about a mile and a-half. Winding walks enable visitors to climb the rocky and precipitous banks, from various stations on which very extensive views are obtained. The name of the place has been derived from "*hag*," a witch, and "*fall*," a descent; thus literally signifying "the witch's valley." It is situated about two miles from Masham.

The ancient trees are arching o'er
In dark and gloomy pride;
With murmur hoarse flows on beneath,
The river's plashing tide:
Oh, could the cliffs around but speak,
What stories might they tell,
Of fearful deeds, in days of yore,
Done in The Witch's Dell!

Oft when the pallid stars withdrew
Their dim and trembling light,
While swiftly tempest-clouds were driven
Athwart the brow of night,
Unearthly sounds the storm-blasts caught,
As with dark word and spell,
In conclave dire the foul hags met
Amid The Witch's Dell.

The hideous shriek—the demon cry,
By chaste ears never heard;
The backward prayer, in mutter'd verse,
To fiends of hell prefer'd,
These rocks, that now but give reply
To the lone river's swell,
Have echoed oft, as rites obscene
Defiled The Witch's Dell.

Here were those fatal charms enwove,
That smote the fruitful field;
Or made, untouch'd, on battle plain,
Some dauntless warrior yield:
And when o'er beauty's damask cheek
The cureless sickness fell,
The incantation dire was wrought
Here—in The Witch's Dell!

Like fleeting days, years roll away,
And ages now have past
Since the recesses of this glen
Beheld such orgies last.
Where once the spectral voice rang loud,
The wild birds warble well;
And odorous flowers for gouts of blood,
Spangle The Witch's Dell.

Here now, at noon, beneath the shade
'Tis pleasant to recline;
Or, pensive, watch at evening cool
The waning day decline;

Till from the distant village tower
Peals slow the curfew's knell,
And night's dun shadows settle down
Upon The Witch's Dell.

Fearless of magic's evil power,
Here blooming damsels rove
Whose ruby lips and dark eyes work
The witchery of love:
Hence, fitly, the sequester'd glen
Suiting their walks so well,
E'en to this day, in ancient speech
Is named THE WITCHES' DELL!
Banks of the Yore.

SONGS FOR STRAY AIRS.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

No. V.

• CAOINHE OVER AN IRISH CHIEFTAIN.

Irish Air—Brian Boroinhe's March.

Oh woe, Erin, woe!
For thy hero is fled;
And solemn and slow
Sounds the wail o'er the dead!
The lightning hath broke
O'er the young mountain oak,
And here it is lowly lying;
While we are mourning—
Ever thus turning,
With our hearts burning,
But there is none replying.
Yes!—a voice from the tomb
Where our lost hero lies
Calls us on to our doom,
"Vengeance! vengeance!" it cries.
Shall he sleep here alone,
While revenge is our own,
The pledge he has left in dying?

Oh weep, Erin weep!
For thy glory is o'er;
From that cold dreamless sleep
He will waken no more;
For the brave heart is chill,
And the strong arm lies still;
The bright eye is closed for ever!
After death tore him,
Hither we bore him;
Tears falling o'er him,
Ere from his corse we sever.
But why pour out our woe
O'er the young and the brave?
'Tis the blood of the foe
That shall weep o'er his grave.
Dash the tear from each eye—
Let "Revenge!" be the cry,
Revenge, that shall slumber never!

• Pronounced "*keen*."

JOAN OF ARC.

BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK.

Soft, listless ease, and base voluptuous joy,
 Held with their ruthless grasp and despot sway,
 The Dauphin's soul; while France became a
 toy
 To the deep, crafty Tremouille,* and the gay,
 Licentious panders of a vice-bred throng.
 Then good men trembled at each blood-steep'd
 wrong—
 Then arm'd, to crush their foes, the heroine of my
 song,

Beautiful Joan !

Why did'st thou gaze, with such soul-pitying
 eyes,
 Over thy loved, thy bleeding, sinking land ? †
 Why ponder o'er its long-borne miseries ?
 Was it with thoughts, with hopes, that thy frail
 hand
 Might one day rescue her, to call her free,
 That she might live to praise and honour thee ?
 No ! Death-defying—nought of self could see,
 Heroic Joan !

'Twas then the sound of inspiration fell
 First on thy listening soul, which so drank in
 Its thrilling essence, that the holy spell
 To have resisted, thou had'st deem'd a sin ;
 Though thou had'st seen thy doom before thee
 rise,
 The red brands burning to the reddening skies,
 Or heard the maddening shriek of thy last agonies,
 Fair, noble Joan !

Then did'st thou leave thy native village wild,
 The humble cottage, with its moss-clad roof,
 Where thou had'st lived a happy peasant child,
 To hear the war-clang, and the charger's hoof
 Tearing the blood-stained earth, where rippling
 streams
 Had sung melodious, where heaven's inspiring
 beams,
 Lit with a holy ray, thy sweet, sad, midnight
 dreams :

Innocent Joan !

Then wert thou deck'd, but not with jewels rare,
 As many, scarce less beautiful than thou,
 Have been, and oft will be—thy silky hair
 Hung not in love-locks o'er thy snowy brow,
 But in a warrior's casque of steel was bound ;
 Again the war-notes rose—yet deeper grew the
 sound,
 And where thy banner waved the foemen fell
 around,

Death-daring Joan !

* La Tremouille—Prime Minister of France.

† There is a clever picture (purchased by H. R. II. Prince Albert, in the exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water-colours) of Joan of Arc ruminating over the distressed state of France—which gave the author the first idea for the above poem.

Who, who shall tell how many sank to die !
 Who, who shall tell of tears in anguish shed,
 That coursed adown the maiden's cheek, to lie,
 Or mingle with the blood-drops on the head
 Of him she loved : who tell of mother's sighs,
 Of dying groans, of children's answering cries,
 As, noiseless, soul in soul, sped viewless to the
 skies ?

Beautiful Joan !

Then burst the shout of victory again,
 "The Maid of Orleans !" "Joan of Arc !" the
 hills
 Re-echoing the sound upon the plain,
 Reverberating joy so full, that ill
 The dying suffered dwindled on the air,
 Which so surfeited, answered not their prayer,
 Till life, impatient, fled, and death consumed its
 care.

Beautiful Joan !

* * * * *

High on the turret of an ancient tower
 Grew a slight blade of ever bending grass ;
 Wooed by the warmth, e'er long, put forth its
 flower,
 Braving the storms, until the tottering mass
 Tossed it (e'en when luxuriant it grew)
 Into a dungeon : there it wept with dew.
 Such was thy fate, whilst yet thy fame was new—
 Beautiful Joan !

Thy hot tears fell where thy last couch was made,
 Upon the hardened earth—the dungeon keep,
 'Neath whose damp breath the struggling flowers
 would fade ;
 Where night-shades grew. In pity, all did weep ;
 Themselves lone prisoners, once by the wind
 In dancing concert borne ; then, left behind,
 Deceived ; in silence wept but, could no comfort
 find,

Poor, injured Joan !

Not so with thee : thy "Voices" lingering near,
 Infused a calm, when grief's first tears were
 pass'd,
 And at the stake no cry of anguished fear,
 Save one for France ! One pitying gaze—thy
 last !
 Then glared the fire, high quivering in the day,
 Then yelled thy foes, as through each reddening
 ray
 Thy writhing, tortured form, its pangs would oft
 display :

Beautiful Joan !

And higher still, and yet more high, the flame
 Rose lurid in the air ; upon whose wings
 FAITH rode triumphant, and self-hardened shame
 Laughed as she watched the fire's unpitying
 sting
 Pierce to thy maddened brain ! One last wild
 cry,
 The death-shriek of thy life's past agony ;
 Then sprang thy spirit forth, winged for Eternity !
 Immortal Joan !

THE GHOST.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

It is now the cock-crow of science, and apparitions are in the act of vanishing. Let us take the opportunity of this parting glimpse to see what they are. Let us inquire into the character of the Ghost.

There are two kinds of inferior spirits mentioned in Scripture, the spirits of men, and the spirits of beasts; but the latter are less in the habit than the former of revisiting the glimpses of the moon. They prefer remaining in the earth, to which, we are told, they go down; having, no doubt, had enough of the upper world while still in the flesh. It is sufficient to mention that the spectre-beasts are chiefly wolves, horses, hounds, and deer; that their habitat is, in a great measure, confined to the forests of Germany; and that, even there, they have been discouraged of late years by roads and manufactories.

It is not to be concealed, that some difficulties attend the conception of the idea of a human ghost. It cannot be merely an unsubstantial appearance, for without substance it would have neither colour nor form; without substance it could not sigh, or groan, or speak, for the vibrations of the atmosphere cannot be produced by Nothing; and, above all, without substance it could not be felt, as in the case of the spectre-knight who overthrew his mortal assailant, or in that of the spectre-lover who squeezed his mistress's hand so hard that she was compelled for the rest of her life to "wear a covering on her wrist."

But to say nothing of the apparent contradiction of spirit possessing the properties of matter, let us inquire what the substance is of which we see the appearance. A man is formed of the same materials as a vegetable, viz.: hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, but with the addition of nitrogen and other substances in smaller quantities. His bones, if merely composed of gelatine, would be elastic; but they are rendered hard by innumerable minute particles of phosphate and carbonate of lime held together by the gelatine. Five-sixths of the intire weight of his body are simply water. If the ghost, having form and colour, and being capable of speech and action, is not immaterial—what is it? Is it a material representation of this compound mass of matter, of this lump of lime and jelly, charcoal and water?

But there is a greater difficulty still. It is not enough that we see the apparition of sundry bits of lime, and ounces of iron, and gallons of water; for ghosts have too great a sense of decorum to appear in *puris naturalibus*. The knightly spectre is clothed in the ghost of a suit of armour, some thirty or forty pounds weight of cold iron; and the spectre lover is encased in the phantom of a Taglioni, or the spiritual essence of a pair of kerseymere unutterables. This is what gives us pause. We have not merely to contend for the reality of the ghost of a man, but for that of the ghosts of his old clothes. When we would comfort a friend with the idea that he must have been mistaken in supposing that he had seen the ghost of

a dear departed grandfather, he assures us that mistake was impossible: that the old gentleman, besides exhibiting his own identical features, wore his well-known three-cornered hat, his gold spectacles, and his glossy cane. Thus our opposition is borne down by a legend of ghosts, and we have no more to say.

In fact, this difficulty is *almost* insuperable. If we suppose that the spirit of a man has the same form as his body, we must believe it to consist of substance, or, in other words, of matter, otherwise it could not become visible to us; but even if we get over this by assuming that it has some mysterious means of impressing us with the idea of form and colour, without employing the agency of our senses, we have still its phantom habiliments, its wig, its cravat, its old shoes, its nether unimaginaibles, like so many stumbling blocks before our faith.

But supposing ghosts to be real, however incomprehensible, the next question is, *cui bono?* what's the good of them? Nothing exists in vain; and if ghosts exist, they must answer some purpose. We recollect reading of the apparition of a headless cock (himself a notable layer of apparitions), which appeared to some terrified seer, and beckoning him to follow, strutted out of the room. Onward they paced through the hall, the one almost as breathless as the other, down the steps, out into the misty night, across the chill court-yard to its farther corner, where the ghostly cock, at length standing still, pointed mournfully to his head and feathers lying on the stones. This is the history of almost all apparitions. They disturb the order of nature, and fright the souls of men, without any better excuse than the cock. It is true there have been ghosts who have brought about the discovery of a murder, and the execution of the criminal; but we have not heard of any well-authenticated affair of the kind since the advent of the New Police. Others, it is said, were in the habit of directing persons to pots of gold buried in gardens; but, alas! this was before our time, and, indeed, we question whether it would be found comprehended within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, even if that *non mi recordo* witness were not in his dotage and proverbially incapable of recollecting anything. Ghosts then, taking them generally, have no utility, and in this utilitarian age it is no wonder that they should meet with little favour. They are like the orator in parliament, whose eloquence being wide of the mark, provoked an opposition member to observe: "If the honourable gentleman has not spoken to the purpose, to what purpose has he spoken?"

The type of this class of spirits is the ghost of Cæsar:

Brutus.—How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me: Art thou anything?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stand?

Speak to me, what thou art?

Ghost.—Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus.—Why com'st thou?

Ghost.—To tell thee thou shall see me at Philippi.

Brutus.—Well;
Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.—Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus.—Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

They did meet at Philippi; at least it is to be presumed so, for there "the noblest Roman of them all" became a ghost himself. The meeting, however, was not brought about by the supernatural visitation, which neither suggested nor accelerated nor retarded nor prevented it.

Who are the ghost seers? Not soldiers, nor surgeons, nor undertakers, nor sextons; not any of those who slaughter the living, and mangle or bury the dead. The belated hind who approaches accidentally and unwillingly a church-yard at night, is sure of a spectre or two; while the jolly gravedigger, who sings and jokes as he kicks the skulls out of his way, and like Juliet, "madly plays with his forefather's joints," has no such luck. A murderer, it is true, is sometimes appalled by the ghost of his victim; although this has been supposed to be nothing more than "the painting of his fear," and his companions are but too apt to reply to his narrative of the visitation, in the unpolite terms used by Lady Macbeth on a similar occasion: "Oh, proper stuff!"

We will not, however, permit the last of the ghosts to vanish, dimmed into nothingness by the glare of gas-light, or carried away by a jet of steam, without a word of kindness and farewell. A belief in its existence was implanted in our breasts by nature, and nature does nothing in vain. It was a connecting link between the two worlds of time and eternity; it was a perpetual memento of mortality, and a perpetual assurance of immortality. The man who believed in ghosts could not be an atheist, and no man is utterly and hopelessly bad who is not so. To the young, ghosts are always "spirits of grace," for they are the inciters to virtue, and the punishers of vice; and at that season of the human year, when the boy, with his exuberant vitality, seems to have eaten of the tree of life, and to possess a self-sustained and immortal existence, it is not unwholesome to have a secret intuition of a nature beyond his own, a mysterious dread following his proud steps, and haunting his daring imagination. To the old, ghosts are messengers with sealed lips, who point and beckon, and draw away the weary eyes from looking backwards, and detach slowly and solemnly the worn-out heart from the world, ere the shadows of the grave have closed upon its vanities:

But it is in the progeny to which they have given birth that ghosts are most to be honoured; for they themselves, it must not be concealed, are but rude and wild aborigines, haunters of caves and forests, and prowlers of the still and mystic night. The spiritual world undergoes the same process of refinement as the moral world; and the same train of circumstances which changed gradually the descendants of the rude Northmen into knights and poets, converts the sheeted spectre into a spirit of joy and beauty. The phantoms that haunt our solitude, however apparently distinct be their nature,

are of imagination all compact, and the ghost is the *magna parens* of the whole array. As the heart ripens, so do his features change. The paleness of death is slowly illumined by the purple light of passion; the winding-sheet floats around him in the form of wings; and the youth who once hid his face with a shudder in the bed-clothes, now gazes at the transmigrated phantom with eyes dewy with rapture. Youth, manhood, age; love, honour, ambition; "all thoughts, all passions, all delights;" each has its apparitions, and these are all the descendants of the ghost.

What do I not owe to thee, O parent of that spiritual world in which I live, move, and have my being! How often in earlier years hast thou been my preserver and my solace! What were the deprivations of death to me, whose solitary hours were haunted by the phantoms of the lost? What cared I for the unkindness of friendship, or the coldness of love, who was surrounded by those

"Who did not change through all the past,
And could not alter now."

How often have I been thrust back by the world! How often have my soul's yearnings met with closed hearts and glassy eyes! How often have I felt as if there was no place for me on the earth, as if my thoughts had lost all means of communion with my fellow men, or as if they themselves had turned into phrensy, and must henceforth be shut up in my own bosom! And how often in darkness and solitude, in disappointment and sorrow, in feeble health and fainting spirits, have I been ready to dash myself upon my mother earth, and implore from her a grave; but thou wert there in the midst, rising like a star on my despair, and reconciling me to mankind, by rendering me independent of their sympathy! Honour to thee, pale phantom, ere thou departest for ever! There is one at least among the myriads of men who is not ungrateful—who whispers mournfully as thy form melts into thin air beneath the light of science,

"Alas, poor ghost!"

IMPRESSIONS OF BEAUTY.

BY J. W. GOSLIN.

When the hopes and enchantments of beauty have fled,

And the spirit has taken its flight;
When the living are gathered to weep o'er the dead,
And all that was lovely and bright—

How many a heart that was ne'er known to quail
Laments o'er the tenanted bier!

How many a bronzed cheek grows haggard and pale,
That had never been altered by fear!

For the sunshine of life passes by like a dream,
Or a vapour that blends with the air;
And the dark clouds of death hide for ever its beam,
That once was so lovely and fair.

But the heart may be cold, and the eye may be closed,

And the spirit may revel unchained;
Yet remembrance shall dwell where affection reposed,
And linger where beauty once reigned.

Dublin, June, 1844.

THE SCARLET FEVER.

BY P. P. C.

"No—I never will marry any one but a soldier, I have quite resolved on that," exclaimed Adeline Turner, with great energy, raising her pretty eyes to her father's well-plumed and epauletted portrait; "I am quite determined."

"What's a woman's determination worth, sister fair? 'I'll bet you a new riding horse, you would, if tempted, be in love with even a medical student like myself, before the month is out.'"

"Bet!" repeated the sister with great scorn, "so like you would-be M. D's. all those sorts of things—bet, no lady *bets*, sir! I wonder why papa did not give you a commission, and make a gentleman of you."

"Because," answered George Turner, colouring angrily, "because I don't like your *gentlemen*, Miss Turner, flashing and flirting over the country, breaking silly girls' hearts, and starving credulous tradesmen—people whose bills and vows are equally neglected—paste diamonds smartly set in Birmingham tinsel! such gentlemen!"

"You are as unjust as untrue," tartly replied the champion of the red coats; "you are only likely to make me like them better for their being so attacked. Because a few flirts, why abuse the whole army."

George forgot this when he began disputing; and, as both were so warm, they very soon drew near a quarrel; foreseeing which, George ran off before things grew irreparable between them. However, he managed to have the "last word," slamming the door after him, as he cried—"I keep to my bet—engaged—no, but in love with a medical student before the month is out; and this is the first of July!"

Perhaps Adeline's usual penchant was heightened just then by the fact that the —th, of the line, was daily expected in Wallingford, her native town. The gallant —th, the stylish —th, the "crack" regiment! no wonder the young ladies of Wallingford had all the scarlet fever, and their pulses considerably above summer heat.

Colonel Turner, the father of our pretty maiden, was a curious mixture of native indolence and acquired bravery. His father had forced him into the army, and, in self-defence he became a hero, climbed the bristling ramparts of St. Sebastian, and sank wounded on red Saragossa; and finding crosses and stars falling on him, compared himself to Malvolio, for he had "greatness thrust on him." Of course he loved to fight over his battles in wordy war, and Adeline, like Desdemona, sate and listened, and drank in enthusiasm till she fancied all earthly happiness must attend the bride of a hero. Had she read Lord Ellenborough's avowal, how her heart would have leaped to such congenial sentiments!—"That as the noblest of all professions is that of a soldier, so the highest of all honours are military honours." Certainly that noble lord should have had medical advice for the scarlet fever.

Colonel Turner was a fond and indulgent father. Adeline was never controlled, and therefore she

was always spoiled; equally undisciplined was the clever George, and he happened to turn out (for an ill-educated child's character is all a chance) both *brusque* and unconciliating, and sometimes a little surly. He despised the showy idle trade of arms, preferring a profession with plenty of work for the mind, and he chose medicine, a choice his military sister never forgave. He was now preparing to establish a practice in his native place, having studied for some years at a German college, and grievously did he complain of Adeline's rage for soldiers, and contempt for his own quieter employment. Highly indignant with her on this occasion, he went off to the town (for his father's pretty villa was on the outskirts) and while he went, he mischievously endeavoured to concoct some plan in the way of a practical joke for the punishment of her bad taste. Wrapped in these benevolent imaginations, he was suddenly startled by a hearty halloo behind him, and then somebody thrust an arm into his, and a merry voice cried:

"Well, Mr. George, what has come over you? cutting your old friends dead in this way; didn't you see me when you brushed past so unceremoniously?"

"Why, Latimer, who thought to see you in Wallingford and how is your sweet sister Violet?"

"And how is your sweet sister Adeline, eh?"

"Not so sensible as yours, my good fellow. I am quite sick of her whims; to come back home and find one's profession despised by one's only sister; really too provoking! I think she's mad!"

"Heyday, insanity in the family! and poor me hurrying up quite prepared to fall in love with the lovely phantom you used to descant on in Germany. Never saw any of the hereditary complaint in you, George."

"This is hereditary, she has caught it from my father; and such wild 'hero worship,' as Carlyle would call it, as possesses her, and makes her look down on all peaceable citizens for the sake of her fine swash bucklers. I was wishing I could play her some trick that would bring her to her senses."

"Oh, I'll help you. I am ready for any fun! I've got a plot in my brain already; come along to my lodgings, and we will lay it out as clear as a chart."

But we must let no one into their secret; so if the reader has any curiosity, he must e'en repress it, and plod on with us in the even tenour of our tale.

The next day the —th marched into Wallingford with all the pomp and circumstance of warriors, though indeed they had never known the smell of powder. What a commotion they caused in Wallingford. How did the young ladies sport their sweetest smiles in honour of the handsome officers; and the housemaids their brightest ribbons in honour of the equally handsome privates. Every quiet household suddenly fermented: younger brothers preferred the dusty road by the barracks now, to all rides, though a week previously they had anathematized its want of shade; elder brothers, eloquent of the merits of "ours," each praising his own regiment, became the highest authorities on all matters of etiquette connected with the —th; in short, the whole society of Wal-

lingford was in a high state of inflammation from the scarlet fever, and of all those who required "lowering treatment" for the disorder, Adeline Turner was the worst; even George the cynical doctor, seemed to be yielding to the contagion. He not only condescended to call on half-a-dozen or so of the officers, to dine at the mess, or agreed to the return dinners at his father's villa, but he actually in Adeline's astonished ears pronounced them to be "capital good fellows, only spoiled, of course, by all that monkey frippery."

Near the Turners' house stretched a fair manor park, winding its woody labyrinths round an old weather-beaten mansion. The owner of Beaulieu, for so it was called, seldom lived there, but being much attached to the Turners, he had left them permission of free access to the grounds, and also empowered them to take with them intimate friends. Here then George and Adeline strayed about ten days after we first met them. It was a scene of English woodland beauty; impressive with its venerable trees, and deep glades, and most heart-cheering with its sunny sward and sweet evening song of wood doves. The sun was setting, but gazing with a crimson flush on the pure, fair face of a quiet lake, that gently heaved, as if trembling under that ardent look.

A little rivulet, like a child escaping from its mother, leaped out of its arms, and ran heedlessly into the wood, far out of sight among the fern and flowers. Adeline felt all the influence of the scene, deep in her heart she owned nature's hallowing power, and the glory of that sunlight rested lovingly on her face.

"George!" she exclaimed hastily, at last, "look, there's the flash of an epaulette at the end of yonder green alley; I am sure I never gave leave to any of the —th to come here."

"But—I did!"—said George, hesitatingly, and would have explained, had not his sister triumphantly interrupted him.

"Ah, ha! this is your consistency; you who have ever railed at the army, to admit an officer into our very sanctuary! Never call me soldier-mad again."

"But Adeline," said George, in a tone of self-exculpation; "this is a very different man from the rest, Ensign Sedley—a fine fellow—too good for a soldier."

"What! the Harry Sedley you were speaking of the other day? has he returned from leave? Major Arnold said he was to stay."

"Never mind Major Arnold, he is near you!"

And at that moment up came the said ensign, who was presented in due form, and received with due graciousness. He was very handsome, very *dévoué* in his manners, had a low sweet voice, and a smile of the most winning suavity, and, unlike most ensigns, he was neither conceited nor shallow-pated. Adeline was prepared to like him; and pray what ensign was prepared to dislike a pretty naïve girl of seventeen? So they became great friends; and the manor park of Beaulieu had never been so explored before, as it was now doomed to be; and George was not always disengaged for a walk when the evening was fine, and Adeline had so few young lady friends, and it was

so dull for her to walk alone, and surely unsafe likewise, and—and—well, my good honest reader, gaping like a thirsty canary, can you never guess what all these ands led to? Commend me to a woodland walk for following up an acquaintance. The beauty of nature softening the heart to obey the Scripture rule of "love to your neighbour;" the hush of the woods in which you can hear your own frightened pulses; the heat which makes you too languid to think, and only able to feel; in short, whoever rashly gets into the habit of taking country walks with a young lady, may give himself over for lost; and had better inquire with a desperate calmness for the residence of the surrogate, that purveyor of licences for holy wedlock.

* * *

It is autumn now, and two lovers stand by that fair dimpling lake, where the swans are floating majestically among the water-lilies.

"Is it possible, Adeline, you are not curious to know what answer your father gave to my presumptuous suit?"

"Oh, I know; he would not dare to refuse me anything!"

"Well, he certainly answered he never wished to interfere with your affections; that if you chose to try love in a barrack, you were welcome, but that he thought it would be very uncomfortable."

"But I have my mother's settlement—five thousand pounds, and with your pay, that would give us nearly three hundred a year."

"My poor Adeline," said the lover, sadly yet smiling, "this for you who have had all luxuries at your command. You could not be happy with me on that meagre pittance. How selfishly I have acted to seek your too delightful love!"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed she, with all a woman's disinterestedness, "do not think so meanly of me. I have long kept my father's house; I know exactly how far money will go in necessities, and do you fancy I should miss such extras as my harp, or horse, or greenhouse?"

"Would you not rather," he said abruptly, fixing his eyes on her, "that I were something else; say a doctor, and rich, and could give you all you have been accustomed to?"

"No, no!" she said quickly, "I glory in your profession; I would not have you otherwise, and I am glad you have nothing, that I may make some sacrifice to show my love."

"Yet you would not sacrifice your prejudices for me," he said with emphasis. "Suppose I were not an officer now, and had deceived you?"

"Deceived me!" she repeated with all her old hauteur, "that could not be, do not speak of anything so disagreeable. Let us speak of to-morrow's gay ball; surely," and her tone changed to a coaxing playfulness, "surely, Sedley, you'll waive your horror of balls for once. I never saw such a hermit, you're never at anything like gaiety."

"No, no, dearest; I cannot really go. Do not ask me."

Adeline's brow clouded.

"I didn't think you would refuse the very first favour I asked of you."

"Indeed, dear girl, I have reasons; do not blame me," said the lover, pained by her tones of vexation.

"What mighty reasons, pray?"

"Oh, I've no regimentals; my dress suit is so shabby, and there is no time to get new ones; besides which," he added, trying to laugh it off, "if we two are to live on three hundred a year, I must not waste it on ball-room finery."

"But this election ball is something particular," persisted Adeline; and, not to weary the reader with the argument, she persisted till, like all women set upon any object, she carried her point, and drew a reluctant promise from her lover to attend the ball.

"But remember! if any evil comes of it, you have brought it on yourself."

"What can he mean?" thought Adeline, on her way home; "it sounds quite like a prophecy."

The election ball was a magnificent affair, and moreover, not heavy, as magnificence generally is. There was the usual compliment of political flags outside and in; the staircase was political, for it was hung with festoons of tory mazarine, and had a very emblematic transparency over the doorway; the ball-room was political, for almost every one wore the colours of the favourite; the very supper-room was political, for the poor fowls and jellies were choked with ruffles of true blue, and the clever man of sweets had set forth the charing of the successful member in such coloured sugar figures as usually adorn a twelfth cake. All was in most harmonious keeping, as one of the orators of the election pronounced in the toast of the night.

Adeline, lovely and happy, leant on Sedley's arm; he was in full blaze of dress uniform, and she was not the only one whose eyes were attracted to him. With girlish vanity she rejoiced to see many turn to look after her handsome partner, and to hear many inquire his name from those around. In the quadrille near them, George was dancing, ay, and flirting vehemently with an elegant girl in a dress of white and gold, which well became her dark eyes and flowing hair. They both looked often towards Adeline, and once or twice she thought she caught a furtive arch glance directed by the lady to her betrothed, and when she looked up in Sedley's face, he was colouring with confusion, and yet with an ill suppressed glee. This, two or three times occurring, at last made Adeline restless and uneasy; and George being dismissed at the end of the dance, she pounced on him as he passed, with an impatient query—

"Who is that handsome girl? and how did you first know her?"

"Oh!" said George, eagerly, "she is Venus in person! such eyes! and such a voice! ask Sedley, he knows all about her, she is Miss Violet Fanshawe, niece of Sir Robert Fanshawe, of Holles park, and sister of my friend Latimer Fanshawe, whom I've often mentioned to you."

"Yes," said Adeline, curling her lip, "the elegant youth, who shared your German college tricks! a creature who drinks oceans of muddy beer, and smokes twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and talks Kant's metaphysics."

"Take care," laughed George, "Sedley knows all about the Fanshaws, and is particularly fond of the pretty sister."

"Very fond," chimed in Sedley.

"So I saw," said Adeline, with a twinge of jealous pique. Sedley laughed in her face, nor could she help laughing too, at her own folly.

"You are quite wrong sister, to dislike Latimer. Sedley will tell you he is one of the finest fellows breathing."

"Why," said Sedley, thus appealed to; "if being heir to his uncle's baronetcy and Holles Park does not constitute a fine fellow, what in the world does?"

"But," said Adeline, contemptuously, "if he is heir to so much, why does he follow so paltry a trade as medicine?"

"Really, I cannot defend his taste," responded the soldier; "but I believe it was to gratify his old uncle's wishes, who you know made both his money and his title as a physician."

"That was some excuse, but it could not keep him from contamination. I am sure I know what he was like, after such an ordeal, especially as I have heard George describe him."

"Could you point him out, if in the room now?"

"I dare say. Let us see: pale, sallow face, long lank hair, falling as young Germany delighteth to wear it, over a loose Byronic collar, figure like—but you are laughing at me!" she exclaimed, pettishly breaking off, "I dare say you think me very silly. Look, there is George flirting again with the sister. How pretty and aristocratic she is! which praise of mine, Mr. Sedley (this was another twinge of jealousy), seems to delight you exceedingly."

"Of course," answered Sedley, "it delights me to hear one woman praising another's beauty. It is so unlike the sex!"

But now a new dance struck up its lively strain, and as Adeline was engaged, Sedley bowed and handed her over to an impatient officer, before she could utter the retort his banter merited. On went the ball, and carried Adeline down the swift current of adulation and flattery, for she was confessedly one of the belles of the night. But her spirits failed her, for she saw Sedley devote himself to the elegant Miss Fanshawe, and alternate with George in wholly monopolizing the young lady; at supper she was seated near them, and was half-provoked to see how happy and confidential a trio they made. Once, when Sedley nodded laughingly across to her with his glass at his lips, she felt so offended and vexed at his nonchalance, that she complained to her partner that the supper-room was hot and oppressive. Of course this hint made him offer his escort back to the ball-room, and they walked away, Adeline showing a vast deal of thrown-away dignity. The ball-room was cool and nearly empty, but some industrious individuals were trying to form a quadrille. A young ensign, introduced that evening to Adeline, approached her now, and solicited her hand; but Adeline remembered Sedley had asked her for the first dance after supper, and hoping he would follow her from the supper-room, and desirous to detach

him from the pretty girl she almost fancied was a rival, she excused herself "being engaged to Mr. Sedley."

"'Pon honour, always first with the ladies!" minced the ensign. "Sedley, my fine fellow, why do you leave your pretty partner, when the dance is beginning?"

"I never saw that blushing little beauty till to-night, never spoke to her! been thinking of an introduction, but it is such an unparalleled fatigue making oneself charming in these hot rooms," and the speaker lounged listlessly on the rich damask of the luxurious sofa."

"Well, 'pon honour, I heard her say she was engaged to you."

"Engaged! Oh, in that case I can't refuse any lady's offer; so she shall be. Fairest lady!" he continued in a tone of mock gallantry, as he approached Adeline; "forgive me that I forgot my engagement, I am only too happy to keep it! Kindly thus remind me when I chance again to prove recreant to my devotion to so lovely a lady."

"Indeed, sir!" said Adeline haughtily, "I have much to forgive; I have not the honour of your acquaintance."

"How you fair ones enjoy caprice," he still went on. "Is it mere coquetry on your part? You have this minute announced yourself engaged to me; 'tis a privilege I am not likely to renounce lightly. Your hand, lady, for the dance."

"No, no," said Adeline hastily; for some officers had gathered round, and seemed maliciously amused. "No, no, you are mistaken, and so am I; it is Ensign Harry Sedley I mean, quite another person."

"I am Harry Sedley!" cried her persecutor, triumphantly. "Who dares to borrow that well-known name? Nay, lady, you cannot get off. You've confessed yourself engaged to Harry Sedley, and he's not the man to give up a pretty girl; mine you are, and mine you must be!"

Poor Adeline shrunk back in terror from the notice she was attracting, and from the bold, not very sober manner of the self-announced Sedley.

"Where is my brother? where is Lady Warner? my chaperon," she cried, looking eagerly around her. At that moment George, greatly excited, broke through the groups clustered before her, seized her hand, and drew her rapidly towards the door.

"Lady Warner is waiting for you to go home," he repeated aloud, "come, quick!"

"George, George!" she whispered earnestly, "tell me what does all this mean? who is that man?"

"Puppy!" muttered George between his teeth, "you should not have left us at supper, this would never have occurred, if you had kept sight of us."

"Where is Sedley?" she asked.

"Gone home with Miss Fanshawe. Don't ask any questions. You'll hear all about it to-morrow."

"Oh, this wretched, wretched ball!" exclaimed Adeline, bursting into tears. "Oh, I wish none of us had ever come to it!"

"Silly girl!" said George roughly, "what good is there in whimpering now? Hush! here's the

carriage. Ah! Lady Warner, I give Adeline over to your kind charge; only a little upset by the heat! she is not accustomed, you know, to these very crowded balls: good night." Then as the carriage drove off, a shadow came over his face, and he returned moodily to the ball-room.

* * * * *

The morning after the eventful ball was warm and lovely, and though October, the French sashes of the breakfast-room were opened to the lawn, and the late roses and geraniums peeped into the interior. The breakfast was untouched; George was pacing up and down in great excitement; and Adeline sat with her eyelids heavy with tears, and her face eloquent of both anger and distress.

"And *this*, she exclaimed, vehemently, "this is your brotherly love! to make your sister a butt for ridicule, and the mock courtship of any imposter who choseth to make love under false pretences! I think you and your deceiving friend will require to leave Wallingford for a season. I am sure I shall! I never will see his false face again!" and now in spite of Adeline's contempt, tears would force their way.

"My dear girl," pleaded George, "Latimer really is devoted to you, he was in earnest all along."

"Devoted to a girl whom his very attentions were holding up to universal ridicule! Is that your idea of earnestness?"

"Dear Adeline," again remonstrated George, "it was a silly joke of two young men, and unluckily it turned into earnest. We began, quite thoughtlessly, merely intending a quiz on your love for officers. Then poor Latimer got fairly out of his depth, and was afraid you would break it all off; and while we were cogitating how we should get you round, this abominable ball set all topsyturvy. Who would have imagined that fool Sedley would hurry up before his leave was out, for such a stupid affair as a country ball! Latimer could not resist you; you were so peremptory, and he was so much in love." Perhaps—but we are not sure—Adeline's face here betrayed a slight blush, *not* of displeasure. George continued,—

"It has always been a joke with the—th, Latimer's personation of Sedley. We put it upon a bet he had with a college friend, and they quite entered into the fun of it; and nobody suspected you were concerned in it, till you made that *fracas* last night. However, I dare say they did not see half you fancied they did; and that goose Sedley was half tipsy, and apologized very handsomely this morning, so there was no exposé after all!"

"Apologized!" shrieked Adeline in a new terror. Did you see him!—surely, surely, George, you did not mean to—to——"

"To fight him?—of course I did!" answered the young man. "Do you think any conceited fop of a soldier shall insult my sister with impunity?"

"Oh, George!" exclaimed Adeline—her tears now flowing unopposed. "And through me, you might have been this morning murdered, or else a murderer."

"No, no," said George, smiling; "it was my

own fault, for I made up the plot, so don't be harsh with poor Latimer, but shew your good sense by passing it over."

"Oh!" said Adeline, resuming her contemptuous tone, "that is quite another thing. I never wish to see Mr.—he has so many names—again. He is quite an adept in deceit—he is not to be trusted. I never wish to meet him again!"

"Oh yes, but you do; you are just as much in love as ever, and so is he, poor fellow!"

Adeline's lowering frown seemed half clearing, as if to make room for smiles.

"Come," continued her brother, coaxingly, "only think how grateful you ought to be; that beautiful girl is his *sister*. Last night you were somewhat jealous of her attractions, eh, Adeline? [A pout on the lady's lip.] That all you thought was coquetry should turn out mere fraternal kindness! and such a *nice* sister, as you ladies say. [A slight smile on the lady's lip.] So fascinating—really, she might have been a most formidable rival. [Here a sigh of relief from the lady.] Ah, yes, you see matters sensibly now! I'll send Latimer to plead his own cause."

"No, no," exclaimed Adeline, "I will not see him—no, indeed!"

"Very well!" said George, with quiet despair, "take your own way. It will certainly look rather odd to dismiss your betrothed husband without hearing him in self-defence. You are worse than the law's justice, and that is sometimes bad enough!—no *congé* from you! I do not believe Latimer will take his dismissal from me. I shall have to fight him next, I suppose."

Adeline started nervously—"Send him then, but tell him, it is only for a last farewell."

"Halloo!" whistled George, in ecstasy, and ere Adeline's permission had well escaped her lips, Latimer Fanshawe dashed in through the open sash, and caught her in his arms. George, very discreetly, turned his back, and walked on to the lawn, for there stood the lovely Violet, looking as fresh and sweet as a violet ought to do. An hour or two elapsed, but the flight of time was unnoticed by both the couple in the parlour, and the equally entranced couple on the lawn.

Poor Colonel Turner, who had no pressing feelings to interfere with his appetite, after waiting long and patiently for breakfast, descended at last in a state of wondering voracity, and, on throwing open the parlour door, descried his fair Adeline seated, tearful and smiling too, on the sofa, with an arm round her waist belonging to him he knew as Sedley. Moreover George, through the window, might plainly be perceived holding Miss Fanshawe's hand, and in a highly excited frame of mind, as his gestures denoted. "Heyday, my dear, what's this?" quoth the quiet papa.

"Only your son-in-law to be," said George, running in from the lawn. "Allow me to introduce Latimer Fanshawe, Esq., nephew and heir of Sir Robert Fanshawe, of Holles Park, and bridegroom-elect of the lovely and accomplished Miss Adeline Turner, &c., &c."

"But I thought," said the veteran, sorely puzzled, "his name was Sedley—Ensign Sedley. What do you say to it, Miss Adey, my dear?"

"Adey says she must make the best of her bargain. She's quite cured of scarlet fever now. Indeed, she has such confidence in my medical powers, that she has offered—yes, volunteered—the management of the pestle-and-mortar department."

"Nonsense," said Adeline, "you know, Sedley,"—she stopped, grew very confused, and reddened—Latimer laughed.

"Promised—didn't I—to 'throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it.' Very well, my pretty despot!"

"And is this young lady to be married too?" asked the colonel, turning to Violet, who coloured violently, and slid away from the general laugh.

"No, not yet," said George, "more's the pity!"

"So I think," said the colonel, his eye following her with admiration; and accordingly he stepped out after her.

"There goes my father to try his skill at flirting," said George, and he turned quickly upon his sister—"I thought you only wished to see Latimer for a last farewell! I thought you could never trust the traitor again. Pray, Latimer, do you sail for America to-night? I thought, Adeline, you were determined to marry a soldier. How do you cheat your conscience of its vows?"

"It is very different now," said Adeline, somewhat abashed—"at least, he is not going to continue a physician."

"No," added Latimer, "we are to have love in a cottage ornée, and compound lollypops instead of pills!"

"Well, Miss Adey, this is all very fine, but I have won my bet. You were in love with a medical student before the month was out;—yes, blush as you choose; for you know you didn't know Sedley a week before you were in a hopeless condition." Adeline coloured, and yet laughed.

"Perish Sedley and his memory!" cried Latimer.

"Nay," said she softly, "as Sedley I knew you, as Sedley you won me—why forget him?"

"As Sedley I won you, but as Fanshawe I'll wear you, and make you an unprejudiced and good little wife!"

"Ha ha!" shouted George, "bravo for your talent in managing the womankind! Ah, if you can only turn a Fanshawe into a Turner as cleverly as you are converting a Turner into a Fanshawe, I shall be eternally your debtor! Here come my father and your sister, eyeing the cold breakfast rather ominously."

"Good gracious!" said the Colonel, seizing a chair, "I am perfectly starved, and so is Miss Fanshawe—we are not in love, which you seem to consider pretty substantial diet itself. Oh dear! the muffins are as tough as leather! and the toast is worse! and the eggs are cold! Goodness me! Adeline, you've filled up my chocolate cup with vinegar, and poured the cream over Sedley's—ah, dear, what is his name?—pickled salmon! My dear Miss Fanshawe, never mind them—you're the only sensible person; you're not in love."

"Don't be too sure of that!" muttered George. "You will be asked to her wedding *some fine day* soon!"

THE FOREST QUEEN.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

"See where she stands—a mortal shape; indued
With love, and life, and light!"—SHELLEY.

Oh, a fearless queen is the Forest Queen,
As she rules 'neath the greenwood tree,
With a waving robe of delicate green,
And a footstep firm and free.
When Spring, her favoured friend draws near,
Up, up she springs to greet;
And from darksome lids she brushes the tear,
With a welcome kind and sweet.
Earth's bright natural Queen is she,
Ruling in peace 'neath the greenwood tree!

Of acorn buds is her simple crown,
'Mid her golden tresses twined;
And lightly it weighs those bright locks down,
As they chase the summer wind.
Oh, little cares she for royal state,
Her subjects are Nature's own;
And the vampires of this world, Scorn and Hate,
Approach not her sylvan throne.
The sunbeams around her are blithe and free,
Darting their smiles thro' the greenwood tree!

Her sceptre's a willow wand,
But little needed, I trow;
She has but to stretch out her regal hand,
And all nations before her bow.
They come when the glad day beams,
To her quiet and cool retreat;
They clothe their hearts with youth's holy dreams,
As they rest near her sheltering feet.
Earth's most natural Queen is she,
As she rules in peace 'neath the greenwood tree!

She calleth a voice from the friendly hills,
To speak with an inward tone;
And gently answer the gushing rills,
With a melody of their own.
And manhood's world-worn breast gives way;
Thro' the vista dim of years
Beam back the hopes which know not decay,
But are brighter when bathed in tears.
A magical, heart-stirring Queen is she,
Turning sorrow to joy 'neath the greenwood tree!

When pale Dian sheds her silvery light,
She stretches her arms o'er the plain;
And a band of spirits, joyous and bright,
A gorgeous elfin train,
With pipes of the musical water reed,
Are hurrying to and fro,
Dancing away o'er the cowslip'd mead,
Into the vale below.

A matronly, warm-hearted Queen is she,
Enjoying wild bliss 'neath the greenwood tree!

But when the twilight, misty and grey,
Announcing morning comes,
Borne on the air all quickly away,
They wing towards their star-lit homes.
What can console her? The waking Sun,
As he smiles on his faithful streams,
When, murmuring music, they wander on
Where her own bright visage beams;

Laughing, she bends from the greenwood tree,
To gaze on her image, so bright and so free!

The Wind, with his mighty roar,
Sweeps rudely across her breast;
But his impotent rage at her glance gives o'er,
And she lulls him at last to rest;
And her evening lullaby,
Mournful and mild, doth swell
As the distant sound of a dirge-like cry,
Or the tone of a muffled bell!
Then a touch of queenly dignity,
Shines forth from the depths of the forest tree!

Hundreds of summers may wave
O'er her clear, majestic brow;
Little power have they to cast in the grave
One beauty which graces her now:
They can never waste her form,
Or pinch her cheek with care;
The heart, remaining verdantly warm,
Will preserve the features fair;
And still, as ever, her rule shall be,
Peaceful and calm 'neath the greenwood tree!

The moon, with a sisterly grace,
Bends down her tender eyes;
Gazing, as rapt on that changeless face
Which the touch of Time defies:
And her children, each tiny star,
From their crystal couch peep out;
And genial airs from regions afar
Wander her round about.
So lovely, beloved, and loving is she,
With gentle friends 'neath the greenwood tree!

Long flourish our Queen! in the days of old
The bugle and huntsman's sport;
And Love's young tale (how often told!)
Made merry her crowded court:
And Gallia's sons, as her voice they heard,
Leapt forth—a merry crew—
To watch the flight of her own wild bird,
As he sailed o'er the heavens blue;
Returning to offer their homage free,
And coquet with her maidens beneath the oak tree

All hail to her still! the laugh and the dance
Shall speed as merrily,
Inspired by her smile, by her kindly glance,
As in days of chivalry.
And we'll wander her shores along,
Drinking deep from Life's beautiful springs
Revelling—bathing in ancient song,
Or in poet's imaginings.
For never can Life seem so pure and so free,
As when Thought makes her resting-place 'neath
the green tree!

Ye kind ones! ever her memory keep
A gem in that endless mine;
Visit, like pilgrims, with feelings deep
Her all-enduring shrine,
Acknowledge her sway; and the gentle flow'rs,
Endowed with a murmuring voice,
Shall bring to your heart the bygone hours,
And whisper, "Rejoice—Rejoice!"
Rejoice that she reigns undisputed and free,
With Nature, her consort, beneath the oak tree!
Cambridge.

A MAN WITH TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

(An American Tale.)

BY EPES SARGENT.

"Always, my dear Ned, always be sure and have two strings to your bow," was among the last exhortations of old Simon Plausible to his only son and heir.

Ned did not require any such advice; for it had long been one of the leading articles of his moral code. He began the practice of it in the nursery, and continued it through life. The maxim always came in play, at every step of any consequence which he took. When a boy at the Rev. Mr. Drubber's seminary, the class to which he belonged were on one occasion undergoing an examination in Virgil. A distribution of medals depended upon the result, and some of the dignitaries of the city were present. Ned had studied that portion of the Georgics in which he and his companions were to be tried, with great assiduity, until, as he believed, he was perfect in every verse.

"It is the best policy, however," said Ned to himself, "to have two strings to one's bow. I may as well take my printed translation with me. I can keep it snug in my jacket pocket; and if I find I am likely to stick at any passage, I can just glance at the English version, and recover myself."

Now, it is probably among the juvenile reminiscences of my readers, that the act of bringing a printed or written translation to recitation is a high penal offence on the part of a school-boy. Our friend Ned did not require any such aid. He had an excellent memory, and was a hard student—what his rivals called "*a dig*." In the present instance he had made himself thoroughly perfect in those passages of the great Latin author, which were to be construed by the class. But Ned thought it best to have two strings to his bow. What was the result?

He had passed triumphantly through his examination without once having occasion to take a clandestine peep at his English version. He had won the topmost place in his class; and now awaited in victorious expectation the delivery of the medals. Already were they glistening, with their blue silk ribbons attached, in the hands of one of the committee, when a hateful little usher, whom the boys had nicknamed "*Old Dot-and-carry-one*," from an impediment in his gait, started up, and throwing back the collar of his coat, and fixing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waist-coat, bowed to Dr. Drubber and the committee, and remarked, that with their permission he would put a question or two to Master Plausible.

Supposing that the interrogatory would relate to the passing of some sentence or the scanning of some line, Ned came forward with a confident smirk to where Mr. Dot-and-carry-one was standing. The latter assumed a diabolical smile as he witnessed the assured and self-complacent demeanour of his victim.

"Allow me to inquire, sir," said the usher, "whether that is not a translation of the Georgics, which I see protruding from your pocket?"

"This, sir?" asked Ned, with a faint smile, pulling forth a small almanac from a side-pocket, and attempting to thrust into concealment the obtrusive translation—"this is nothing but an al-l-l-manac. It is very useful, you see, sir, for"—

"Oh, I don't doubt it in the least," interrupted the usher. But I had reference to those printed sheets—there—not in your pantaloon pocket, but in your jacket."

"Oh, these!" said Ned, crumbling some of the loose leaves in his hand, and bending a compassionate and somewhat derisive smile upon the usher, "these I placed there for wadding. My father, sir, has given me permission to go on to Long Island this afternoon, a-shooting."

"Ah, indeed! Pray let me examine the quality of the wadding you use. I am a sportsman myself sometimes."

Poor Ned turned pale, and began to tremble. But he was fertile in subterfuges; and he replied, "The fact is, sir, that being the owner of an old translation of Virgil, and not wishing to be tempted to refer to it in my studies, I tore it up for the purpose I have mentioned."

The excuse would not answer. The remorseless usher insisted upon seeing the sheets. They were at length produced and found to correspond with that portion of the Georgics upon which the class were engaged. Master Plausible not only lost the medal which would have been his, but he was disgraced before the whole school, including the examining committee. This was one of the results of his having two strings to his bow. But the circumstance did not cause him to abandon his favourite policy.

On quitting college, it became necessary that he should choose a profession; for his father had died and left him nothing but the advice contained in the old proverb, which we have seen him carry into practice. Ned's tastes and predilections led him to decide in favour of devoting himself to the law. But he had an uncle, who was a physician, and who offered to educate him gratuitously. The consequence was, that our hero determined to study law and medicine at one and the same time; in short, to have two strings to his bow; because, said he to himself, if I find clients are scarce, I can then easily turn doctor.

But when, at the termination of three years, he was admitted to practise at the bar, he discovered to his astonishment that all the persons from whom he solicited business, seemed to have the impression that his medical qualifications exceeded his legal. Ned was always of an accommodating disposition; and, finding that popular prejudice seemed to run in favour of his Esculapian talents, he informed his friends and the public that in obedience to their wishes he had turned physician. But it would not do. Those who had doubted his legal attainments were far more distrustful of his medical skill. He was looked upon as neither fish nor flesh—neither lawyer nor doctor. In vain, acting upon his favourite principle, did he advertise that he treated patients both homœo-

pathically and alopathically, as they might wish. During a whole year that his sign was hung out, but a solitary patient came to his office, and she was an old woman, who called to inquire the way to Dr. Mott's.

Failing in his professional attempts, he directed his attention to politics. He did not lack what the French call a *flux de bouche*, which in John Bull's less refined tongue, may be rendered, *gift of the gab*. His *début* at Tammany Hall was immensely successful. A few catch-words were occasionally heard overtopping the level and inaudible portion of his speech, and these never failed to bring down acclamations of applause. Had any one attempted to report the harangue, he would have had to trust to his imagination for all the words that filled up the interstices between the following: "Heroes of '76—bone and muscle of the land—New Orleans—silk-stocking gentry—our democratic brethren—Waterloo defeat—Federalism—Federal aristocrats—nail our flag to the mast—victory is ours."

On the strength of these very original and emphatic phrases (for they constituted the whole of his speech that could be distinctly heard), Ned acquired quite a reputation—in the newspapers. He soon began to be regarded politically as a rising young man; and some influential members of his party even canvassed the propriety of giving him the nomination to Congress. Unluckily for Ned, at this moment, an agent of the opposite party ventured to sound the depths of his political fidelity, by intimating to him that if he would quit his Tammany friends for the Whigs, the latter would reward him for his apostasy by sending him as their representative to Washington.

"It is always safest to have two strings to one's bow," said Ned to himself, as he reflected upon the proposal. "If Tammany doesn't nominate me, the Whigs will, if I will only join them. My best course is, to keep good friends with the managers on both sides, and so, if I am dropped by one, the other will take me up. Ay, that will be my true policy—to stand ready to jump either side of the fence." And congratulating himself upon his astuteness, Ned undertook to avail himself of the favourable intentions of both parties in regard to the nomination. But he who attempts to sit upon two stools is likely to fall to the ground; and Ned's experience verified the proverb; for Tammany, on learning that he was tampering with the enemy, repudiated him; and the Whigs, like other parties, though generally lenient towards apostates, refused to receive him into their ranks in any capacity but that of a subaltern.

His political plans having failed utterly, Ned, as a last resort to means for advancing his fortunes, resolved upon matrimony. To give him his due, he was a man of personal exterior and captivating address. Few could make their way in society more adroitly than he. But he was by no means infallible. Through a too precipitate confidence in his success, he encountered three or four flat refusals from young ladies who were regarded as extremely "eligible." These rebuffs taught him caution and humility; and he changed his tactics.

Fortune seemed to smile upon him at length.

At one of the brilliant balls, which at late hours on winter nights startle the pedestrian in Broadway, by the sound of music and feet that beat the floor in the hall of the Washington Hotel—at one of those select and refined assemblies, Ned sought, and, without much difficulty, procured an introduction to the daughter of a retired victualler; and as we cannot at this moment distinctly recall her name, we will, for convenience sake, designate her as Miss Cutlet. She was young, pretty, and blooming; but her great charm, at least in Ned's eyes, lay in the fact that she was heiress to some hundreds of thousands of dollars. What though her hands and feet were apparently made rather for use than ornament? What though a sight of the extraordinary style of hair-dressing to which she seemed to be partial would have given the immortal Grandjean a violent attack of dyspepsia? What though Mademoiselle Armand would have fainted at the spectacle of her *tournure*? Put these frivolous objections in one scale and her butcher's and drover's bank stock in the other, and who would doubt that the objections would kick the beam?

As for Ned, the subject did not admit of a question in his mind. After a discreet courtship of a month's duration, he made an avowal to the lady of the desperate state of his affections, and received in return her consent to become Mrs. Plausible. And now there seemed nothing but smooth sailing for Ned. He had nothing to do but go through a very simple, and by no means fatiguing ceremony. slip a cheap gold ring on his bride's finger, and then he could walk into old Cutlet's house, hang up his hat, and make it his home.

Such seemed the fate in store for our hero. Alas! we know not what mockery the future may make of our plans. And yet,

"Look into those they call unfortunate,
And, nearer viewed, you'll find they've been
unwise."

In an evil hour Ned visited Philadelphia on some small business for his intended father-in-law. As he was promenading Chesnut-street, he met an old classmate, who had risen to distinction at the bar by exclusive and unremitted devotion to his profession.

"What, Ned! Is it you? I am glad to see you," exclaimed the Philadelphian.

"Ha! Clingstone! Fred! How are you? delighted to take you by the hand again!"

"When did you arrive in the city, and where have you put up? And why the deuce didn't you come and bivouac with me in Spruce-street!"

"I arrived last night—put up at Jones's—and didn't bivouac upon you for various reasons; the first of which was, that I didn't know you lived in the city; the second—"

"I will hear the rest another time," replied Clingstone. "But, my dear fellow, you must dine with me to-day. I wish to introduce you to my wife, who is very fond of questioning my old classmates. Besides, now I think of it, a beautiful girl will be our guest—a Miss Hope—did you ever see her?"

"Not as I recollect."

"Well, she is an heiress, besides being very pretty. A hundred thousand in her own right is the very least that she can call her own."

"A hundred thousand?"

"And no mistake!"

"In her own right?"

"Aye; most unquestionably in her own right. But perhaps you are married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"Ahem! N—n—n—no!"

"The 'no' stuck in Ned's throat, but he gave it utterance. And what was his object in prevaricating? He himself hardly knew, for he had not had time to mature any decided plan. Perhaps it was his evil genius with the two strings to his bow, who prompted him to the act.

Ned dined that day with his friend Clingstone, and was introduced to Miss Hope. What a contrast as to personal appearance and demeanour, did she present in our hero's eyes to the victualler's daughter! Beautiful and well-bred, there was another advantage which she possessed over her bowery rival—her property was in her own right, and not contingent upon the whims, physical and mental, of a close-fisted and capricious father. Clingstone took his newly-found classmate to a party that night, and there the latter again found Miss Hope. Ned soon discovered that a number of suitors of by no means contemptible pretensions were in her train; and, as fortune would have it, the lady manifested a very decided partiality for himself. This was embarrassing. Should he take advantage of the favourable impression he had produced, and follow it up, notwithstanding his oaths of fealty to Miss Cutlet?

Ned looked long and intently at this many-sided question. Miss Cutlet was too valuable a prize to part with lightly, for she was an only daughter, and her father was reputed to be a millionaire. But then the old fellow might live these twenty years, or marry his housekeeper, and have a number of "little responsibilities" to share his estate; and then, if we may borrow our hero's expressive language, "he would cut up lean."

On the other hand, Miss Hope had what she had not merely in prospect, but in possession. There were solid acres, and buildings of substantial brick, and coal mines of inexhaustible capacity, which she could point to, and call her own.

After canvassing the matter in his mind the better part of a night, while he was tossing in bed, Ned came to a most notable and characteristic conclusion. "What is to prevent my having two strings to my bow?" said he, elated at the brilliancy and sagacity of the conception. "I can then, any time within the next six months, decide as to which one I will marry. It would be prudent to inquire a little more closely into old Cutlet's dividends; and I would like to make some further investigations into the state and average revenue of Miss H.'s coal mines. But there are so many flutterers about her path now, that unless I engage myself at once, I shall lose the chance. Yes, as I have six months before me to think about it, and examine into the comparative advantages of the two

arrangements, it will decidedly be my best plan to have two strings to my bow. And then there is the chance of one of the girls jilting me! It is well to be provided against such a contingency. If her fortune were only equal to the other's, I would vastly prefer Miss Hope. I will secure the promise of her hand, so as to frighten off her other wooers, and then deliberately investigate matters to ascertain whether it will answer for me to marry her. Perhaps things will turn out better than I expect; and if so—By the way, how lucky it is that Miss C. has no brother to call me out for deserting her! Well; it can't be helped. I oughtn't to sacrifice myself for a trifle. The highest bidder shall have me, let who may be disappointed."

In the midst of these soothing and highly moral meditations, Ned sank to sleep. He woke the next day to put his resolve into immediate execution. After a few weeks' wooing, he succeeded in his object; and interchanged with Miss Hope promises of marriage. Behold him now once more with two strings to his bow. He rightly calculated that the two ladies, residing in different cities, and moving in altogether different circles, would not be likely to hear of each other's engagements from common report. He consequently felt quite secure in the game which he was carrying on; and played the lover to both with an unexceptionable degree of assiduity, writing them the most flaming billets-doux, and running in debt to purchase them bouquets and serenades.

But a man with two strings to his bow ought to have an infallible memory. Absence of mind is a failing to which he should never be subject. Ned lived to afford an illustration of the importance of this advice. One day he accidentally misdirected the letters to his two "strings." Miss Cutlet received a billet, in which he expressed his regret at his inability to visit Philadelphia, and made protestations of eternal constancy to his dear "Julia." Miss Hope, on the other hand, was informed that the writer could not accompany her to Niblo's that evening, as he was obliged to visit Philadelphia on business of importance; but that he was her ever devoted and faithful "E. P."

It is unnecessary to say that both the young ladies were puzzled and confounded on receiving the misdirected notes. In the one received by her who was his last and most highly prized conquest, the address of Miss Cutlet, with the number and street of her residence, was added at the bottom of the sheet. Miss Hope, who was truly a girl of spirit and intelligence, notwithstanding the fact that she had been duped by our hero, immediately adopted the most straightforward and satisfactory means of informing herself in regard to her lover's duplicity. She started for New York, and called upon her rival. An interview succeeded, in which both were thoroughly satisfied as to the character and conduct of Mr. Plausible. Miss Hope immediately returned to Philadelphia; and the victualler's daughter had scarcely time to compose her features, before the "gentleman with two strings to his bow" was announced. It should be remarked in anticipation, that the two maidens, before they parted, had agreed in regard to the course they would each adopt towards their audacious suitor

With a more than usually self-assured smirk Ned advanced to embrace his Bowery beauty. She gently repelled his familiarities, and, turning away her head, muttered in an "aside" intended to be heard, "How shall I ever reveal it to him?"

"Nay, what is the meaning of all this? How have I offended? Why do you repel me?" exclaimed Ned with his habitual volubility.

"It will be too dreadfully harrowing to his feelings!" muttered Miss Cutlet.

"Harrowing to my feelings! Explain yourself Amanda—what do you mean?"

"Alas! can you bear the news that will separate us for ever?"

"Nonsense! out with it! I can bear anything."

"Know then, sir, that I have another young man in my eye, whom I would rather marry than yourself—if you please."

"The devil!" muttered Ned to himself.

We must abridge our description of the remainder of the interview. In vain did our hero tenderly plead and loudly threaten. He found that arguments and expostulations were all of no use.

"How lucky," thought he, as he abandoned the hope of retaining Amanda as one of his "strings," "how lucky that I foresaw a contingency of this kind, and provided myself with two strings to my bow!"

Early the next morning he hastened to Philadelphia, and went to throw himself at the feet of Miss Hope. On being ushered into the drawing-room, he saw, to his amazement, that she was seated on the sofa, while by her side a fashionably-dressed young man was lying with his head in her lap.

As Ned entered the apartment, the recumbent youth lazily raised his eyes, and regarded him with a supercilious air. Our hero directed a glance of inquiry at the lady. She did not appear to be in the least discomposed, but with perfect *sang-froid*, and without rising from the sofa, said—

"Lift up your head, Clarence! This is Mr. Plausible. How do you do, Mr. Plausible? Mr. Plausible, Mr. Romaine—Mr. Romaine, Mr. Plausible."

Ned bowed coldly, and assumed a very serious look. As for Mr. Clarence, he seemed so well satisfied with the resting-place which his head had found, that not even the entrance of a stranger could induce him to give it up. He simply nodded at Ned with a careless "Ah! how d'y'e do," and then familiarly wound his fingers through the luxuriant tresses which hung from the lady's forehead.

"Who the deuce is Mr. Romaine?" thought our hero. "A brother? No. His name declares that to be impossible. A brother-in-law? Julia never told me that she had a sister. Who can he be? Confusion! he has pulled down her head to his, and is kissing her most voraciously."

Ned thought it time to make a remark, inasmuch as neither of the parties seemed to regard his presence.

"Mr. Romaine is a near relative, I presume, Julia?"

"Oh, no—not the most distant," she replied.

"Ahem! Then I must say, Julia, that if he sn't a brother, or at least a cousin"—

"Well, sir, what must you say?" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, starting suddenly to his feet, and marching close up to poor Ned, till he recoiled some paces lest his toes should be trodden upon.

"What must you say, sir?" repeated Mr. Romaine, stamping his feet, and to all appearance in a towering rage.

"I was merely about taking the liberty to remark, sir," said Ned deprecatingly (for he was a bit of a coward), "to remark, that for an engaged lady, Miss Julia seemed to me rather too affectionate towards a gentleman who is not her lover or near kinsman."

"And how do you know, sir, that I am not her lover?" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, shaking both fists in Mr. Plausible's face.

"Because, sir," replied the latter, "I have the good fortune to stand in that position towards the lady myself."

"Well, sir, and what then?" asked Mr. Romaine.

"Yes, and what then?" re-echoed Julia.

"Ahem! It may be a prejudice on my part," said Ned, "but I have always thought it customary for an engaged lady to confine her blandishments to a single lover."

"What! and hasn't a lady the privilege of having two strings to her bow?" exclaimed Julia.

"Yes, answer that!" screamed Mr. Romaine, advancing upon poor Ned so rapidly, that in his backward retreat he stumbled over an ottoman, and fell at full length upon the floor.

Mr. Plausible rapidly picked himself up, and seized his hat. Julia's last interrogation had convinced him that his double dealing had been discovered, and that his game was lost. Another circumstance that accelerated his movement was the fact of seeing Mr. Romaine lay hold of a stout cane, and turn up the sleeve of his coat. Ned did not stop to inquire as to his intentions, but took his leave at once, without standing upon the order of his going.

Had he listened as he closed the door, he might have heard Julia exclaim—"Bravely acted, Harriet! He did not for a moment suspect that you were a woman!"

One would think that Ned had by this time grown tired of having two strings to his bow. But it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. He was no longer as young as he had been once.

The last, and perhaps the most notable instance wherein he illustrated the proverb, partook of the melancholy as well as of the ludicrous. He had been visited with an acute disease which required prompt and efficient treatment; and in the hurry and excitement attendant upon the attack, two rival physicians had been sent for. One of them had come, and left a prescription just as the second one had arrived. The latter sneered at the mode of treatment of his predecessor, and adopted one precisely contrary. The two messengers, who had been dispatched to the apothecary's, returned about the same time, and brought into the sick man's room two different mixtures in vials. For a long time Ned was puzzled as to which he should take. At length the old proverb, which had been his bane all his life long, shot into his head.

"It is safest to have two strings to one's bow," quoth he, and swallowed both the preparations. They did his business for him so effectually, that he was never called upon to pay note or bill again, although several became due shortly after the event.

"ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE."

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

Flowers, bright flowers,
Children of earth;
Sunshine and showers
Bring ye to birth.
Gaily ye bloom,
'Neath the blue sky;
Alas that your doom
Is to wither and die!

Leaves, bright leaves,
Nature's fair green
Garments, she weaves
To vary the scene.
In the season of spring,
Ye awake at her call;
When autumn takes wing,
Ye flutter and fall.

Hours, bright hours,
Happy are ye
When no sadness low'rs,
And spirits are free!
But sorrow comes on,
Soon, soon are ye fled;
All gladness is gone,
And gay fancy is dead.

Clouds, bright clouds,
Floating on high;
In beautiful crowds,
Ye garnish the sky.
Lit by a sunbeam,
Glorious to-day;
Soon like a day-dream,
To vanish away.

Eyes, bright eyes,
Sparkling with light;
Beauty e'er lies
In your glances bright.
To-day ye will smile,
To-morrow must weep;
And after a while,
In death silent sleep.

Things, bright things,
Such is the fate
Which to ye all clings,
And each must await.
Swiftly we sail,
Down Time's rapid stream;
Beauty is frail,
And life but a dream.

THE SEA KING.

BY MISS M. H. ACTON.

The Sea King am I,
On my shining crystal throne;
From the ocean to the sky,
All that greets me is my own.

The ships that o'er me sweep,
In their stateliness rejoice;
But they tremble in the deep,
When they hear my mighty voice.

I wave my trident proud,
And the storms their wings unfold;
And the waters make a shroud
For the reckless sailor bold.

The masts are rent in twain,
Pale death the billow crowns;
And the help of man is vain,
When the dreaded Sea King frowns.

Rich pearl and costly gem
At my feet unheeded lie;
And my jewelled diadem,
Would a mighty kingdom buy.

And my treasures laugh to scorn
All that's fair the earth can shew;
For a thousand storms have borne
Countless riches down below.

Give place, ye earth-born kings,
To my firm and lasting sway;
For your crowns are fading things,
And your sceptres pass away:

But the golden sun has shone
Many ages o'er my head;
And still I reign alone,
In my ocean kingdom dread.

Youth and beauty, strength and pride,
Palsied age, and childhood sleep,
Cold and silent, side by side,
In my hidden caverns deep.

The rushing ocean foam
Has sighed their passing knell;
For the secrets of my home
Mortal lips may never tell.

Then quail, ye things of earth,
When I send my tempest forth!
And tremble in your mirth,
When ye hear my stormy wrath!

For the sun's resplendent light
In the heavens shall be o'er,
And the starry orbs of night
From on high shall shine no more,

And a chaos once again
Must your world of beauty be,
Ere the Sea King cease to reign
In his ocean kingdom free!

SKETCHES OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

BY MARY ANN YOVATT.

No. II. Schiller.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born at Marbach, a small town in Würtemberg, on the banks of the Neckar. His father was an army surgeon. At a very early age he presented tokens of that intensity of feeling, deep sense of religion, and conscientiousness, which afterwards distinguished him. His first preceptor was a clergyman named Moser, whose son afterwards became his dearest friend; and it was from them that he doubtless imbibed that desire for a clerical life which ever haunted him. He was about nine years old, when the removal of his family to Ludwigsburg opened to him a new view of life; he then, for the first time, witnessed a theatrical representation. Its effect on his mind was wonderful, and his leisure hours were now devoted to the composing of plans and plots for tragedies, although his taste for the church still remained unaltered. Here he became the pupil of the celebrated Jahn, and under his superintendence read Ovid, Horace, and Virgil, and commenced the study of Greek.

The Duke of Würtemberg, who had been employed in converting one of his hunting castles into a military academy, and who sought among the sons of his officers for those on whom he meant to confer the advantages arising from it, selected young Schiller among others. The father respectfully represented to his prince that the boy's wish was to become a clergyman, and, consequently, the course of instruction pursued at the academy would not be adapted for him; but the Duke, who had heard much of the talents of young Schiller, and was desirous of having him among the pupils, advised his father to persuade him to alter his choice of a profession. It was with great difficulty that the father succeeded, and induced his son to enter the academy as a student of law. But his dislike to this science was unconquerable, and the hours which should have been devoted to it were dedicated to the study of literature and poetry. These forbidden pursuits were cherished with enthusiastic fervour, and the obstacles which lay in the way to them served but to inflame his passion. Nor did he find the strict regulations and methodical routine of the academy more bearable: he often secretly escaped from its tedious formalities to take a peep at the gay, bustling, and to him, forbidden world; or feigned illness, in order to keep his chamber and write poetry, or read his favourite authors, Plutarch, Shakspeare, Klopstock, Lessing, Goethe, Herder, Gerstenberg, and others. The "Messias" of Klopstock, and the "Ugolino" of Gerstenberg, were among his earliest and most favourite studies, and these, combined with his own religious tendencies, had early created in him a taste for sacred poetry. He was scarcely fourteen when he drew up the plan for an epic poem, which in after years he worked out, and published. His first dramatic attempts were induced by the perusal of Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen."

At length, in the year 1775, an opportunity occurred of avowing his dislike to the study of law; a new professorship, with its course of study, was added to the academy, namely that of medicine, and young Schiller resolved to follow his father's profession. This science appears to have been less distasteful to him, for we find that in 1780 he took his degree, and was shortly afterwards appointed surgeon to a grenadier troop. Being now in some measure his own master, he began to devote more time to literary pursuits, and in 1781 published "Die Räuber," which was performed at Mannheim in 1782, and excited a very great sensation throughout Germany. The Duke of Würtemberg, however, exceedingly disapproved of some portions of it, and forbade the young author to write on any but medical subjects, and even went so far as to put him under arrest for going privately to Mannheim, with the pardonable vanity of an author, to witness the representation of his own play. This prohibition was rendered more galling to Schiller, by the fact of his having been solicited by Professor Abel, of Stuttgart, to contribute to a periodical conducted by him, and having actually written some articles for it. He endeavoured to overcome the Duke's resolve, but finding the attempt vain, quitted Stuttgart privately, and after residing for nearly a year on the estate of a lady with whose sons he had been on terms of the closest friendship, proceeded to Mannheim, where he was joyfully received by the manager of the theatre, who advanced him money for his present expenses, and procured for him the appointment of theatre-poet, a post of respectability and some profit. He now set himself steadily to work, and produced "Fiesco," and "Kabale und Liebe," besides translating Shakspeare's "Macbeth," and "Timon of Athens," and several French plays. In 1785 he began to edit a miscellany entitled "Thalia," in which appeared some portions of his "Don Carlos," and his "Philosophical Letters." These writings attracted the notice of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who invited him to his court, and became his friend and patron. Towards the end of the summer of 1785, Schiller went to reside at Dresden, and here he finished and published his play of "Don Carlos," and some few lyrical poems, and also commenced his "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands." In 1787, he removed to Weimar, where he became personally acquainted with Herder, and Wieland, and wrote "Die Götter Griechenlands," "Die Künstler," a fragment of the history of the Netherlands, and several other prose works, for a periodical entitled "Der Mercur." In 1789, he was appointed to the Professorship of History at Jena through the instrumentality of Goethe; there he married a lady to whom he had been attached for some time, and there was his "History of the Thirty Years' War" written, as well as several splendid essays, and translations of the "Iphigenia in Aulis," and the "Phœnissæ" of Euripides, the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, and the "Æneid" of Virgil. But the keen mountainous breezes of Jena were too much for his naturally delicate constitution: he had a severe attack of inflammation of the chest, in the beginning of the year 1791, from which

he never entirely recovered. This so weakened his constitution, that it became impossible for him to fulfil the duties of his office, and already were his friends and admirers uniting together to offer him the means of living without the necessity of any exertion, when the crown prince of Denmark conferred on him a merely nominal office, with the salary of one thousand Thalers, for three years, to give him time to recruit his health. It never became thoroughly re-established, but a period of rest from all his labours restored it in some measure, and completely invigorated his mind. About this time he conceived the idea of his dramatic poem "Wallenstein," but it was not completed until several years after. In 1793 he travelled towards his ancient home, and visited his parents and youthful friends, and wrote to the Duke of Württemberg, requesting permission to visit Stuttgart. The Duke returned no answer, but stated in the hearing of Schiller's friends, that should he come, he would not take any notice of it; thus encouraged, the poet proceeded onwards, and found that he had nothing to fear; and subsequently returned to Jena, where in 1795, he produced some of his most beautiful poems. In 1799, however, he wholly resigned the Professorship of History there, and returned to Saxe Weimar, where his acquaintance with Goethe ripened into a close intimacy, and these two great men shared together the superintendence of the theatre. "Wallenstein" appeared in 1779, "Maria Stuart" in 1800, "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" in 1801, "Die Braut von Messina" in 1803, and his last, and, as some say, best play, "Wilhelm Tell" in 1804; nor did all these works prevent him from translating Gozzi's "Turandot," Racine's "Phædra," and several French comedies. He had commenced another dramatic poem, when a fatal attack of his old complaint seized him, and he died at Berlin in 1805, and in the forty-fifth year of his age. His last days were marked by a calm serious resignation of spirit, far removed from indifference or superstition; and almost his latest words were, on being asked by a friend how he felt, "Calmer and calmer still;" and he presently added, "Many things are becoming clear and plain to me now."

He has bequeathed a noble heir-loom to posterity in the numerous works of which we will now endeavour to give some short account.

"The Robbers." The old Count von Moor has two sons, Karl and Franz. The former is absent; and the latter, jealous of his father's fondness, and his cousin Amelia's love for his favoured brother, vilifies his character to the old man, magnifies every youthful foible, produces forged letters corroborating his words, and so works upon the father's feelings that he induces him to disinheritor and cast off his once-loved child. Franz himself announces this to his brother; he then intercepts all his brother's letters, woos Amelia, and at length produces an accomplice, who pretends to have witnessed Karl's death, and heard his last wishes that Amelia might become his brother's bride. Amelia refuses belief to all, treats Franz with contempt, and continues faithful to the memory of her first love. Karl, driven to desperation, joins a band of

robbers, and becomes their captain. But longing once more to behold his father and beloved Amelia, he returns home in disguise, finds his father dead, and Amelia about to enter a convent. He has an interview with her, and she vainly strives to account for the interest she feels in the supposed stranger. Franz recognises and resolves to murder him, but his designs are defeated by Daniel, an old servant, who also recognises his young master; and from him Karl learns that his father loved him even until death, mourned and wept for him, bitterly repented having authorized the sending of that cruel letter, and lived but in the hope of once more embracing him. Karl's soul is torn with regrets and affection; but crime-stained as he now is, he resolves not to discover himself to Amelia. They meet again; he breaks his resolution, and rushes from the spot to avoid the temptation; she follows him, finds him among his band, and offers to live and die with him be he what he may; the robbers claim their right to so fair a prize. Karl, who has discovered that Franz has imprisoned and nearly starved their old father, releases him; stabs Amelia to save her from pollution and from himself, and delivers himself up to a poor man who has eleven children, in order that the reward offered for his apprehension may do good. Franz, overcome by remorse, fear, and horror, destroys himself.

This play is full of action, passion, feeling, and suffering; but all represented under exaggerated forms. It is a strange *mélange* of bombast and grandeur, and partakes more of the nature of a melodrama, than that of a tragedy. The characters are over-wrought, and the situations want relief; many of the scenes are nevertheless striking, and here and there are touches of pathos, but they want simplicity and truth to make them effective. It must, however, be remembered that the greater part of it was written during Schiller's boyish days, when his romantic enthusiasm was uncorrected by experience or knowledge of the world; and, curbed down by the strictness of the life which he was compelled to lead, vented itself in these extravagant ideal creations. He himself, when speaking of it in after years, says: "Unacquainted with the actual world, from which I was separated by iron trammels, ignorant of mankind, and unused to the society of women, my pencil missed the intermediate line between the sublime and ridiculous, and produced only moral monsters. My great fault was in presuming to delineate men before I had known one."

We extract one or two scenes, which will serve as fair specimens of the whole.

Act I. Scene III. Amelia's Room. Franz and Amelia.

Franz.—Thou turnest from me, Amelia. Am I less worthy than he whom our father has cursed?

Amelia.—Yes! the affectionate tender father, who gives up his son to despair; who pampers himself at home with rich and costly wines, and indulges his palsied limbs on downy cushions, while he abandons his noble son to starvation! Shame on you, monsters! Shame on you, base

serpents! Ye disgrace human nature. His only son, too!

Franz.—I thought he had had two sons.

Amelia.—He deserves to have many such sons as thou art. Vainly on his death-bed shall he stretch out his trembling hands towards his Karl, and recoil with a shudder as he clasps the ice-cold fingers of Franz. Oh, it is sweet—ah, how sweet—to be cursed by a father. Speak, Franz, thou pattern of brotherly love—what must one do to be so cursed by him?

Franz.—You are raving, my love. You are to be pitied.

Amelia.—Oh! I pray thee, dost thou pity thy brother? No, monster, thou hatest him. So dost thou also hate me.

Franz.—I love thee as myself, Amelia.

Amelia.—If thou so lovest me, canst thou refuse me one poor request?

Franz.—No, no, even if thou wert to ask my life.

Amelia.—Well, if that be true, this request is easily, will be willingly, complied with (*Proudly*). Hate me! I should blush with shame whenever I thought on Karl, if I were to believe thou didst not hate me. Thou dost promise—so—now go, leave me. I would be alone.

Franz.—Dearest enthusiast! How much do I admire thy gentle, affectionate heart! There did Karl sit enthroned like a god in his temple. Thy waking thoughts were of Karl; his image filled thy dreams; the whole world appeared to thee absorbed in him; for thee it held but him, and each echo repeated his loved name.

Amelia (*excited*).—Yes, indeed, I confess it; despite of you, barbarians, I confess it before all the world. I love him.

Franz (*half aside*).—Inhuman, cruel! To reward such love so—to forget such a being!

Amelia (*starting*).—What! Forget me?

Franz now endeavours to convince her that Karl is false, and has bestowed a ring which she gave him on a favourite mistress; but Amelia's confidence in her lover rejects the tale, and she exclaims, "It is all a lie—wretch! Full well dost thou know that it were impossible for Karl to become such a being." He then feigns pity for his brother, and severely blames his father's harshness; and Amelia is deceived by his hypocrisy, until he, after describing his last interview with Karl, continues thus: "He took my hand, and sobs choked his utterance as he said, 'I quit my Amelia. I know not wherefore, but my heart forebodes that I shall behold her no more. My brother, never forsake her—be her friend—be to her all that Karl was—should he never return.' (*Franz throws himself at her feet, and kisses her hand passionately*). He has never returned, Amelia, and I solemnly vowed to obey his request."

Amelia (*starting back*).—Traitor! now dost thou betray thyself. In that very bower did he implore me never to love another, even—should he die. How despicable thou art! Hence, quit my sight!

Franz.—Thou dost not know me, Amelia. Thou dost not know me.

Amelia.—I know thee but too well, and from this moment better than ever. And thou wouldst be his equal! Would he have wept about me before thee? No! sooner would he have inscribed my name on the public pillory. Begone instantly.

Franz.—Thou wrongest me.

Amelia.—Begone, I tell thee. Thou hast robbed me of a precious hour; may it be subtracted from thy life!

Franz.—Thou dost hate me!

Amelia.—I despise thee. Hence!

Franz (*stamping with fury*).—Patience and thou shalt tremble before me. What, sacrifice me to a beggar! [*Exit.*]

Amelia.—Go, villain. Now am I once more with Karl. Did he say, Beggar? Then is the world turned upside down—beggars are kings, and kings beggars. Not for the purple of monarchs would I exchange the rags with which he is clothed. The look with which he begs must be great and princely; a look which annihilates the splendour of the great, the pomps and triumphs of the rich. To the dust with thee, thou glittering baubles! (*she tears the ornaments from her neck*). Be ye doomed to wear gold, silver, and jewels, ye rich and great. Be ye condemned to banquet luxuriously, to stretch your limbs on the downy couches of voluptuousness. Karl! Karl! thus am I worthy thee. [*Exit.*]

Act III. Scene II.—*The robbers encamped on a shady eminence; their horses are grazing on the hill.*

Karl Moor. (*Throwing himself on the ground*). Here must I remain. How wearied my limbs are; and my tongue is as dry as a chip. (*Schweizer slips out unobserved*.) I would ask one of you to fetch me a draught of water from yonder stream, but you are all tired to death.

Schwarz. All the wine too is below in the skins.

K. Moor.—Look! how beautiful the corn is—the trees too are bending beneath their load of fruit. The vines seem to promise a plentiful vintage.

Grimm.—Yes, this is a fruitful year.

K. Moor.—But one hailstorm might blast all this fair promise.

Schwarz.—Very true. Every thing may fail.

K. Moor.—And every thing will fail. Why should man succeed only in those things wherein he resembles the ant, while he fails in all that might liken him to the gods? or, is this the sole intention of his being?

Schwarz.—I know not.

K. Moor.—Thou hast rightly said, and thou wilt do still better if thou never seekest to know.

Schwarz.—How gloriously the sun goes down yonder!

K. Moor.—(*Gazing absently on it*.) Such is the death of a hero—worthy of adoration!

Grimm.—Thou seemest deeply moved.

K. Moor.—When I was yet a boy, it was the darling wish of my heart to live like him—like him to die (*with emotion*). It was a boyish notion.

Grimm.—I hope so.

K. Moor.—(*Presses his hat down over his face.*) There was a time—leave me alone, comrades!

Schwarz.—Moor! Moor! why, what the devil! How he changes colour!

K. Moor.—There was a time I could not have slept if I had omitted my evening prayers.

Grimm.—Are you mad? Why thus suffer boyish recollections to affect you?

K. Moor.—(*Lays his head on Grimm's breast.*) Brother! brother!

Grimm.—Why, how now? Do not be so childish—cheer thee, I pray.

K. Moor.—Would that I were—that I were once more a child.

Grimm.—Pshaw! pshaw!

Schwarz.—Cheer up! Look at this lovely landscape—this beautiful evening.

K. Moor.—Yes, friend; this world is very beautiful.

Schwarz.—Very justly observed.

K. Moor.—This earth is full of good.

Grimm.—True, true. I like to hear you say so.

K. Moor.—And I am such a blot in this beautiful world—such a wretch, a monster, defacing the earth.

Grimm.—Alas! alas!

K. Moor.—My innocence! my innocence! Behold how everything around seems to enjoy the kindly beams of the setting sun! Why is it that I alone inhale the breath of hell instead of the joys of heaven? All speaks of happiness, of concord. The whole earth is one family, with one universal Father above. I alone am an outcast: to me he is no father: I am driven from the ranks of the pure: the sweet name of child is not for me! Never shall I receive the tender look of affection—the embrace of love and friendship. Surrounded by murderers—by hissing serpents; riveted to vice by chains of iron—tottering towards the grave of perdition along the giddy precipice of vice—like a fiend amid the blossoms of paradise.

Schwarz. (*to the others.*)—Amazing! I have never seen him so before.

K. Moor. (*sadly.*)—Would that I could return to my mother's womb!—that I could be born a beggar. I would ask nothing more of heaven, but to be born the lowliest peasant; and be content to labour, ay, even until the blood poured as sweat from my brows, to earn the luxury of a few hours' calm and innocent slumber—the blessing of one single tear.

Grimm. (*to the others.*)—Patience! the paroxysm is already subsiding.

K. Moor.—There was a time when I could weep freely. Oh, ye days of peace! thou dwelling-place of my father! ye green romantic valleys! ye Elysian scenes of my childhood! will ye never return? never cool my burning breast with your balmy breath? They are past! gone! irrecoverably gone! (*Enter Schweizer with water.*)

Schweizer.—Drink, captain; here is water enough, cool and fresh as ice."

"*Act V. Scene I.*—*Daniel.*—*Franz* rushes in, in his night-dress.

Daniel.—Mercy on me!—my master!

Franz.—Betrayed! betrayed! The graves cast

forth their inmates!—the kingdom of death, let loose from its eternal sleep, shrieks in my ears, Murderer! Murderer! Ah! who moved there?

Daniel.—(*Anxiously.*) Help! Holy mother of God! Is it you, my gracious master, whose cries resounded so horribly through the building, that the sleepers started from their beds in terror?

Franz.—Sleepers! who bade you sleep? Go fetch a light. (*Daniel goes, another servant enters.*) No one should sleep at this hour. Dost hear? All should be up in arms—the guns loaded. Didst thou not see them moving about in yonder avenue?

Serv.—Who, gracious sir?

Franz.—Who, blockhead—Who! Canst thou ask so coldly, so indifferently, Who? The sight of them has almost crazed me—Who!—stupid ass!—Who!—Spirits and devils! How goes the night?

Serv.—The night-watch has just proclaimed the hour of two.

Franz.—How? This night will surely last until doomsday! Hast heard no tumult in the neighbourhood—no cries of victory—no trampling of steeds?—Where is Ka—the Count, I mean!

Serv.—I know not, my lord.

Franz.—Thou dost not know! Thou art also one of his gang. I will trample thy heart out of thy ribs, if thou repliest with thine accursed 'I know not.' Hence! fetch the chaplain.

Serv.—Gracious sir!

Franz.—Dost murmur?—dost pause? (*Exit servant hastily.*) What! even beggars conspire against me! Heaven, hell—all is conspired against me!

Daniel.—(*Enters with a light.*)—Sir!

Franz.—No; I do not tremble; it was only a dream. The dead cannot rise—who says I tremble, or am pale? I am quite calm—quite well.

Daniel.—You are as pale as death, and your voice is faint and hollow!

Franz.—I am feverish. Tell the chaplain when he comes that I am only feverish. I will be bled to-morrow.

Daniel.—Shall I give you a few drops of your elixir on sugar?

Franz.—Yes, yes, do so; the chaplain will not be here yet. My voice is faint and hollow; give me some of the elixir on sugar.

Daniel.—Give me your keys, and I will go down and fetch it from the closet.

Franz.—No, no, stay; or I will go with thee. I am not fit to be alone. I might, thou seest—I might faint, if I were alone. Never mind, never mind; it is past now; stay where thou art.

Daniel.—Oh, you are seriously ill!

Franz.—Just so, just so; that is all; and illness disorders the brain, and produces strange and wonderful dreams. Dreams signify nothing: is it not so, Daniel? Dreams are the result of indigestion, and signify nothing. I had a droll dream just now. (*He faints.*)

Daniel.—Jesu Maria! what means this? George! Konrad! Bastian! (*shakes him*). Show some sign of life. Holy Virgin! preserve your senses. It will be said that I have murdered him! Heaven have mercy upon me!

Franz.—(Reviving.) Away! away! Touch me not, horrible skeleton! The dead do not rise!

Daniel.—Oh, heavenly powers! his senses wander!

Franz.—(Raises himself feebly.) Where am I? Thou here, Daniel? What have I said? Take no notice of it; it was all false, be it what it may. Come, help me up; this is only an attack of giddiness; because—because I—I have not slept well.

Daniel.—Would that Johann were here. I will call for assistance—I will fetch the doctor.

Franz.—Stay here; sit down by me on this sofa. So—thou art a discreet man—a good man: I will tell thee all.

Daniel.—Not now; another time. Let me get you to bed: you need rest.

Franz.—No; I pray thee listen to me, and then laugh at me right heartily. Methought I had given a princely banquet; my heart was full of gladness, and I lay dozing on the lawn in the castle gardens; when suddenly—it was noon—when suddenly—but laugh at me, laugh right heartily!

Daniel.—Well, suddenly—

Franz.—A tremendous clap of thunder roared in my slumbering ears; I started tremblingly up, and behold, it appeared to me as if the whole horizon had burst forth in one crimson blaze; and mountains, towns, and woods were melting, like wax before the fire; while a howling hurricane swept away earth, sea, and skies! Then arose a sound as of voices shouting through brazen trumpets—'Earth give up thy dead!—give up thy dead, O Sea!' And the naked plains began to heave as if they were in labour, and forth were cast skulls, jawbones, ribs, arms, and legs, which straightway did unite together, and a countless swarm of living skeletons streamed along. I looked upwards, and behold, I stood at the foot of Mount Sinai: above and around me was one dense multitude, and on the summit of the mountain sat three beings on flaming stools, before whose glance all creatures shrank trembling.

Daniel.—This is sure a living picture of the day of judgment!

Franz.—Is it not absurd nonsense?—One of these three came forward; on his hand he bore an iron signet, which he held between the east and the west, and said—'Eternal, Holy, Just, Unchangeable, there is but one faith. There is nothing true but Virtue! Woe, woe unto the children of unbelief!' Then advanced a second, holding a glittering mirror, which he turned towards the east and the west, exclaiming—'Behold the mirror of truth! Hypocrisy and falsehood stand unveiled before it!' The assembled crowds started back in horror, as they beheld, not human features, but the faces of reptiles and beasts of prey, reflected on its bright surface. The third now arose, poising in his hand a brazen balance, which hung suspended between the east and west. 'Approach, ye children of Adam,' he cried; 'I weigh your thoughts in the scale of my anger, and your deeds do I measure in the balance of my justice.'

Daniel.—Heaven have mercy upon me!

Franz.—A ghastly paleness overspread each countenance, and every bosom thrilled with ago-

nizing expectation; when, suddenly, methought I heard my own name pronounced. The marrow congealed in my bones, and my teeth chattered; my life passed in review before me, and each quickly fleeting hour cast a fresh sin in the scale, until they were heaped on each other like a mountain; but still did the other scale, full of the blood of atonement, outweigh them; when, behold, there came an old man, bent with grief, his arms gnawed by the ravenous tooth of hunger. All eyes turned fearfully from this pitiable form but mine, and I—I knew him! He cut one silvery lock of hair from his venerable head, and cast it in among my sins. The scale sank—sank into an abyss, while the other kicked the beam, and scattered its priceless contents in the air. A voice of terror thundered in my ears—'Mercy, mercy to every sinner on earth, and under the earth save thou—thou, alone, art doomed!' (A pause.) But you do not laugh!

Daniel.—How can I? Cold shudders creep over my frame. Dreams come from God.

Franz.—Pshaw! pshaw! You do not mean that! Call me a fool—a superstitious, silly fool! Do, dear Daniel, I implore you! Laugh at—mock at me!

Daniel.—Dreams are warnings from God! I will pray for you.

Franz.—Thou liest, old man! Go, instantly; run—fly—fetch the chaplain to me! Bid him hasten; dost hear?—hasten. But I tell thee thou liest!

Daniel.—God be merciful unto you!" (Exit).

"Fiesco; or, the Conspiracy of Genoa."—This tragedy is so full of incident and event, that it is almost impossible to give a detailed account of the plot. Robertson, in his "History of Charles V.," relates the particulars of this conspiracy, the events of which Schiller has dramatized, altering the *finale*. In the opening scenes we find the Prince Gianettino, nephew of Andreas, the old Doge of Genoa, bribing an assassin to murder Fiesco, whom he fears and hates for his talents and popularity; and afterwards planning, with some of his debauched companions, the ruin of Bertha, the only child of Verrina, a noble old republican. All this takes place at a grand entertainment given by Fiesco, whom we see surrounded by gaiety, apparently immersed in the pleasures of dissipation, and flirting with Julia, the sister of the Prince; while his wife, the gentle Leonora, weeps his infidelity among her maidens; and Calcagno, a profligate courtier, who loves her, hopes so to work on her jealousy and indignation as to make her his. Several of the nobles try to awaken in Fiesco a feeling for his country's wrongs; but he answers lightly and frivolously, and they depart disgusted with his levity. The Moor now attempts his assassination, but Fiesco disarms him, learns from him who his employers are, and binds him over with threats and promises to his service. The conspiracy meanwhile proceeds, and all the chief members of it are still further exasperated by the conduct of the Prince Gianettino, who has come, like a thief in the darkness of the night, and stolen from Bertha, with ruffian violence, the rich jewel of her honour. Bourgognino, her lover, swears to avenge

her wrongs, and then claim her as his bride. The people, oppressed by tyranny and exactions, come to Fiesco, and urge him to espouse their cause, and redress their wrongs and their country's grievances. He replies with parables and promises, but does not declare his opinions until his spy, the Moor, has put him so fully in possession of all the plans of the Prince and Doge, that he is enabled to circumvent them. Then does he throw off the mask of levity and love, return to the feet of his wife, and make her ample compensation for all the mortifications his apparent inconstancy has brought on her—join himself hand and heart with the band of patriots, and head the insurrection. Gianettino is slain by Bourgognino. Leonora, whose anxious affection will not permit her to remain quietly within the walls of the palace, comes forth in male attire to seek her husband, and finding Gianettino's hat and cloak, wraps herself in them, in order still further to disguise herself. Fiesco encounters her in the tumult, and recognizing the dress of the Prince, rushes forward and kills her, and then summons his companions to behold the tyrant slain, but starts back in fear and horror as he looks on the features of his victim, and becomes only too certain of the reality of his misfortune, when he encounters her attendant, wandering in search of her lady, who describes to him how she was disguised. His anguish is great, but the rapid course of events, and his own ambitious views, leave him but little time for its indulgence. The regal power is offered to him; his friend Verrina entreats him not to accept of it, but to unite with him in endeavouring to abolish royalty, and make Genoa a free republic. Fiesco persists in his determination, and Verrina stabs and pushes him into the water as he steps on board the ducal galley.

This tragedy embraces great variety of character, many striking and pathetic situations, and a constant succession of stirring and interesting events. In point of style it is somewhat similar to "the Robbers," but the errors of that piece are all softened down here, the characters are less exaggerated, the situations more natural, and there is a fine vein of dramatic spirit running through the whole. The character of Fiesco is sketched by a masterly hand; but, however much we may admire it, we cannot approve of his trifling so recklessly with the feelings of his wife. If his passion for Julia was, as he asserts, feigned for political purposes, why not give Leonora some hint of it, instead of leaving her a prey to doubt, jealousy, and wounded affection, and exposed to the solicitations of a profligate lover. Verrina is a fine model of an old republican soldier and noble; his grief, rage, and affection, on learning how his daughter has been outraged, are truthfully developed; and, if we cannot fully sympathize with him in that inflexible adherence to his principles and patriotism, which leads him to sacrifice his friend, rather than see the power to tyrannize over his country again given into the hands of one individual, yet we cannot withhold our admiration. The weak vicious Gianettino, and his licentious colleagues; the noble, high-spirited Bourgognino; the subtle, wily Moor, first assassin and then spy—all are striking,

and individual portraits. Leonora too, is beautiful in her gentle, womanly love, jealousy, and grief, in her scorn of Calcagno, and her joy at finding that her husband is still all her own, still the same noble affectionate Fiesco to whom she had so proudly given heart and hand. Nor can we refuse to sympathize with the innocent, child-like, and wronged Bertha, or to rejoice over the mortification of the vain, heartless Julia.

The scenes are so connected together, that it is not easy to detach any without marring their effect, we therefore content ourselves with one extract.

Act II. Scene III. Leonora and Calcagno.

The Countess Leonora has just received a visit from Julia, who amuses herself by exhibiting Fiesco's presents to her, and exciting her jealousy in every way—Calcagno enters as Julia goes out.

Calcagno.—The Imperiale departing in such excitement, and you so agitated, lady?

Leonora.—(Overpowered by emotion.) Never, never was such conduct heard of before!

Cal.—Heavens and earth! Surely you are not weeping?

Leo.—A friend of the inhuman monster! Quit my sight!

Cal.—What inhuman monster? You terrify me.

Leo.—Of my husband—no, no, not so—of Fiesco.

Cal.—What mean you?

Leo.—Oh, a mere nothing—a piece of villainy, of which you men think nothing.

Cal.—(Clasping her hand.) Gracious lady! I know how to sympathize with virtue in distress.

Leo.—(Gravely.) You are a man. Men cannot feel for me.

Cal.—I can, deeply—fully. Oh, if you only knew how deeply I can—can feel for—

Leo.—Man, thou liest. Thou canst affirm, but if it came to actions—

Cal.—I swear to you—

Leo.—It would be perjury—no more—your oaths weary the angel who registers them. Oh, men, men! were your vows transformed into so many devils, they would be numerous enough to take heaven by storm, and carry off the angels of light as prisoners.

Cal.—You wander, countess. Your anger makes you unjust. Must the whole sex be made answerable for the faults of one?

Leo.—(Looking proudly at him.) Man! I worshipped the whole sex in the person of one. May I not also abhor it in him?

Cal.—Try again, countess. You threw away your affections the first time. I could point out to you where they would be well bestowed and valued.

Leo.—You could out-lie the foul fiend himself. I wish to hear no more.

Cal.—You must retract that condemnation, lady, ay, and this very day, in my arms.

Leo.—(Attentively.) I pray you, speak out. In your arms?

Cal.—Yes, in my arms, which are opened

receive a forsaken wife, and atone to her for the neglect of others by my love.

Leo.—(Scornfully.) Love!

*Cal.—*Yes, I have spoken, lady—love! Life and death are in your words. If my passion be sinful, then may the ends of virtue and vice be united, and heaven and hell co-operate together to form my purgatory.

Leo.—(Drawing proudly back.) This then is the key to thy sympathy, villain! Thus dost thou betray both friendship and love! Out of my sight for ever! Detestable sex! until now I thought ye betrayed only women; I had to learn that ye were traitors towards each other.

Cal.—(Rises hastily and in astonishment.) Gracious lady?

*Leo.—*Ye are not content with breaking the sacred seal of confidence, but must also breathe the pestilential vapour of treachery and sin on the bright mirror of virtue, and endeavour to seduce an innocent woman to vice and perjury.

*Cal.—*Lady, in your case it would be retaliation, not perjury.

*Leo.—*I comprehend your vile scheme. You thought that my wounded affections would have induced me to listen to your suit. But *(proudly)* you knew not that the sublime misfortune of breaking for Fiesco ennobles a woman's heart. Go! Fiesco's errors can never cause Calcagno to rise in my estimation, but humanity to fall. *(Exit hastily.)*

Cal.—(Looks after her like one stunned, and then striking his forehead with his hands, exclaims) Fool! fool!"

"Kabale und Liebe," or Love and Intrigue, is a domestic tragedy. The prince of some petty state in Germany has long been attached to Lady Milford, a talented and beautiful English woman, but is now about to contract a marriage of policy; and she, in consequence, is deemed a very desirable alliance by some scheming courtiers, who foresee that her influence over her old lover will remain but little diminished. Herr von Kalb, an elderly dandy, is one of the aspirants; and the president von Walter endeavours to secure her hand for his son Ferdinand, a fiery, romantic, high-spirited youth, who is devotedly attached to, and fondly beloved by, Louisa, the daughter of Miller, a poor musician. Wurm, secretary to the president, a mean-spirited toady, weak, vicious, and malicious, also loves Louisa, and is avoided and disliked by her; in revenge, he betrays to the president the cause of his son's opposition to his wishes, and the latter visits Miller and his family, and threatens them with heavy vengeance if they dare encourage the visits of his son. Ferdinand enters during this scene, and defends his beloved and her family so vehemently, that the exasperated father threatens to throw old Miller and his wife into prison; and so disgrace Louisa, that she shall become a mock and bye-word, unless his son instantly promises obedience to his will. The malicious suggestions of Wurm cause the president actually to imprison the old man; and the secretary then proceeds to

Louisa, points out to her that she has brought all this suffering upon her father, and having worked on her filial affection to the utmost, promises to obtain his release immediately if she will write a letter which he dictates, and swear never to reveal one word of this transaction. She complies, and pens a note to Herr von Kalb, whom she has never seen, appointing a meeting with him, and alluding to previous happy hours spent together. This letter is placed in Ferdinand's hands, who has had an interview with Lady Milford, in which he has told her that he loves another, and implored her to co-operate with him in endeavouring to induce his father to permit him to wed Louisa. Lady Milford is not, however, inclined to do this; she admires the handsome major, and sending for Louisa, endeavours first to bribe, and then to frighten her into resigning her lover. Louisa, heart-broken as she is by the situation of her father, and the act Wurm has just induced her to commit, resists both threats and bribes with firm gentleness, but in the end freely renounces all claims on him, and quits the place. She returns home intent on self-destruction, and meets her father, who gradually learns her purpose, and wins her from it. Ferdinand comes, inflamed by jealousy, heaps reproaches upon her, which her oath prevents her from showing the injustice of, and at length asks her to make him some lemonade, into which he puts poison, drinks, and gives the glass to her. He watches her swallow it, and then informs her of what he has done. Believing herself to be released from her oath by the approach of death, Louisa tells him all, forgives him, and dies; he only survives her long enough to reproach his father, who seeks him there, with being the cause of all this.

The catastrophe here comes upon us unawares. The aims of the chief characters seem too poor to lead us to expect that life will be staked upon them, and we rather anticipated a melo-dramatic conclusion. One or two of the scenes possess much pathos, and especially that in the last act, in which Miller dissuades his daughter from suicide. The character of Louisa is very beautiful, and, with a little more firmness, would be perfect; her filial affection, her devoted womanly love, her meekness, her self-sacrificing spirit, all conspire to win upon our interest. Ferdinand is a fine spirited portraiture; but a little more common sense, and a little less romance and heroics, would have rendered him far more agreeable to us. The proud, ambitious, worldly President, affords a striking contrast to the poor, broken-spirited musician, whose only treasure is his child. There are some very natural touches in the commonplace Madame Miller. Lady Milford, too, with all her faults, is not deficient in womanly feeling; the well-spring is frozen over, not dried up. Wurm is a grovelling, malicious sycophant; and von Kalb occasionally amusing with his garrulity, egotism, and vanity.

And here we must pause for the present; next month we will continue our sketches of the works of this great poet, which are as numerous as they are interesting, and cannot with justice to him or to ourselves be passed lightly over.

A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

I saw a sweet spirit with azure wings,
 Streaming along through the summer air;
 Weaving a chain of the brightest things,
 That ever a spirit was seen to bear.
 I knew that the links of that chain were made
 Of pure things and holy, that never could fade;
 And my heart leaped up, as I heard her singing,
 And watched her while she was daintily flinging
 The coils of her chain from her fairy hand,
 And tulling the songs of the spirit-land.

I saw wherever she passed along,
 The flowers took a deeper, a lovelier hue;
 And the skies, as they echoed the voice of her song,
 Blushed in their joy to a deeper blue;
 And the human spirit grew young again,
 Forgetting all sorrow and sense of pain;
 And laid itself down on a pillow of joy,
 To dream the bright dreams of a fairy-loved boy.
 All things were happy, wherever she came,
 Who caught but a sound of her gentle name.

Who was this spirit so gentle and fair,
 That came to the earth so merrily singing;
 Streaming along through the summer air,
 Her way through the azure so daintily winging,
 Who but the spirit of love was she?
 Twining a wreath of the flowers that be
 In the human soul, wherever she comes,
 Kindly and lovingly over our homes;
 Bidding all nature at heart to rejoice,
 In the beautiful joy of her angel voice?

RAIN.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Beautiful Rain! thou art come at last,
 Gladdening the earth and the souls of men;
 The burning days are gone and past,
 And Heaven hath opened its heart again.
 We were weary with gazing on changeless skies,
 On withered flowers, and the parched-up plain;
 But the clouds are cooling our aching eyes,
 And we bid thee welcome, oh, beautiful Rain!

The dust lay thick on the loaded leaves,
 The roses that opened too soon fell fast;
 The pleasant screen the woodbine weaves
 Was stunted and shrunk in the eastern blast;
 And there was not a mist the hope to beguile
 With a promise of rain in the cloudless air,
 And the heavens looked down with a brightened
 smile,
 Like the look of a beauty on Love's despair.

But welcome, welcome, beautiful Rain!
 We trust that the days of drought are o'er;
 An angel of mercy hath pitied our pain,
 And we feel that the heavens can weep once
 more.

Thou art life to the buds on their slender stems,
 And life to the poet's heart and brain:
 Oh, gift of mercy—shower of gems!
 Welcome, thrice welcome, beautiful Rain!

MY PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

No. VIII.

FIORDILISA.

My harp is hushed, and now for thine
 It hath no answering tone;
 Like the desolate walls of a ruined shrine,
 Its happiest sounds are gone:
 But the ruined shrine—deserted long—
 May echo once more to the choral song;
 And my harp, inspired by Friendship's glow,
 May utter the strains it had wont to know.

Man's heart—that thing of change and woe—
 Is like the moon-ruled main,
 Whose tides have their time of ebb and flow,
 And mine may flow again:
 But now my heart is the sullen tide
 That sleeps, tho' bright flowers are by its side;
 'Tis the mountain tarn, untouched, unstirred
 By sweet gale's breath, or white-winged bird!

My days are now cold, dull, and dark,
 My nights—ask not of them;
 For the coldest forge hath its smouldering spark,
 And the swartest mine its gem:—
 And I plunge 'mid the crowd, myself to shun,
 And the world cries, "Look on the happy one!"
 Little they know of the penance I pay
 For the wild, wild night in the dreary day!

My heart is now a vacant spot,
 It hath nor weed nor flower;
 And its loves—tho' they never can be forgot—
 Have passed their passionate hour:
 But 'tis said that this vacancy of soul
 Preludes affection's fresh control;
 And oh! when I think of the past, to thee
 It turns with youth's purest fervency!

The World—oh! 'tis full of beautiful things—
 Dark night brings on bright day;
 The first Spring-flower from a snowdrift springs,
 And verdure from decay:
 There's a beam to brighten the darkest wave;
 There's a bud to bloom on the lowliest grave;
 There are words to soothe e'en a heart like mine,
 And turn it to life again—such are thine!

LINES,

(Written by Torquato Tasso, during his second
 confinement by the Duke of Ferrara, in the
 Hospital of Santa-Anna.)

Tu che ne vai in Pindo,
 Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
 Salutala in mio nome e dillo poi,
 Ch'io son, dagli armi e da fortuna, oppresso.

TRANSLATION.

When thou to Pindus goest, where hangs
 My harp on cypress tree,
 Salute, and tell it, how old age
 And fortune frown on me.

ELIZA LESLIE.

"THUNDERING TOM" AND "SNEAKING JACK."

(The veritable History of a Day on Windermere. Chronicled by the Captain of "Thundering Tom.")

BY MRS. PONSONBY (LATE MISS SKELTON).

Gentle reader, pray do not imagine that I am going to introduce to your notice, under the above names, two new heroes of romance, to supersede in your imagination those that now reign pre-eminent. No: for aught that I can offer to the contrary, Jack Sheppard may still be the first of all Jacks in thine eyes; and, if you have a pet hero rejoicing in the cognomen of 'Tom,' nothing that you may meet with in the perusal of this paper shall disturb the image of the *beau idéal*; for "Thundering Tom" and "Sneaking Jack" are boats, and not men.

Once upon a time, Thundering Tom was called the "Wild Duck;" Sneaking Jack was known as the "Nonpareil;" but within the last few days an occurrence has taken place, which has changed these peaceful names into those more significant denominations by which they will henceforth be known. It happened thus:—The Wild Duck started from Rayton Bay to sail to the water-head; the wind was S.W., and she went merrily along, she and her cargo. Firstly, her Captain—myself, gentle reader—took his place at the helm; next, the gay Ridenta placed his plump person on the windward side of the boat; then Valerius—our good Valerius—found room for himself and his long legs amid-ships; while the sober Marianne—as was her wont—seated herself comfortably before the mast, her back to the company. Then we had cushions for all parties: we had stores of cloaks, plaids, and shawls: we had a large family of umbrellas, varying in sizes, extending from the youngest of parasols to the oldest of brown cottons. We had a basket containing a good stock of edibles, and a flask of wine; and last, not least, we had food for the mind. We had the last number of the "Chuzzlewit," for the gay Ridenta loved much to laugh over Mrs. Gamp; we had the "Times" for the day—Marianne the sober was a great politician; and we had "Ainsworth's Magazine," for our simple-hearted, dear Valerius gave his whole mind and spirit to the story of the great Marlbrook. The wind was fair, and without a tack we reached the water-head. We let go our anchor, and hailing the fisher Robinson, and receiving suitable reply, in due time his gaily-painted skiff landed us all in safety.

So far so good; but on our return home the interest and the troubles of the day commenced.

Our business in Ambleside concluded, we returned to the water-head, where the Wild Duck was riding gallantly at anchor. Robinson and his skiff were again in requisition, and we resumed our places in the yacht. Our first care was the luncheon. The decks were cleared for action; all took part in this portion of the business of the day; even Marianne confessed she was hungry, though she refused, with a slight toss of the head, the of-

fered flask of wine. Not so Valerius—not so Ridenta—not so, gentle reader, thy humble servant. We were some little distance from the shore, and we must have presented a singular appearance to the natives who gazed at us thence. Still at anchor, sitting calmly in the midst of a roaring wind, we four, forming a sort of double *vis-à-vis*, must have appeared to have been playing a rubber at whist—few would have had sharpness enough to discover or conjecture the true reason of our stationary situation.

Luncheon over, we turned our attention to the condition of the Wild Duck, and it was judged expedient to lessen her sails; the wind had changed to the south—dead against us—and a heavy sea was rolling.

The Wild Duck is a graceful cutter, with low black hull, tall, tapering mast, and snow-white canvas; but now the gaff-topsail must be lowered, the storm-foresail set, and the mainsail double-reefed. All hands turned to the reefing of the mainsail. Now, no one who has not tried to take in reefs in the midst of a gale of wind, can have any idea of what an operation it is. The sail flaps, the boom swings violently from side to side, the sheets and halyards fly wildly about; every one's head is thumped, every one's eyes are in danger of being knocked out; and Ridenta always laughs, and makes others laugh so much, that twice the time is consumed in this performance when it takes place on board the Wild Duck than it does in any other vessel. But at last all was made snug, and Ridenta, retiring from her labours, and arranging her bonnet, which had assumed a three-cornered shape during the turmoil, exclaimed with energy, "Well, *this* boat should never go by the name of the Wild Duck again; it ought to be called 'Thundering Tom!'"

"And why, Ridenta," asked Valerius, "should it bear that denomination?"

"Because," replied Ridenta, "'Thundering' is the most appropriate epithet that can be applied to such an uproarious vessel; and 'Tom' was the name that occurred to me at the time."

And though Valerius shook his head, as if not acknowledging the justice of her reasoning, and though the grave Marianne glanced towards her a look of reproof, the name bestowed by Ridenta was adopted thenceforth without another observation being made upon it. But, lo and behold, before we had worked our way beyond the water-head bay, the breeze slackened, the lake grew calmer, and again we were all employed in unreefing, while the storm-foresail was lowered, and the large foresail hoisted. There was less wind, certainly, but still the boom behaved in its ordinarily rude manner—still the huge mainsail flapped its heavy wings—still everybody was thumped—still Ridenta's bonnet suffered; and again, as the released boat sprang forward on its way, she exclaimed—"Ah, Thundering Tom, you well deserve that name."

Thundering Tom played his part well: the breeze had shifted again; it was west, and we spun merrily along, beneath the influence of a side wind.

The sober Marianne, during all these arrange-

ments, retained her dignified deportment, rising from the midst of the chaos of ropes, sails, flags, booms, bowsprits, mainsheets, foresheets, halyards, chains, and anchors, with her bonnet unbent, her dress and composure alike unruffled—even the "Times" uncrumpled, and taking her accustomed place in the bow, in the same attitude as she would assume if seated in an easy chair in a drawing-room.

Valerius, whose legs had long been hopelessly entangled under one of the thwarts, succeeded in extricating himself, and all, anticipating a calm sail home, turned to their books. Marianne perused the leading article; Ridenta giggled over Mrs. Gamp; our dear Valerius smiled and sighed alternately over the waning favour and baffled pride of the great duchess.

"Now, do you *really* think that Jonas Chuzzlewit did poison his old father? And didn't I always say that old Chuzzlewit was humbugging Pecksniff all the time?"—This from Ridenta.

"Pray, Ridenta, do not talk about what you are reading: I have not read the last number."—From the solemn Marianne.

"I sincerely hope"—from Valerius, in an earnest tone of voice—"I sincerely hope that the Sergeant may marry Mrs. Plumpton—that deceitful Tippling!—to think of her flirting with Bimbelot, and the Sergeant abroad, too!"

"Neither have I read the magazine for the month"—reproachfully from Marianne.

"Then, Marianne"—from Ridenta—"you should not be so slow. Why, here we are, in the middle of the month, and you have not read the magazine."

"How can I," retorted Marianne, "when it is in such requisition? Whenever I want it, some one else gets hold of it; there ought to be two numbers, *at least*, taken in such a large family as ours."

"What is that a-head?" shouted the Captain.

"Sergeant Scales, with the colours."—Loud laughter from all on board stopped poor Valerius in the midst of this speech. He sank back into his corner, blushing deeply: he murmured—"I meant to say Gibson, with the passage-boat and his red flag." Poor Valerius, thou wert indeed far in the clouds!

The Nonpareil is an unpretending-looking vessel; white, with a scarlet stripe; a simple lugsail and foresail, and little scarlet and white pennant. Just opposite Belgrange we came alongside of it; its occupants apparently busily engaged in fishing, its sails lowered, bearing altogether a most peaceful and unsuspecting aspect. We slackened our speed, loosening our main-sheet; and falling off from the wind, we engaged in a pleasant, airy-kind of conversation with the handsome-looking occupants of the Nonpareil. Perhaps our manner was a little too patronizing, for mark the result. Unthinkingly, we *sauntered* (if such a word may be applied to sailing) on our way, half-turning from the white, unobtrusive craft, which was scarcely visible among the white dancing waves, when suddenly we heard a rushing noise; a towering sail shot past us. The Nonpareil had taken advantage of our unsuspecting disposition, had hoisted her

canvas, and was now exulting in her treachery, making fast for Rayton Bay. The Captain hauled taut his main-sheet, and steered upon the enemy's track. Ridenta uttered an exclamation of anger; while Valerius, turning his reproachful gaze from the deceitful Nonpareil to her expressive face, demanded—"And if, Ridenta, this boat is to be known as Thundering Tom, what name wilt thou bestow upon yonder flying craft?"

"Oh, let us call it "Sneaking Jack!" And so from thenceforth the Nonpareil became Sneaking Jack.

To make matters worse, we lost at least ten minutes while going about next tack; for though Thundering Tom answered splendidly to the helm, yet the going about was rendered sadly awkward on account of Marianne's being somehow entwined in the foresheets. Things were righted at last, but at the expense of Marianne's gravity, she and the "Times" together being flung, by the sudden action of the rope, to the bottom of the boat! Sometimes, however, virtue meets its deserts; so it was with Thundering Tom; for, after a hard struggle, we overhauled Sneaking Jack, and entered Rayton Bay a-head of our shabby antagonist; and though our dear Valerius (who, though a perfect treasure of a man, is very awkward) twice missed the buoy, thereby nearly causing us to be wrecked on our own shore, yet the noble seamanship of the Captain brought Thundering Tom safely through all dangers; and, moored at last, he was left to ride in graceful rest, while his cargo took their way up the green shrubberies of Rayton to the expectant door of the hall. All that left that hospitable roof in the morning, returned in safety to its evening shelter; only the grave Marianne discovered that she had lost overboard a very old-maidish reticule, containing a much-valued purse, a handkerchief edged with real Valenciennes, and a set of ivory tablets; all else was preserved—the "Times," Mrs. Gamp, Proddy, the beloved Sergeant, and the proud duchess—that favourite of our dear Valerius: home, also, came the many cloaks, the plaids, the shawls—home came the large family of umbrellas: these were placed in their accustomed stand; the beautiful duchess, and her train of followers and foes, were allowed a short repose upon the library table; while her faithful admirer found room for his length of limb beneath the well-spread board at Rayton Hall, round which were also assembled the remainder of the crew of Thundering Tom, together with the crest-fallen occupants (magnanimously invited) of "Sneaking Jack!"

IMPROMPTU;

(On being offered a Pansy.)

Forbear, forbear, too lovely Rose,
Lest you to madness drive me;
For while your hand heart's-ease bestows,
Of that your eyes deprive me.

X.Y. Z.

THE COUNTRY SABBATH.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

It is a joyous morning, and through the shady trees

The music of the Sabbath-bell is borne upon the breeze;

The dew yet lingers on the grass, and from the meadow sod

The lark springs up, and sings her song of thankfulness to God.

Beside our path the streamlet goes murmuring on its way,

And the tall banks on either side with summer-flowers are gay;

There, violets and forget-me-not, and fragrant blue-bells look,

Narcissus-like, at their sweet selves, reflected in the brook.

The air is fill'd with perfume of the snowy-blossom'd May,

And through the limes that shade our path the dancing sun-beams stray;

And see! the gray church-tower appears, and there the village throng

Are gathering—youth and hoary age, the feeble and the strong.

Come, let us join our voices!—here is no crowded aisle,

No fierce declaimer thunders out; no courtly word and smile

Are launch'd to lure the Dives-throng, who tread in purple state,

And strive to enter easiest within the narrow gate.

Peace be within this temple! though harsh the hymns that rise,

And simple are the words that speak the message of the skies;

And priest and worshippers alike fulfil their lot obscure,

Yea! blessed are the offerings and praises of the poor!

And when the day is closing, and night's dim shadows glide,

How sweet the solemn quiet of the Sabbath eventide!

When one by one the birds are hush'd, each in its leafy nest,

And like young infants, dew-baptiz'd, the clos'd flowers, sleeping, rest.

No sound of whirling chariots disturbs the solitude;

No restless crowd dispersing home, with jest and laughter rude,

Hurrying, their evening orisons in careless haste to pay,

Or in unhallowed mirth and song to close the sacred day.

Oh, blessed country Sabbath!—oh, day of calm and rest!

When we can praise our Father's name in peace, and unopprest;

Alone in nature's solitudes, from morn till twilight dim,

May see his face, and hear his voice, and inly worship Him!

A TRIBUTE TO CAMPBELL, THE POET.

BY MISS M. H. ACTON.

[As the remains of Campbell were being lowered into the grave, a Polish gentleman, who attended his funeral, took a handfull of earth which had been brought purposely from the tomb of Kosciusko, and scattered it over the coffin of him who had so warmly portrayed the woes and wrongs of Poland.]

There sweepeth through the abbey proud

A low and solemn sound;

A mourning train, in sorrow bowed,

The dead are gathered round;

And sadly on the listening ear

The parting words steal o'er the bier,

A mighty mind hath gone!

The high and learned of the land,

In honour to the dead,

Are mingled with the kindred band,

Who mourn the spirit fled;

For he who cold in death doth lie

Hath left a name that shall not die,

But still live proudly on:

And some are there whose hearts beat high

To feel how wide his fame;

Compelled their native land to fly,

They venerate the name

Of him, the gifted son of song,

Who nobly felt their country's wrong,

And dared its friend to be.

And forth stands one amidst the band,

A tribute of the brave,

To scatter with a trembling hand

Dust from a patriot's grave;

The relics of a spirit bold,

Whose deeds the sons of Poland hold

In hallow'd memory.

And o'er the cold and senseless clay

The honour'd shower fell,

And hearts beat warm as there it lay

Beneath a gushing spell;

A passing gleam, a vision bright,

Of courage high and deeds of might,

Swept on with magic breath.

And who could seek a prouder spot

On which that dust to shed

O'er him whose verse, that dieth not,

Hath sung the mighty dead?

The gifted poet sleepeth here,

The patriot's spirit hovers near,

A union still in death!

WORDSWORTH'S LUCY.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT,

Author of "The Price of Fame." &c.

"The most belov'd on earth,
Not long survive to day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away."

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

It was a glorious summer noon when a group of young and merry-hearted girls, wearied at length with their own mirth, sat down beneath the shadow of the trees to rest; while the conversation, as it was natural at such a time, took a somewhat romantic turn; and each agreed to choose some character in fiction which they could have wished to be. One, a dark-browed girl, with a proud eye and curved lip, chose that of Rebecca, in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." Another, who understood something of German, and was as yet half bewildered with its beautiful mysticisms, identified herself with that exquisite creation of a mighty genius—the Margaret of Goethe's "Faust." While the youngest of that fair group, lifted up her dark passionate eyes and declared she would be Juliet, only that she half feared she might never find a Romeo to her liking, looking in her girlish beauty the very ideal of the bard's conception.

But there was one there, a pale, sickly-looking girl, who sat with the hair swept back from her hot brow, smiling faintly when they spoke to her, and assuring them that she was not very tired! lest, for her sake, that merry party should be broken up; for they all loved her dearly, as well they might, for she was the sweetest, gentlest, and best natured girl in the world. And when it came to her turn to choose, she lifted up her weary head, and, after a moment's thought, wished to be Wordsworth's Lucy; at which some smiled, while others recalled to mind, with a sad forboding, that Lucy had died young. And, after a time, they all rose up and continued their walk, the feeble girl accompanying them; although she would rather have remained behind, for she was wearied out, but had no heart to spoil their pleasure by saying so. For ourselves we were less unselfish, and lay dreaming beneath the shadow of the trees, long after the sound of their joyous voices had died away in the distance. A chord had been struck which awoke a thousand sweet and tender recollections. We were thinking of Wordsworth's Lucy.

The young and holy child, whom nature took to make a "a lady of her own"—breathing into her soul its own wild yet sweet spirit—sportive as the fawn—moulded into unconscious symmetry by the clouds and trees—bending down her meek head to the song of the waters in secret places—

"While beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face."

That is the beauty of sympathy with the pure and good—the sunshine of the divinity within, rather

than the dazzling radiance of mere earthly loveliness; a being less to be admired than loved, and whose brief and touching history can never be read, we think, without emotion.

"She trod among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid, whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love;

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!"

A whole volume could have told us no more than we learn in this simple and pathetic ballad of its sweet heroine; of her gentleness and retiring disposition; and how she existed not for the world, but the *one* whom grief for her loss has gifted with such strange pathos and touching eloquence, winning for her under her assumed name an immortality of glory which shall pass away only with the love of the beautiful and the true; and how she died, and was laid in her early grave, even as she had lived, unknown but to that passionate and bereaved heart she left behind to break. That the character of Lucy is not an ideal one can never be for an instant doubted, abounding as it does with exquisite touches of nature and reality. But will the mystery ever be cleared up? Shall we learn in very truth who the simple-hearted girl who dwelt

"Beside the springs of Dove"

actually was? And the one who mourned for her with such deep grief? We hope not; for it is far pleasanter to imagine for ourselves all that the bard has left untold, and dream of her as we are doing now amidst the haunts she so loved.

There are many Lucys in the world, as meek, and gentle, and worthy to be loved, as our favourite Wordsworth's; but there is little notice taken of them, and they pass from among us, few knowing when they "cease to be"—

"The violet by a mossy stone,"

whose motto is, "I must be sought." Let us seek them, then, in their silent haunts—amidst the crowds through which they glide unrecognized; in the homes gladdened, and made bright by their presence; and in their, for the most part, too early graves. And here our hearts and memories must be our guide, for fame knows them not.

They are to be found in every rank of life, but are rarely talented, or even beautiful, in the common acceptance of either term, and seldom very strong. Their distinguishing characteristic is simplicity. Amidst those fair Italian cities where the daughters of England go to die, they abound in fearful numbers. The fragile form which we have watched pass our windows with a step that every day grew feebler, and more dependant on that sup-

port which was so eagerly offered; the lip which, although it might be pale with suffering, never failed to relax into a smile when it caught the too anxious glance of despairing love; the wasted cheek, flushed into crimson beauty by disease; the glittering eyes, that had more of heaven than earth in them—all disappear on a sudden from the gaze of the stranger who may have felt a temporary interest in marking them, and he knows that the lamp hath burned out at length, but cannot even guess at the utter darkness it may leave behind; while some such announcement as the following—and how often do we wander over them with a careless eye!—tells the brief tale in her native land:

“Died on the 21st inst., at Florence, of consumption, Caroline, only daughter of Robert Tracy, Esq., aged 19.”

And we think we hear a voice exclaiming, “Poor thing! It was hard to die so young. I remember meeting her once or twice last year in society, but we did not speak. She seemed very quiet!”

“Was she pretty?” asks another.

“Scarcely; and yet she had a very sweet smile, but wanted manner and confidence, which was not to be wondered at, considering how little she went out. Her mother was blind.”

Thus, and in like manner did the world lament her. But how was it in the home she left desolate, when the broken-hearted father returned alone; and the sightless woman, stretching forth her hands, asked him for her darling—her child—her only child; and missing the music of her kind voice, went down mourning to the grave! while the solitary man lived on for many weary years afterwards, but never found her like again?

Our simple-hearted Lucy may also be found among the proudest aristocracy of the land, but languishing like a wild flower transplanted into a bed of forced exotics. Her governess complains that she can never make a lady of her. No wonder; she is “Nature’s lady.” The back-board and high chair are flung aside, for a couch of turf and a pillow of flowers. She breaks away from her stiff walk round the gravel paths of the pleasure grounds, to chase the deer and the butterfly, laughing aloud in her sportive glee, although repeatedly told such mirth was in the highest degree vulgar. In the summer time she is abroad at all hours, regardless of her complexion; and loves to sit by the singing brook, watching the wreaths she weaves go floating along on its sparkling current, or binds them about her head to cool her hot brow. And when autumn comes how many a rent frock and scratched hand, bear evidence to the merry, but truant nutting parties which she loves to join in the rich, sunless woods!

Years pass away thus. The incorrigible girl seldom becomes very accomplished; but then she is cheerful and pure-hearted, and not a bit like the rest of the family, if we may take the word of those who have generally an excellent opportunity of ascertaining the real truth—its dependents. She has not a particle of pride about her, but speaks to them with a kind voice and a bright smile; listens readily to all their little trials and troubles, and where she cannot relieve, she weeps with them.

We believe there is not one who would not lay down their very lives for her if need be; and yet they say within themselves, “We know not how it is, for how beautiful is her sister, the lady Grace! and still we do not love her half so much.”

But the time comes at length which separates the child of nature from her humble admirers—which introduces her into a world far less pure and joyous than that which she had formed for herself among her birds and flowers. She is placed in immediate contact with this fascinating sister, and made every hour to feel more painfully her own deficiencies, until at length she shrinks back within herself, and is most happy when unobserved. If occasionally addressed in society, she looks up eagerly at the sound of the bland voice which custom has made so natural; but meeting no answering expression, replies with an embarrassment which is mistaken for coldness, or worse still for stupidity, and is again permitted to enjoy her favourite obscurity.

And yet how happy she would still be at home, if they would let her! But the high-born mother—the flattered and beautiful sister, whose affections society has already dimmed, if not wholly alienated, have only time for lectures or reproaches. While her father, who loves and understands her best of all, perhaps absorbed by the affairs of a mighty nation, only finds a moment to part the hair upon the pale brow of his “wild girl,” as he calls her; and tells her, that after a time she will get used to all this, and be as much admired even as Grace herself; at which his daughter shakes her head, and sighs heavily.

They take her to the Opera; but she languishes for the singing of the free, bright waters in her favorite dell—for the warbling of the birds in the leafy woods. And she pines to exchange the diamond circlet upon her aching forehead for the cool flower wreath, which she had loved to bind there of old. But still no murmur is uttered; and the proud mother has just begun to entertain sanguine hopes that her youngest born will yet become all she could wish, when the girl falls dangerously ill, and is ordered, as a last resource, to try the effect of her native air.

“Mother,” said she meekly, “unless you wish it, I will not go!” But there was something in the faded form and hollow eyes, even more affecting than those gentle words, and they bore her home to die!

After a time, the Lady Grace and her aristocratic parents will return again to the gay scenes which they so abruptly quitted; and no eye, perhaps, will notice that *she* is not with them—will miss the pale, silent girl from her remote, and now vacant seat. But the statesman, hour after hour, may be found sitting idly with the pen in his hand, and the large tears dropping silently on the parchment before him, yearning—alas! how vainly—for the accents of a loved voice, hushed for ever—for the bound of a fairy footstep which would never come again. The sister too, how she turns away in the midst of her proudest triumphs, to weep tears of self-reproach and unavailing sorrow for the lost! While the mother grows prematurely old, and is never known to smile again. And the poor, who

loved her so well, lead their children to her early grave, and tell them how good she was; and, whatever goes wrong in the family afterwards, have a melancholy pleasure in saying, "Ah! it would not have been so, if that dear angel, Lady —, had lived; but she was too gentle for this world, and heaven in pity called her home!"

They are to be found likewise in the depths of poverty and obscurity, shedding a light and glory in barren and desolate places, and pursuing the calm and even tenor of their way with the same untiring meekness as though it lay among flowers. But we never hear of such stepping aside from the common path of every day life, and performing those brilliant acts of fame—deserving heroism, which command our admiration; winning rather by slow degrees the love and affection we usually accord only to our equals. To use the exquisite language of Alfred Tennyson, "They are but common clay, ta'en from the earth, moulded by God, and tempered by the tears of angels to the perfect form of woman."

They may be known by their pure and holy lives, and early deaths; by the sickly plants which, let them be ever so poor, are cultivated in their lonely homes, for we are sure that Wordsworth's Lucy loved flowers as if he had told us so himself; and by the before-mentioned fact, that they seldom or never emerge from the station of life in which they are born. Industry, for the most part, supplies the place of genius; and, while others by their beauty or talents, aspire, ay, and sometimes attain to nobler things, they toil on with a cheerful and contented spirit, which no suffering or privation, however bitter, can utterly crush and annihilate.

We have been told often of one such. She was a cripple from her very childhood, and afterwards became entirely bed-ridden. But who ever heard a murmur from those pale lips? And, although her residence was in one of those crowded alleys which abound in our vast metropolis, and seem consecrated and set apart as the fit abode of poverty and wretchedness, she was not the less a child of nature. It made her glad, she said, to hear the flower girls pass beneath her window, crying their "bow-pots"—"two a-penny, bow-pots!" for she knew then that spring had, indeed, come. The sunlight too—the warm, bright sunlight!—who could ever feel wholly miserable while it continued to shine on them? And then, although she had lost the use of her feet, she thanked God her hands were spared her. Every one was so kind, too, (for who could help it?) and the world, after all, a very happy one for the most part!

And she sat up in bed, smiling, sewing, and singing hymns, until within a day of her death, which came suddenly at last, although not before she was prepared; for long ago she had expressed her willingness to die whenever it should please heaven to take her to itself. Not because she was weary of life, but in perfect faith "that whatever is, is right!" And yet, even that lame and desolate orphan was missed by one young heart—the brother whom her industry had supported—whom her piety had garnered round, and shielded from the thousand snares that haunt the path of the poor

and needy, and whose sweet influence hallowed and purified his whole future life.

We, ourselves, can recall to mind a circumstance connected with such a character as we have been imperfectly attempting to describe, which, although it happened many years ago, remains as fresh in our memories as if it were but yesterday. We had written some poem or play which had been magnified by the partial kindness of friends and relatives into one of the most wonderful productions of infant genius and imagination. And we can remember its being produced before a large circle one festival night, and received with those honied accents of praise and adulation, which fall so dangerously sweet on the aspiring heart of youth. Until at length one of the ladies present, turning to us with a bland look, inquired when we found time to think of all this? To which we answered readily enough, for it was the truth, "After we retire to rest at night."

"Is it possible then," exclaimed our interrogator, with a stern glance, "that you never say your prayers?"

There was one in the room whom we can see now in our mind's eye as plainly as if the events of that night were acting over again; she was young and slight, and attired in deep mourning. They told us that she had lost all her fair brothers and sisters, just when they reached the age she was now, of consumption—and was the last of her race! And we can recollect feeling so rejoiced to see the bright crimson on her hollow cheeks, having associated the idea of paleness with disease, and knowing not that hectic flush was but the sure harbinger of her early doom. She had not spoken before all the evening, but now as we stood, burning with shame, she drew us gently towards her, and said, in a kind and never-to-be-forgotten voice, addressing herself half to us, and half to our stern examiner, "Oh no! she is far too good a child to forget that, I am sure."

And as we bowed down our flushed and now tearful face in her lap, we pressed our lips gratefully to those thin white hands; at which she smiled gently, as if to re-assure and comfort us. From that moment the voice of praise lost all charm, and for the remainder of the evening we never quitted her side for an instant; while she seemed pleased to have us with her, and uttered much sweet counsel, which we trust was not spoken in vain. We parted at length with a sad foreboding on our part, child as we were, that we should never meet again; which was too fatally verified; for when we asked for her some months afterwards, they told us with tears that she had gone to join her young brothers and sisters in heaven! Oh, truly and beautifully has the poet Hervey said—

"Many in this dim world of cares
Have sat with angels unawares."

There is scarcely a home without its Lucy—the quietest and gentlest of all the sister band—the good spirit of the household; the peace-maker—the one to whom every member of that little circle resort in cases of trial and suffering; the unwearied nurse in the time of sickness—the invisi-

ble axis upon which the whole comfort of the family depends. If she be present none notice it, and yet all goes well; if ill, or absent, everything is confused and wrong; if she be taken away the void can never be filled up, or her memory die out from the altar of domestic affection! No murmur, no complaint ever escapes from her. Those nimble fingers and bounding steps weary not in the service of those she loves. If they chide her she only weeps, or opens her mouth but to give utterance to the "soft answer that turneth away wrath;" while praise from loved lips makes her the proudest and happiest girl in the world.

Children worship her, if we may be allowed the term, and yet she seldom romps or plays with them; but when they gather silently about her knee, and look up lovingly into her pale face, she tells them in a low voice all about heaven, where the good only are admitted, and wins their trembling faith by relating how Christ loved little children, and blessed them, and would have them all come to him in that bright land whither he had gone to prepare a place; or teaches them that early prayer which is murmured alike by childhood and old age, with hymns that in after life are recalled by the magic of a word, and bringing with them a train of pure and holy associations, are our shield and safeguard amid the trials and temptations of the world.

A stranger will sit whole hours in their presence without being hardly sensible of it, and yet when the circumstance is afterwards recalled to mind, he does remember a pale girl in white, who played quadrilles untiringly, in order that the rest might dance; making a thousand blunders, which she is always the first to laugh at, and which only served to increase the noisy mirth of the little party; and believes that she went away early with the headache. How often do we hear it said in society, of some silent member of it, "Is your sister always so quiet?"

"Invariably. Somehow she never seems so happy as when at home. But mamma insisted on her going." While the meek object of their scrutiny blushes, or tries to laugh, and wishes herself in very truth by her own fireside again.

And this is the household jewel which men pass lightly over, dazzled by the false glitter of gems far less precious and endearing, instead of taking it to their hearts in perfect faith, that the affectionate, humble, and home-loving child will not be less contented and devoted as a wife and mother.

It may be that on first entering a house we are struck by the beauty of one daughter, the sprightly vivacity of another, or tremble lest the wild and brilliant intellect of the third should lead her aside from the narrow and beaten track of life, from which none may transgress with impunity; while we scarcely notice a pale, quiet-looking girl, who rarely lifts her eyes from off her work, unless it be to wonder, considering how industrious she appears, how it is she manages to know so exactly just when her mother's needle wants threading; or the little suffering boy on the couch by her side, either fancies the fire too fierce, or the light too strong, or moves restlessly, as though

his pillow was far from being an easy one; and springs up for the screen, or bends over him with whispered words that soothe his fretfulness as if by magic.

It is proposed, perhaps, to make a party for some theatre, and the pale girl accompanies us up stairs, and helps to arrange our dress, or braid our hair; and when all that can be done is silently accomplished, wishes us a pleasant evening, and goes back again to her little brother, whom she would rather not leave, especially now that he is so ill. And when all are gone but the child and her gentle nurse, how the little fellow half forgets his ailments, and laughs aloud at her droll stories, or sinks quietly to sleep to the sound of her low, sweet voice. If the latter be the case, ten to one but she resumes her sewing, and sits smiling to herself, as those only can who have deserved the blessed privilege of communing with their own hearts and being still.

The next day a picnic is proposed, but still there is no mention of her accompanying us; she does not even seem to wish it; and yet the child is so much better that she need not fear leaving him. We ask one of her sisters the reason, and are told that she seldom goes from home, being far from strong, so that a little thing fatigues and knocks her up. And, as we glance on her sweet tranquil face, we almost wish to remain behind too, but do not like to mention it, and fear that she will be dull, to which she gaily replies—

"Oh no, indeed! The days never seem long to me."

And we hear her singing as we leave the room to dress for the expedition; from which, even though it may have been a merry one, all return home sadly tired, and in a right spirit to be grateful for the delicious refreshment set out so thoughtfully against our coming. While she listens and seems so interested in the eventful history of our adventures and mishaps, that it is almost as pleasant to relate as to enjoy them. Surely the influence of such a spirit as hers must be a blessed one, both to itself and others.

After all, the circle of real happiness is but small, and the more we seek to extend its limits, or wander past them into the world beyond, the less likely we are to realize its tranquil enjoyments and home pleasures; one heart and one love we verily believe all-sufficient to ensure it, and the quiet hearth and homestead its most fitting habitation. It is neither a comet nor a meteor, to dazzle and bewilder and then vanish; but a fixed star, shining on in its own pure light even until the end.

But behold, the sun is setting, and here have we been dreaming away this long summer noon, utterly unconscious of the flight of time. Again we hear the rustling of light feet amid the long grass, and the sound of merry voices, that seem as though they would never tire of laughing. The Rebecca of a few hours since wore a quiet and Christian look, as if hallowed and subdued by the tranquil loveliness of earth and sky. Goethe's Margaret is evidently in the first stage of her existence, when life was a long glad holiday, and sin and sorrow alike unknown. Juliet is not with them, and by the arch looks they exchange when we ask for her,

it may be that she has already met her Romeo. Heaven send that the end of all this be less sorrowful than Shakspeare's wild and beautiful legend. But Lucy—Wordsworth's Lucy—ah! here she is, with the flush of exercise lighting up her pale cheek; and they are hurrying her home before the dew begins to fall; but she pauses to whisper kindly how sorry she is that we were not with them, for they have been so happy; and to give us the wild flowers which she took such pains to seek out in their lonely nooks, because she knew we loved them.

And now again all is quiet, and we try vainly to recal the broken chain of thought which their return interrupted. We wonder, with something of self-reproach, whether in truth it has been as they laughingly said, a noon wasted in idle dreaming. Surely not. If it serve to rescue from oblivion a class of beings so little known and appreciated—if it create a love for the simple and the good, in opposition to that thirst for excitement which is the prevailing feature of the present age, no matter whether it be lawfully or unlawfully ministered to—if it deepen our reverence for that old man whose name has passed into a household word, and whose calm and holy influence seems shed abroad only to purify and bless—if it have power to bring back, as with a spell, the memory of the blessed dead gone before us into heaven—then it is well both to have written and read of Wordsworth's Lucy!

OLD TIMES.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

(Author of "Titian," &c.)

"Mine eyes are wet with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in mine ears,
Which in those days I heard."

WORDSWORTH.

Not the rippling streamlet's song,
Murmured as it glides along—
Not affection's fondest word,
Nor matin-carols of a bird—
Nor the harmony that wings
A heavenward flight when Beauty sings,
Falls more welcome on mine ear,
With heart-music, deep and clear,
Than your tones, ye village chimes—
Bringing back old times, old times.

Gentle spells are o'er me cast,
Breathing of the buried past;
As I listen—soul-subdued,
While ye break my solitude,
With your music soft and low—
As its tones were long ago;
Softly do they lead me back,
O'er Memory's oft-beaten track,
To vanished hours—ye village chimes
And bring again old times, old times!

BEAUTY IS DEAD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.,

(Author of "The Mind," "Metrical Essays," &c.)

Snow-storing winter rides
Wild on the blast;
Hoarsely the sullen tides
Shoreward are cast;
Morn meets no more the lark
Warbling o'er-head;
Nature mourns, dumb and dark—
Beauty is dead!

Sear on the willow bank
Fades the last leaf;
Flower-heads that lonely rank,
Bowed as with grief;
Autumn's rich gifts of bloom
All now are fled;
Winter brings shroud and tomb—
MAY is dead!

Sweeter than summer bird
Sang from the bough,
Music—the sweetest heard—
Silent is now:
Pale lies that cheek of woe
On its cold bed;
Winter—too well I know
Beauty is dead.

SUMMER.

Hail, Summer! the beacon of pleasure and joy,
Oh, may thy bright hours ne'er meet with alloy;
Thou art equally welcomed by grave and by gay,
With thy flowers and sunshine in beauteous array.

But what is the pleasure that thou dost impart
To him who has sorrow and care at his heart;
To whom all thy pleasures alike are unknown,
Unnoticed, uncherished, unloved, and alone?

Oh, then is the time for fond hearts to decay,
When misery comes on a bright summer's day;
Oh, then is the time for fond hearts to be sad,
When grief in the garments of summer is clad.

Ah, Summer! thy days are to me dull and drear,
And thy beauties I view with a sigh and a tear;
Thy gay, happy pleasures all others may see,
But, alas! all thy treasures are hidden from me.

Some say youth is happy: but how can they know
The sorrow and pain that in young hearts may flow?
Our words may be light, but how oft they conceal
A pang, which our elders ne'er thought we could feel!

Ah, Summer! thy praises the poets have told,
But still thou to me art both cheerless and cold;
Thy gay, happy pleasures all others may see,
But grief hides thy treasures and beauty from me!

AUGUSTUS P. Q. R.

HERO WORSHIP.

(An Anecdote.)

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"I suppose," thought I, as we found ourselves one fine day last summer the only occupants of a spacious carriage on the Great Western Line, and whirling along at the delicious speed of a "fast train," "I suppose we shall find things as unchanged at Fairy Lodge as if but a single day, instead of a twelvemonth, had elapsed since our last visit. Perhaps our kind and aged host and hostess may be a little more bent with the accumulation of years; and probably the iron-grey head of Watson, the butler, may now be more snowy. Certainly the old-fashioned damask furniture must be a *leetle* more faded; and perhaps this year the ivy reaches quite to my bed-room window." My thoughts of change and progress—expressed half aloud—could go no further.

"You forget the likeliest change," said my companion, with a smile, "the children must surely have grown."

Now little Emily and Anne, the orphan grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray, brought to mind, by a natural association of ideas, their governess. But this was the last individual in the world one would connect with change and variety, notwithstanding the infinite variety of her acquirements and accomplishments. Poor thing! twenty years of servitude, beneath the withering influence of the most *false position* in which a gentlewoman can be placed, had wrought their work upon her. It is true that her present employers had too strong a sense of justice, and hearts too kind, to do other than treat Miss Newson with something more than the usual consideration in which, alas! governesses are held; but it is not in the power of individuals to touch the root of the evil; this must be done by a change in public opinion, or I should rather say in general manners, which by rendering to the governess the liberty, respect, and homage which are her due, and approaching her gerdoun somewhat more nearly to that of a favourite opera dancer, may make happy, the position which must be honourable.

But I am endeavouring to relate an anecdote, not trying to moralize. I remembered that, with a regularity approaching that of clock-work, Miss Newson's duties had been fulfilled. At a certain hour she rose, at a certain hour she walked with her pupils, weather permitting (if not relaxed to battledore and shuttlecock with them in the great hall for exercise). There were certain hours for music, and certain days for painting; a certain time to remain in the drawing-room after dinner; and a certain time to retire to rest. That Miss Newson was a highly educated woman there could be no doubt, from the rapid progress her pupils made under her tuition; that she was amiable and kind to them there need be as little hesitation in declaring, since they were evidently warmly attached to her; and yet I know not how it was, she was nearly as little noticed in the family as any of the old-fashioned furniture—like that she seemed to belong to the house, and

like that her absence would have been felt more perceptibly than her presence was remarked. If a stranger addressed conversation pointedly to her, she became a little embarrassed, and a bright colour would mount to her pale cheek, and strike off a dozen years of her age at least. Yet the sort of nervous timidity she experienced was painful to witness; the sound of her own voice to half-a-dozen listeners—if really entrapped into conversation—was more than she could endure; and either her gloves, her netting, a book, or something, was sure to be wanted, giving her an excuse for escaping out of the room. It seemed really kinder to leave her alone, and suffer her to pursue the dull calm of her monotonous life unbroken even by the kindling words of sympathy.

One thing, however, quite distressed me; and that was the want of respect, and sometimes indeed the marked neglect, with which the servants treated poor Miss Newson. To add to the many discomforts of a governess, she is very seldom popular with the servants; unless she is in mind and feelings quite unworthy her responsible position, she is almost always called "proud" by the domestics; simply because she finds, from experience, that not being protected by a sufficiently marked difference of station, the return of any kindly unbending on her part would assuredly be some unwarrantable liberty. Now at Fairy Lodge there were also some jealousies to contend with. The old nurse thought the governess had spirited away the children's affections from herself; and Mrs. Mowbray's own maid felt a just degree of indignation whenever Miss Newson was intrusted with the keys, or was solicited to write a note for Mrs. Mowbray, were it only one of invitation. I had always pitied the poor governess, notwithstanding her calm and placid manners, which were the farthest in the world from complaint; and I had often wondered if there existed an inner world of feeling in her heart, or if that quiet uncommunicative being could have told a history.

Thanks to steam, the wonder and blessing of this century, our journey was neither long nor fatiguing. We had but three miles to travel from the station; the Mowbrays' roomy carriage awaited us, and we arrived at Fairy Lodge, fifty miles from London, as little wearied as if we had taken but a morning drive. How I love the warm, make-yourself-at-home greeting of old friends, especially when the house is old too—that is to say, old in one's acquaintance with it—when you know your way to your chamber without being told "to mind the three steps;" when you remember precisely where the morning sun will stream in, and have not to look about for the bell! Then the dogs—there cannot be a country house without dogs—are not quite sure at first if they know you. That fine fellow, Tartar, barks vociferously as we enter the gates; but he changes his mind after a moment, and struggles to break from his chain; and as soon as we are quietly seated, not before, the beautiful King Charles crawls lazily to one's feet, with wagging tail and glistening eyes, as if beseeching a caress. I don't know how it is, but I think we remember such matters afterwards, rather than notice them at the time.

All these things were just as usual, and our kind and worthy hosts as hospitable as ever. Their grand-daughters were, as we expected, somewhat grown; but it was in Miss Newson and all that concerned her that a change was to be found! Although her colour rose on seeing us, I do not think it was from any fear of being spoken to; on the contrary, she was kind in her inquiries, and seemed willing enough to enter into conversation. With this loss of timidity she had acquired ease, all that before was wanting to make her manners perfect. I wondered in my own mind how the change had been effected; for at forty years of age, and she must be that, it is seldom such an alteration takes place.

"Jane," said Miss Newson, to a servant, as we were about taking a stroll in the garden, "be kind enough to fetch my parasol." And Jane flew for it, bringing also a shawl, advising Miss Newson to wear it, as, "though it was warm in the sun, the wind was rather chilly." I could not but look on in wondering admiration. A year ago the silent, timid governess would as soon have thought of ordering out the carriage as sending a servant on such an errand. Yet, after all, it was the maid's ready obedience which surprised me the most.

"That is Miss Newson's bell," said another servant an hour afterwards, while she was uncording a box for me, "if you please, Ma'am, I will be back in a minute or two;" and though I had not too much time to dress for dinner, I was pleased as well as amused at the alacrity with which the summons of the governess was answered. I noticed, too, that at dinner old Watson offered to replenish Miss Newson's champagne glass more often than any one's else; and that, in the drawing-room, the footman brought a stool for her feet, without her asking for it. Indeed, the general deference towards her—yet, that is scarcely the word; it is too cold to express the watchful kindness of the household—was so marked, that a visitor must have been blind not to perceive it. "There is a cause for all these effects," said I to myself, "and I cannot sleep till I find it out." It was decreed, however, that the mystery should explain itself.

On the drawing-room table I found a handsomely-bound volume of poems, whose title-page declared they were by Eliza Newson! I turned the leaves with no common curiosity, and found that, though they did not bear the stamp of high genius and originality, they were full of womanly tenderness and purity, and replete with true poetic feeling. My congratulations were made with hearty sincerity, and received by Miss Newson not without emotion. "Yes," said little Emily, with more pride, perhaps, than if they had been her own, "she has made them all out of her own head, and some of them, do you know, are quite stories in rhyme. And, what do you think? I heard Watson the other day singing one of the songs to a tune he sometimes plays on the flute; and I know Jane has bought the book. Yes, indeed, Miss Newson, she has," continued the child, turning to the now blushing poetess.

This, then, was the secret of the servant's *hero worship*, and consequent deference to the so long

slighted governess! This their acknowledgment of a superior being! to my mind both touching and significant in its truth. The accomplishments of music and painting, and the more solid acquirements which, if they had thought, they must have known were hers, had won from them no recognition. And, why? Because custom which does not acknowledge the merits of the governess, or her claims to more than ordinary respect, had blinded their minds to the facts. But directly they discovered (what was not really, though they thought it) her higher title to consideration, they made up for their past neglect with heart and soul. There was really, however, much in her little volume to please simple-hearted people; for her poems were chiefly of a domestic kind and of the affections. And few authors, I think, will deny, that the slightly informed are often excellent judges of such productions; and no wise ones, we think, will scorn their admiration.

The exercise of the principle of veneration is, except in extreme cases of absurdity, one surely so healthily, that it always gladdens the heart to behold it. And, certainly, this instance of what is expressively called "*hero worship*," which has seemed to me worth repeating, was a source of unmingled pleasure, since it went very, very far towards placing an amiable, gifted, and, I fear, not very fortunate woman, in a true instead of a false position.

EARLY YEARS.

The thoughts of early years, what magic in the sound!

Refreshing as the summer dew that cools the parching ground;

As softened music floating upon the evening air
Dies in the distance, come our childhood's visions fair.

Bright as the stately vessel in the morning's sunny ray,

But the clouds of life are gathering o'er the sunshine of the day;

The anxious bark is heaving on billows dark as night,

Yet views, in distance gleaming, her track of silvery light.

The stream is gaily dancing at the fountain where it springs;

The morning sunbeams bear most freshness on their wings;

And a halo is encircling our happy childhood's hour,

Like the magic of the moonlight that gilds the fairy flower.

The sunshine through the day may banish care and strife,

And flowers may brighten o'er the noontide of our life;

But, oh! there wants that radiance when, smiling through our tears,

We spring again to happiness in childhood's early years.

VIOLA.

THE FAMILY OF THE GRUMBLERS.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," THE "FATALIST," &c.

Perhaps there are more Grumblers in this happy, favoured, prosperous island of ours than in any other nation under the sun. Your Frenchman is too mercurial, too lighthearted for a grumbler. On the other hand, your Hollander is too phlegmatic. Give the German his sour kraut and meerschaum, and let the world "wag as it will," he has no spleen to vent on those around him. The Russian serf is too degraded, too hopelessly fettered to the soil and his lord, to give utterance to the feelings which may "stir within him"—he dares not grumble. The Turk, supported by his belief in an inevitable destiny, contents himself amid all chances and changes; and, whether his home or his country fall, still he will stroke his beard, and cry, "Allah wills it!"

Without carrying our observations further, we must turn to our own country for specimens of the true grumbler; not that John Bull, upon the whole, is ill-tempered; but the secret is, he generally thinks himself aggrieved, and is rarely contented with that portion of this world's goods which "the gods afford him;" and this disposition, developed under certain circumstances, produces the grumbler.

Our constitutional and habitual grumbler is a man generally about the middle age; but the acerbity of his temper materially increases as he advances in years. The most rabid of the class usually possess a small independence, and are, in every respect, what the world calls "comfortably off." The grumbler of this description commonly dresses in a plain but respectable manner; his square-skirted coat is very large, as if he were desirous that it should be in every person's way, so as to afford him a legitimate plea for finding fault when any one happens to brush against or disturb its ample folds. His look is grave and reflective, and he sometimes carries a stout walking-stick. Our friend is almost invariably a *bon vivant*; no one eats and drinks as much as a grumbler; and notwithstanding every thing which he conveys to his mouth is, according to his own statement, execrable, he thrives upon it amazingly. He is a great frequenter of coffee-houses, where his chief employment seems to be in calling for refreshments, and intimating his disapproval of their quality. The waiter brings him a paper, and tries to make him comfortable; but something is always amiss; the paper is not the one whose politics he approves of; the place is too crowded and warm, or it is too empty and cold. Then, however reasonable his bill may be, he never, by any chance, forgets to protest against it; calling it an overcharge, and bestowing on the obsequious waiter sundry hard names; and when one coffee-house becomes "too hot for him," he shakes the dust from his feet upon it, and patronizes another.

The grumbler not unfrequently attends the theatre; but what pleasure he derives from histrionic representation is known only to himself, for his growling, with little intermission, continues

from the rise to the fall of the curtain. When a new piece happens to be performed, our friend is in his element; on such occasions, he ensconces himself in the pit, as near as he can get to the foot-lights. It is his philosophy to decry what others applaud; he loves at all times to exhibit an independence of opinion, and the carrying out of these noble and manly principles is perhaps the secret of the pleasurable emotions which he experiences in a theatre. The new piece, say a tragedy, commences; he grumbles at the lady before him for not taking off her bonnet, and at the man behind him for leaning over his shoulder. When any point is made by a favourite actor, he is sure to greet his triumph with—a hiss! and when half the audience is melted to tears, he takes snuff, and growls "horrid nimby-pamby!" The author may regard such a character with supreme contempt, yet we can tell him that, too frequently, the most formidable obstacle to the success of his new piece is this same grumbler; for, by a cleverly timed exclamation of disapproval, or by a single groan uttered at a critical moment—say, during a pathetic speech—he has been known to turn the whole house, and bring down showers of condemnatory hisses, when otherwise applause might have been given.

Our grumbler is sometimes in trade, and will be identified not unfrequently with the person of a thriving city merchant. In this case, so many being directly and indirectly dependant upon him, he will be a very much dreaded character. No clerk pleases him, and woe unto the wight who dares defend himself when unjustly accused by his master! He grumbles over his letters in the morning; grumbles over his ledger, however satisfactory its cash-balances may be; his business grows worse every year, every month, every day; and notwithstanding his warehouses are full of merchandise, and his coffers of gold, the times are ruinously bad, and he is the most unfortunate of men.

Grumblers, at times, are candidates for parliamentary honours. By dint of grumbling at ministers, and all the powers that be—grumbling at the rottenness of the constitution, and finding fault with every system prevalent throughout the country, they get returned for boroughs. Operatives and ten-pound voters are remarkably taken with the grumbler, and consider him the only true patriot. In the House, the grumbler is an independent man; that is, he considers himself attached to no party. His motive for this is sufficiently obvious; for, by pursuing such a line of policy, he is able to indulge, without a check, his favourite views: he condemns every measure, opposes every motion, and groans at every speech. A sop, sometimes, in the shape of a lucrative office, is thrown to him to silence his Cerberus-like clamour; but even while devouring, he cannot but grumble over it. He has grumbled himself into the House, and unfortunately no counter grumbling on the part of honourable brother members can dislodge him.

The man whose delight is to discover some evil quality in every person and in every thing, it may be presumed, never marries. Such a conclusion, however, is erroneous. Grumblers, as we have

before stated, are generally pretty well off in the world; and women, who have a *penchant* for comfortable settlements, and who, with the trustful hope peculiar to the sex, imagine a change may be effected in their dispositions when they become husbands, rarely object to marry them. Then the delightful anticipation, on the part of the grumbler, to have some one near him on whom he can vent his spleen! A wife is a most eligible piece of furniture to him; she is his legitimate property; and whenever his mind is overburdened by the "perilous stuff" weighing upon it, he has only to open upon his better half the floodgates of his ill humour, and so long as she is a meek-spirited woman, and not disposed to give him a Roland for an Oliver, he finds himself relieved amazingly.

Yet we do not mean to assert that grumblers are, on all occasions, discontented and morose men; on the contrary, your grumbler has frequently his bright hours, when the clouds roll off from his spirit, and the sun of his disposition is as radiant and warm as you could desire a sun to be. During this happy suspension of his malady, the sweeper of the street crossings receives at his hand a penny; his groom is addressed by the condescending appellation of "Joe;" and he proposes to take his wife and family, as the case may be, in his one-horse chaise to Highgate, Eltham, Hampton Court, or any other place where the natives of Cockneydom are wont to ruralize.

Such halcyon moods, however, are of brief duration. We will accompany our friend on an excursion to Hampton Court. He laughs and jokes during the journey, and makes himself uncommonly agreeable; but he has no sooner threaded the sinuities of the "maze," allowed his eldest boy to throw fragments of biscuit to the gold and silver fish in the pond before the palace, and cast his eyes over the cartoons of Raphael, in which, for his part, he can see no merit or beauty whatever, than clouds again begin to rise; and, by the time he has reached the inn, and ordered dinner, the tempest breaks forth; then rolls the thunder of his growl, and flashes the lightning of his "evil eye." He inveighs against the accommodation, and execrates the fare, although his children consider the latter remarkably good, which opinion they are practically demonstrating; devouring the savoury viands with such rapidity that they are in imminent danger of choking themselves. The meek wife endeavours to cast the oil of soft words on her husband's irascibility, but he cuts her short, and, with his pocket-handkerchief spread on his knees, his well-heaped plate before him, and his bottled stout close by his elbow, he growls and growls, ever and anon looking savagely from out the corners of his eyes, he discharges at the attentive waiter a continued fire of opprobrious epithets, and protests he will never enter that house again. The bill having been paid, with grumbling at its amount, he turns on his rascal Joe, who, at his command, puts the horse to the chaise with all possible dispatch; but even honest Joe does not escape without his share of blame, and he is denominated accordingly a slow and stupid hound. The weather is deliciously fine; and notwithstanding the chesnut-trees in Bushy Park are in full

bloom, dispensing their odours far and near; and notwithstanding the wine which he has taken has diffused a comfortable glow throughout his system, he grumbles all the way as the chaise rolls along the broad gravelled walk: nor does the worthy gentleman cease anathematising the state of the roads, the heat of the atmosphere, and finding fault with his wife and children, until, jogged by degrees into a state of somnolency, he is found at length to be fast asleep in the corner of the vehicle.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

A Lay of the Olden Time;

BY JOHN MACRAY.

What's in a name? O there's much in its spell
That has triumphed o'er death and time so well,
For a thousand years, and around it shed
A halo of light from the glorious dead!
They rest in their graves; but their name's a charm
Even the Anchorite's peaceful breast can warm,
For he thinks on their prowess in Palestine,
And how oft they bled for the Cross divine,
And, home returning, their vows kept well,
By a holy life, as the legends tell.

In toils and struggles for Jesu's sake,
No seas could stay them, or terrors shake;
And their faith and hope, to all coming time,
Are told on the brass, or in minstrel rhyme.
O many a name that oft we hear
Now flaunted light in the worldling's ear,
A holy renown once gain'd of old
Amid Red Cross Knights and Barons bold,
And stood for Christ and his righteous cause
Whoe'er he were that might scorn his laws;
Or in jousts and tourneys for ladye fair
Held tilt with Christendom gathered there.

A Paynim knight there once came, I ween,
Unbidden, and strange to that lordly scene:
Far, far away he had heard the fame
Of Mortimer's, Courtenay's, De Bruce's name,
And vow'd to ravish their laurel crown
And at some false shrine to lay it down,
Or to leave his bones on a distant shore
And his fiery courser to mount no more:
As a knight should be, he was honour'd well,
And his heart felt touch'd by a secret spell,
So much of grace and of courtesie
In Christian lands did he find and see:
Soon lowly suing with vows he came
To a ladye's feet, a noble dame;
And the Cross for device he wore instead,
Ere that ladye fair to the church he led.
With her eyes' deep blue and her love, as well,
O her name, I ween, had a lofty spell—
So widely o'er sea and land afar
'Twas borne for Christ in the Holy War.
Oxford.

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF "THE WILFULNESS OF WOMAN."

Answer us, ye metaphysicians! who dabble in the divers hues of the human mind as learnedly as a dyer among his many-coloured paints; tell us why is it, that all "good people" are so ineffably prosy and set-us-to-sleepish in their influence, when all their virtues are duly set forth in story? Oh, young days of our dawning intellect! Well do we remember our horror of the immaculate Misses Good-girls, who never tore their frocks—who never soiled their pinafores, and whose cardinal virtue was blind obedience, at an age when we found our juvenile brains teeming with argument and opposition to all enforced commands. There are many more in the world who feel the same, and one among the number, we dare to say, is the clever Authoress of the novel lying open beside us. She who treats of the "Wilfulness of Woman,"* gives us evidence herself of the wilfulness of human nature.

Else, why does the delicate-framed and delicate-souled Sydney Monteath interest us deeply, so long as she is foolishly addicted to balls and operas, and then sink into mere old-fashioned humdrum when she retires into the country and becomes the Lady Bountiful of Glen Aram? Why is it, that we enjoy the "malice" and "minauderies" (to use the Authoress' favourite expression) of the pretty, heartless Widow Tryon, and the absurdities of the juvenile sexagenarian Lady Mary, when we yawn at the name of the quiet Monteath, or the sad, much-moaning Mrs. Harrington?

This is truly an original novel. It begins with marriages, instead of vulgarly keeping them back to the end; and it has an elopement in each volume—a species of woman's wilfulness to which the writer sees us to consider her peculiarly addicted.

In the very first chapter one of the two co-heroines evaporates in conjunction with a volatile spirit—Captain Trelawney. He, having commenced affairs by making his wife wretched, is seen openly no more, but moves grimly in the background of the tale; a sort of bugbear, dreaming to account for the vagaries of his lady, until it is his turn, in his vocation, to elope with the wife of somebody else!

The other co-heroine and heiress (they are both heiresses we may infer) prefers to endure the approbation of her friends, and, accordingly, waits for six pages and as many months, till she may have a fitting espousal, a comfortable *trousseau*, *déjeuner*, chariot and four, &c., with all which she is not romantic enough to dispense. After driving off the *nouveaux mariés*, they discuss society in all its bearings, as *apropos* to their destination—a London season. In this colloquy, the young bride's feelings are somewhat excited by the very low opinion her lord professes of the respect commonly paid by ladies to their nuptial vows! A curious subject of conversation for a bridal tour, truly! No wonder the meek, and newly-made wife weeps, and vows eternal constancy, while the

gentleman pictures to her all the wickedness she is to see in the gay world!

The Monteath being represented to credulous readers as a Methodist of strict religious principles, is, of course, no "gadder;" so he sits among his books, and sighs over his lady's sinful waste of time, while she is whirled like a dry leaf along the broad path of dissipation. She becomes a star, and is in great request; and is possessed of a delusion, that it is her "mission" (as Mr. Moddle would say) to sacrifice her bodily and mental energies for the amusement of her five hundred dear friends in May-fair. Consequently, she is for ever at fêtes and in fainting fits. In this wholesale slaughter of time's irrecoverable hours, she is encouraged by a certain Lady Sarah, the giddy young wife of Monteath's brother, a "dismal general." Lady Sarah avowedly plunges into dissipation to fly from her wearisome partner; but Sydney Monteath still combines great affection for her husband with utter neglect of his comfort and society; and while penning responses to fifty new invitations, she languidly declares there is nothing she so much longs for as a quiet evening with her darling Edward.

The end of all this dancing is that Lady Sarah, being one of the wilful ones, dances off with a gay Guardsman, another original in his way, and the writer's pet *roué*. Here the Authoress dashes boldly into the arena of human passions, and lays bare their fearful conflicts with real genius. Think of the horror of that unhappy husband so carelessly abandoned, which, however happily for himself, ends in total mental oblivion. Think of the keen sympathy of the kindly-affectioned Monteath—the bitter anguish of the soft, weak Sydney; and, finally, the delirium of passion—the terrible awakening of remorse in the heart of the wretched outcast, Lady Sarah. Think of these, and see how they are painted here. We confess we cannot understand the graceful libertine Captain Fermor. We think him unnatural both in his contented devotion for two years to his capricious companion, and in his cool gentlemanly withdrawal when, with a frenzied loathing, she commands from her presence the sharer of her guilt. It seems as if he had not loved her enough to hate her; for with great nonchalance he returns to England, is made much of in *honourable* society, and weds a daughter of nobility and wealth. Who, when such is made a matter-of-course result in a novel of every day life—who can say we are not a moral people? Surely we have mistaken. We said there was an elopement in each volume; but oh, you greedy Vol. I., you have swallowed two for your share! We suspect the printer must have stolen the first chapter of Vol. II. to finish up Vol. I. with a grand *coup de théâtre*; it is not a fair division by any means, for the poor, defrauded Vol. II. has now no distinguishing feature but a death, a common, ever-occurring event, and the whole volume is countryfied and prosy.

Return we to Sydney Monteath, who, now that the mischief is done, cries her pretty eyes red, and has a severe illness, the joint product of balls and tears. Up comes Mamma to nurse and scold her. In spite of the respectable matron's indignation,

* 3 Vols. 8vo., Colburn.

the gentle girl preserves a strong "hankering" after that "splendid sinner"—the Lady Sarah. She seems quite of an opposite opinion to the Roman general, who loved the treason but hated the traitor; for Sydney hates the sin, but loves the sinner.

At last the erring one flees back to England—stops dying at an obscure inn—appeals to Sydney in her last despair, and lingers long enough to expire in her arms.

Da Capo Sydney's illness and regret. After a long time she comes round, wisely eschews balls—builds almshouses, and becomes the great flannel distributor and old woman protector of the county.

Have we forgotten the cousin and co-heroine, poor mis-mated Harriet Trelawney? Once we saw her flit across the vortex of Sydney's gaiety, but without being sucked in, she vanished in some misty region, described as near the fair city of Perth. By the way, we are forced to conclude, that the Authoress was never within a hundred miles of Perthshire. She depicts this place, "Corbee's hole," as a sort of Ultima Thule—a wild, barbarous country, haunted yet by Picts and Scots; whereas, we, whose feet know every rock and heath almost as well as the grouse and red deer, can boldly throw down the glove, and defy her to prove the calumny.

Harriet Trelawney bravadoes exceedingly about her married bliss, and is for ever praising her good-for-nothing husband. However, the forced spirits at times betray themselves. An old poet sweetly says, "Love loves most where love most secret is;" and the same may be pronounced of happiness. Real, serene happiness, especially in the wedded state, sits smiling down at the bottom of the heart, but prateth not abroad. Trelawney, weary of his wife, feigns business on the Continent, and politely throws her once more on the charity of her early friends, and she about to be a mother. Oh, man! man! can it be? Weary, in her turn, of the alms-houses and dulness of Glen Aram; sick at heart and weak of body, Harriet shuts herself up in her chamber, and abandons herself to low spirits and opium. The Monteaths, alarmed, call in a certain great hulking doctor, the terror of nervous ladies, who boldly pronounces the pretty Mrs. Trelawney has taken to drinking, and gives great umbrage by his verdict.

In this state of affairs the third volume abruptly steps in, with a gay party at a gay country-house, and thither the Monteaths carry their cousin, in hopes that change of scene and society may minister to her sick spirit. And now does the authoress fully justify all our opening remarks. With what zest she pourtrays the coquetry and dissimulation, the utter heartlessness and selfishness, the scandals and the jealousies of this lively country party. How amusing are the follies of Lady Mary, and the flirtations of Mrs. Tryon—the blundering good nature of the Irish Mrs. McCarthy (whom the wretch kills very unnecessarily at the end), and the weak-minded passion of Mr. Watkins Jones. Depend upon it, this third volume, with all its dark specks on human nature, is the favourite portion with the

authoress: here she expends all her vivacity—here she lavishes her observation of society as it is. Harriet Trelawney, however, cannot find pleasure in mirth and giddiness; she still weeps alone, and drinks alone likewise. Suddenly comes the great blow—the third and worst elopement. Her husband walks off to America with a woman, whose seductive arts had long haunted the wretched wife with jealous fear and bitter hate. Alas for her who wedded one destitute of principle! Broken-hearted, she is borne back to Glen Aram, and the body yields as well as heart and mind. A child of sorrow comes, unwished for, to the worse than widowed mother: it comes, it goes, in three days, and the woman is desolate once more. Why, Mrs. Authoress, did you make it die? Surely a beloved infant, to fill the yearning maternal heart with passionate devotion, would have made her far happier than your awkward way of patching up her broken soul with a new husband! There are years of suffering and bitter repentance for Harriet Trelawney; soon the deserter dies; she is a widow, and again her heart bleeds at the memory of her first blind love.

In all these scenes that same great hulking Doctor figures; first as physician, secondly as comforter, then, after a long interval, as wooer! Yes, incredulous reader, the "Wilfulness of Woman" winds up with the following courtship, which we have versified, from memory, as nearly verbatim as our somewhat confused intellects permit:—

HE.

Pretty woman! though you're silly,
I am wise enough for both.
Will you have me? tell me bluntly,
For I guess you're nothing loath.

SHE.

Deary me! you awkward Doctor,
I'm too pretty for your wife.
Ah, I've had enough of marriage
With my first, to last for life—(Weeps.)

HE.

Well, don't cry; he ~~was~~ a bad one!
I'm a different sort than he.
I will be a kind protector,
Pet and cherish you, you'll see.

SHE.

Ah, you're not so grim a monster—(Smiles.)
Wont you call another day?
Ere I risk my precious freedom,
Let me think of it I pray.

HE.

Not an hour! What use your thinking?
Why, you never thought before!
I must know my fate this minute;
Just say 'Yes,' it's no great bore.

SHE.

Oh, you plague, how you torment one!
Must I be your wedded wife?
'Tis the only way that's left one
To get rid of you for life!

P. P. C.

FORTUNE'S CHANGES.

BY J. E.

"Life may change, but it may fly not;
 Hope may vanish, but can die not;
 Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
 Love repulsed, but it returneth."

SHELLEY.

Have you ever spent a night on the mighty ocean, and watched the pale stars rise in the heavens, marching slowly and silently along their eternal paths, brightening each moment until they become more piercing and brilliant than the largest diamonds, then as morning dawned sadly sink away like spirits into the air? If not, you cannot imagine the deep thoughts that fill the heart at that time, the feeling of utter loneliness that oppresses it, the long-forgotten memories that rush over the mind, and the startling questions that the spirit asks. Pictures of scenes for ever past away come back in the freshness of reality to startle us; we again hear voices that the grave has long silenced, and gaze on features that death has long shut from us; then the infidel must feel that if there is indeed a Creator, how utterly at his mercy he stands, and he trembles and half believes, thus gazing on these unknown worlds, the least of which proclaims a God—gazing into that deep beneath him, which he knows not how soon may be the means of bringing him into the presence of one whom he has disbelieved in, derided, insulted. When His mighty works are thus around us; when nothing formed by the hand of man meets our sight save the frail bark that separates us from death; when the proud palaces and lofty buildings of man's creation, if remembered at all, are but as drops of water compared to that ocean, the majesty of the Great Architect must indeed awe even the good man, and make him shrink as he asks himself if so great and glorious and powerful a God can indeed deign to care for so mean a worm as himself. And who has not then marvelled, at least for a time, that amidst these stupendous works such an atom can be remembered. Yet he has felt, too, that there is a mighty hand guarding him, and guiding his destiny, though he cannot comprehend why so insignificant an object should excite such care. But the thought, "God is love," steals over his mind, and mystery is forgotten in faith and gratitude.

It was a night of the early autumn, with no moon to lighten it; but the starbeams played tremblingly over the slightly rippling waves, as though they half feared to gaze on that mirror that would give them back their bright forms; and a man stood on the deck of a lofty ship gazing on these objects. The hot day wind was changed to the cool night breeze, and it swept the dark locks from his brow, as though it strove to cool and refresh him; for, standing there alone, memories of grief and despair might be seen throwing their deep shadows over his expressive countenance, and wild thoughts must have been working in his heart, to make those large veins swell almost to

bursting. Yes, they were indeed terrible remembrances; they were first of his boyhood's days, of the friends of his early home, the companions of his childhood; but they brought no joy to his heart, no light to his cheek; for they had all shrunk away from him to their dark hiding-place—the tomb; not one left who had shared the joys, the troubles of infancy. And he then remembered how one bright being had made him forget for awhile these things; how he had loved and worshipped her, and believed her to be the most pure hearted, as well as the most beautiful of earth's creatures; and in fancy he heard the trumpet that had called him from her side, and the vows of love and truth that she had poured ere they parted. Then came the battle-field, the clang of swords, the thunder of cannon, the shrieks and groans of the victims, but half stifled by the rolling drums and shrill-toned instruments; and he loathed himself at the memory, that he should have ever lent himself to be the assistant of these lawful, wholesale murders. Glory! this is the pretty word the devil whispers, to bribe the vain children of men to violate the commandments of their Maker—to stop the breath of their fellow men, to heap misery and desolation on millions of helpless children and broken-hearted women. And he wondered at their weakness, at his own, to have been thus made the dupe of a word, the slave of his arch enemy. Yet, even this sought for, this coveted glory was to have been laid at the feet of love; he wished for it to make *her* cleave still more to him, that she might feel a pride in, as well as affection for his name; and he *had* won glory, the laurel *had* crowned his brow, and now how bitterly the recollection stung him, that his crown, aye, even his very heart had been rejected, scoffed at, by that being who had so often vowed ever to love him, and for whom alone he had plunged into the red blood of the battle-field. And now, indeed, he smiled bitterly at the remembrance of how falsely he had judged her heart by his own, and had never dreamed that gold could be valued above a true and constant heart; that love could be forgotten before ambition and vanity. And his waking dream went on; before him stood the bright and beautiful, the rich and proud, for wealth had poured on him when he had ceased to hope for it, when the brightest jewel of his life was crushed. Yes, beauty and power had now lost their charms for him; he looked on each fair face as a mask that concealed a false heart, and coldly he returned the greetings of the fairest lips. And then came the time when his vast possessions had been wrested from him, and only enough left to support him in mediocrity; and his professed friends and parasites had forsaken him, to worship some other golden image. Yet this brought but little grief with it; he had never trusted them, nor believed their fawning flatteries; and riches he valued not, as they proved unable to buy him one true heart. These were a few of the bitter memories that were racking his soul, passing like cold, pitiless ghosts, in stern array before him. Gazing on his manly figure and noble countenance, he seemed born to be nature's favourite, fortune's minion; but they had delighted to hold the cup of joy to his lips, then

to snatch it rudely away. Thirty years had given him this bitter experience, and he blamed himself for having made light of the presentiment that had from his childhood clung like an icy chain around him, that happiness was not destined to be his. And now he had left his country to end his existence amongst strangers; they owed him nothing, therefore his heart could never be wrung by their ingratitude. Thus parted one of the noblest of God's creatures; despair had filled a nature that should have been the home of every virtue, and he reached another land a cold, icy-hearted being, living amongst his fellows, but holding little intercourse with them; and, as each night he closed his eyes in sleep, he prayed earnestly that he might wake no more on earth. One hot and sultry night he lay tossing on his couch long ere sleep came over him, but his spirit slept not even then; no, it journeyed far into the land of spirits, he talked with bright-haired angels, and he knew them well; for, though beautiful above all that imagination could picture, they wore the expression of those whom he had loved in youth, and they soothed him, and told him of the happiness they enjoyed, and shewed him how by death they had escaped a host of evils, and that when he had thought himself most unfortunate he too had been most truly blest; for that she who had most wounded him had been the misery and ruin of all connected with her; and they said they would ever watch over him, and bid him hope again, for there were yet many blessings in store for him. He arose from that sleep an altered man; his vision was still before his mind's eye, and he knew that there was truth and reality in his dream; once more he employed his talents and time for the benefit of his fellow creatures: the wild forests and wastes for miles around were his employment and amusement; he turned them into fertile pastures and rich gardens, and became the protecting genius of the place, living surrounded by those whom he had rendered industrious and happy; he sought not for gratitude or praise, or love, so that when he found them, they were not the less welcome for being unexpected.

"Farewell, my beloved, my blessed child! Oh, that I could have lived yet a few months to have seen thee with those who would have protected thee from evil, but this is vain now; and yet I do not leave thee alone; no, prayer is not idle, and thou hast yet the strongest arm to guard and guide thee!"

Thus spoke an old man to a child kneeling beside his bed; the chamber was gloomy, every ray of the sun having been excluded. His eye was bright and beautiful when first he spoke, and was fixed on that weeping thing, and the film came slowly over it, and glazed it; yet even in death, it seemed bent on her, as though it watched her still. They had travelled from afar, and the old man's strength had failed him, and he had tottered for aid to the peasant's cottage. Yes, he was dead, and they gently forced her from the body, and tried to soothe her, but in vain; she was amongst strangers, and could only think of him

whom her tears and cries could not awaken. They opened the few papers belonging to the deceased, and decided on taking them to the good stranger who had lately come into their country; he received them kindly, and promised to take all the trouble from them, and to protect the child until her relations were found. And well he kept his promise. Unable to hear anything of them, he had the body decently interred, and determined on providing for the little girl himself. He watched, and tended, and devoted himself entirely to her; and she shortly grew so attached that she never left his side: well she repaid him—not one act of kindness was lost upon her—every day she grew more good and beautiful. Years flew rapidly away to both, and her greatest study seemed how she might best please her kind benefactor. She seemed to feel a deep devotion for him; nothing pleased her that he did not admire, and no task was too difficult if he approved it. This was indeed happiness for him such as he never expected; yet still he was grave and thoughtful, for he felt too often that the time must come when she would belong to another, when her heart would turn its most choice affections on some other object, and he would hold but a secondary place in it. But he was not selfish, and he prepared to sacrifice his last happiness for her; and, whilst he still cherished and instructed, to wean his heart from her.

"That is a very beautiful cottage yonder, amongst the tall, bright green trees, looking down so smilingly on the peaceful unruffled lake, stretching, far and wide, beneath it. Aye, the prettiest place that I have seen in our travels over this land of freedom and equality, of aged forest and vast prairie, of magnificent river and dashing cataract, of snow-capped mountain and blooming valley; this land of terrible grandeur and gentle beauty, America! And what a balmy fragrance the soft breeze bears to us from the bright roses that climb up the trellis-work of the verandah. But, softly! there are two figures walking beneath it, a slight, gentle looking girl, and a tall dark man, doubtless her father."

"Bah," said my companion, "did you ever see a daughter blush as she does when her father spoke to her? Did you ever see a father gaze on his child as that man looks into the soft eyes of his companion? No, you mistake altogether."

"And do you indeed love me too well to go?" said a rich deep voice; "your uncle has sent for you, owned you, his children have all been snatched away by death from him, and he will adopt you. You know not that riches and happiness are awaiting you, and that the young and handsome will vie with each other in showing their homage for you."

"And shall not we go?" she asked, pleadingly.

"You shall go, as soon as possible; I shall soon be able to arrange everything. I have withheld you, perhaps, too long from the world."

"And will you not really go?" demanded the startled girl, as though she had not comprehended his meaning before.

He shook his head.

"Oh! let me stay with you then," sobbed the girl. "What are all other things to me, if you are not there? Riches! homage! I should hate them."

"Think, think," he repeated calmly, yet sadly, "I have watched over you with a parent's care; but there are other ties, and dearer, that will meet you there; and you will soon learn, amidst the gaiety and happiness that will surround you, to forget the stern, gloomy man, who has hitherto guarded you, in the devotion of the young and handsome."

"Oh, cruel!" she cried, wildly; "you cannot believe the words you speak! If you would have me live, let me be with you ever. You know not how I will serve and worship you," earnestly pleaded she and long; but he heard no more than this, he pressed his hand to his forehead, and that noble expressive countenance and those swollen veins were the same that had stood on the deck of the gallant ship some few years before; but if grief and wrong had then drawn forth those deep signs of feeling, now there was a look of inexpressible, unutterable joy, that almost stifled him. But when he remembered himself, he folded the poor girl to his heart.

"No, we will never part," he muttered; and bore the senseless form to the interior of the cottage.

I have little more to tell, but that ere another week had passed, she became his bride; and a letter announced to those relations in England who had so long neglected her, that they were now too late, for that she was bound by stronger ties than theirs. And as to the wealth that was destined for her, she rejected it with thanks; for happiness was hers, and that was more than gold could ever buy.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

"There is a spell."

There is a spell to mortals given,
A spell that bears control
O'er every other passion'd flame
Arising from the soul.
It charms us in our earliest youth,
As those loved moments fly;
It grows with our advancing years,
And binds us till we die.

There is a spell. Oh, hearts that love
Alone may feel its power;
It nerves the soul to brave the storm
In sorrow's sadd'ning hour.
Some say that it is madness;
But call it what they will,
It dwells but in the kindest breast,
And makes it kinder still.

GEORGE BAYLEY.

SYMPATHY.

BY ELIZA LESLIE.

Hast thou not felt the kindred throb—
The deep, the silent thrill intense—
Of pure, of heart-felt Sympathy,
When the full soul sprang to the eye,
And met its twin-thought in another's glance?

Then hast thou revell'd in as deep
A luxury as angels do—
Intelligences bright and high!—
Who echo back in heavenly response
The master-chord of Love, whose three-fold breath
First will'd them into being. This
Is true attraction—mind with mind
Holding high commune when the lips are mute!
The law of gravitation this,
Which with resistless force bows down
Mere Matter all to mighty Mind—
Eloquent Silence! Still 'tis sweet,
When from the vulgar buzz set free,
To give the imprisoned thoughts full vent,
And let them on the snowy wing
Of chaste expression soar awhile,
Then drop upon the bosom of a friend—
Winning companions in the heavenly strain,
Until the goodly company "like doves
Unto their windows flee," and sit and sing
Even at the gates of Heaven!

GEMS OF THE EARTH.

The mountain-torrent, gushing
In majesty of might;
The cheek of a maiden, flushing
Beneath the pale moonlight;
The bliss of a father, bending
O'er his first-born's glance of love;
Childhood's pure prayer ascending
To its Father's throne above.

The beam of morning flinging
Its beauty o'er the sea,
The note of the wild bird, winging
Its flight o'er hill and lea;
The joy of a mother weeping
O'er her prodigal's reclaim,
His repentant tear-drops steeping
The breast he once fill'd with shame.

The eye of poet, beaming
Enthusiasm's light;
The stars in their radiance gleaming
In quietude of night;
The patriot's bosom, burning
To sever his country's chain;
The heart of a mother, yearning
O'er her sick one's couch of pain.

More, more yet gleams around thee,
Glorious in Beauty's ray;
Hath Care in her fetters bound thee—
Dost own no other sway?
Lo! Nature's hand would sever
The bondage dull earth may twine;
Oh! resist not her kind endeavour,
And the "Gems of Earth" are thine.
FLORENCE.

CEYLON.

We well recollect with what pleasure we used to look at the Diorama in — Street, and picture to ourselves fancied realities, which, alas, were doomed never to have any existence. We see the present, and the past is known; but the future is hid, and wisely too, from every human eye. Nevertheless we can judge of the past, and comparing the present with it, form conclusions as to the future, which will, in all human probability, come pretty nearly to the mark. It is in this strain we would desire to make a few cursory remarks as to the future state of the interior of Ceylon, taking for our guidance a stretch on either side of the present, to the extent of some ten or twelve years.

Twelve years ago the central province was one continued mass of huge forest, intermingled here and there with plots and fields of chena and grasslands. A paddy field, with a few cocoanut and bamboo clusters, denoting where the village lay beside the brook, might occasionally be seen in our travels, and thus relieve the monotony of the scene. But beyond this, nothing was to be seen but the denizens of the forest, still too frequently found near many of the villages to this day—the elephant threading his way through the dense woods, throwing down large trees by the mere weight of his body, and apparently thinking no more of them than a schoolboy does of walking through a field of corn.

Kandy, the chief town of the interior, was at that time but a very miserable place; not a white face was to be seen there, but that of one of the military, or a civil servant; and occasionally a glimpse was to be had of a planter—a solitary planter, the only one in the province in those days. But all things change, and so has this island in particular. The face of the country is entirely changed, and were any one to rise from the grave who has been there since that time, and could see the altered appearance of the country, he would not believe his eyes. The province has become quite an agricultural one. The planters number no small body of the community. It is studded with coffee estates, and there are one or two sugar estates, all yielding a rich harvest to their respective proprietors. It is intersected with roads, and the whole presents quite an European aspect. Kandy itself is very considerably changed in appearance, and its bazaars transact business to the extent of several thousand pounds a month in supplies alone, which will show to what an increased extent the town has grown, exclusive of the demands of the military. Europeans have commenced business; houses are being built; churches are also in a fair way of being opened; one, indeed, has already been opened, and is well and numerously attended every Sunday evening. What a pleasing prospect this to what was seen on the first night it was opened, when there was only one European present, with some natives! A mail coach runs between Kandy and Colombo every day, and the commercial community on the island, hating monopoly, are now running another. The circumstance of there being two coaches running

between two towns, is sufficient of itself to show that the termini at which they respectively stop must be of more than ordinary importance. We hear of a coach being started between Kandy and Gampola, and it may, if inducement offers—and why should it not?—run on to the convalescent station of Nuwera Ellia.

The country along the Nuwera Ellia road is very picturesque and romantic, and the climate, from and above Gampola, is delightfully cool. We were lately at Pussilava, some ten miles above Gampola; and it would cause no surprise to see, in a few years, a town something after the model of Nuwera Ellia springing up, the climate there is so delightful and cool. Indeed we know that if there were bungalows in that part of the country, people would prefer it to Nuwera Ellia, for two principal reasons, if there were no others, viz., from Pussilava being just one half of the distance that Nuwera Ellia is from Kandy, the fountain of the supplies and commissariat; and from the air of Pussilava being more mild and agreeable to old Indians than the keen and sharp biting air of Nuwera Ellia. As for Gampola, we have reason to know that there will shortly be a lively town there; the Government Surveyor is at this moment making out the intended streets and sites for buildings for the new town. It already possesses one or two large stores, and a thriving bazaar. A day hardly ever passes without there being some half-dozen Europeans in the Rest House there. When the trace between the 62 mile post (on the Colombo and Kandy road) and Gampola is opened, and which no doubt will soon be the case, seeing that two-thirds of it are nearly opened, and consequently only three or four miles left to make Gampola, it will bid fair to outstrip Kandy. We do not mean to say that it will entirely outstrip Kandy, because as long as the seat of Government is there, it will always retain the principal part of its importance. But this we say: it will become soon equal to it in many important ways; all the residents of Pussilava, Rambodde, and the Bad-dola country, in Kotmalee and the Ambegama district, will make it their head quarters. We shall have the Governor having a residence there, houses built, churches set a-going—a Baptist chapel was opened on the 3rd instant—and lastly, mail coaches running between it and Colombo.—*Ceylon Herald, March 1.*

Perhaps, in the philosophy of the human mind, there are few things more wonderful than that merciful dispensation by which the heart, bowed and crushed by affliction, does generally rise after awhile from the stunning blow. Especially is it so in youth; for though that may be the season of keenest emotion, and the feelings cooled by experience and disappointment, may be harder to receive impressions, they are also harder to retain. The difference is almost equal to that of the waxen image, and the graven stone which impresses it.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

"He is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music."

Hark ! the blue and tideless waters seem a requiem
to sing ;
Southern breezes o'er thy pillow come in sadness
murmuring :

Once thy heart took up the measure with its weight
of sweetness fraught,
Giving to its magic music all the mighty depth of
thought.

Gentle songs thence came unbidden, by a glance or
movement stirred,
Or a strain of mournful wailing born of cold and
careless word :
Wild winds 'mid the leafy forest—whispers of the
ocean wave—
Cat'racts from the rugged mountain—all to thee
some treasure gave.

Thou did'st weave them with the shadows from the
hues of twilight caught,
Blent with braids of summer lightning in a bed of
subtle thought ;
Or with bolder hand unveiling Freedom's pinion
hovering nigh ;
With an earnest skill awaking, like some ancient
prophecy,

Visions of the shrouded future, like as germs with
beauty rife,
Hid in gloom, are yet awaiting light to wake them
into life :

Yet cold hearts did frown upon thee, scorning
wealth they could not reach,
Deaf unto thy wild harp's music and the wisdom
it could teach.

Could the sordid mind interpret shadows of the
sunshine born ?
Did they goad thy noble spirit to repay them
scorn with scorn ?
As the sunlight on the waters reacheth not the
caves below,
Reck they of the heart's drear caverns whence the
bright thoughts ebb and flow ?

Songs are hidden there that slumber till a breath
can give them birth,
Poets' dreams, like ocean flowers, that have known
no stain of earth ;
But the fragile cell, that murmurs to the soft wind's
gentle sigh,
Echoes to the howling tempest with a fearful
melody.

Many a loving heart shall linger o'er thy wild pro-
phetic strain,
Echoing thy harmonious numbers till the poet lives
again :
While the tideless waters wander, they thy monu-
ment shall be ;
While the southern breezes murmur they shall
breathe a sigh for thee !

THE GRAVE OF THE ORPHAN
PAUPER CHILD.

I stood beside a pallid child of woe,
Whose quivering lip and sorrow-sunken eye
Proclaim'd life's fitful, weary scenes below,
With haste were passing by.

I gaz'd with pity on that faded form,
That like a wither'd rose appear'd to me—
Struck by the sudden shock of some rude storm,
Past all recovery.

I mark'd the tottering step, the livid glare,
Sickness had wrought upon that sinking frame—
Proof that the last dread enemy was there,
With sure and deadly aim !

I sigh'd, as deep reflection smote my breast
With sympathy for Nature's suffering child,
Who here, by every ill on earth oppress'd,
Calm as an angel smil'd !

I wept ; but O, those weepings were in vain !
Nought could avail to alter that decree,
Whose mandate call'd from dust its own again
To pure felicity !

I follow'd, with the rude and motley throng,
This faded flower, cased in a pauper shell ;
And it was laid its kindred dust among
Without one kind farewell !

I linger'd long beside that silent clay—
Beside of other perishable things ;
Then saw, through faith, the spirit call'd away,
Borne on a seraph's wings.

Godalming.

W. RICHARDSON.

WHEN THOU SEE'ST A BARK.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

When thou see'st a bark
On the lone sea,
Girt round by storm-clouds dark,
Think thou on me.
When thou hear'st a moan
On the still air,
Think 'tis the heart-wrung groan
Of my despair.

When thou see'st a leaf
Fall, withering,
Think of my *silent* grief
And suffering.
When thou hear'st a bell
Toll heavily,
Think 'tis my last farewell
Breathed out to thee.

But when thou see'st a star
Burst forth in light,
In the blue space afar
Defying night—
Pray thou that thus may cleave
My soul its gloom,
Its heavy fetters leave
In the dark tomb !

LITERATURE.

EDITH LESLIE, A NOVEL; 3 Vols. (*Newby.*)—

As this work is presented to the public anonymously, without the recommendatory ushering of "by the author of so-and-so," and without even that letter of introduction—a preface, we are to presume it is the outpouring of some new candidate for literary honours; to be won, as were warriors' laurels by adventurous knights of old, without raising the visor. We are not by any means sure that such a suspicion inclines a critic to be bland and courteous; over piqued curiosity sometimes stimulates to irritability, while the absence of grateful or loving recollections of former works keeps the critical eye clear—those same memorials being very apt to rise, like sweet but bewildering incense, before our mental vision when we look for a fault in the new work of a favourite author. To own the truth, we were quite ready to find fault when we opened the pages of this book; yet, before we had cut the leaves of half the first volume, we were won by the earnest truthful spirit which pervades it, to that mood which, if it blames, can only do so in love and kindness. We are sure it is by a woman. The shades of character are marked too delicately to come from the rough painting of a masculine hand; yet if by a woman, and probably a young one, she has felt much and thought more. In truth, we look upon Edith Leslie as the opening of a new and rich mine, even more valuable in its promises than its present outpouring. Constantly we come to passages—mere sentences, perhaps—which, glancing off to the details of the story, nevertheless give us a good hint of the ore there is from which to work. Who can give the plot of three volumes within the limits of a magazine column? We shall not attempt it. Quite enough that it is a story of the affections, which in all the reality of emotions, has been acted over and over again, and will be, we suppose, to the "crack of doom." We have misunderstandings, trials of constancy, and reconciliations; an Irish nurse, most happily sketched; and a darling dog made a "character" in life, and whose death is a tragedy; not to mention the history of Nelly's cat, Prim, who, washing her face before the fire, fills up the picture of the cottage interior, when the story of the Banshee is told with all the "elegant Irish talk that Nelly could put into it, to give the same a charm."

Well as the interest of the novel is kept up, we look upon this merit, important though it be, as of far less amount as an evidence of talent, than the earnest love of the good and the true which is constantly breaking out, the womanly spirit which pervades the whole, and the hearty boldness which dares to attack many a prejudice. For instance, who will deny the truth there is in the gentle reproof Mrs. Leslie offers her daughter, on the occasion of her manufacturing a winter cloak for a certain Margery? Although we should like a fierce crusade to be undertaken against a greater enormity and "blunder" even than making

clothes for the poor—we mean fancy work! How many a girl has devoted as much time to the construction of a Berlin wool ottoman, as that in which, if so employed, she might have acquired a language—not to mention that her misplaced ingenuity has robbed some individual whose time and industry win her daily bread, of that portion of her just revenue! How many a thought-kindling, soul-elevating field of knowledge might be sown and reaped while the wonderfully agile fingers are threading beads, and the poor starving brain compelled to the sad resource of counting them! And this goes on wasting youth, warping the narrow mind as middle age advances, till woman—oh! yes, she can embroider slippers, and make watch-guards, and bead purses, and spend a year in adorning a pocket-handkerchief! Oh! were head and hands but made for such purposes? But we will return to our author's text.

"Having comparative wealth, my child, why not perform a real and twofold charity, in giving this mantle to be made by old Pearse's bed-ridden daughter? She is a nice workwoman, and submissive to your wishes in everything, besides earning money for which she would be very grateful. My remark on this occasion is principally suggested from a fear that you might become a participator in mental delusion with those ladies who, perpetuating a great original mistake, devote their lives to the never-ending business of making clothes for the poor, conscientiously believing it their duty; and permitting the latent hope of being hereafter richly rewarded to influence their actions like a creed; forgetting, while thus engaged, that they are losing the fruits of their early education, allowing to lie dormant talents given them (if they will) for the essential soul-service of their needy brethren, for whom more permanent good might be effected by a few words well suited, and at the same time expressed by other exertions, made in behalf of their estate, than by all the wool, or twice the cotton in the universe. It is easy to cover a naked body, but an intellectually lean constitution will stare through purple robes. If the morals of our people were more generally and charitably looked after by a better example, and consequently by better precepts, the human being whose nature might thus be reclaimed from evil in its most deformed shapes, could (with rare instances of exception) find means to clothe himself, and content would reign in perfect serenity before dethroned vice and abdicated despair. When will man stock the broad lands of the mind with common sense?"

THE GRANDFATHER; a Novel. By the late Miss Ellen Pickering; author of "The Fright," "The Grumbler," &c., &c.; 3 vols. (*Newby.*)—The reading a posthumous publication has always a degree of melancholy attached to it, especially in the case of an author whose works are so justly esteemed as those of Miss Pickering, and one whose age left so much of future promise for weak-sighted mortals to dwell on. The present novel was left by its lamented author, or rather projectress, in an unfinished state: to another hand, therefore, are we

indebted to the winding up of the story—that hand being the practised one of Miss Elizabeth Youatt. In a short, but appropriate preface, she acknowledges the assistance she has afforded, which we must own has been so skilfully rendered, that we have quite failed in discovering the page or chapter where the thread was broken by the strong hand of death; although, from the opportunities Miss Youatt's valued contributions to our own pages have given us of acquiring an intimate knowledge of her style, we had fully expected to recognise, without difficulty, her individual touches. Indeed, we feel that the highest praise is due to her, for the manner in which she has carried out the plan of a more than commonly interesting story. Without her acknowledgment it would really be difficult to believe the unity of construction had ever been disturbed; so very carefully are all the minor early details unweaved at the dénouement. The novel is of the domestic class, affording ample scope for heart-probing, and a display of its mysteries. Ambition, love, revenge, are the passions which move the whole, weaving a chain of circumstances rather natural, and therefore interesting, than complicated and perplexing. The character of Amy, from a child upwards, is beautifully sustained; and her trusting love, contrasting with her lover's more suspicious nature, increases the individuality of each. The precise, yet warm-hearted housekeeper; the worthy rector, who "points to heaven and leads the way;" the interesting Dunorven; and the statue-like Lady Anne, who nevertheless does warm—all stand out in one's memory like familiar portraits in a gallery; and we cannot but thank the author for an introduction to them.

If only for the melancholy interest attached of being Miss Pickering's latest production, "The Grandfather," we are aware, will be sought for eagerly; but we can assure our readers its merits would alone be all-sufficient to secure its favour.

TALES AND SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. (*Allman*).—A very nicely got up little volume of cleverly written, though simple stories, illustrative of American life. The influence of a healthy mind and high moral purpose is evident throughout.

HEART: A SOCIAL NOVEL. By Martin Farquhar Tupper, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. (*Bentley*).—We are late in the day with this work, for it was published, if we mistake not, simultaneously with "The Crock of Gold" and "The Twins," each of which we had the pleasure of introducing to our readers a little time ago. Therefore it may be enough to say that "Heart," differing from those works in some respects, yet resembles them in simplicity of plot, in earnestness of purpose, and in nervous command of language. As we said before, we love the touching story condensed into the compass of one volume, and believe that, but for the tricks of trade, authors would often spare the public a few of the attenuated, spun out pages, which make up the regulation thousand. This story, however, does not occupy the entire volume, room having been made for a veritable ghost story, and two or three plea-

sant sketches. The incidents in "Heart," though many of them common-place enough, take fast hold of the memory, dwelling there like the recollection of pictures; while the chapter devoted to "the end of the heartless," death in the howling wilderness, belongs to the very highest order of fiction, that of idealizing the real.

FLOWERS OF MANY HUES. ORIGINAL POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS. Edited by Frederick Kempster. (*Fulkner, Manchester*).—When we mention Sheridan Knowles, "the author of 'Festus,'" Dr. Bowring, Mrs. Abdy, E. L. Blanchard, and John Critchley Prince, as among the contributors to this work, our readers may at once surmise that it is a very agreeable volume. Authors too, whose names are at present less distinguished, have contributed some poems of great merit; and altogether this slim quarto, with its scarlet and gold, and beautiful type and illuminated title-page, is a pretty and acceptable drawing-room table-book, which we suspect will keep its place for more than a season. "The Wanderer," by Prince—a humble poet, whose genius is even yet too little recognised, and whose history gives an additional interest to his productions—would grace any collection of poems with which we are acquainted; and the same may be said of E. L. Blanchard's "Past" and Mrs. Abdy's "Pleasure Boats." These poems, however, are all too long for extract, being at the same time remarkable for a unity of purpose, which would be destroyed by offering fragments; thus, as we are no advocates for pulling down a house to show a sample brick, we shall prefer giving some "Stanzas for Music," by C. B. Greatrex (illustrative of an Indian superstition), in which, to our mind, sense and sound harmonize with no ordinary degree of felicity.

"An Indian maid, with her zone of bells
Pleasantly ringing, pleasantly ringing,
Came where the Ganges' billow swells,
Merrily singing, merrily singing;
She launched her lamp on the crystal tide,
Rapidly flowing, rapidly flowing;
And she tarried awhile by the river's side,
To watch it going, to watch it going.

Said the Indian maiden, smiling, 'See,
It is brightly burning, brightly burning!
Then my lover, thank heaven, is safe and he
Will be soon returning, soon returning.'
But suddenly now outwent the light,
With the wild waves leaping, the wild waves
leaping;
Then hope, with a smile, bade her heart good
night,
And she fell a-weeping, she fell a-weeping.

'Tis thus, alas! said the Indian girl,
Sadly sighing, sadly sighing,
'That sweetly down Love's stream of pearl
The heart goes flying, the heart goes flying;
On waters so fatal, yet ah! how bright!
It can linger never, can linger never,
For it glides away like my lamp to-night,
And then sinks for ever, sinks for ever.'

THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL. By Grace Aguilar, author of "The Spirit of Judaism, &c." No. 1. Price One Shilling. (*Wertheimer, Finsbury Circus.*)—To illustrate by biographical sketches, and develop by no weak analysis, the characters of distinguished Hebrew women, form the interesting task, of which the first monthly part has recently appeared. Miss Aguilar proposes dividing her history into seven periods, commencing with the wives of the Patriarchs, and ending with the women of Israel of the present day. Accordingly she begins at the very beginning, the first chapter being entitled "Eve;" and on this text, with the scanty yet all-sufficient outlines of holy writ, does the authoress find scope for many pages of beautiful writing, inculcating woman's duties, painting the lights and shadows of her character, showing her influence, and exhorting her to the performances of many of the *Christian* virtues, in a style that must make the work suitable and improving reading to the liberal-minded of every creed.

FRANCOIS DE BONNIVARD; OR, THE PRISONER OF CHILLON. An Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century.—We had only time in our last merely to allude to this promised work, just then commencing in the columns of the *Brighton Guardian*. We can now say that as it progresses, the interest of the work, and the powerful picture-like painting of the characters, fully bear out our high expectations. The beginning of the sixteenth century was the dawn of a most eventful era—the advent of civil and religious liberty; and Geneva, the *locale* of the story, contained within itself the seeds of the mightiest and most momentous events. With such elements of power and interest, and with so romantic and already immortalized a hero as Bonnivard, we feel confident that this production will take a high place among works of its class. We must make room for a very graphic description:—

"The lake of Geneva, which, in addition to its host of political, historical, and literary associations, disputes even with that of Constance the pre-eminence in magnificent scenery and chaste grandeur, has already decreased in width between Nyon and the opposite bank of Savoy, and been shorn of its fair proportions, though the view from either side be still gorgeously picturesque. On the side of Switzerland rise terraced meadows covered with mulberry and chestnut trees in rich profusion, and gradually increasing gigantic steps, until, reaching to the foot of the Jura, they merge into the mountains, some of which, like that of Dole, the loftiest in the range, are but an hour's walk from Nyon, hanging as it were over the waters, and casting at times their deep shadow on the lake. In this, different from the other mountains of Switzerland, the Jura is clothed from base to summit with dark forests of the pine-tree; here jutting out on to the very edge of awful precipices, and in other instances vanishing up dismal gorges, or beetting at the top of serrated and precipitous ridges. Green pasture and corn fields, bushy copses, shady groves; here an ancient

chateau, there a village; a cheerful cottage, a wild chalet, a country house, a villa, sparkling cascades, small pieces of delicious scenery enlivened ever by the busy habitations of men; lofty and rugged hills, with venerable pine-groves clinging to their rapid slopes; little spires peeping up over the rustic hamlet of its equally diminutive congregation: such are the features which are caught in at a glance on the free banks of Leman's lake, where liberty, law, and a paternal government smile on the labours of husbandman and artisan.

"Savoy, where despotism sways unchecked, presents to the view a series of naked hills and almost barren plains, beetling cliffs, overhanging and green promontories protruding far into the lake; a few scattered habitations and mean villages, solitary and lonely, amid the wild and savage grandeur of some deep ravine; an isolated chateau frowning from its rocky mount; a dark ridge of stunted pine: such are the features opposed to the more smiling tableau presented by the garden and granary of Switzerland on the opposite side; and then behind—the range of hills near the lake sinking by their side into utter insignificance—rise the chaos of the Alps, white with eternal snow; and high towering far above them all, the pinnacle of Mont Blanc. Up the lake is the narrow gut of the Valais, whence rushes the Rhone; in fact, whichever way the glance is turned, it rests on scenery the most sublime and magnificent the eye hath seen or the heart of man imagined. One morning in May, 1526, however, whatever its general splendour, Leman lake presented to those individuals whom we are about to introduce to our readers a very unfavourable aspect. A stiff south-east breeze blew over its waters, rain fell, not in torrents—in which case the wind would soon have moderated—but with a steady, drizzling perseverance, and amid a thick damp fog, which shut out all observation at a less distance than a hundred yards. Above, a dark, murky sky, undiversified by ordinary clouds, hung like a canopy over the muddy looking waters, which, beat down by the steady rain, were not swelled into waves of any very great magnitude. A more circumscribed horizon was perhaps scarcely ever presented in the open air than by the lake at this moment, all being dismal, bleak, and heavy. A funeral atmosphere weighed upon the mind, and under its pestilent influence the very buoyancy and elasticity of youth were overcome, and the spirits of the most joyous of human beings refused to take their wonted flights. Nothing indeed more wretched, more miserable, than that morning could be conceived; the wind was cold, the rain penetrated through every aperture, and soaked through every particle of clothing, while the fog was intense in its piercing power and effects. In that wind, in that rain, in that fog, two men, in one of the small boats still so common on the lake, with tall masts and enormous sprit sails, were dashing over the troubled waters, as if eager to escape from the physical miseries of their position."

ECHOES OF MIND. By C. Wharton Mann and Charles H. Hitchings. No. 1. (*Mitchell*).—We consider this a very spirited undertaking

which, whether it meet with encouragement or not, will have the merit of deserving it. The authors say in their preface, "At irregular and indefinite intervals, this present work will be followed by others, differing in the nature of their contents. Sometimes we shall offer a play, sometimes a poem, and possibly, at some distant period, a collection of essays." Thus will reverberate the "echoes" of two minds of no ordinary stamp; and though we believe it is the fashion to consider poetry—yes, reader, heart-stirring *poetry*, such as thirty years ago would have won fame and gold—as not worth paper and print; we have a strong hope that this unpretending publication will meet with numerous readers. We rejoice that it is published at the low price of one shilling, for it is among the mass that poets must look for appreciation and encouragement. This first number contains eleven poems, all really and truly deserving the name; although, for the most part, they are too long to extract entire. We will choose nearly the shortest:—

"HAPPY THINGS.

"All who joy would win,
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin."—
BYRON.

"The bounding brook's a happy thing, as on its way it goes—
Through silent glens and leafy woods how merrily it flows!
The flowers upon its banks that grow are lovely to behold,
And fish upon its surface lie of silver and of gold.
And, brightly as it runneth on, how merrily it breaks
The silence of the lone wood, with the melody it makes!
While to the music, as it floats, the rising lark doth sing—
Oh! who can doubt the bounding brook's a happy, happy thing?

"The summer cloud's a happy thing, as merrily on high
It wanders on in beauty through the bright blue summer sky:
It is the last of happy things on which the lingering sun
Pours out his purple splendour, when the weary day is done.
It is the speechless messenger that travels from afar:
To bear love's pure and holy thoughts, it wends from star to star.
And on it sails through pathless space on free and chainless wing.
Oh! who can doubt the summer cloud's a happy, happy thing?

"But oh! that bounding brook doth shed all silently its showers
Of pure and sweet and cooling drops upon its neighbour flowers.
And oh! that summer cloud on high doth watch them when they fade,
And pause upon his merry way to gather to a shade;
For all things in this world of ours—the lovely and the fair,
That would be bright and happy things—that happiness must share.
The heart that still o'er all around its happiness doth fling—
Oh! never doubt that heart must be a happy, happy thing.

"C. H. H."

And a few lines now from "The Spirit of the Ice," to which we find the initials, "C. W. M." :—

"Why doth the maiden in terror start?
Why is there beating at her heart?
The air grows dim, the air grows grey;
There gleams a light, not the light of day;
The moonbeams still on the ocean play,
But the white waves seem in their path to stay;
The wave was swelling, but now it is still,
It standeth like a crystal hill.
Just now were dancing all about
The bright-eyed spirits of the sea,
Gliding gracefully in and out
To the sound of the mermaid's melody;
But now in terror they fly from the might
Of the Spirit that cometh in this sad light.

"The Spirit is coming, the Spirit of dread,—
His pathway is on the ocean;
The waters have frozen beneath his tread,
All stilled is their restless motion.
He comes on the path where the pale moonbeam
Afar on the ocean doth faintly gleam.
A diadem resteth on his head,
Set around with jewels red,
Each of a frozen blood-drop made.
The sceptre cold
That his hand doth hold
Is a human bone, that for years hath laid,
To rest in a chilly and desolate sleep,
Grown white beneath the salt waves deep."

THE MUSICAL EXAMINER. (*Wessel and Stapleton*.)—This cheap weekly record of music and musical events, continues to prove itself as admirably conducted as we some time ago declared it to be. In fact, it is, beyond question, the most informing as well as the most interesting of the musical journals.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—We understand that Mr. Mortimer has for early publication a new novel, from the pen of Percy B. St. John, the scene of which is, we believe, laid in the present day.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The most important feature in the last month's arrangements has been the first appearance in England of Signor Moriani, the celebrated tenor. He made his *début* in Edgardo, in Donizetti's "Lucia de Lammermoor," and rarely has success been more deserved or more complete. In fact, it is scarcely possible to speak of him (truthfully) as actor or singer in terms which, to those who have not seen or heard him, may not appear those of exaggeration. His voice is of extraordinary compass, and the purest quality. His style is quite distinctive from the Rubini school, and is, in our judgment, infinitely superior; being simple and natural, he embellishes but little, and rarely has recourse to the art (to us disagreeable) of falsetto to astonish his hearers. His acting is perfection, with a passionate earnestness and intensity in it which rouses even the most phlegmatic of his audience into attention, and excites the more sensitive to a pitch of enthusiasm. He was received with deafening cheers, and called, on the occasion to which we refer, four times before the curtain, to receive the appropriate homage due to his wonderful powers.

On the 11th ultimo, Donizetti's opera of "Anna Bolena" was revived, for the purpose of affording Moriani the opportunity of sustaining the character of Percy, and again contrasting himself with Rubini. There is not so much scope for passionate acting here as in the Edgardo, but he sang the music deliciously; Crisi and Lablache sustaining their accustomed parts with even more than their usual power. "Lucrezia Borgia" was to have been played on the 18th, when Moriani would have appeared as Gennaro. Severe illness, however, we regret to say, prevented his doing so, and the disappointed audience found the following notice at the top of the bills:—

"It is with great pain that Signor Moriani is compelled respectfully to announce to the nobility, his friends, and the public, that a severe catarrh and hoarseness, under which he is suffering, has increased to such an extent, as to render it impossible for him to sing this evening, and, instead of the opera of 'Lucrezia Borgia,' will be presented Donizetti's celebrated opera 'Don Pasquale.'"

It is but fair to add that "Don Pasquale," supported by Crisi, Lablache, Mario, and Fornasari, charmed as much as ever, and was certainly calculated to make the pit forget its grievance. Cerito, St. Leon, and Ferdinand appeared in the ballet.

HAYMARKET.

"The Milliner's Holiday" is the novelty of the month, and a very successful and bustling little farce it is. Mrs. Humby is the leader of a party of young milliners who go out on a pleasure expedition, in the neighbourhood of London, and fall in with a former sister of the craft, now an heiress, guarded by what Alfred de Musset would call *un dragon jaune et bleu*; in other words, a

jealous young guardian. The damsels, indignant at the state of the case, determine to storm the house. Buckstone, as a London cockney architect, here enters, in love it seems with the fair chateleine of Peckham, and by his inimitable personation of the character, induces a very great amount of applause; the milliners take him for the guardian of their former friend, and indignant at his tyranny, scale the wall; to the top of which he has been driven by fear of a huge Cerberus-like mastiff, which opposes his clandestine entrance into the mansion. Other incidents follow, and the result of the whole is an active, rapid, and successful farce; which will, doubtless, run during a very considerable period. The other entertainments have been characterized by their usual variety and excellence.

Early in the month, the proceeds of one night, after paying expenses, &c., were devoted to increase the funds destined for the support of the Provident Institution of General Post-Office sub-sorters and letter-carriers. Our own opinion is that such important servants of the government and of the public ought to be placed beyond the need of so-called charitable assistance. However, better receive it than want it; and we were glad to hear the house was crowded. The prize-comedy, a new farce, and the Polka, with the additional attraction of John Parry to sing Albert Smith's "Fair Rosamond," formed a capital bill of fare.

SURREY.

The opera company are playing here with admirable success. Miss Romer and Leffer are amongst them. Of the former it is superfluous to speak, since so established a favourite requires not a word of praise from us or any other critic; her voice is melody itself, and no English vocalist surpasses her in sweetness, taste, or elegance. Mr. D. W. King, who has taken the place of Harrison, has at once placed himself in a commanding position. Indeed we cannot regret the substitution which has given us the pleasure of welcoming to the London boards a singer who must attain deserved eminence in his profession. His personation of Elvino was admirable in every sense of the word, and "So gently o'er me stealing" was never better executed than by this rising and already deservedly popular *artiste*.

LYCEUM.

We hardly know whether to be sorry or glad that "Martin Chuzzlewit," one of the most subtle and delicately-finished of all the stories of "Boz," should have been dramatised. So much must necessarily be omitted, warped, or changed, in such undertakings, that in due proportion to the original genius of the novelist, who has chosen narrative for the vehicle of his ideas, must we be reminded "with a difference," of dear clever Punch's "Shakspeare a little compressed." However we believe Mr. Sterling, who has used the scissors and paste for the occasion, has done the thing as well as it could be done; and the actors all sustain their parts very well. Pecksniff and Pinch have, of course, as far as appearance goes, stepped out of the engravings; but the latter, however poetical,

is not a dramatic character. The scenes in America are among those omitted. The prologue, written by Albert Smith, was spoken by Mrs. Keeley. It was as follows:—

"Good Mr. Pickwick first, with smiling face,
And kindly heart, entreats your courteous grace;
Then, arm in arm, led onwards by one will,
The brothers Cheeryble endorse our bill,
And warm by kindness, ever both alike,
The timid hopes of poor neglected Smike.
Whilst not unmindful of your past kind deeds,
Oliver Twist next for indulgence pleads.
Dick Swiveller, who has crept here quite by stealth,
'Passes the rosy' ere he drinks your health;
With all those kindred friends we knew so well,
Watch'd over by the shade of Little Nell.
Next, laughing at Joe Willett in her train,
Dear Dolly Varden flirts and laughs again,
And hopes your pleasure will not be alloyed,
Because she knows that Miggs will be annoyed.
And lastly, whilst around both cot and hall,
The echoes of the 'Christmas Carol' fall,
Bob Cratchet, on raised wages, spruce and trim,
Leads forward, with his crutch, poor Tiny Tim."

"Everybody" knows Mr. Dickens is now in Italy; he is occupying the palace near Genoa, so long the residence of Byron, and which must henceforth have a double hold on the imaginations of those who cling to the cherished associations of the resting places of genius. May health and happiness attend one who has cheered, delighted, and instructed tens of thousands—all good wishes to the author of "Chuzzlewit" and "The Christmas Carol"!

By the way, while on the subject of *on dits*, and good wishes of, and for, gifted absent genius, we ought to mention that Helen Faucit is now winning hearts, and adding to her laurels (if that were possible) at the good city of Cork. We most sincerely—though perhaps selfishly—hope that some London establishment may, next winter, be made attractive by her presence; for she is almost the only actress we have who can feel, and so pourtray, the delicate shades of "Shakspeare's women," or the fine characters of some of our modern dramatic poets. She has been starring long enough at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and we know not where else; she is absolutely wanted at home—and the "home" of English genius we take to be the Metropolis.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Aladdin's Lamp "in a new light," from the pen of Mr. G. A. A'Beckett, has brought down roars of laughter, from the rich spirit of burlesque which pervades it throughout. It is one of the most sparkling things of the season.

SADLER'S WELLS.

This pretty little theatre, where everybody can see and hear, has been, under the spirited and talented management of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps, the home of the legitimate drama ever since they commenced. "Othello," "Werner," and "Virginus" have been admirably represented within the last month; the clever and efficient

managers being supported by a well chosen corps, of whom Mr. J. Webster, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Forman, and Miss Lebart are by no means the least effective. We do not wonder at the house filling as it does, for here is offered a really intellectual treat, which is quite enough to give one a distaste of such buffoneries, melo-dramas, and clap-trap productions, as have very often desecrated the boards of Covent Garden and Drury-lane. We have little hesitation in saying that Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals," as we witnessed it a few evenings since, was supported in a manner that would not have disgraced the large theatres, in days far more "palmy" than the present. Mr. Phelps' personation of Sir Anthony was a fine piece of acting; the Captain, of Mr. J. Webster, both spirited and easy; and the Sir Lucius O'Trigger, of Mr. Hudson, in perfect keeping. Mrs. Warner was the Julia, and most touchingly did she represent the loving, yet discreet and most forbearing woman. We must own we were not pleased with the Faulkland—which, by the way, is a most difficult character to redeem from insipidity or maudling sentimentality—but the gentleman who represented the part succeeded, afterwards, so admirably in Lovel, in the face of "High Life below Stairs," that we cannot find in our hearts to be severe on his Faulkland. We look upon it as a mistake to have cast him in a part for which his talent was not suited. It was the only mistake, however, apparent; for every other character was supported *con amore*, and the detail of dress and scenery bore evidence of a careful superintendence. We are sure no lover of a good play, well acted—which is a mental recreation to the intellectual, and we devoutly believe, a most influential means of moral and mental improvement to the uneducated—would regret a pilgrimage from the "far west" of London, to the north-east of Sadler's Wells.

FINE ARTS.

We have recently had an opportunity of viewing, at the Gallery of Mr. Thompson, in Welbeck-street, that distinguished artist's fine picture of the embarkation of George the Fourth at Kingstown, on the occasion of the Sovereign's visit to Ireland, in the year 1821. The moment chosen is that of the King receiving an address from the Mayor, which took place just before he stepped on board the vessel which was to convey him from the shores of Erin; and on which occasion he expressed himself in those warm terms of interest and admiration which Irishmen to this day so fondly remember. The circumstance of presenting the address must naturally have thrown the crowd into an artistic grouping, which Mr. Thompson has seized on and preserved with peculiar felicity. We understand that, with a few trifling exceptions, he had sittings for all the portraits which crowd the canvas, and comprise, of course, some of the most distinguished personages of that day; and from the personal knowledge we have of this artist's

rare skill in conveying expression, we have strong faith in the accuracy of his likenesses; although the "lapse of twenty years" has removed so many of the actors from this shifting scene, and so many who could have decided on points of resemblance: indeed, the events of 1821 are fast becoming past history, rather than even youthful recollections, to the generation which, treading so closely on its predecessor's heels, displaces it by slow, but certain degrees. But for this very reason is it that such pictures as this are of national value; and we hope very soon to find its fame spread, by it being suitably engraved. We ought to have mentioned that the vessels riding in the beautiful bay, and the adjacent county scenery, give, as back-ground to the picture, a singular degree of relief, and a grace seldom found, when similar subjects have been chosen for the artist's pencil.

PANORAMA OF THE RUINS OF BAALBEC.

The ruins of the Temples of Baalbec, the ancient Heliopolis, are unquestionably among the most magnificent and interesting of the relics of antiquity; and Mr. Burford, whose peculiar talent and extraordinary industry are so well-known, has just opened a Panorama in the Upper Circle in Leicester Square, representing these mysterious remnants of architectural magnificence. The view is taken from the centre of the ruins, one of the most prominent objects being a portion of the peristyle of the great Temple of the Sun, consisting of six magnificent Corinthian pillars. In every direction do we find the broken columns and dilapidated walls, which, beneath the radiance of an eastern sky, give that air of gorgeousness, combined with desolation, that makes itself felt, but may not easily be described. Imagination tries to picture the scene as it must have appeared when the city was complete, and its busy denizens thronging to the temples. We try to fancy the procession of the idolatrous priests, and the adoration at the shrines; for thought can traverse back the buried centuries. What a lesson on the mutability of human greatness is such a scene as this! These gigantic remnants of unsurpassed architectural grandeur, crumbling from the breath of time—while snow-capped Lebanon rises in the same majesty with which it appeared to Solomon, and the undulating range of Anti-Lebanus, alike unchanged, terminates the horizon on the east.

MUSIC.—Miss Eliza Farrell has made her *début* in the musical world this season, at the Gardens of St. Peter's, at Margate; and from all we have heard of this young lady, we augur favourably of her future success. We suspect some of the London managers will think it worth while to secure the services of the fair vocalist, as to a commanding person she adds a voice of considerable richness of tone.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré,
à Paris, July 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Our *élégantes* have now deserted Paris for the sea side, or the fashionable spas. I observe that the very simple style of dress usually adopted for these excursions seems less prevalent this year than usual; it is true we have a variety of materials brought forward expressly *pour les eaux*, but with the exception of Nankin, *batiste écarlée*, and a kind of gingham called *toiline*, all three intended for early morning *négligé*. I have seen nothing of the comparatively cheap kind that used to be adopted; the others are summer silks of the prettiest description, plain and twilled foulards, either Indian or French, all of new patterns, *baréges*, *batistes de poil de chevre*, *coutils de soie*, and *taffetas d'Italie*, such are the materials for robes. As to the *chapeaux* and *capotes*, those intended for the early morning walk are either *capotes* composed of a silk crown set somewhat in the horseshoe form, and a brim of Leghorn, sewed straw, or else a *capote* of plain white straw; in either case the trimming is composed of ribbon only, with the addition of a veil of either lace or *tulle*. *Chapeaux* and *capotes* for public promenade and half-dress, are all of the most elegant description. Several *capotes* of rice straw, and of *paille à jour* are trimmed with wreaths of geranium, *forget-me-nots*, and *muguet*, or else a tuft of *pinks*, or a bouquet of *hortensia*. Those of fancy straw are decorated with a long ostrich feather, a superb willow plume, or, what is in my opinion prettier than either, a wreath of *marabouts*. *Capotes* of crape, covered with *tulle*, are trimmed in a style of extreme lightness, with feathers and ribbons shaded in canary colour, light blue and pink; the plumes are formed of the barbes of *marabouts*, and the ribbons are gauze, of a transparent, but very brilliant kind. I may cite as equally pretty, but in a more simple style, white crape *capotes*, lined with blue or pink, and trimmed with field flowers, or with *neuds* of white gauze ribbon, edged with a narrow stripe of the colour of the lining of the bonnet. A fashion is gaining ground that is, I think, rather singular than pretty, of having two strongly contrasted kinds of crape in drawn bonnets, as azure blue and pink, lilac and green, and other hues equally opposite; the trimming is always composed of a wreath of flowers *panachées* in the two colours of the *capote*, and *brides* of gauze ribbon, shaded in both hues. Lace *capotes* and *chapeaux*, both black and white, are a great deal in request. The black ones are trimmed with *pensées* and *heliotropes*; this is a revived fashion, and one that I do not think very likely to last. White ones are variously trimmed, some with a wreath of shaded *têtes de plumes*; others with sprigs of roses or wreaths of different flowers, and a good many composed of *point d'Angleterre*, have no other garniture than a superb veil corresponding with the *fond* of the *chapeau*.

Muslin, lace, tarlatane, silk, and black tulle are all employed for *mantelets*, scarfs, *palitots*, &c. *Barege* is also much in request for scarfs and shawls; the most fashionable of the former are of new patterns in broad stripes, stiled *écharpes à bandes Bayaderes*. The shawls are white, embroidered in *soutache*, and trimmed with *frange mous-sense*. *Paletots* appear to be again coming into vogue, and will probably increase in favour as autumn draws on. Some of the most elegant are composed of Italian *taffetas*, and trimmed with *ruches* of ribbon to correspond; or with lace, as the silks are always light, that is to say, generally shot in light colours the lace is consequently white, so that these *paletots* are only worn in carriage dress, or for morning visits. *Mantelets* of shaded silk of quieter hues, and trimmed either with black lace or fringe, are adopted for the promenade. Muslin *mantelets* are also a good deal worn. Some of the most simple kind are composed of muslin, figured in very small patterns, with a trimming festooned in cockscombs all round. Others, and these last are certainly very elegant, are of Indian organdy; the pelerine part is rather large, and the ends sufficiently long to be disposed in three hollow plaits on each side the *ceinture*; they are lined with *gros de Naples* of a light colour, edged with an *application d'Angleterre*, except the pelerine part, the round of which has, in addition, a second row of lace set on full; a *ruche* of gauze ribbon to correspond with the lining head the garniture in *application*.

Redingotes keep their ground both in promenade and half-dress. Some intended for the morning promenade are of *foulard écossais*, the *corsage* high and laced; others are made *en Amazone*, that is with a jacket, these are trimmed with *passementerie lyrinthe*, but the most novel style of trimming for silk *redingotes* is composed of *ruches* of narrow ribbon; they are either three or five; in the former case they are disposed in the fan style on the *corsage*, which is made plain and tight to the shape, and the trimming is continued in a reversed form on the front of the skirt. In the latter, the five *ruches* form the *tablier*, three are disposed *en éventail* on the *corsage*, which is trimmed also with a pelerine lappel, a *ruche* borders the lappel, and another is laid on the seam that attaches it.

Redingotes of English jaconet muslin are very much in vogue for morning *négligé*; some are lined with silk, others are not. The *corsage* is generally open in front; top sleeves very wide and short, with under sleeves of muslin *bouillonnée*, sitting close to the arm. *Peignoirs* are still more in request; some are composed of jaconet muslin, others are of *organdy*, encircled with *Valenciennes* lace, or with a festooned trimming of the material of the *peignoir*. Where these dresses are intended for the country, *Christine* is generally added; it is a large *camail*, or as you would call it in England, a cardinal-pelerine, made either of jaconet or very fine cambric muslin, trimmed with *bouillonnée* of embroidered muslin, through which a coloured ribbon is passed. These *camails* are intended to be worn during the morning or evening walk in the garden.

But it is not only in simple morning dress that

the *peignoir* is adopted; it is equally in vogue for the most elegant style of *négligé*; some are composed of white barege trimmed with *ruches* of white ribbon; others of *organdy*, with *corsages* made half-high, and sleeves of equal and moderate width from the shoulder to the elbow. The *corsage*, the fronts of the skirt, and the bottoms of the sleeves, are beautifully embroidered and trimmed with lace, as is also a small pointed pelerine. But the most novel and tasteful of these dresses is certainly the *peignoir Pompadour*; it is composed of plain India muslin, a high *corsage*, embroidered round the top in feather stitch in a very light and novel pattern; the embroidery is continued to the bottom of the *corsage*, and is edged, as is also the top, with narrow *Valenciennes* lace; the sleeves are very wide, and drawn full in the seam, so that they descend in front only to the bend of the arm, forming below the elbow an *engageante*, embroidered and edged with *Valenciennes* lace. Nine *nœuds* of pink or blue ribbon close the front of the skirt from the *ceinture* to the bottom. I think this is the most elegant style of *négligé* that has appeared for a considerable time.

I have sent you some pretty models of *canezous* and *fichus*; I may cite also some very dressy *canezous*, that are made open before, and are composed of *bouillonnées* of tulle and *entre deux*, forming *brandebourgs*; others are open behind, and the front is ornamented with an *échelle chevalière*, composed of *entre deux*, of lace and feather stitch. Caps continue their vogue in half dress; the cauls are small, and composed of plain tulle, or of lace corresponding with the borders. The form of the *papillons* offers a good deal of variety; one of the most novel has the lace turning over on a *biais* of coloured *crêpe lisse*; it turns to the left, and encircles a *chou* of the same *crêpe*; a little agraffe of field flowers sustains the *papillon* on the right side. Other caps have the *papillon* formed of small lace lappets, sustained by a wreath of ribbon *ruché* in *dents de loup*. But among the different forms that have lately appeared there are none more in vogue than those I have sent you.

Although silks are still very much in vogue for half-dress robes, they are nevertheless in a minority; bareges, muslins, and tartalanes being much more generally adopted. A good many muslin robes are made with double skirts; the upper one forms a tunic, open before, and with the corners rounded: the under skirt is trimmed with a *volant* worked in *points d'armes* and feather stitch; a wreath, corresponding with the flounce, encircles the whole of the tunic. The *corsage à la vierge* and *demi busqué*, is embroidered in a corresponding style; the sleeves are *à la Beatrix*, descending to the elbow, wider at the bottom than the top, drawn high on the arm by a casing in the seam. This sleeve is copied from the portraits of Italian beauties of the days of Dante and Petrarch.

Flounces, tucks, and broad *biais*, are the trimmings adopted both in half and evening dress; flounces are, however, in a majority. Evening robes are now, with us, quite in the *demi-toilette* style, so that I have no observation to make on them; but I must notice some that have been

ordered from a celebrated house here by English ladies of high rank, and are now on their way to London; one of these is composed of *organdy*, the skirt trimmed with three deep flounces, each bordered with ten small gold *soutaches*, diminishing gradually in size from the one at bottom to that at top; a low *corsage* and demi-long sleeve, each laced *en soutache d'or*. Another of these robes is composed of lilac Italian taffetas, shot with white; the skirt is trimmed very high with rows of narrow shaded velvet ribbon; they also diminish in width as they approach the top. A low tight *corsage*, ornamented with velvet, forming brandebourgs, terminated at each end by very small amethyst buttons. Demi-long sleeves, trimmed with narrow velvet bands disposed in circles, each circle closed by an amethyst button; under sleeves of *point d'Angleterre*. I must observe that the mode of trimming robes with velvet is, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, coming very much into favour; it is expected to increase during the autumn, and to be quite the rage during the ensuing winter; but at present this is mere conjecture. I have no change to announce in evening coiffures, those *en cheveux* continue to be very simply ornamented; and caps, or rather they should be called *demi coiffures*, since they leave the hind part exposed, are still as much in vogue as ever; a great many are composed of an intermixture of gauze ribbon and lace, but I do not think they are so pretty as those formed of lace and flowers. Fashionable colours are the same as when I wrote last.

Adieu, ma chère amie!

Toujours Votre devouée,

ADRIENNE DE M.—.

Encore un mot. The taste for antique jewellery, which seemed for some time to have subsided, is again revived. Watches, pins, rings, chains, in short every article of *bijouterie* cannot be too antique to be *à la mode*.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.

PARIS PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of *batiste écri*, a tight *corsage* a little pointed at bottom, quite high behind, and made with a shawl pelerine, opening down the front, which is laced by narrow green velvet bands; the pelerine is trimmed with a lozenge border of green velvet placed between two bands; long sleeve, terminated *en suite*. The skirt is trimmed with two excessively deep tucks, each headed by a similar garniture. Cambric *chemisette*, made quite high, and frilled round the top. *Capote* of Italian straw, a close shape lined with pink crape; the interior trimmed with *coques* of pink and white shaded ribbon, and *brides* of the same; the exterior with ribbon and a *gerbe* of vine leaves.

LONDON PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of grey lilac quadrilled *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* made half-high, a little pointed at bottom, and trimmed with a heart pelerine bordered with folds. Tight sleeve, of a three-quarter length, over one of muslin *bouillonnée*. The front of the skirt is or-

namented *en tablier* with bands of the material of the dress. White crape *chapeau*, a round and moderately open shape, the interior trimmed with tufts of heath-blossoms; the exterior with folds, and a white and grey *oiseau*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

DEMI TOILETTES.—No. 3. Pink barege robe, *corsage* half-high, and sleeves a three-quarter length over long sleeves of muslin *bouillonnée*. Round cap of Brussels net, trimmed with three rows of lace, bands, and a knot of green and white ribbon. White lace *fichu à la Marie* descending in pointed ends, and bordered with lace arranged in large round plaits.

No. 4. *Robe redingote* of India muslin; a high *corsage* and *pelerine en cœur* made quite high, with a falling collar trimmed with Valenciennes lace, two rows of which also border the pelerine; they are surmounted by embroidery, with which the collar and the centre of the breast is also decorated. Long sleeve of a very novel form, for which we refer to our print; it is terminated by a lace ruffle. The front of the skirt is decorated *en tablier* with muslin *bouillonnée*, embroidery, and lace. Lace cap, a small close shape, round, rather long at the ears, and trimmed with blue and white shaded ribbon.

No. 5. Striped taffetas robe, a tight *corsage* half high, and rounded at the bottom. Tight sleere a three-quarter length; muslin under sleeve, bouffanted at the bottom. Lace cap, round and very open; the caul, of the horse-shoe form, is encircled with a band of lilac ribbon, terminated by a knot and ends at the back; the head-piece is covered by three rows of lace intermingled with bands and *coques* of lilac ribbon. *Pelerine fichu* of tarlatane trimmed with lace, and attached on the bosom by a rosette and ends of pink striped ribbon.

SECOND PLATE.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of dark *poussière gros de Naples*; *corsage à revers*, high at the back, but moderately open on the bosom, over a high *chemisette* of clear cambric, frilled round the top with Valenciennes lace. *Manche à la religieuse*; cambric under-sleeve, demi-large, and finished by a Valenciennes lace ruffle. White crape *chapeau*, a round brim; the interior trimmed with *coques* of green ribbon, and the exterior with folds on the edge, a half wreath of *coques* of white ribbon, and a bouquet of wild-flowers; a knot of ribbon at the back, and full *brides*, complete the garniture. Barege scarf *à bandes Bayaderes*.

OPEN CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of blue and white shot *poult de soie*; the *corsage* is a three-quarter height, with a lappel cut in waves, and moderately open on the bosom. A trimming of white ribbon, disposed *à la vielle*, goes round the *corsage*, and extends from the bottom of it down each side of the skirt in waves, terminating near the bottom with a *papillon* bow, and floating ends of ribbon. Demi-large sleeve, tight at the upper part, and moderately wide at the bottom, where it is bordered by a band of ribbon *à la vielle*. Under-sleeve tight to the arm; it is formed of alternate full bands of muslin and lace *entre deux* corresponding with the *chemisette*. The



Fashions for August, 1844.



chapeau presents a front view of the one already described.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. DINNER DRESS.—India muslin robe; the *corsage* is half high, and opening in the stomacher style over an embroidered *guimpe*, and is trimmed with a small pelerine embroidered and bordered with lace, which, descending down the sides of the *corsage*, forms a *cœur*. It is surmounted by a muslin *bouillonnée*, through which yellow ribbon is run; the *bouillonnée* is continued down the front of the skirt *en tablier*, and bordered with lace. Demi-long sleeve, open at the lower part, embroidered and trimmed with lace. A row of lace headed by *bouillonnée* forms a *mancheron*. Black lace mittens. Small round cap, composed of *tulle*, bordered with lace, and trimmed with a wreath of *coques* of yellow ribbon.

No. 4. PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of green and white quadrilled *foulard*, half high *corsage*, and long tight sleeve. *Chapeau* of white *poult de soie*, a round open shape, the interior trimmed at the sides with heath blossoms; the exterior, with a half wreath of roses, and a white lace veil. *Mantelet-écharpe* of shaded *taffetas*. The pelerine part is composed of three falls cut in points; long scarf ends, wide and square; the entire is bordered with fringe shaded in the two colours of the *mantelet*.

No. 5. EVENING DRESS.—Tartane robe, a low *corsage* draped in full folds; they are intermingled with green gauze *rouleaus*, short sleeve formed of folds. The skirt is trimmed with a single very deep flounce surmounted by three *rouleaus*. Head-dress of hair arranged in ringlets at the sides, and a round knot at the back. White gauze scarf.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

The scene of my story, which by the way is a true one, is the office of one of the most respectable notaries in Paris, Monsieur Dubois; a man of the old school, not so rich as the majority of his dashing brethren of the present day, but universally respected for his good sense, probity, and benevolence. There were present, besides the notary himself, a lady of middle age, richly dressed; she could never have been handsome, but perhaps, had her countenance been less proud and disdainful, she would not have appeared as she did—positively ugly; an insignificant looking little man, in black; and a woman, very shabbily dressed, who sat at some distance from the others, holding the hand of a beautiful little boy.

"Her death was rather sudden," said the lady to the little man in black.

"Yes," replied he, coolly; "but, no doubt, she was well prepared."

"Have you any idea of the contents of the will?"

"Not the slightest; but we shall soon know. Dubois will open it directly."

"Pray who is that shabby looking woman? What business can she have here?"

"Oh, don't you know her? It is the runaway niece, Marie, who made such a disgraceful match some years ago, with a lieutenant in the army—a man of low birth."

"I wonder she has the assurance to come into our presence."

"So do I; the more so because our deceased relative, good pious woman as she was, must have looked upon her disobedience and ingratitude with horror."

At that moment Marie approached the speakers; she was yet scarcely in middle age, but sorrow had been before hand with time in robbing her cheek of its bloom, and her eyes of their lustre.

"Pray what brings you here?" said Madame Moranville, haughtily.

"Madame," replied the poor widow, "I am not come to interfere with your rights; I know I have deserved nothing from my aunt but her pardon, and that I hope to hear that she has left me."

"What!" cried Madame Moranville, "pardon to you, the disgrace of our family; who fled from the protection of your aunt—the best of aunts—with a low fellow?"

"Madame, I acknowledge my fault, I have been ungrateful and disobedient; I know it, but my sufferings have been so great that I hope God has pardoned me, for I have accepted the loss of my husband, and the poverty and sorrow attendant upon it, as a punishment from his hand."

"And you deserved——"

"Cease these reproaches, Madame," said the notary in a stern tone; "your cousin's fault is not so very grievous as to call for them."

"But why should she insult us with her presence?"

"She has a right to be here," replied the notary. "She comes at my desire."

He then proceeded to read the will, in which, after the usual preamble, the defunct divided her property into three parts; the first was composed of two hundred thousand francs, in the hands of the notary; the second, of a furnished *chateau* of the same value, and some family jewels; the third, of a book, the *livre d'heures de la Vierge*. The will then proceeded as follows:—

"I desire that my property may be divided into three lots; the first, to be the two hundred thousand francs; the second, the *chateau* furniture and jewels; the third, my *livre d'heures*, which is still in the same state as when I took it with me in the emigration. I pardon my niece, Marie, for the sorrow she has caused me; and as a proof of my sincerity, I mention her in my will. My beloved cousin, Madame Moranville, will have the first choice; my brother-in-law, Monsieur D'Arlement, the second; and Marie the last."

"Ah, my sister-in-law was a sensible woman," cried Monsieur D'Arlement.

"Yes," said Madame Moranville, titling; "she has given a proof of it: Marie will only have the prayer-book."

The notary, who seemed scarcely able to contain his indignation, interrupted the titterer. "What lot do you choose, Madame?" said he.

"The two hundred thousand francs."

"You are determined on that?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"Madame Moranville, you are rich, and your cousin is very—very poor: cannot you leave this

lot, and take the prayer-book ; that this—this—” he seemed for a moment at a loss for an expression—“strange will has put in the balance with the other lots.”

“Are you joking, Monsieur Dubois?” cried Madame Moranville; “or don’t you see that my honoured cousin has made her will in the express intention that the prayer-book should fall to Marie, who was to have the last choice?”

“And what do you conclude from that?”

“I conclude that she desired her niece should understand that prayer and repentance were the only succours she ought to expect in this life. Ah, she was a saint, that dear woman!”

“Saint, quotha,” cried the notary, indignantly; “may Heaven defend me from such saints! An unforgiving I unnatural!—I am wrong, I do her injustice. Her intention, I am sure, was to give you and Monsieur D’Arlemont an opportunity of doing a good, a noble action, by dividing the property equally with her poor niece.”

“Monsieur D’Arlemont will do as he pleases; I repeat that my choice is made.”

“And so is mine,” said D’Arlemont; “I shall take the chateau and all it contains.”

“Pause one moment, Monsieur D’Arlemont,” cried the notary; “even if it was the intention of the defunct to punish her niece; ought you, a millionaire, to take advantage of her unchristian conduct to leave one of your own family languishing in poverty? Will you not at least give up a part of your lot, even a small part, to this poor widow?”

“Many thanks for your good advice, my dear Dubois,” said D’Arlemont, sneeringly; “the *chateau* is close to one of my estates, and will suit me admirably; particularly as it is furnished. As for the family jewels, it is impossible for me to think of parting with them.”

“In that case,” said the notary, addressing Marie, “I can only give you, my poor Madame Le Fevre, the *livre d’heures*.”

She took the book, and pressing it to her lips, she held it to her son; who cried out, with childish delight at the sight of its richly gilt cover, “Oh, mamma, let me have it!”

“Yes, my boy, you shall have it; it will be the only legacy I can leave you. But never—never will I part with it. I thank God she has pardoned me! She has said it, and I know she was truth itself!”

The notary turned away his head. “Don’t go, Madame Le Fevre,” said he; “I must speak to you, by-and-bye.”

At that moment the boy, in playing with the book, unclasped it, and cried out, “Oh, mamma, look at the pretty pictures! But why are they all covered over with this nice thin paper?”

“It is to keep them from being soiled.”

“But why put six papers to every picture?”

His mother looked—she uttered a piercing cry—and fell, fainting, into the arms of Monsieur Dubois, who said to those present: “Let her alone, it is nothing; she will not die this time. Give me that book, child; you may do mischief to it.”

The legatees went away, commenting not very charitably on Marie’s swoon, and the evident

interest the notary took in her. About a month afterwards they met Madame Le Fevre and her son, both well but plainly dressed; riding in a very pretty calèche with two horses. This unexpected sight led them to make inquiries after her, and they found that she had purchased a very handsome house, and was living in a quiet but very good style. Thunderstruck at this intelligence, they went together to question the notary. They found him at his desk.

“Do we interrupt you?” said the lady.

“I am not particularly busy; only making out an account of stock I have just bought for Madame Le Fevre.”

“And, for Heaven’s sake, where does it come from?”

“Why, don’t you know?”

“No; how should I?”

“Did not you see what was in the book when she fainted?”

“No.”

“Well, then, I must tell you that the *livre d’heures* contained sixty engravings, and each was covered by six bank-notes of a thousand francs each!”

“Good Heavens!” cried the gentleman.

“Oh! if I had but known!” said the lady.

“You had each a choice,” said the notary; “and I tried all I could to prevail upon you both to take the prayer-book, but in vain.”

“But who could expect to find a fortune in a prayer-book?”

“It is easily explained: its owner had suffered great distress in the emigration; she always lived in fear of being obliged to fly a second time, and as her prayer-book was the only thing she had not been robbed of in her first flight, she concealed a handsome fortune in it, to prevent herself being a second time reduced to poverty.”

The legatees slunk away in silent rage. The good notary chuckled, and rubbed his hands.

“She was a saint,” cried he. “Ah! you will neither of you say that, now; though you might say it with truth. Heaven rest her soul! I shall honour her memory to my dying day.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to be addressed to the Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all business is transacted.

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DECLINED with thanks: “Queer Queries;” “The Past;” and “Lines to Emma B—;” R. S.; Walter; and Carlotta.

The Editress is sorry Aika’s verses will not suit her pages.

MARGARET.—Yes, if very good of its kind.

MARIE F.—Yes.

Will “A Very Young Aspirant” allow the Editress to address a note to her?

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AND A. H.

A D A H.

Adah. Hush! tread softly, Cain.

Cain. I will; but wherefore?

Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed
Of leaves, beneath the cypress.

Cain. Cypress! 'tis
A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourn'd
O'er what it shadows; wherefore didst thou choose
For our child's canopy?

Adah. Because its branches
Shut out the sun like night, and therefore seem'd
Fitting to shadow slumber.

Cain. Ay, the last—
And longest; but no matter—lead me to him.
[*They go up to the child.*]

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks,
In their pure incarnation, vying with
The rose leaves strewn beneath them.

Adah. And his lips, too,
How powerfully parted! No; you shall not
Kiss him, at least not now: he will awake soon—
His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over,
But it were pity to disturb him till
'Tis close—

Cain. You have said well; I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles and sleeps!—Sleep on
And smile, thou little young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and smile!
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent! *thou* hast not pluck'd the fruit—
Thou know'st not thou art naked! Must the time
Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,
Which were not thine nor mine? But now sleep on!
His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them;
Half open from beneath them the clear blue
Laughs out although in slumber. He must dream—
Of what? Of Paradise!—Ay! dream of it,
My disinherited boy! 'Tis but a dream!

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

The ecclesiastical superintendence of the west of England was for many years under the bp. of Winchester, but on the death of bp. Hedda the diocese was divided, and a second bishopric established at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, in 705, comprehending Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. About 905, the three last-named counties received bishops of their own by the authority of Plegmund, archbp. of Canterbury, and a fifth see was created for Wilts, the bishops residing at Wilton, the then chief town of the county. On the death of Elfwold, bp. of Sherborne, between 1050 and 1058, Herman, bp. of Wilton, effected the re-union of that see with his own; and about 1704 removed it to Searesbyrig, now Old Sarum, from whence it was removed to Salisbury in 1220, the foundation stone of the new building being laid by Pandulph, the pope's legate; and in five years a sufficient portion was completed for the public worship, when it was consecrated by archbp. Langton. Three years afterwards bp. Poore was translated to Durham, but he left his friend Elias de Derham, to whom he had from the first intrusted the management of the work, to superintend its progress, which he did for the first twenty years. Bp. Bingham carried on the building eighteen years; his successor, William de York, continued it during nine. In the second year of the elevation of bp. Egidius (or Giles) de Bridport, on the 30th Sept., 1258, after having been rather more than thirty-eight years in progress, the cathedral was solemnly dedicated to the Virgin Mary by archbp. Boniface. The whole cost, according to an account delivered to Henry III., amounted to 40,000 marks, or about 25,666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling, raised by voluntary contributions.

The greater part of the tower and the spire were not then erected. The building was raised to its present elevation about a century after, and chiefly from the remains of the cathedral at Old Sarum, granted to the chapter in 1331.

During the rebellion the cathedral suffered. The members of the establishment were insulted and dispersed. The possessions of the church were alienated. The edifice itself was profaned, and its architectural decorations mutilated and defaced. Yet even then some were interested in the preservation of the building.

When this cathedral was erected, the singularly beautiful-pointed arch had just begun to prevail in this country over the massive circular arch of the Saxon and Norman styles; and, consequently, a mixture of the two was chiefly in use in buildings of that date. Here this is not the case. It is the only cathedral which never had any intermixture of styles, and is the first instance of the pure un-mixed gothic in England.

It is in the form of a Greek cross, the long arm of which consists of the nave, choir, and lady chapel, following each other in succession from west to east. At the juncture of the nave and choir this arm is crossed by the principal transept, and again near the centre of the choir by a second of smaller dimensions. The nave, the choir, the eastern side of the two transepts, and lady chapel, have all side aisles. The northern aisle of the nave is broken by a very handsome porch. The nave, choir, and transepts rise in three regular tiers of pointed arches: the lower in the nave are of the lancet shape, and of very considerable elevation, and rest upon a succession of clustered columns, each consisting of four pillars surrounded by as many slender shafts. The second tier is a kind of open gallery, corresponding with the roof of the aisles, the arches of which are

flat, each divided and subdivided by others, and rest on short clustered columns. The range of the upper or clerestory is occupied by a series of triple lancet windows, with their centre light raised considerably above the other two. The vaulting is plain and simple, being turned with arches and cross springers only, but tufts of foliage mark the inter-sections. The choir and transepts differ little from the nave. The lady chapel consists of a single elevation; but such is the height and almost incredible lightness of the marble columns which divide the body and side aisles, and support the vaulted roofs—the single pillars being nearly thirty feet high, and only nine inches in diameter—that this part of the building excites the highest degree of admiration.

The number of windows of the cathedral, and of the marble pillars in the interior, is very striking. Camden remarks, "They say this church hath as many windows as there are days in the year; as many pillars and pilasters as there are hours; and as many gates as months."

At the intersection of the nave with the chief transept, four lancet arches on four clustered columns, 81 feet in height from the pavement, rises the spire.

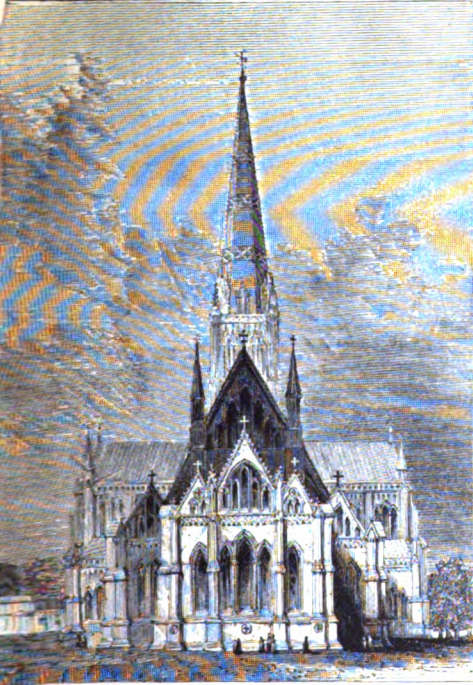
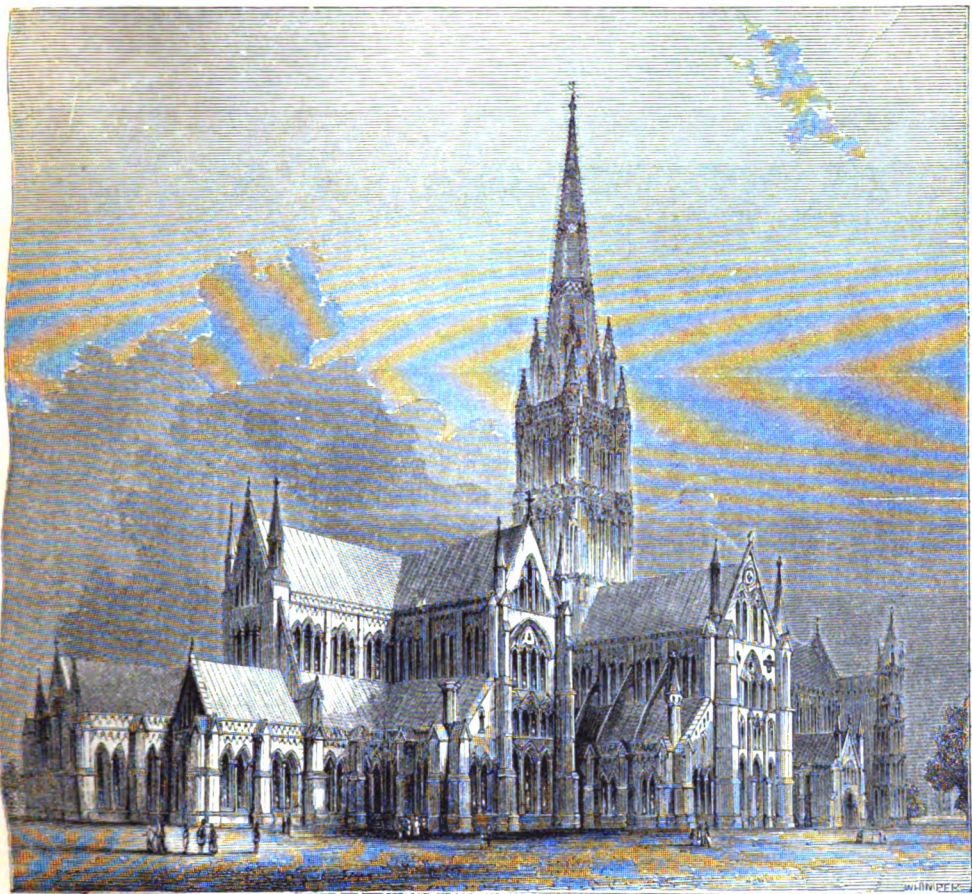
The tower consists of two equal divisions, the lower of much more solid workmanship than the upper, but less highly decorated. The spire is octagonal, and consequently arches were thrown across the four angles at the summit of the tower, to form an eight-sided foundation; and in nothing has the builder more clearly displayed his taste and skill, than in the beautiful cluster of pinnacles which he placed on each of the angles, since they have the joint advantage of confining the arches, and causing the different forms of the tower and spire to blend and harmonize together. The walls of the spire gradually diminish from two feet to nine inches, which, after the first fifteen feet, is their thickness upwards. A timber frame, however, consisting of a centre-piece, with arms to the walls, and hanging from the iron standard of the nave, after it passes through the capstone, binds the whole together.

The height of the cross from the ground is 399 ft. 10 in. It is supposed to have been originally 400 feet, but to have lost two inches by a settlement in two of the columns below, which threw its structure nearly 29 inches general decline towards the south-west. The summit is obtained first by stone stair-cases of 365 steps, to "the eight doors" at the top of the tower; from thence by wooden ladders to "the weather door," 42 feet from the cross; and after that by iron rings fixed on the outside.

The dimensions of the cathedral are as follows:—

	Feet. In.			Feet. In.	
Extreme length . . . outside	473	0	Inside	449	0
Principal transept	229	7	203	10
Eastern transept	170	0	143	0
Nave	229	6
Choir	151	0
Lady chapel	68	6
East front width	111	4			
Nave and choir do.	34	3			
Vaulting of the nave					
height	81	0			
Do. of our Lady chapel . do.	30	9			
Roof do.	115	0			
West front do.	130	0			

The vane is 6 ft. 11½ inches in length, and the capstone of the spire 4 ft. 2 in. in diameter; which last affords a good idea of the great height of the spire.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

EAST END

THE NEW

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,

CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(*A Domestic Tale.*)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

WORDSWORTH.

CHAP. XII.

Mr. Leslie's sudden death had, of course, left all his worldly affairs in confusion. Depending entirely on the success of his lawsuit, and believing, from his usual good health, that many years of life were still before him, he had left no will, nor any instructions as to the division of his still untouched property. The examination of his papers Mrs. Leslie took upon herself. There were indeed no debts to startle her, but, as she had long anticipated, considerable law expenses, which had very materially decreased his income. To withdraw all further prosecution of the suit was now impossible, for much as Mrs. Leslie in secret might still have wished it, but yet hallowed as it now seemed by its association with the dead and by the interests of the living, she would not perchance have drawn back, even if she could.

On Walter's delicate frame and sensitive spirit, this loss of his almost idolized father had at first produced such painful effects, as greatly to alarm his affectionate family. He was, however, effectually roused, when he became aware of his mother's determination to divide the little property equally between her children, without reserving the smallest portion for herself. Respectfully but positively he declared that this should not be. It was no position for a parent, and one like herself. Rather would he feel himself and his sisters ut-

terly dependent upon her, than so completely to reverse the law of nature and of filial feeling. His sisters said the same, and, inexpressibly affected, Mrs. Leslie was compelled to submit.

Little did she know the further intentions of her children. That Walter and Forence never rested, scarcely slept, till with the assistance of a friend, one learned in the law, though no practitioner, they had secured her little portion upon herself, binding themselves as representatives of their deceased parent, and consequently pledging themselves to answer all demands of the impending suit. This accomplished, both were comparatively relieved, but Walter still felt that his task was not yet done.

It was one evening, about six weeks after Mr. Leslie's death, that Mrs. Leslie found herself alone with her son. A favourite work was open before him, but his head had gradually sunk upon his hands, and many minutes passed, and still he did not raise it.

"Walter, my own Walter!"

"Mother!" he threw himself with a sudden impulse on her neck, and she heard him sob.

"My boy, it was the will of a gracious Providence that he should go from us. Oh, we must not resist by too long, too unresigned a sorrow. I know what he was to you, my child—to us all—but——"

"Mother, it is not only for my father I mourn. Oh, mother, mother, I am a weak, sinful wretch—knowing what is right, and having no strength of myself to do it."

"Who has strength of himself, my child? Who can have it, unless infused—sought for by prayer and action?"

"Yes, mother, action as well as prayer, and it is there I fail. I have sought it in prayer, but not in action; but I will, mother, trust me, I will."

"But what will you, my Walter? I know that there is even more that depresses you than the anguish which we have mutually borne, something peculiarly your own. If I cannot remove, I may share it, and so lessen its burden. Tell it me then, my child."

And after a moment's pause Walter did pour every anxious thought and inward struggle into his mother's ear; and as he concluded he looked earnestly on his mother's face, and its expression was as he expected.

"You think with me," he said: "you would not have me wait till this law-suit is decided, to form my future plans. You think with me."

"In our present situation, my child, I cannot think otherwise. Yet is it impossible to unite inclination and profession? Why must you give up those pursuits, not only naturally dear, but hallowed by the recollection of your father's indulged love?"

"Mother, I will tell you. I know that many would deem me a romantic visionary, but that my longing desire is to tread the path of fame, by the pen of literature, or the pencil of the artist—nay, perchance, to unite the two, and rank high, as others have done before me: but to do this needs years of patient labour. I would not come before my country, an unfledged stripling. I could not bear the lash of criticism. No; either with the pen or pencil, there must be *genius* marked. I would not have it said '*in time* he will do well;' I would study under efficient masters, be sure of my position, and then assume it, and feel I have not lived in vain."

He ceased abruptly, reading his mother's tearful sympathy in the trembling pressure of her hands; but the glow passed from his beautiful features.

"But this is folly," he continued. "Mother, dearest, your Walter will prove himself worthy of his father and of you. My sisters shall not miss their father while their brother lives."

"But, my Walter, bodily weakness as well as mental tastes disincline you for the exertion you propose."

"No, mother, if health will bear up against the labour of mind, or rather that which men term mental labour—for I have felt it not—will it not against mere mechanical employment? Do not fear me, mother; I am happier already, having spoken; and I shall be happier still, when, by the performance of my duty, I can add to the comfort of my sisters and yourself," and throwing himself on his knees before his mother, he kissed away her tears, and talked cheerfully of other things, till the widow smiled again.

Unhappily for Walter's real interests, the friends he consulted were not of the class which appreciating his high endowments, would give them the encouragement they needed. Almost as rare as genius itself, is (perhaps from their near connection)—

"The power
Of feeling where true genius lies."

And that power is not to be found amongst those who, accustomed to worldly thoughts and interests from early boyhood, and taught to consider amassing money the *ne plus ultra* of human felicity, have neither time nor inclination for anything else. Mr. Leslie's few acquaintances were of this worldly class; and several times he had been accused of folly, by fostering, as he did, what were called Walter's excessive indolence and romance.

Amongst these, Walter was of course not likely to meet with the expansive intellect and active benevolence which he so much needed. When he communicated his wishes to obtain some employ-

ment, he was greeted with a congratulatory shake of the hand, that he had awakened at length with spirit to be a man, and to throw off all the idle fancies his poor father's weak indulgence had so egregiously encouraged.

Almost sick with anguish did poor Walter turn at such speeches; for more and more heavily the conviction pressed upon him, that he had in truth not one friend who could understand, and, understanding, aid him; he scarcely could define how, but still he felt that there had been others in the same position, and that they had found sympathizing friends, who brought them forward from obscurity, and enabled them to win, by the proper cultivation of their talents, a station for themselves.

Walter knew his own power; felt that, young as he was, his nature was higher than that of his fellows, his views more exalted; and it was difficult in him to believe that he stood so utterly alone that his talents were to remain disregarded and neglected. He had still the bitter lesson to learn, that unless their lot be among the independent and influential of the land, the gifted but too often stand alone, from the high aspirations feeding on themselves; the vain yearners for what this world may not give: for what is genius? A spark from that fountain of living light around the Eternal's throne—a link of that golden chain by which this world is suspended from its parent heaven, invisible to all save its possessors, sometimes not even to them, according as the immortal mind is dimmed by the shade of earth, or touched by the dazzling rays of heaven.

While his friends were actively endeavouring to procure him some advantageous situation, Walter learned that an apprentice was wanted by one of the most influential engravers of the metropolis. He sought the establishment directly, and was received politely, but coldly.

"Such a press of applicants there were," Mr. Markham said, "that really unless the candidates could bring credentials from experienced men in the art, it was almost impossible to give them the attention they might deserve."

"No such condition had been made in the advertisement," Walter said, and added, perhaps somewhat proudly, "that had he known such was needed, he would not have intruded. He thought ability the desired criterion."

"Ability! oh, of course, that would be proved by the necessary credentials. He would, however, be happy to look over Mr. Leslie's portfolio; he supposed he knew something of the art, as he did not look so very young as to begin from the very beginning."

"Walter answered with simplicity and truth; and modestly unclasping his portfolio, he placed it before Mr. Markham.

A very casual glance sufficed to convince the engraver that there was no ordinary genius impressed in those simple drawings; but he was too much a man of the world, and of worldly interests, to express admiration till he could feel his way.

"Very good, very good," he said. "If we can come to terms, why engraving may be no hard matter after all. I have had youngsters who did not give so much promise, and yet did well. You

have friends, I suppose, willing to pay the necessary premium for the advantages which an apprenticeship in my *studio* offers?"

Walter felt the hot blood burn in his cheek, though he struggled against it calmly to say "that he was not so provided. He was the only son of a widowed mother, caring not how hard he laboured, but the premium Mr. Markham demanded was certainly not in his power to give. He had hoped that his abilities, his love of the art ——."

He stopped, for the countenance of his hearer became hard as iron—only varied by a slight kind of sneer. He closed the portfolio, and very politely said,

"The thing was impossible. He had only too many candidates offering yet more than he demanded; the difficulty, in fact was, whom to choose. He was sorry Mr. Leslie should have taken the trouble to call, as he believed the advertisement had particularly mentioned premium. He regretted being obliged to shorten their interview—but—a particular engagement."

Walter bowed proudly and retired.

"Perhaps, after all, I have not the gift I dreamed I had," he said internally, as slowly he paced the crowded streets, alone amidst thousands. "Surely, had there been any promise of talent, he would have said so, though he could not serve me. I heard he was an artist himself, discerning and impartial. Perhaps it is better he did not. I may more easily reconcile myself to other employment."

But still, the wish once excited, that by engraving he might not entirely neglect the pencil, would not let him rest; and he sought the friend most sincerely interested in his welfare, to obtain his assistance in furthering the plan. He found him, however, much averse to it.

"It was necessary," he said, "that Walter should obtain some situation which would pay directly. He had heard that a large establishment connected with the East India House was offering £50 per annum, with a promise of raising it gradually till it reached £200, to any one who knew something of the oriental languages, as well as those of Europe."

Knowing that Walter did this, his friend advised him to prove that his wish for employment was no idle profession by securing it directly. He argued so successfully that Walter sought the head of the establishment that very hour, gave such proof of his skill in languages and penmanship as caused the greatest satisfaction, and was engaged; the whole business irrevocably settled, ere he turned his weary footsteps home.

CHAP. XIII.

It is strange and sad that any trial, instead of deadening our faculties, save to the one source of grief, so awakens every susceptibility to pain, and so opens the varied sluices of the human heart, that all its mysterious yearnings lie unseated before us. In the calm and cheerful tenor of her previous life Florence had never felt lonely, though one by one the young companions of her youth

faded from her path. Change in character or situation which time must produce had dissolved this intercourse unconsciously and without pain; but with Emily Melford the case was different. Florence never could forget those who had once been kind; and Emily had, through two years' regular and frequent correspondence, so completely treated her as a confidential friend, that Florence could scarcely think of change in her, even while she had long felt that *her* simple pleasures or anxieties obtained no sympathy. Emily always wrote of herself, and Florence's self-love might have been flattered, as there is always something soothing to our *amour propre* in being the trusted repository of another person's secrets. The third year of their intercourse, however, Emily's letters came at longer and longer intervals, on smaller sized paper, and in wider lines, till at last they ceased altogether. Florence's last communication having been answered, after an interval of four months, by a few hurried and irrelevant lines, she could not write again; more particularly as this occurred just about the time of the offer of marriage to which we have before alluded. Thus, followed as it had been in two short months by Mr. Leslie's death, weeks passed and the intercourse was not renewed, and when Florence awoke from the first stupor of anguish, to outward and more trifling things, it was to the bitter consciousness of estrangement and neglect.

Mr. Leslie's death had been in all the newspapers, and still with the clinging confidence of her nature, Florence believed that Emily would not, could not be so engrossed in self, as to permit such a bereavement to pass unnoticed. But she hoped in vain. She knew by the fashionable journals, that all the Melfords were in London. She was even foolish enough to hope that Emily was coming to speak her sympathy, and therefore would not write—but neither visit nor letter came.

With Lady Ida, Florence had never been a regular correspondent. Her shrinking sensitiveness always kept her back, fearful to intrude; feeling that a wider barrier stretched between her and Lady Ida when in joy than when she had been in sorrow. She had written, indeed, whenever Lady Ida's own messages, Emily's offers of opportunities, and her own mood of hilarity, had given her courage to do so. But this was over now, for Emily Melford was the only one through whom she could hear of Lady Ida; and it seemed as if now, she dared not encourage those visions of Lady Ida's continued regard in which she had indulged so long. Since her bereavement, all felt changed *around* and *within* her. She asked herself why such bitter thoughts should come, when surely she had enough of sorrow? But she could not answer, and her warm affections twined closer and closer round the beloved inmates of her home, seeking to banish her own sad thoughts in entire devotion to those around her.

As the growth of affection supposes the existence of good qualities, and from the regard of others permits us to form a higher estimate of ourselves, so the loss of it supposes a decay of those qualities; and lowering us in our self esteem, it is long before the wounded spirit can throw aside the

false idea and regain its former position. Oh, too sadly and closely is the happiness of man entwined with his fellow man; or rather, too lightly is such truth considered. How much of misery might be soothed if sorrow cheered; were mutual kindness the grand object of life; were social benevolence to walk the earth giving her blessed balm to those that weep, and her gladdening vows to those that smile!

Perceiving that Florence, in spite of all her efforts, did not rally either in spirits or health, Mrs. Leslie at length prevailed on her to accept Mrs. Rivers' repeated invitations, and spend a short time at Woodlands. Florence consented with reluctance. Her mind was just at that time in a state of painful uncertainty; of earnest longings in thought, and a too sensitive fearfulness in performance. The love she bore her brother exceeded the mere affection of hand in hand companionship. His high feelings, his poet's soul, his precarious health, bound him to her with ties of tenderness and almost veneration, which year by year increased.

Lady Ida's parting words—"If in anything you need me, or believe my friendship or influence can be of any service to you, write without scruple," returned to her memory repeatedly. Her influence or that of her husband might indeed be of unspeakable service to Walter, and might she indeed ask it for him?

At Woodlands these thoughts continued. It was not too late, for he was not bound to his present employment for any determinate period. Had Lady Ida never been kind, almost a stranger, Florence could have appealed to her without any hesitation: but the dread of asking too much she knew not how to overcome. Walter's figure rose before her, paler, thinner than it had been, with that sad, but unspeakably beautiful expression which she had marked, when he told them a situation was obtained—and this nerved her to the task.

It was not an easy one, for she would not give vent to the gush of feeling which came over her; but simply and mournfully alluding to her father's death and the consequent change in Walter's prospects, made him, and him alone, the subject of her letter. She wrote with affectionate eloquence of his talents and peculiar character; and then alluding to Lady Ida's parting words, entreated that the friendship, the influence she had promised her, might be shewn to her brother. Not one word in that eloquent letter was lowering to the writer, or derogatory to the true benevolence of the receiver. The spell once broken, Florence was true to herself and to her friend; and materially might that letter have altered Walter's prospects, had it been permitted to reach its destination. To account for its fate, we must go back a space.

We have before mentioned Mrs. Rivers and her establishment, and that with Flora Leslie, whose similarity of name proved afterwards a most annoying circumstance, Florence had no idea or feeling in common: nay, she had so penetrated her system of deceit with regard to her generous protectress, that though no look or word ever betrayed this to Mrs. Rivers herself, Flora's own suspicions were aroused, and envy, with its whole

train of bad thoughts and actions, was excited towards her. A circumstance had also occurred which increased these feelings into active virulence. Mrs. Rivers herself lived very much retired, and nothing could ever prevail on her to join in society; but since Woodlands was in the vicinity of a large country town, where there was much public and private gaiety, often enlivened by military officers, Flora Leslie was permitted to go out with one or another: *chaperone* of Mrs. Rivers' selection and approval.

How the young lady conducted herself in society, therefore, Mrs. Rivers never knew, and any tale brought to her by others of her *protégée*, she made it a point to disbelieve, from her received faith in the world's proneness to injure and malign. It so happened that an affair more than usually scandalous became so notorious as not only to penetrate the walls of Woodlands, but the ears of its mistress, just at the time when Florence was staying with her, after her father's death, when she of course could not accompany Flora into visiting society, as she had sometimes done before.

Mrs. Rivers never made a confusion. She quietly inquired all that was necessary, and then charged the young lady with the fact. Her distrust of the world worked even here, and Flora's protestations and assurances of no intentional ill might have weighed against the voice of rumour had she not unfortunately remembered that Florence had been sometimes Flora's companion in society, and appealed to her judgment for the truth or falsehood of the charge. Had she ever observed anything in her former conduct to demand present belief?

Now it unfortunately happened that it was the very witnessing Flora's imprudent conduct, when not under Mrs. Rivers's eye, which had first awakened Florence to a true estimate of her character. A circumstance most degrading in its nature, too, had the year before come under her knowledge; and this appeal from Mrs. Rivers was, in consequence, peculiarly and painfully distressing. In vain she conjured Mrs. Rivers to ask her nothing; not to compel her to be that most hateful of all characters, a talebearer.

Mrs. Rivers, always obstinate, became more so, saying so much, and that so bitterly, that Florence at last believed the truth would do Flora less harm than the concealment. The consequence was that Mrs. Rivers believed *half* the reported tale, and so far restrained Flora as to declare that she should not go out again till people had forgotten her former conduct, and she knew how to behave properly.

In outward appearance, Flora was very humble and submissive; protesting that all Mrs. Rivers said was perfectly just, and that she bore no ill-will to Florence, for she knew she would not have said a word against her, unless compelled. Florence had no faith in Flora's professions—they were not natural; still her own conscience so completely acquitted her of all intentional unkindness, that she never dreamed of enmity, and still less of any personal evil which might thence accrue. Perhaps she thought less of the circumstance because, just then, her friend was pre-occupied by her intended letter to Lady Ida. In former visits

to Woodland's she had repeatedly spoken of this noble friend. Mrs. Rivers had listened mournfully to these artless effusions; still there was something in the simple trustfulness of Florence so beautiful, so refreshing, that she could not check it by allusions to its folly. At this visit, however, she noticed that Florence was greatly changed. Not having seen her for nearly a year, it was scarcely strange that the deeper thoughtfulness, the decreasing elasticity of joyousness, the calmer, sadder mood, should strike her more forcibly than it had done Mrs. Leslie. It chanced that Florence had been speaking of her brother—her anxious desire that he should obtain more congenial employment—and Mrs. Rivers took the opportunity to remark,

"I should think Lady Ida St. Maur might assist your wishes, through her husband's influence. Why not write to her?"

Florence answered she had serious intentions of doing so, and she was very glad Mrs. Rivers advised what her own inclinations so earnestly prompted.

"Advise, my dear child; do not fancy I advise: I cannot do so, because I believe that, like all the rest of the world, Lady Ida proves that out of sight is out of mind. And Florence Leslie is now, to her, as if she had never been."

Florence made no answer.

"You do not think so. Pity the dream will not last."

"Perhaps it continues, dear madam, because I do not expect too much. No one feels more than I do myself the distance between me and Lady Ida; that according to the rules of the world, we can hardly ever mingle intimately again. And as for pushing myself forward, or murmuring that my lot is lowlier than hers, I trust I shall never be so tempted as to do that."

"And yet you love her—waste your affections on one who, you own yourself, can give you so little in return. Are you not wilfully exposing yourself to pain?"

"No; for it is a pleasure to have one, like her, on whose high and beautiful character affection and fancy can both rest. I have seen enough of Lady Ida to respect her, felt enough of her kindness to remember her with gratitude. Every message I received from her tells me that she still retains affectionate interest in my welfare; and as I expect so little, until that expectation be utterly blighted I will love her still."

Mrs. Rivers shaded her eyes with her hand, and did not answer for some minutes.

"And how long is it since you have heard of her?" at length she asked abruptly.

It was a difficult question to answer without alluding to her disappointment in Emily Melford, but she simply replied, "Rather more than a year."

"And yet you have the courage to address her in Walter's behalf!"

"I have; for I am certain, if she cannot forward my wishes for my brother, she will write, if it be but to say how much she feels with me on—on—" her voice painfully quivered, "the loss of my dear father."

"And suppose that you receive no answer to

your letter? Will you be unwise enough to think about her still?"

Florence was silent.

"My letter may never reach her, a thousand chances," she faltered.

"My dear foolish child, if you send your letter by post, and know her proper direction, you have not the hairbreadth of a chance that it should not reach her. Write to her as you propose; if she do anything for your brother, you have my free permission, to love, respect, and trust her as much as you please; but if no answer come, trust my experience, bitter though it be, and be sure a year or two years is the longest term that the warmest friendship, the most affectionate interest ever lasted, and wonderful if it last so long."

She left the room as she spoke, and Florence let her work fall from her lap, and clasping her hands exclaimed—

"If I may not hope—may not trust—why should I write at all? why expose myself to the pain of feeling, that in one so good, so kind, I have in truth no interest now; but if indeed no answer come, surely I am too proud to care for those who never think of me."

But the expression of her countenance belied her words, and Flora Leslie could scarcely restrain the delight, the triumph of feeling that revenge the more violently desired, because so long restrained, was in her power, and cost what it might to compass, should be obtained.

CHAP. XIV.

One of Mrs. Rivers' numerous particularities was excessive care, with regard to the sending and receiving letters, always despatching her confidential steward to receive them from, and take them to, the office, which was in Winchester. The key of the letter-bag was kept in the steward's room, and of her letter's fate in England Florence felt secure, nor could she doubt that it would reach its destination.

Little could her pure mind imagine the extent of meanness to which hatred and revenge could lead her companion; and still less could Mrs. Rivers believe that all her precautions with regard to the security of letters should be frustrated by the machinations of a girl. The key was removed at dead of night from the steward's room, the bag unclosed, the letter abstracted, the key returned to its place, and, in less than ten minutes, Flora Leslie was again seated in her own apartment, unsuspected and unheard. Her step was too light, her measures too artful for discovery; and she sat beside the hearth, whose embers were still burning, scarcely able to believe that the act of villany which had caused her so many sleepless nights to plan had been so easily accomplished.

For a moment she hesitated whether to read before she burned; but it was only for a moment. She tore open the letter, and revelled as she read, for every line breathed that simple trusting affection, that respectful deference which, if unanswered, would be so deeply wounding.

With all the feelings of gratified revenge, Flora sat looking on the letter, when she was startled by a sudden thought. The steward would have to give Mrs. Rivers an account of the postage which he would have to pay upon this foreign letter, and Florence's great anxiety would of course make her inquisitive into this matter. What was to be done? a very few minutes' thought sufficed; for the wicked are only too quick at expedients.

To please Mrs. Rivers, Florence had once consented to take some lessons with Flora of one of those professors of penmanship taught in six lessons; and, in consequence, their hand-writing became so exactly similar, that with scarcely any effort each could so imitate the writing of the other, as to render the distinguishing them almost impossible. It was a dangerous weapon for one like Flora, and little did Florence imagine that what she had done for mere amusement was sedulously cultivated by her companion. She had, in fact, already used it, in order that a correspondence with a handsome young ensign in the town, carried on through a convenient female friend, might never be traced so exactly to her as to become inconvenient or disagreeable; particularly as she had taken the liberty of substituting the name of Florence instead of Flora Leslie, by way of signature; silencing the "still small voice of conscience," by pretending that the great similarity of names removed all idea of dishonour: for all she knew, she might have been christened Florence, and called Flora, as many others were; she certainly did no harm, to adopt the prettier cognomen; how many girls engaged in a love correspondence adopted other names than their own!

This power, of course, presented an expedient in her present dilemma. With some difficulty she concocted a few lines, for to make *composition* appear like her companions was infinitely more difficult than to imitate her writing; but to send merely a blank sheet might, she thought, excite inquiries, and bring all to light too soon. A brief epistle was at length written, alluding neither to Walter nor Mr. Leslie's death, but breathing a degree of levity and frivolity wholly unlike Florence at any time, even in her gayest moods—and wanting, besides, that genuine, heartfelt respect which had ever pervaded her most careless effusions.

That Lady Ida should ever demand the meaning of this unusual letter was too simple and straightforward a method of proceeding for Flora's crooked comprehension; she hoped and believed it would so offend that Lady Ida would never again seek her answer by letter; of course she would not, and Florence would in consequence suffer as much as her revengeful wishes could desire. Carefully written on foreign paper, folded, sealed, and directed so like the real one, that Florence herself would have hesitated which to call her own, Flora again stealthily made her way to the letter-bag, put the letter into it, and returned undiscovered to her own quarters; then, deliberately tearing Florence's letter into pieces, she committed each separately to the flames, watching them burn till not a vestige remained; then carefully collecting the smouldering ashes, she flung them anew on the fire, that no sign of paper might

be found amongst the cinders the following morning. This accomplished, she threw herself on her bed, whether to sleep or not we leave more imaginative persons to determine.

"You are sure, quite sure, Watson, the letter to Lady Ida St. Maur was safely deposited in the post?" Florence eagerly asked the steward, the moment of his return; and satisfied by his exact description of the letter which she had purposely refrained from shewing him, and of the sum paid for its postage, she rested secure and happy.

A month, nay, perhaps two, might elapse before she could receive an answer; but the letter was no sooner thought to be safely gone than hope began her work; and though Florence thought she did not hope at all, her spirits unconsciously grew light, and the smile more often circled her lip. She determined to say nothing of having written, either to her mother, Walter, or even Minie, in order that the pleasure of reading them Lady Ida's letter might be the greater.

Before her visit to Woodlands was over, however, her thoughts were turned from her brother's interests into a more painful channel. The last blow on Mrs. Rivers' in reality too susceptible heart, was struck, as Florence had long predicted, by the orphan whom she had adopted, treated, loved, and confided in, as her own child. Flora Leslie eloped from Woodlands, not with the ensign before alluded to, but with a gallant major, who had been persuaded into the belief that all Mrs. Rivers' large property was so settled on Flora that it could not be willed away; and that Flora, instead of being a portionless orphan, was literally the rightful heiress; though Mrs. Rivers had artfully chosen to hush up that matter, and *act* benevolence when she was only doing justice.

Thinking his charming Flora marvellously ill-used, and that her supposed fortune would be peculiarly acceptable, the major made such good use of his time as completely to exclude from her fickle imagination all recollection of the despairing ensign, whom, however, as we have seen, under a feigned hand-writing and a feigned name, she still continued to encourage. His departure to join his regiment at Malta, a fortnight previously, bearing Flora's precious letters with him, and writing her a most lachrymose farewell, was particularly agreeable to the heartless coquette, who just then wished him out of her way—the major offering more substantial attractions in a handsomer face, a more distinguished manner, a supposed fortune, and higher rank. The well-matched pair, in consequence, departed one fine morning in a coach and four to Gretna, where, it may be as well to state, the nuptial knot was indissolubly tied.

The major, however, stormed himself hoarse when he discovered that his fair Flora was no heiress, but recovered a degree of serenity when a deed of gift came most unexpectedly from Mrs. Rivers, securing to his wife a life annuity of a hundred pounds. That this gift was accompanied by a few stern lines, impossible to be misunderstood, importing that it was the last communication between Mrs. Rivers and her ungrateful *protégée*, who would be henceforth blotted from her recollection, concerned not the gallant major and

his amiable bride one tittle, both choosing to believe, from this unexpected generosity, that Mrs. Rivers would still leave all her property to Flora, simply because there seemed no one else to whom it could possibly be left.

To account for Major Hardwicke's preferring the *éclat* of an elopement to honourable proposals, and a public engagement, be it known that he had asked Mrs. Rivers, in all due form, for permission to address Miss Leslie, but had been peremptorily refused, on plea of his private character not being such as to obtain him the hand of any respectable young woman.

The rigidity of feature, the absence of all visible emotion, with which Mrs. Rivers received the tidings of Flora's flight, absolutely terrified Florence; for she felt convinced it was no indifference which caused it: yet how to soothe she knew not, for how could she speak consolation where none was demanded? She was treated as usual; the whole establishment went on as if nothing had occurred worthy to disturb them; but not ten days after the elopement Mrs. Rivers was seized by a serious illness, which hung over her for weeks, during the whole of which time Florence tended her as a daughter, with a sweetness of temper, a silent tenderness, which—though at the time to all appearance scarcely felt—was remembered and acted upon years afterwards.

Not a word was breathed as to what might have been the cause of that illness, either by the sufferer herself or any of those around her; but when she recovered, she formed the extraordinary resolution of leaving her estate of Woodlands, with all its adjoining houses and lands, under charge of her steward till they could be advantageously let, and retiring she did not say where, and no one had courage to ask. There was no persuading her to forego this resolution, no arguing against it, for she gave not the slightest clue to any plan, except that of leaving Woodlands. She parted with Florence, kindly as her stern nature would permit, and placed a pocket-book containing two fifty pound bank notes in her hand. From that hour Florence Leslie heard no more of Mrs. Rivers, knew nothing of her place of residence, her mode of living, possessed not a clue even to her existence till two years afterwards, when she was strangely and most unexpectedly recalled.

CHAP. XV.

The illness of Mrs. Rivers had so unavoidably lengthened Florence Leslie's stay at Woodlands, that the two months, to which she had confidently looked, as bringing an answer to her letter, had nearly elapsed. During her absence Mrs. Leslie had removed to a neat little dwelling in the neighbourhood of Camberwell; a convenient distance for Walter's daily visits to the metropolis, and giving him fresher air and greater quietness on his return.

Florence rejoiced in her change of residence. Her visit at Woodlands had been one of anxiety and care. She felt for Mrs. Rivers infinitely more than that lady seemed to feel for herself.

Those highflown notions of human nature, which in former days Emily Melford used to smile at and Lady Ida to love, she still retained, and all that occurred to shake her belief in human goodness painfully depressed her. Gladly then she exchanged the cold solitary splendour of Woodlands for her mother's humble dwelling. Here there were not so many objects to recall her departed parent as in their former residence. He did not haunt each room, each nook, till he seemed almost palpably before them.

Grief itself was calmed. They could bear to think and speak of him, as one "not lost, but gone before." They had not sought to banish sorrow, to stifle its sad yet wholesome voice by seeking this world's pleasures, for they looked on affliction as the voice of their heavenly Father calling them still more closely to himself. The tranquil routine of domestic duties and enjoyments was again their own; and but for one engrossing care, Florence might even have been happy. But how could this be, when days, weeks, far more than the necessary period rolled on, and still no answer to her letter came; no line to say that Lady Ida was unchanged, and could feel for Florence still? Her simple confidence had almost led her to believe the answer would be waiting for her at home. Then she sought to console herself that she had miscalculated the time; but when more than three months had passed, even this consolation could no longer avail her; and still each day, each hour found poor Florence in all the bitter heart sickness of hope deferred.

Of all human trials, not the least is the anxiously expecting a letter from a beloved friend, involving matters of greater moment than mere personal gratification. The first thought in the morning, the sudden upspringing of hope, that ere the night cometh suspense will be at an end; the bounding of the heart, the flushing of the cheek at every step and knock, when it nears the postman's hour—becoming more and more intense at the sight of a letter; and then the revulsion of blood, the sudden pause of every pulse, when all is past, and it is not the letter we expect, *that* is still to come, and all which we have borne, even to the rush of hope, the sickness of disappointment, must he endured again. And then the heavy sinking of the soul, the pressure of tears upon the heart and in the eye, though, perhaps, none falls, when night, with her silence and deep shadows and still solitude, comes to tell us another day is gone, and the morning's dream is vain.

And all this Florence had to bear in silence and alone, for she had kept her resolution, and told none that she had written: she rejoiced that she had not, for to have listened to reproach cast upon one still so dearly loved, would but have increased her burden. She still heard Minie, often her mother, allude to Lady Ida in terms of fond remembrance, and compelled herself to echo Minie's artless and oft repeated wish, that she were again in England, to be as kind to Florence as she had been before, even while her own heart felt breaking beneath the thought, that to her Lady Ida was as nothing now; and that her return to England could bring but increase of pain.

But it was not the mere suffering of disappointed friendship. She could bear her own sorrow; but her Walter, her idolized brother. In vain she tried to persuade herself that even had she heard from Lady Ida, her brother's interests might not have been served. She could not believe Sir Edmund's power was so limited, and each week, each month which passed, leaving yet deeper hectic or more livid paleness on Walter's cheek—more fragile beauty on his slight form—increased the sufferings she endured.

It was strange that these various signs of waning health, so noticed by her, should pass unseen by their ever fond and anxious mother. Yet so it was. Mrs. Leslie was deceived. Walter's unwavering cheerfulness in his mother's presence, the ardour with which, after eight or nine hours passed mechanically at the desk, he devoted himself to his favourite studies, coining mental gold from every moment, seemed to satisfy and reassure her. When wearied with his daily toil, the hours passed in study appeared so to revive him, that all weariness vanished before he retired to rest; animation glowed on his cheek and sparkled in his eye, strength seemed to brace his limbs, and his voice grew almost joyous. The deceptive dream was strengthened by the fact that Mrs. Leslie saw her son but a few minutes in her bed-room before he went out in the morning. Florence gave him his early breakfast. Florence it was who noticed the excessive languor, the deadly paleness, sometimes even the dewy moisture on his brow when he would descend from his own room, as if sleep, instead of refreshing and strengthening, had weakened him well nigh to exhaustion; and at times, so subduing was the accompanying depression, that his struggles to smile away his sister's anxious looks would end in stifled hysteric sobs. But yet, when they met again at dinner, there was no trace of this; his smile, his caresses greeted his fond mother as was their wont, and night brought anew its excitement and its joy.

The bed-rooms of the brother and sister were separated by a thin partition, one of whose small square pannels slipt up and down, forming a loop hole of verbal communication between the rooms which were on the upper floor entirely by themselves.

It was a warm night in May, and Florence, after struggling with the sad thoughts which would intrude when she was alone (for though six months had elapsed since she had written, there still were times when she almost seemed to hope) had succeeded, by full an hour's serious reading, in obtaining a partial calm. She was roused by hearing the chimes of an adjoining church tell half an hour after midnight, and startled at finding it so late, she hastily rose to prepare for bed. Glancing towards the pannel, she saw it had, as often happened, slid down of itself, and she approached to close it softly, imagining her brother slept. One glance undeceived her. Through the light drapery of the bed, she saw him bending over a small table, evidently engaged in writing. She watched the rapid movement of his hand; fast, faster yet, as if it strove to keep pace with the rush of thoughts within, until at length he raised his head; and oh,

what a glow of beauty that countenance disclosed! He passed his hand feebly across his brow, and then again bent over the paper. Physical power had departed, and the flush was succeeded by a paleness as of death. Florence flew to his side, she threw her arms around his neck, her tears of sympathy falling on his cheek.

Walter started as if found in guilt; but then, as if he could not meet her half reproachful, half sorrowful glance, he passionately exclaimed—

"Florence, my own Florence! do not reproach me, do not tell me that I should not do this, that I am wasting the life pledged to be devoted to you all—tell me not this, I cannot bear it now."

"I will not, Walter; only trust me, as one who can feel with you and for you, in every pang and every thought; yes, even to the deep, but, oh! how dangerous joys of these midnight watchings! Would that I could aid you as I love! You would have no sorrow then."

She folded closer and still more fondly to him; and long and mournfully interesting was the conversation which ensued. Never were two hearts more capable of understanding each other; and Walter's overcharged mind felt inexpressibly relieved, as he poured forth the whole torrent of thought and feeling into her sympathizing ear. Yet there was no complaint, no murmur that his lot in life was cast so differently for him from that he would have cast for himself. But to check the torrent of poetry within him was impossible. He had tried to refrain entirely from the use of either pen or pencil, thinking such neglect the best method of reconciling himself to his more distasteful duties; but the morbid state into which he sank soon proved the fallacy of the attempt, and he resumed them. Elasticity and happiness appeared in consequence to return, and he could not believe that his health was suffering, for at least he now slept calmly; when before he had passed night after night in feverish wakefulness, or in such sleep that it was worse than waking.

"They think me a poor spirited romantic fool," he added, "because I cannot join in the sole ambition which seems to engross my companions. Oh, Florence, you know not how I hate that word gold! How I sicken at the constant talk of interest—wealth—its omnipotence! as if neither virtue, nor goodness, nor beauty could exist without it. If I could but associate with higher and nobler minds, the drudgery of a distasteful employment could easily be borne."

"But why heed the mere expression of worldliness, my Walter? Have you not that within you raising you far above such petty minds?"

"No, Florence, no! the gift of poetry was never yet sufficient so to elevate the poet as to render him invulnerable to the bitter shafts of more worldly natures. He must be appreciated by the gifted and the good, or he can have no security, no confidence in his own powers. He dares not dream of genius till it is pronounced his own. He dares not believe that his mind may produce immortal fruit, till a world has said it: and therefore is he so exposed to those petty trials which fret and vex the spirit far more than one weighty blow."

"But influence may become your own, dearest Walter. We cannot know for certain that this lawsuit will really be decided against us, and if gained——"

"Florence, I DARE not think of it. God knows, I value not fortune nor station for aught but the good it might bestow on others—that having gold, I might not think about it. I associate with those who, not having to seek it, might surely afford to devote their mental energies to some nobler object. Italy too floats before me in the sweet dream of independence—Italy, with its beautiful nature, its glorious art; and I have pictured our wandering there, you dearest Florence, to satisfy your early longing, I to study in those galleries so full of genius—study, venerate, and at a respectful distance follow. I might, indeed, become an artist then. Painting and poetry should go hand in hand; and then—then—but, oh, how dare I think of these things, when all may be a blank!"

And as Florence looked on the flushed cheek and kindling eye, on the lip parched and dry with extreme excitement, she felt, indeed, that such dreams were better banished. Walter thought that they were, but was it natural that they should be? Florence knew too well the silent sway of hope. A clock striking two roused them from the brief pause which had followed Walter's last words, and clasping his arms round her, he bade her "go to bed, and God bless her!" he had robbed her of her best sleep, but she knew not the comfort that hour had been to him.

"You would tell me something more, dearest Walter? do not hesitate: I am not in the least sleepy. Why will you not speak?"

"Because my question is such an idle one. When do Sir Edmund and Lady Ida return to England?"

He felt his sister's hand tremble in his own, and to his astonishment, he saw her cheek pale, and her lip so quiver that for a minute she could not answer.

"I cannot tell you, Walter, you know Emily Melford has long since given up my correspondence, and I only heard regularly of Lady Ida through her."

"Ah, true; but you have written sometimes. Have you since——my poor father——," he stopt.

"Once," she replied hurriedly, and almost inarticulately, "but why do you ask?"

"I will tell you, dearest; but do not laugh at me. I have fancied foolishly, perhaps, that years of absence would make no difference in Lady Ida, and that through your friendship I might become acquainted with her husband; and all I hear of him, all the world speaks of him, distinguishes him for talent, genius, and yet more for benevolence. Oh, Florence, what might not such a friend be to me! My own dear sister, what have I said?"

Vainly the poor girl struggled to suppress, or at least conceal her emotion. She felt as if the whole extent of bitterness and disappointment had not been felt till that moment, and her head sank on her brother's shoulder, with a burst of uncontrolled tears.

Had Walter been a philosopher, he would have endeavoured to conquer her grief by sage reason-

ing. He was a poet, and, in consequence, owned the potency of the law of FEELING over and above that of REASON. And so he simply drew her closer to him, kissing away the burning tears, and whispering words of such earnest tenderness that they only flowed the faster.

My poor Florence! Bless you for thus thinking, thus writing for me. Had your affectionate eloquence been successful, I could not have felt it more. Do not weep thus. There may be some mistake, some extraordinary chance acting against us, which will all be made clear in time. I will not believe that Lady Ida is so changed. It is impossible: trust me, she will give you cause to love her more fondly yet. Now go to rest, my own sweet sister. We shall both be happier for this night's pain, for we need no longer weep or smile alone.

And he was right. They *were* happier. A new spirit pervaded Walter's duties and pursuits. A poet to be happy must have sympathy, intelligence, enthusiasm, which will reflect back, and encourage his own; and in Florence, Walter realized all these things. Her exquisite taste, her intuitive perception of the true and beautiful, allowed him to confide in her judgment, to improve from her suggestions; and, to her inexpressible happiness, she found that from that night he was more like himself. For her own feelings, they were strangely soothed by that involuntary confidence; conquered, indeed, they were not, for she could not share Walter's belief. From change or unkindness in Lady Ida, she turned sorrowfully away as impossible; but she thought circumstances, difference of station, raised, and must for ever raise, an insuperable barrier between them.

CHAP. XVI.

Some three months after the conclusion of our last chapter, and consequently nearly nine from the affairs narrated at Woodlands, two ladies were seated together in the balcony of a most beautiful villa in the environs of Rome. It was Lady St. Maur and her mother-in-law, Lady Helen. Time had made little difference in the former; the girl had in truth merged into the woman; the flower was beautiful as the bud had promised. The balcony where they sat led by a flight of steps, ornamented by a light arabesque balustrade to the garden, whose innumerable flowers sent forth such luscious scents as to perfume the air, almost overpoweringly, in the still calm of evening. Rome on her seven hills lay on their left, absolutely imbedded in a glow of crimson light; her remains of antiquity, her walls and towers, the crumbling, but eloquent shadows of the past, were softened into such increase of beauty, that one might almost fancy the seat of ancient empire restored to what it had been. Around, below, and above them, were vineyards, with their twining leaves and blushing fruit, interspersed with all that luxuriance of foliage, richness of scenery, clearness of atmosphere, and gorgeousness of sky so peculiar to Italy. Nature never loses by constant and intimate association: the more we love her, the

more she repays that love—the more we acknowledge her power, the more thrillingly and deliciously she infuses herself into our very being, giving us a buoyancy of spirit that, however restrained and hidden, will never entirely depart, but burst afresh into life and joy with the very next view, and consciousness of that Divinity from whom it sprang.

Books and work, the pen and pencil, were the usual employments of the female inmates of that peaceful spot; but this evening their conversation had turned on the strange chances of life and death which had just given to Sir Edmund St. Maur that barony which, when Lady Ida Villiers married him, it had seemed impossible that he should have lived so long as to obtain. The last of the title, a warm friend and admirer of Sir Edmund, had left him sole guardian of his only child, a daughter, then under the care of relatives in England, with the earnest request that, if they ever returned to live in their native land, Lady Ida would herself superintend her education, and introduce her under no auspices but her own—a request unhesitatingly granted by his friend. Their conversation was interrupted by visitors, amongst whom was a lady lately arrived from England, who, in course of conversation on that country, chanced to remark that she had known little of London topics of interest, having resided some few months before leaving England in the neighbourhood of Winchester, with an invalid friend.

“Winchester!” Lady St. Maur repeated with interest; and after a moment's hesitation she asked if Lady Blandford chanced to know Woodlands and its inmates—if she had ever met with a Miss Leslie, sometimes staying with Mrs. Rivers. The lady looked astonished at the last question—forgetting to answer the first, in her surprise that such a person as report had pictured Miss Leslie could in any way interest Lady St. Maur—briefly alluding to the circumstances which, as we already know, had transpired to the discredit of Flora Leslie, adding, that she understood an elopement had concluded the affair—the more scandalous, as the young lady had not two months before lost her father.

Now, it so happened, that Lady St. Maur, equally with her visitor, knew nothing of the existence of *two* Miss Leslies, bearing the same, or nearly the same, Christian name. In Florence's early communications with her friend, she had often mentioned Mrs. Rivers and her beautiful estate; but from her total want of sympathy with, and entire disapproval of, Flora's character, had never mentioned her. Therefore that Lady Blandford could allude to any one but Florence was not likely, more especially as she mentioned her father's death, which Lady St. Maur had seen in the newspapers about that time; although, from no allusion being made to it in the last letter she had received from Florence, she had hoped it was not true. This last letter, we need scarcely state, was the false one substituted by Flora, instead of that which had caused Florence so much pain to write. Its strange and frivolous style had annoyed and perplexed Lady St. Maur, who, notwithstanding her

many new ties and enjoyments, and the various claims on her time and affection from friends of her own rank in England, yet retained an affectionate interest in the young girl who had so loved her. She had often taxed Emily Melford, during the last year, with never alluding to Florence—asking questions concerning her, which Emily either left unanswered, or by acknowledging that she never heard from her now, contrived to leave the impression that Florence had ceased to care for the correspondence, and so it had been broken off.

Knowing the indolent and capricious character of her cousin, Lady St. Maur had, however, always thought her the more to blame, until she received this incomprehensible letter; when the thought would enter her mind that Florence must be very greatly changed. She compared the letter with the last she had had from her nearly a year previous. The writing, the signature were so exactly similar, that it seemed not possible it could have been written by any other person—which fancy, wild as she felt it was, Lady St. Maur had entertained. Her husband had glanced over it, merely remarking, if Miss Leslie could not write more respectfully, she had better not write at all, and had thought no more about it, till the subject was somewhat painfully recalled. Lady St. Maur, however, could not dismiss it so easily. About a month before she had thus heard (as she supposed) from Florence—she herself had written to her feelingly and affectionately, sympathizing with her on her father's death—this letter she sent to Emily Melford, requesting her to direct it properly, and forward it. Florence's non-allusion to it, excited the belief that she had not yet received it; and that when she did, even if its condolence were not necessary, yet still that she would write again, and more like herself. Months, however, passed, and she received no reply, and therefore Lady Blandford's communication but too painfully recalled the supposition that Florence was not only changed, but was, in fact, no longer worthy of her remembrance or regard. Yet, when she recalled the beautiful promise which her youth had given, how could this be? What circumstances, what temptations could have had such power? And such distressed perplexity did her countenance express, that when her husband joined her he noticed it, and tenderly inquired the reason. The expression with which he listened startled her. “You have heard something before to this effect, Edmund,” she exclaimed, “and you have not told me, fearing to wound me. What is it? I would much rather know the truth.”

His tale was soon told. While at Malta, where he had been several weeks on some political duty, he became intimate with several of the officers, and had been prevailed upon one day to join them at dinner in their mess-room. There had been lately a new arrival of troops from England, the officers of which, fresh from the gaieties of a large county town—which proved to be Winchester—became rather more communicative as the wine circled briskly round, than under other circumstances they might themselves have wished. The conversation soon became riotous, and loud and foremost amongst all other names, as the *belle* and

the coquette of the season, Lord St. Maur had heard the name of a Flora or Florence Leslie. Startled and annoyed, for never hearing that name, save from the lips of his wife, it seemed to have imbibed a portion of her own purity and excellence. He listened still more attentively: he heard them mention Woodlands, and its misanthropic mistress, Mrs. Rivers, and felt convinced it must be the same, Florence's last letter to his wife flashing on his memory as still stronger confirmation. He heard her name banded from lip to lip, sometimes contemptuously, sometimes admiringly, but always most disreputably to its object. One young man—Ensign Camden—swore to her constancy, and challenged any one who dared deny that he was her preferred lover, offering to bring written proofs in the last letter he had received from her before he had quitted England; and drawing it from his pocket as he spoke, it was seized upon, with a burst of uproarious laughter, and in mock-heroic tones read aloud for the benefit of the whole company. Lord St. Maur had been near enough to notice both the hand-writing and the signature, and had unhesitatingly recognised both. Camden, indignant at this publicity of what he vowed was a treasure too precious for any gaze but his own, had become more and more enraged, drawing his sword at length upon all who ventured to approach him, till he was dragged off to his quarters; and Lord St. Maur, in utter disgust at the scene, at length effected a retreat, not, however, before he heard many voices declare, that love-letters from Miss Leslie were no proof of preference, as every unmarried, good-looking officer of Winchester had, at one time or other, received them.

Lord St. Maur had purposely refrained from telling this to his wife, waiting till she might hear again from Florence, and thus clear up what certainly appeared a mystery. He found it difficult to believe that any person who could act thus could ever have been sufficiently worthy as to attract, and indeed rivet, Lady Ida's notice. But when time passed, and still no letter came, it argued unfavourably, and Lady Blandford's information, to Lord St. Maur's mind, so removed all remaining doubt, that he entreated his wife to banish Florence from her recollection, as wholly unworthy of her continued regard. But this was impossible. Instead of convincing her of Florence's utter unworthiness, Lady St. Maur's previous supposition returned, that some mysterious agency was at work, and that the strange letter she had received was not from the Florence she had loved, and that it was *not* to her these disgraceful rumours alluded. That there should indeed exist two persons of exactly the same name, whose hand-writing was so similar, did appear unlikely, but yet not so impossible as such a total change in Florence. She did not speak much on the subject, because she saw that neither her husband nor Lady Helen could feel with her; nor was it likely, as they had never known Florence, that they should; but her active mind could not rest satisfied without making one effort to clear up the mystery. She knew it was useless to write to Emily Melford, whose representations that it

was Florence's fault which had occasioned the cessation of their intercourse now involuntarily returned as proofs strong in confirmation of the reports against her. She therefore wrote to Lady Mary Villiers, requesting her to make every inquiry concerning Florence Leslie, purposely avoiding all allusion to these reports. Anxiously she waited the reply; but when it came, it told nothing she wished to hear. Lady Mary, through her father's confidential steward, had made every inquiry concerning the Leslies in very many quarters of London without any success. The house which they had formerly occupied in Bernard-street was in the hands of strangers—the very landlord changed; her brother himself had undertaken the inquiries at Winchester, but there the result had been more confused and unsatisfactory still; so much so, indeed, that she hardly liked to write it, for how even to make it intelligible in a brief detail she scarcely knew.

It appeared that a Miss Leslie, whose Christian name was Florence, or Flora, rumour could not agree which, was constantly residing with Mrs. Rivers at Woodlands; some said she was an orphan, others that her parents were both living in London, that she had made herself notorious at Winchester by the grossest impropriety of conduct, causing at length Mrs. Rivers to restrain her to Woodlands, but while there she still continued her intrigues. So far all the rumours agreed, but after that they differed, some declaring an elopement had actually taken place, and the young lady was united to a gallant Major Hardwicke, and resided with him on the Continent; others, allowing the truth of the elopement, averred that Mrs. Rivers's steward had pursued and overtaken the fugitives before the completion of the ceremony, and conveyed Miss Leslie back to Woodlands, whence she was speedily sent under strict ward to her widowed mother.

The only positive facts then were these, that Mrs. Rivers had quitted Woodlands, which was now occupied by strangers, and that Miss Leslie had never appeared at Winchester again.

"What they mean, or to whom they relate, I leave you to determine, my dear Ida," wrote Lady Mary in conclusion, "but if to the Florence Leslie of your creation, we must never speak of reading character again. I should fear, as you have not heard from her so long, it is *shame*, not *pride*, which keeps her silent. Fortunately, you have too many nearer and dearer ties for this to affect you much, but it is very disagreeable; it lowers our opinion of human nature, and creates a doubt even of the fairest promise; and worse still, it gives such a triumph to worldly unromantic people."

So wrote Lady Mary, and confused and contradictory as the reports still were, yet there was no mention, no hint as to there being two Miss Leslies. Ida had not asked the question, imagining Lady Mary's reply would make it evident. Our readers know enough of the truth to remove at a glance all that was false; but, unfortunately, Lord St. Maur's family could not do so, therefore decided as presumptive evidence warranted.

The subject was never resumed; Florence

Leslie's name never mentioned. Lady St. Maur could not defend and believe as her own heart still prompted, for she had no contrary proof to bring forward. "Oh that Florence would but write again," she felt continually, "and thus disprove the scandal, or enable her to ask its explanation." But Florence did not write, neither then, nor during the whole period of Lord St. Maur's residence abroad. What effect all this had on Lady St. Maur, and its consequences to Florence, we shall discover in a future page.

ON A DROOPING ROSE-BUD.

BY MATILDA L. DAVIS.

Sweet flower! why droop thy crimson head?
Dost seek all mortal eyes to shun?
Fear'st thou thy beauties will be shed
By the rude gaze of mid-day sun?

Is thy fair head weighed down with tears,
By melancholy mourning wept?
Or has some insect, fill'd with fears,
Into thy sheltering bosom crept?

Why is thy head thus bowed to earth?
Dost muse, poor babe, that soiling clay
Too soon will stain thy glorious birth?
E'en lofty man must death obey!

See! how sweet sunlight visits all,
And like a warm kiss seems to lie
Upon the tree that's proud and tall,
And on the blushing flower's eye.

Lift thy round cheek of painted red,
Peeping from its soft mossy nest;
Grief should not bow the infant's head,
By all things gay and glad caressed.

TO ELIZA.

Oh, believe not, dear girl, those deluders audacious,
Who'd tell us that love's but a dream of delight;
For those who could teach us a tale so fallacious,
Show they ne'er can have felt the dear rapture they slight.

No—the basis of love is a deathless devotion,
Which time cannot change, nor adversity shake;
And the heart that has felt the delicious emotion,
Is entranc'd in a spell which no magic can break.

To the lov'd of the past, it will ever stay clinging,
Tho' the recreant world should forsake as it will;
Like the tree,* which, when young leaves luxuriant are springing,
Keeps the scar'd and the time-honour'd wreath'd round it still.

* The Beech.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

No. IX.

ELENOR.

It is thy natal day; brief space hath fled
Since mine was hallowed by thy dulcet lyre:
Yet, ah! how short a time may dim the fire
That lights with love the poet's eye! We tread
A devious path, in this wide world of ours—
Now in a labyrinth of fragrant flowers,
Now in a thorny waste—mists overhead,
And noisome weeds around! But tho' thy spirit
Hath failed me, in my need, leaving the bowers
Where the lone minstrel weeps, for pleasure's track,
I still shall bless thee! Oh! may'st thou inherit
The peace that waits on virtue; and, when back
Thou turn'st thy fickle heart to by-gone years,
Think—think of one whose love was bought
with tears!

Yet no!—

Forget me!—let not one memorial live—
Nor ring, nor tress of hair, nor written word,
To wake remembrance of the past, or give
A thought of me! The pool of memory—stirred
By ruffings of no healing spirits' wings—
Upon its surface pain and peril flings,
And from its troubled waters sounds are heard
That gender subtle terrors in the brain!
We are not what we have been—we no more
Can tread together life's perplexed shore—
Nor bathe our brows all fervently again
In the rich rill of poesy; for o'er
The dream, that lapped us in so sweet a madness,
A change hath passed, to wake us into sadness!

"LOVE'S OWN" FORGET-ME-NOT.

Spurn not the flower that wildly grows
In lowly desert spot,
More dear to me than gaudy rose
"Love's own" forget-me-not.

Crush not that flower beneath thy feet,
Though humble—scorn it not;
It hath for me a charm most sweet,
"Love's own" forget-me-not.

From those I love—to wander far—
Oh! should it be my lot,
I'll prize that little azure star—
"Love's own" forget-me-not.

When doom'd to roam 'neath other skies,
The lover quits his cot—
His cherish'd lone one fondly sighs
O'er "Love's" forget-me-not.

When 'neath the sod where willows wave,
In some lone quiet spot—
Plant me, sweet flow'ret, on my grave
"Love's own" forget-me-not!
Bristol.

HOME SLAVERY;*

OR,

THE VICTIM OF "LATE HOUR SYSTEMS."

By W. M. KIRKHOUSE.

'Tis past! the mourner throng retrace their steps
To where the lost one lingered out his last
Lone hours (as thousand others do e'en now)
Till death had claimed his victim, and bereft
A widow of her only hope. The young
Must die; the gifted, too, full soon are called
To join their souls to throngs of saints above,
And tell their Maker's praise.

But he was one
Of lowly birth, and doomed to toil his youth
Within an atmosphere whose deadly power
Robs life of health and joy, and plants disease
Within the frame. From morn till night for long,
Long hours did he inhale the putrid air
Of dust and gas, and bow with deference
To forms of beauty, coroneted brows,
And all who boast high titles in our land.
But little did they think of wasting health
From long confinement, little dream that e'en
The outcast felon band have privilege
To breathe the freshening breeze, and gaze upon
The noon-day sun, and feel the warmth of his
Most genial rays; while they within the walls
Of their gay prison house yet toil, toil on,
And die! There is no change; an early grave
Is all they pass to, and full soon they find
A close of earthly cares. The high arched brow
Which tells of towering intellect and Mind
Yet pregnant with the fruit of Genius,
And he whose life is spent on meaner things,
Must share the one same fate which e'er awaits
The slave to "Late Hour Systems!"

Oh! Woman!
Can no plea be found to change this system dread?
Is every chord in Feeling's cell unstrung,
And every ear stopped up, lest tongues inspired
With holy ardour in our righteous cause
Convinced you of your wrong? Humanity
Hath claims upon the gentler sex. Then list
While we relate our tale, a tale too true
For men to doubt, a picture too well known
To be denied. Yes, Woman; say, are men
To be the mere machines which wealth and power
Direct and hold in bondage? Is England
Doomed to be the very soil polluted
By tread of native slaves? Her sons, are they
To wear the galling chain yet riveted
By those whose principles are mis-called Freedom?
For this is bondage worse than that which binds
The man to labour, but allows him time
For rest, and gives him health, though exiled from
The home of early days. We toil where health
Cannot be known, nor mind reveal its glory,
From early morn until the glorious sky
Is mantled with the clouds of night, till all
The firesides of beloved friends are closed

Against us! I say "closed," because the hour
Of our release is late, too late to seek
The cheerful hearth, or dear delightful board,
And taste the joys of social converse.
And then what comes? Why, taverns in their
turn

Become frequented, and the noble youth
Is linked with drunkard—aye, the very touch
Of ale-house cup hath ruined many, robbed
Them of the dignity of men, depraved
Their tastes, prostrated mind, and hurled high
Reason

From her lofty throne. The aged father's
Silvery locks have thus been brought in sorrow
To the grave; the tender mother too
Hath wailed the fate of him whose joyous smile
In infancy repaid her watchful care,
And whom she hoped (as Mothers hope) to see
Her pride and glory in declining years.
Yes, thousands die ere they have reached the age
Of manhood; and this heritage of wrong
Fair Woman doth bestow! Oh! souls will rise
In judgment 'gainst the cause of their perdition,
And Deity proclaim the wrongs they suffered.

And there are others, too, whom Genius hath
Endowed with brilliant talents, souls of noble
worth,

Yet doomed to labour their young lives away
Unpitied and unknown; bright gems of learning,
Whose fraught minds aspire to noble actions,
Whose young hearts are fired with holy, high
Imaginations of future glory,
Aspirations to be GREAT in the full sense
And meaning of the word. Yes, I have seen
Them toil their midnight hours away, then pore
O'er fav'rite Books till nature sank from dire
Exhaustion; for mind hath cravings which
O'errule whate'er oppose it, and doth pine
For knowledge as the flower which droops its head
Until the sun reveals its radiance
And sheds forth genial rays; but these are martyrs,
By themselves consigned to immolation
On the piles their young hopes raise; but even
they

May yet be saved if time is granted them
To worship at the shrine of Genius, and
Pursue their path to Learning's haunts, while some
Picture Elysium in fair Wisdom's bowers.
Then list unto our cry. Exert yourselves,
That all who serve you may have time to make
Their purchases at early noon, while you
Yourselves set the example! 'Tis custom,
Not necessity, which keeps our shops so late
For business open. Come, mothers of our land,
Come ye whose presence cheers the social board
And gives the magic to the sound of Home;
Lead on our ranks, while sisters fair shall join
Th' assembled throng and gain us victory.
Assist us, and a thousand tongues each morn
And night shall pray for blessings on your heads,
While you yourselves exult to see a race
Of men gain health's rich dowry by your own
Decree of self-taught wisdom. Again I say,
Assist us to release our brethren from
The bondage in Home Slavery endured.

Brighton.

* See the Prize Essay on this subject.

THE MAIDEN AND THE FLOWERS
ON MAY MORNING.

From the German of Schzeiber.

BY ELIZA LESLIE.

MAIDEN.

Welcome, sweetest flowerets, glowing,
In this golden time of year;
Yet methinks you're long a coming,
And the summer is so near.

Tell me, can you hear my wooing?
Loving glances can ye see?
Language of the flowers' soft cooing—
Tell me, who can teach to me?

Who shall choose me out meet playmate?
And of all this lovely band,
Who shall be my loving May-mate,
Shadowing forth the better land?

THE LILY.

Maiden fair! look on the brightness
Mother Nature shed on me;
And believe my pureness—whiteness—
Prove me near akin to thee.

THE MOUNTAIN VIOLET.

Choose me, maiden! dew or breezes
May not fade my tender blue—
A deep yearning my heart seizes,
To be ever near to you.

THE ROSE.

Choose me! for thy sacred duty,
Chaste and holy modesty;
How to keep in stainless beauty,
Faithfully I'll teach to thee:

THE ROSEMARY.

Choose me! for in hope the maiden
Twines me in her bridal wreath;
And in hope the heavy laden
Lays me on the bier of death.

THE MAIDEN.

Come, sweet friends! the wisest, dearest—
All shall grace my festival:
Tell me, what in life is fairest?
What in death most beautiful?

July, 1844.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY ELIZABETH.

A knot of withered flowers they lay
Upon the dewy ground;
No trace to mark from whence they came,
No footstep seen around.

The Periwinkle's lovely form
Lay with the Jasmine's there—
The Myrtle ever green and bright,
The Lily young and fair.

One narrow bit of ribbon bound
Their fairy stems together,
One little bit of ribbon—blanch'd
By sun, and wind, and weather;

They looked but common flowers to those
Who prize not trifling things;
To me they brought a varied host
Of wild imaginings!

Methought of our own destiny
An emblem sad, though true,
And many a dark and mournful thought
They conjured up to view.

What are we but gay flowers
Upon earth's varied round—
That rise and flourish for an hour,
Then sink into the ground?

Caressed and fondly treasured
While there is aught to gain,
But cast aside as worthless things
When life is on the wane.

I took the withered flowers
As they lay drooping there,
For I felt that it might be my fate
Their destiny to share!

— — —
LINES,

Written while a Lark was Singing.

Happy bird, so wild and free,
Singing now thy hymn of praise;
Unto him that watches thee,
And protects thee all thy days.

May I learn of thee content!
Nor look past the present hour;
But receive the blessings sent,
Thankfully, nor wish for more.

Then, instead of dull complaints,
I should rival thee in song;
Be like thee returning thanks,
Every day, and all day long.

MARIE F.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

(A Tale of the Day.)

BY MRS. ADDY.

Milburne was a young physician; he had a small patrimony, few friends, and fewer patrons; therefore it is needless to add that he enjoyed the goods of leisure far more abundantly than those of fortune. He had been induced to settle in the pretty country town of Riverton, because the early friend of his father, Sir John Rowland, a married man with a family of ten children, resided on his estate at the distance of about a mile from the town, and had promised him an introduction to all his acquaintance, and an unlimited authority in the medical department of his household. The former part of this promise was scrupulously fulfilled; but, alas! Sir John knew not what he said when he held out the hope that his family were likely to be ill. They were all, from the eldest to the youngest, in a state of the most provoking and determined good health; and yet they all did things which would have affected the health of any body else. Sir John patronized French dishes, luxuriated in turtle and lime-punch, and quaffed champagne as though he had never heard that the gout was an hereditary complaint in his family; Lady Rowland prided herself on her skill in driving, and daily took the air in a little phaeton drawn by two skittish black ponies, who had thrice run away with her, but who she persisted in declaring were only "full of play!" Mr. Rowland, the son and heir, followed the hounds on a restive hunter, sold to him as a particular bargain by a particular friend; Mr. Adolphus Rowland sat up half the night reading for honours; Miss Rowland waltzed half the night at winter balls; Miss Belinda Rowland wrote poetry by moonlight, under the shade of a weeping willow on the margin of a fish-pond; and Miss Araminta Rowland had a waist like a wasp, and had nearly brought herself to subsist on a diet of hard biscuits and soda-water. What admirable materials for a medical man were here collected! Apoplexy, indigestion, fractured limbs, nervous seizures, consumptive attacks, and spine complaints, ought to have been as household words in the establishment of the baronet. Health, however, is a capricious goddess, and frequently favours such families as the Rowlands, in preference to those who sit evoking her with Buchan in their hands, and a battalion of pill-boxes and phials around them; and the inhabitants of the hall continued to bloom, smile, and flourish, notwithstanding all their efforts to the contrary. Once, indeed, Sir John was so obliging as to catch cold, gave a guinea to the young physician, and suffered him to write a prescription for him; but it was on the principle which made Hawthorn, in "Love in a Village," take a solitary draught of medicine in compliment to a cousin who had just set up in business; and the cold disappeared the next day, although the baronet honourably did all he could to encourage its stay by getting his feet wet through in a rainy morning, and driving in an open carriage to a gentleman's

dinner-party in a foggy evening. Milburne had frequent invitations to dine at Sir John Rowland's house, and many pleasant introductions to the neighbouring families; but none proved profitable to him. Neither had he better fortune in the town of Riverton. There was a "general practitioner" already settled there, who fully verified his designation; his practice was so general that he left no open ground for a rival. Mr. Collett was full of anecdote and compliment, caressed all the children of his patients, and admired all the lap-dogs; and Mrs. Collett was an indefatigable morning visitor, and an unwearied giver of tea parties, and had the enviable tact of talking and even gossiping from morning to night, without ever saying anything to commit herself or her husband. Their assistant, too, Mr. Dilton, who was treated as "one of the family," was a pretty-looking pink and white young man, who put his hair in curl-papers, played the flute, understood the language of flowers, and wrote album effusions, which the young ladies of Riverton considered very little inferior to the lyrics of Haynes Bayly. The family were universal favourites, and the learning, literature, and refinement of the young physician were valued at nought by his neighbours; or, at all events, very seldom valued at a guinea.

Milburne would unquestionably have sought a speedy change of locality, but he had a source of perpetual attraction in the immediate vicinity of Riverton. There, in a pretty little rose-encircled villa, resided Ada Woodford, a beauty and an heiress. Milburne had lost his heart to her; he would have done the same had she been penniless. She had expressed herself favourably inclined towards him; she was an only child, her father was kind and affectionate, and not at all ambitious. And yet the love-suit of the young physician was not by any means so prosperous as might have been anticipated from these very desirable premises.

Mr. Woodford was a man of easy fortune, but Ada's fifty thousand pounds were derived from another source. Mr. Woodford had a very rich maiden aunt, very exacting, very irritable, and very unforgiving, as very rich maiden aunts are but too apt to be. Mr. Woodford and his sister were both disowned by her, because they had married imprudently; or, as she colloquially expressed it, "did not do the best they might have done for themselves." She predicted that they would have very little comfort in wedlock; and, unfortunately, her prediction proved true. Mrs. Woodford was amiable and excellent, but soon after her marriage, she fell into a state of decided ill health, suffered for five years all the troubles and trials of a confirmed invalid, and died at the end of that time, leaving one little girl, four years of age. Miss Woodford had still less agreeable experiences of matrimony than her brother. Mr. Sutton spent all his own money, and then had recourse to that of his wife (for Miss Woodford was one of those romantic young ladies who "cannot endure the idea of a settlement"), and would ultimately, no doubt, have broken her heart had he not broken his own head in a fall from a tandem. Mrs. Sutton, like her brother, was left with one little girl; and the house of that

generous brother, then a widower, became an immediate refuge for herself and her child. She wrote to Miss Howden, the wealthy aunt, professing all due penitence for having "committed matrimony" against that respected lady's excellent and sound judgment; but Miss Howden returned the letter unopened, merely writing a few lines in the envelope, to say that she felt no wish to renew her intercourse with her brother or herself.

Years rolled on. Ada Woodford, and her cousin, Flora Sutton, were nearly nineteen years of age, when Miss Howden died. It was known that she had no relatives but those whom she had discarded; she had, however, a train of toad-eaters at her command, and they all expected legacies from one to ten thousand pounds. Her medical attendant expected a legacy, and contemplated the transformation of his gig into a barouche; her solicitor expected a legacy, and intended to send his daughter to a finishing seminary in the Regent's park; the parish school expected a legacy, and the committee of ladies looked forward to the admission of twenty more girls; the county hospital expected a legacy, and the directors projected a new wing to the building, and had even held a little conversation on the subject with a surveyor. Alas! for the uncertainty of human expectations! the toad-eaters had not even a china jar; the doctor and lawyer had not even a mourning ring; the school and the hospital had not even a legacy of nineteen guineas. Miss Howden bequeathed her fifty thousand pounds, and all the rest of her goods and chattels, to Ada Woodford; but if she died unmarried, and under age, the whole of the property was to revert to Flora Sutton.

In Ada Woodford, quiet, unassuming, and unambitious, this acquisition of property wrought very little change; but in Mrs. Sutton and Flora a change took place—melancholy, but, alas! not uncommon. That fatal love of money which is so emphatically denounced in Scripture as "the root of all evil," began to display itself most unequivocally in both of them; and Ada, their kind, generous, and amiable young relative, was considered by them in the light of a rival and a foe, merely because she enjoyed wealth which they had never till recently had the slightest hope or prospect of attaining as their own. Mrs. Sutton had got over her romance at a very early period of life. The rude shock of her imprudent marriage was indeed quite enough to bring about this desirable event, but she had never been thoroughly worldly, scheming, and designing, till the morning when she was a startled auditress of Miss Howden's will; she had loved her niece for many years, and sincerely lamented the delicacy and fragility of constitution which she had inherited from her mother; but new ideas now pressed in upon her, and she repeatedly thought (and "the wish was father to the thought") that it was "extremely probable that Ada would die before she was twenty-one, and extremely desirable that the poor thing should be released from an existence which, no doubt, would, if prolonged, be one of great suffering to her."

Mrs. Sutton, however, had more difficulties to contend with than she had at first anticipated.

The news of Ada's legacy brought upon her an avalanche of marriage proposals; her acceptance of any one of which would, speedily, have darkened Flora's brilliant prospects since marriage would at once place Ada's property at her own disposal. How, then, was Mrs. Sutton to act? She resided in her brother's house as a dependent. She had for some time felt the policy, and indeed the propriety of allowing his daughter to act as the mistress of his establishment unvexed by interference or control on her part; and Ada the heiress must of course be treated with still more courtesy and deference than Ada the expectant of a genteel property on the death of her father. Mr. Woodford was fond of society, and fond of seeing his daughter admired and courted; how then were the intruding lovers to be kept at a distance? Mrs. Sutton decided that she could do nothing in her own person to keep them at a distance, but that she would endeavour to prevail on Ada to do so, and she perpetually plied her niece with the most dismal histories of unfortunate marriages; it would almost seem that she must have read up to the subject from day to day, to supply the constant reinforcement of dolorous recitals which she held at her command; she was another Scherezade in relating stories, but her stories were all of one cast. A fortune-hunter figured as the hero of each of them, and the unhappy heiress who was deluded by his hypocritical professions of attachment had varied fates, but all of them of a melancholy nature; sometimes she died of a broken heart, sometimes she pined in the confinement of a prison-house, to which she had followed her unworthy husband. Occasionally the scene was varied by making her the inhabitant of a lunatic asylum; and often she died suddenly, and a coroner's inquest discussed the circumstances of her death, expressing their strong conviction that she had not come fairly by it! Mrs. Sutton also presented elegantly bound copies of "Wedlock," and "The Maid's Husband," to her niece, telling her that "they were extremely sensible novels, written for the purpose of proving marriage to be a very unhappy state; and that she doubted not they would make quite a revolution in society."

Ada acted precisely as her aunt wished her to do—for this simple reason, her heart was completely uninterested in all her lovers; she felt sorry to wound their feelings, but habit made her quite a proficient in the language of refusal, and she never troubled herself to contravene Mrs. Sutton's libels on matrimony, considering, with justice, that she was much more likely to understand the subject than herself—till Milburne was presented to her, and she suddenly became impressed with the idea that her aunt was very uncharitable, that marriage might be a very happy state, and that young men might very well fall in love with pretty heiresses, without of necessity being mercenary and unprincipled. Milburne ventured to hint his admiration; he was not repulsed. Mrs. Sutton tried to persuade him that Ada was attached to another person; she failed. Flora attempted to entangle him in a flirtation with herself; she also failed. And Mrs. Sutton in despair betook herself one morning to the little sitting-room of her brother,

which, having a few shelves of books, a paper-case, and an ink-stand in it, he dignified with the name of "his study."

"I fear that Milburne is likely to propose to our dear Ada," she said, with a look as mournful as if she were announcing the projected decapitation of her dear Ada on the ensuing morning.

"I am sure I have no objection to his proposal, nor to her acceptance of it," replied Mr. Woodford, who seemed to be in a state of provokingly imperturbable placidity of temper.

"But, my dear brother, Milburne is poor."

"So much the better. I very much doubt Ada's capacity to spend fifty thousand pounds with becoming spirit. It is very desirable that she should not be burdened with any increase of wealth on the side of her husband."

"But he is not of aristocratic origin."

"So much the better. I have no pretension to such distinctions, myself; and should be sorry to see Ada looked down upon by any family that she entered."

"But he has not a single connexion of any kind."

"So much the better. The rivalries and dissensions we so often hear of among ladies who are near relations 'in law, but not in love,' will never then be a source of annoyance to Ada."

"But Milburne is not agreeable, or intelligent; in fact, he is a person whom I particularly dislike."

"That might be an excellent reason for declining his addresses if it were *your* hand that he sought; and might have some weight if he were in love with your daughter; but I hope that he is agreeable and intelligent enough to be tolerated by you in the character of a nephew. Especially as you and Flora will, of course, continue to reside with me; and the young couple will have an establishment of their own."

"But I am convinced," said Mrs. Sutton, driven to her last resource, and ready to sob with vexation, "that Milburne does not care for our amiable, lovely Ada; but only seeks her for her fortune."

"That is easily asserted," said Mr. Woodford, "but not so easily proved. You have just said, with truth, that Ada is lovely and amiable; why then may she not be sought for herself, as well as for her money? If your doctrine were universally adopted, no heiress would ever enter the marriage state, except with some one whose wealth equalled her own; and I do not at all approve of rolling two heavy masses of gold into one. Ada is of an age, an understanding, and a fortune to entitle her to choose for herself, and I see no reason why she should be opposed; especially as I can find no fault whatever with the object of her choice. And now, sister, I think we have talked on this subject quite long enough; and I will thank you to leave me to my studies."

Mrs. Sutton retired, looking thoroughly vexed and disconcerted, and Mr. Woodford took a pinch of snuff, and then opened an enormous folio, from the recesses of which he drew forth the last number of "Punch," and sat down to his favourite study, which generally occupied him during the greatest part of the week. How happy would it have been for Milburne had he immediately made his proposals;

but he could not summon resolution to do so, and he had also a source of very distressing anxiety in the evidently increasing ill-health of the object of his affection.

Ada was not drooping from the troubles of love, for her love she hoped and believed to be reciprocal and prosperous, but from constitutional malady. Her father did not perceive her decline of strength; we are seldom quick in discerning a change of appearance in those who constantly live with us, but her aunt and cousin, whose perceptions were sharpened by self interest, saw and exulted in it. People in general thought that Miss Woodford became thinner and paler than ever, but these tokens are seldom considered of much importance in a young lady, being immediately imputed by the community to such slight and trivial causes as love, learning, hot rooms, romance reading, or tight stays!

"I trust," said Lady Rowland one day to Milburne, "that poor Ada Woodford is not going to be afflicted with the terrible malady of her mother."

Milburne eagerly inquired what that malady was: he had never asked or happened to hear the cause of Mrs. Woodford's death; the answer caused him deep pain. Mrs. Woodford had been the victim of severe and repeated attacks of epilepsy, they had finally injured the action of the brain, and her death was a matter of thankfulness to her friends, when they reflected on the probable wreck of reason that would have darkened her future days. Visitors interrupted the many inquiries that Milburne was about to address to Lady Rowland, and he sadly left the house, and proceeded to pay a visit to a lady at Riverton, who having been resident for twenty years in the vicinity of the Woodford family, might, he concluded, satisfy him on some points connected with them, concerning which he felt very anxious to be informed. Most unfortunately, Mrs. Sutton was sitting with Miss Barker when he entered, and to her he resolved to offer his interrogatories. She had always been courteous to himself, and he believed her to be warmly attached to her niece; he inquired whether she had been intimate with the late Mrs. Woodford, and whether she retained a clear recollection of her; she answered both questions in the affirmative. Milburne then fearfully touched on the delicate state of Ada's health, and inquired whether it were likely that she inherited the affliction of her mother. Mrs. Sutton wished nothing better than to give him minute information on the subject, and she assured him (speaking, to do her justice, nothing more than the truth) that Ada was exactly like her mother in mind and person, that she exhibited constitutional symptoms of a precisely similar character, and that she now was apparently fast approaching that state of nervous lassitude which had preceded the first epileptic attack of Mrs. Woodford. Sorrow-stricken and disappointed, poor Milburne returned to his solitary home, and Mrs. Sutton hastened to communicate to her brother "Milburne's shameful heartless way of speculating on dear Ada's death in the very presence of a relation who would die to save her."

"You said," she exultingly continued, "that

my denunciation of Milburne as a fortune-hunter wanted proof; who else but a fortune-hunter would bear to contemplate the death of the woman whom he professes to love, and industriously and perseveringly to drag forth from one like myself the sad and harrowing particulars of the long-protracted sufferings of my beloved sister?"

Mrs. Sutton had always, by the way, remarkably disliked her "beloved sister," and the statements respecting her long-protracted sufferings had been, so far from being "dragged forth" from her, that she volunteered most joyfully an oration of a quarter of an hour's length, in answer to Milburne's dozen words of interrogation; but her brother was not disposed to doubt or cross-question her; besides she referred him for a corroboration of her history to Miss Barker, who, although not an exceedingly amiable or sweet-tempered spinster, was a person of strict integrity and veracity. Mr. Woodford felt excessively angry with Milburne; he was not at all aware of the state of his daughter's health, it was Mrs. Sutton's interest to lull him into a false security on this point, and he was quite ready to coincide with her that Milburne had taken an unnecessary and unfeeling view of the subject.

"No lover, certainly," he said, "would talk in such a way," but he forgot that Milburne was a physician as well as a lover.

Poor Milburne, after passing the evening in reading all that medical writers have written about epilepsy, and dreaming on the same subject in his short intervals of sleep during a disturbed and feverish night, came to the conclusion that Ada would be more likely to revive under his care, than under that of an aunt who seemed determined that she should die, and a father who would not be persuaded that anything was the matter with her; he wrote to Mr. Woodford, proposing for the hand of Ada, and enclosing a letter for herself; had she been without fortune, he would first have endeavoured to gain her own consent, but he considered that he adopted the most honourable way of addressing an heiress under age, and he resolved, that should he be accepted, all that consultations of London physicians, and travels to bright and balmy southern climes could do for Ada, should immediately be done; hope seemed to spring within him, and he trusted that it might yet please heaven to avert from him the blow of being deprived by death of his beloved Ada. The letter was delivered to Mr. Woodford when Mrs. Sutton was alone with him; all that a malicious and scheming woman could say to prejudice him against the writer was said by her, and Mr. Woodford, at her instigation, destroyed the letter to Ada, and wrote a refusal to Milburne couched in haughty and distant terms, and "begging to decline the honour of his future visits at his house." Mrs. Sutton, however, did not deem her work yet done; anxious to prevent the possibility of a meeting between the lovers, she sent for Mr. Collett, the general practitioner, who at her instigation prescribed sea air for Ada, and the party removed immediately to a watering place, from which they did not return till Mrs. Sutton had received the welcome information in a letter from Miss Barker, that Milburne had given up his house, paid fare-

well visits to his "few and far between" patients, and quitted Riverton for ever. Poor Ada returned, not at all benefited by her excursion, and feeling most deeply hurt at the apparent want of kindness and even of common courtesy displayed by Milburne, in leaving Riverton without even addressing a line to her, who had believed herself so safely enshrined in his heart. Little did she know how bitterly and sorrowfully he felt on the eve of his departure, how fondly he gazed on every tree and flower surrounding Woodford lodge, how even the dulllest and narrowest streets of Riverton were invested with attraction in his eyes, when he remembered that he had formerly trodden them in the company of Ada, and how often he repeated to himself the beautiful sentiment of Shenstone. "The words 'no more' have a singular pathos, reminding us at once of past pleasure, and of the future exclusion of it." He felt, however, no wish to remain in Riverton; he imagined that Ada had received his letter from her father, and had treated him with unmerited contempt in not condescending to reply to it; he had no definite plan of action respecting his future movements; but the few persons whose acquaintance he valued were resident in London, and accordingly to London he determined for the present to betake himself.

Milburne's favourite college friend, Grafton, resided at the west end of the metropolis; he had occasionally corresponded with him, and now paid an early visit at his house. Milburne had never seen the rest of the family, and felt somewhat curious to know what his friend's two sisters were like, whether they were dowdies or dashers, whether they were skilled in controversy or Berlin wool-work, whether they studied Euclid or wrote sonnets for Albums. Had he been wealthy, he might have wondered whether they were matrimonial manœuvrers; but Milburne verified the lines—

"Blithe sings the traveller with empty purse,
And in the robber's sight pursues his course."

So very small was his modicum of worldly wealth, that although young, handsome, and clever, he had escaped all attacks from the fair sex, save one from a young lady at Riverton, of whom report alleged, that having been introduced to society for ten years without receiving an offer, and having in that period seen four housemaids married away from the maternal establishment, she at length despairingly ejaculated:—

"Do, mamma, make me your housemaid, for it is your only chance of getting me off your hands!"

Milburne found Grafton at home, and, delighted to see him; he was presented to his family, and discovered to his great satisfaction that Mr. and Mrs. Grafton were well-bred and agreeable, and the young ladies unaffected and intelligent. He received an invitation to join a party of friends who were invited to meet at their house on the ensuing evening, and departed well pleased with his visit. The evening came, but Milburne, accustomed to the early hours of the country, entered the drawing-room before any of the family were assembled in it; a gentleman

with the air of *l'ami de maison* was sitting writing at a table, but on the approach of Milburne, he courteously put aside his occupation, and entered into conversation with him.

The stranger was so remarkably intelligent and gentlemanly, that Milburne soon forgot he was a stranger, and they conversed together on the books on the table, the paintings round the room, and the various topics of the day, in all of which Milburne found his new acquaintance perfectly at home; he was evidently clever, he would have been a star at Riverton, but whether or not he was considered as a star in "the great metropolis" remained to be proved. Some of the family entering the room at the same time with a detachment of guests, broke up Milburne's pleasant *tête-à-tête*, for his companion appeared known to every body, and popular with every body, and was speedily surrounded with a little circle of his own. Milburne was glad to see his friend Grafton approach him, and eagerly asked him the name of the person who had excited so much interest in him.

"I am glad you have already made acquaintance with him," said Grafton, "for you will often see him at our house. You, of course, know the name of Harcourt, the celebrated professor of Mesmerism."

Milburne felt somewhat disconcerted and confounded at this intelligence. A lively modern writer said, a few years ago, that "the time was rapidly approaching, when, if it were whispered to a young man that he was dancing with the authoress of three epic poems, he would merely give an agitated start, and utter a tremulous indeed!" but the march of science has not been quite so rapid as that of literature, and there are few people who could be told that they had been conversing freely and familiarly with a professor of Mesmerism, without feeling a slight fear that they might have been subjected to some unrecked of necromantic spell. Besides, Milburne had always entertained a professional dislike and jealousy towards the science; sometimes he joined with a party who called it all collusion and delusion, and sometimes with those who considered it as produced by the union of weak nerves and a strong imagination. The discovery that his new acquaintance was one of this proscribed class did not, however, lessen the interest that he took in his proceedings. He observed him with great attention, he first felt struck at the universal respect and homage which were shown to him; and next, astonished that he of whom every body thought so much, should seem to think so little of himself, that his manners should be so natural and unassuming. Milburne had not yet seen enough of the world to be aware of the justice of that excellent aphorism—"The greatest truths are the simplest, so likewise are the greatest men." Indeed, to confess the fact, Milburne's taste had been so completely provincialized by his location in a third-rate country town, that he found it rather difficult to imagine people of decided talent ever suffering their mind and manners to wear an easy *dishabille* in society; he fancied that they must always, like the magicians in old wood-cuts, have a wand in one hand, and a book of enchantments in the

other; and he was delighted when Harcourt, in the course of the evening, again entered into familiar conversation with him, and expressed a wish for his acquaintance. The next morning, Milburne was an early visitor at the Graftons, and expressed in warm terms his enjoyment of the evening he had passed at their house.

"There is certainly," he said, "something in the sparkle and freshness of London conversation, which affords a delightful contrast to the common-place *causerie* to which I have been accustomed in the Riverton tea-parties."

"I find it difficult to agree with you, Dr. Milburne," said the youngest Miss Grafton, who was somewhat sentimental, "I always think there must be so much cordiality, simplicity, and friendliness in country society."

"I cannot better answer your remark," said Milburne, "than by quoting to you some beautiful lines from the Rev. W. Harness's 'Welcome and Farewell'—"

"In the retirement
You deem so blest, full many a bad passion
Thrives more luxuriantly, and strikes deeper root,
Than in the much belibelled city. Where we meet
But few to compete with us, trivial graces
Will oft engender wondrous vanities;
While mighty envies spring from slight occasions,
And small offences, falling on a mind
Which has but little to divert its thoughts,
Will kindle deep and lasting enmities."

"I am sorry to interrupt you, Milburne," said Grafton, "when you are quoting poetry, especially if the lines with which you have favoured us are a sample of any more that you remember from the same source; but this is one of the mornings when Harcourt lectures on Mesmerism, and we shall be most happy if you will favour us with your company in our visit to him."

Milburne rather hesitatingly signified his willingness to comply: a lecture on Mesmerism conveyed no pleasant associations to his mind. Mesmerism, like every other science, has its quacks and charlatans; and a few months ago a person, ungentlemanly in manners, and uncultivated in mind, had engaged the long-room of the principal hotel in Riverton, for a lecture on that subject. Milburne was not there; he said he did not choose to commit himself by attending—just as if a medical man could ever commit himself by striving to attain information which may tend to benefit his fellow-creatures. It so happened, however, that Milburne would not have attained any information had he gone; for the lecturer gave so distorted and exaggerated a detail of Mesmerism, and brought forward experiments so manifestly intended to deceive, that many left the room in displeasure, and the whole population of Riverton—Milburne among the rest—drew from the events of the evening the charitable and candid deduction that, as an uneducated and obscure lecturer on Mesmerism had visited Riverton, Mesmerism must be a delusion, and all its professors impostors. Milburne, however, was soon satisfied that he was not "committing himself" by

attending the lecture of Harcourt, for he beheld on his entrance a large assemblage of persons of most unexceptionable appearance. Here sat a little group, whose quiet elegance and patrician bearing clearly designated them as the daughters of the aristocracy: near them was a knot of intellectual men, whose countenances gave promise of scholars and authors: a few venerable grey-haired patriarchs carried with them the authority of sages and philosophers; and many eager, animated, youthful faces appeared to say, "We come on purpose to be instructed, and have little fear of failing in our endeavour to acquire information." Harcourt addressed his numerous auditors with ease, grace, and perspicuity: he mentioned the existing prejudices against the science of which he appeared as an advocate, and one by one mildly and convincingly refuted them. He answered with a command of temper that seemed extraordinary to Milburne, the many weak-minded queries of persons, who seemed rather to be proud of their ignorance than ashamed of it; and he read aloud various extracts from reputable publications, attested by accredited names, and shewing how pain had been removed or ameliorated, and severe suffering undergone without the knowledge of the patient, through the means of this wonderful power, which demanded the gratitude of man, instead of his fear and distrust. At the close of the lecture Harcourt exhibited some interesting experiments, and Milburne for the first time in his life beheld the beautiful phenomena of Mesmerism. Harcourt not only tolerated scrutiny as a necessary evil, but invited it as a favour; and Milburne, when the audience dispersed, and Harcourt joined the party of the Graftons, could not refrain from pouring forth his delighted acknowledgments to him. "I never understood Mesmerism," he said, "till I heard its principles developed by you."

"Have you ever tried to understand it?" said Harcourt. "Have you ever read a work on the subject, or attended a lecture, or assisted in, or even witnessed, an experiment?"

"Never," replied Milburne, looking a little ashamed of himself.

"Then," said Harcourt, "what right had you to decry Mesmerism unheard and untried? You would not have felt yourself justified in doing so in the case of any other science."

"I did not consider it a science at all," answered Milburne: "I thought it only countenanced by two classes of people—the needy who preyed on the credulity of others, and the ignorant who were willing to be preyed upon."

"And under which class," inquired Harcourt with a smile, "did you rank the name of Elliotson—under that of the needy or of the ignorant?"

"To confess the truth," said Milburne, returning his smile, "the name of Elliotson was so constantly quoted by the advocates of Mesmerism, that I felt towards its owner somewhat of the ill-will felt towards Aristides by the countryman who was weary of hearing him perpetually called 'the Just'; but I trust I have overcome this unworthy feeling."

"I am sure you have," said Harcourt; "other-

wise you would not be inclined to acknowledge it, and I am fearful that your feeling is but too general. It has been well said, that 'glory, greatness, and goodness, are the three sickles with which man reaps envy, hatred, and ingratitude:' you are, however, I think, willing to be convinced, and worthy of being so: a mind like yours would feel unhappy in after-life, if self-convicted of having neglected anything which might, under the blessing of Providence, remove the sufferings of a fellow-creature."

From that day Milburne became a constant associate of Harcourt's, and a constant attendant at his lectures: he also accompanied him in his visits to the sick and suffering, and was delighted to observe the almost invariable success of his endeavours to relieve them. "I cannot, however," he said to Harcourt, "feel the same confidence in your mode of proceeding as in ours; the principles of medical science are defined, and those of Mesmerism are not."

"Neither are those of any science in its days of infancy," said Harcourt. Lord Byron well says, that 'science is but the exchange of ignorance for that which is another kind of ignorance.' A succeeding generation will very likely impute ignorance to the Mesmerists of the present times: but this consideration, so far from impeding our efforts at advancement, ought rather, I think, to be an incitement to urge us on."

"Always," remarked Milburne, "submitting ourselves to the guidance, and praying for the blessing of the Most High."

"Undoubtedly," replied Harcourt; "and speaking as an individual representative of my class—and in your case you can do no more—I am thankful to say that such is always my practice, and I am enabled by it not only to bear success with humility, but to endure disappointment with resignation. Usually speaking, I have been most happy in my exertions for the good of others; but I always keep in mind the probability of a failure, and never visit a patient without recalling to my memory the admirable sentiment of the excellent Henry—'None should despair, because God can help them—none should presume, because God can cross them.'"

It is a trite, but a very just saying, that when lovers separate, the great burden of sorrow falls on the one who remains behind in the old familiar scenes, not on the one who has the resource of fresh pursuits, and the excitement of fresh companions. This remark particularly applied to the case of Ada Woodford and Milburne: he had the solace of a new and delightful study, and the friendship of a fine and superior mind; and she had nothing but the tedious insipid tea-drinkings of Riverton, and had not even the blessings usually allotted to the young of health and strength, she daily became more weak and languid. Believing herself deserted and despised by her lover, and having an indefinite feeling that she was no longer an object of attachment to her aunt and cousin, she looked to her father as her only source of comfort, and it was her constant endeavour to conceal from him the frequent fainting fits under which she suffered, and which, as Mrs. Sutton confidentially disclosed

to Miss Barker, were "exactly like those that dear Mrs. Woodford had preparatory to her first attack of epilepsy." Mr. Collett visited Ada, and directed that her mind should be kept perfectly quiet, and free from anxiety. It is easy to give such directions, but difficult to ensure the observance of them, and Ada's mind was in a state the very reverse of peace and contentment. Mrs. Sutton still continued her Scherezade propensity of telling long stories; but fortune-hunters were no longer the heroes of them; they all bore on the sufferings of young and beautiful girls hurried by various disorders to an untimely grave, to which they were followed by the tears and complaints of heart-broken relatives.

About this time, Mr. Woodford paid a morning visit to Sir John Rowland; he happened to complain of fatigue, and Lady Rowland, whose favourite little ponies were harnessed for a drive, insisted on conveying him home. Mr. Woodford, on taking his seat, remarked with some dismay the evident propensity of one of her Ladyship's pets to prance and rear; but whatever freaks were perpetrated by the pony in question, Lady Rowland only chose to designate as "pretty Fanny's way;" she laughed at his scruples, and ashamed to evince less courage than a lady, he submitted to be driven through Riverton by his dashing conductress. In the middle of the principal street, the pony achieved a splendid display of gymnastics, in which it was joined by its companion, and the phaeton was overturned. Lady Rowland, with the usual happy fortune of her race, escaped without any other mishap than a small rent in her blond veil, but Mr. Woodford received a severe cut on his forehead, and was temporarily stunned by the injury. The accident, however, could not have happened at a better time and place: it occurred just opposite to Miss Barker's door, and, holding silk for Miss Barker to wind, sat the insinuating assistant of Mr. Collett, of whom I have already made honourable mention. Dilton threw down his seventh skein of sky-blue floss silk, instantaneously bled Mr. Woodford, and assured him that his injuries would not be of the least consequence. Lady Rowland immediately thought of Ada, and feared that an exaggerated account of her father's accident might reach her; she, therefore, without delay, wrote a note to Mrs. Sutton, telling her how slight was the hurt sustained by her brother, and especially warning her not to permit Ada to know a word of the accident, but to inform her that her father was spending the day with Miss Barker. Little, however, did Lady Rowland estimate the sisterly sensibility and enthusiastic feeling which not only inclined Mrs. Sutton to fear the worst, while told to hope the best, but rendered her totally unable to keep her own counsel, and prompted her to make her niece a partaker of her gloomy forebodings; she rushed into Ada's dressing-room, announcing that her father had been thrown from Lady Rowland's phaeton, and was lying in a mangled insensible state; and the unhappy girl, weak in body, and weaker in mind, was unable to contend with this new and terrible trial: she burst into a fit of convulsive sobbing, and the first attack of epilepsy, which had been so long

hoped for by her aunt and Flora, and feared by her friends, took place. Poor Mr. Woodford thought little of his own trifling injury, when informed of the terrible seizure of his daughter; the first epileptic fit he regarded almost as he would have done a first plague-spot; physicians from all quarters were immediately summoned, and private friends likewise were all solicited to give their opinion and advice, and had each some favourite remedy, on which they descanted with unwearied eloquence. The father was desirous of adopting all these measures, the daughter was disinclined to try any of them; Mrs. Sutton and Flora took a midway course, and were anxious that every recommendation involving some risk should be attended to, and that those likely to be either harmless or salutary should be rejected. Mrs. Sutton advocated the Cold Water System, Flora patronized flowers of zinc; she had once met a gentleman who had been turned blue from taking that nostrum as a remedy for epilepsy, and she contemplated with much satisfaction the prospect of such a transformation of the roses and lilies of her cousin's complexion!

Lady Rowland occasionally corresponded with Milburne: he had exacted from her a promise that she would give him a candid and explicit account of Ada's health, and she now unwillingly acquainted him with her late change for the worse. Milburne silently and sorrowfully put the letter into the hands of Harcourt, with whom he was sitting at the time.

"This complaint," said Harcourt, "seems of all others to have baffled the skill of the physician; a medical writer says of it, that 'from the difficulty of investigating its causes, and its strange symptoms, it was formerly attributed to the wrath of the gods, or the agency of evil spirits.'"

"I am hopeless of her recovery," said Milburne, in a deep tone of sadness.

"I am more sanguine," replied Harcourt, "of all the cases which have yielded to Mesmeric influence, I know of none in which I have experienced more success than in those of epilepsy."

Milburne instantly wrote to Lady Rowland on the subject, desiring that the idea might be suggested by herself to Mr. Woodford, but Lady Rowland assured him in her answer that it had already been named to him, and rejected, and she repeated to him the particulars of a conversation of which she had been an auditress, when paying a morning visit to Woodford Lodge. A young man who had a slight acquaintance with the Woodfords, happened to be passing a few days at Riverton: he was told of the alarming state of Miss Woodford, and as he had lately heard of a wonderful cure of epilepsy effected through the agency of Mesmerism, he thought that he should do a good natured action in calling on Mr. Woodford, and mentioning the case to him.

"Do not delay making the trial," he said, "it may have a good effect on Miss Woodford, and at all events it is impossible it should do her any harm."

Mrs. Sutton here interposed: she did not at all like those remedies which might do good, and could not do harm; she inveighed against Mes-

merism in a speech of some length, but employed so many complicated and contradictory terms of opprobrium, that it was not quite clear to her hearers whether she identified it with thimble-rig, or with witchcraft! The rest of the party now joined in the conversation.

"I think clairvoyance a most dangerous and terrible property," said Flora Sutton: "how very annoying to reflect that people might read every word of one's letters without even breaking the seal!" (Flora had at that moment in her reticule a *billet-doux*, which the assiduous Dilton, by a series of legerdemain movements, had contrived to deposit therein.)

"For my part," said Dilton, "I particularly object to mental transfer; in fact, I would never submit to it."

"That is very disinterested of you, Mr. Dilton," said Miss Barker, with whom the assistant was just then much out of favour, on account of some act of neglect which he had shown to her pug dog; "you would be sure to be benefited by the exchange: I do not think it likely that any ideas could be transferred into your brain, which would not be superior to your own."

Dilton had not a repartee at hand, so he displayed the evenness of his teeth and his temper in the widest of all possible smiles.

"For my part," said a fat heavy man, who had sat silent in a corner since his entrance, "I particularly dislike the development of the phrenological organs under the mesmeric influence. How very disagreeable, for instance, to have one's organ of wit excited, and be obliged to make sharp clever speeches when one had never thought of such a thing before."

"Very true, Mr. Hurst," said Bingham, the young man who had recommended Mesmerism, and who, as he could not convince the company, determined to indemnify himself by laughing at them, "and even worse troubles than this might befall you: suppose your organ of benevolence should be excited, and you should be induced to write a draft on your banker for some public charity."

"Shocking," said Mr. Hurst, looking quite aghast at the possibility. "I declare to you, Mr. Bingham, that I have never even given a guinea to the National School, because it is my maxim that poor people may get on very well in the world, without knowing altogether the same things that I do."

"I perfectly coincide in your opinion," said Bingham.

"The most terrible thing to me," said Miss Barker, "is the thralldom one is under to the Mesmeriser; I am told one has no will of one's own."

"No small calamity certainly for a lady," remarked Bingham.

"And," pursued Miss Barker, "one has not the power of refusing a request during the trance. I would not subject myself to it for the world; suppose I should be asked to marry, and give my consent."

"Do not alarm yourself, Miss Barker," said Bingham, "I will venture to say that no mesmeriser would ever presume to make such a request of you."

"It is a frightful art," said Mr. Hurst, who was inspired to unusual loquacity by the idea of writing a draft on his banker during the excitement of his organ of benevolence. "I have heard that people in a trance can describe things passing in houses at a great distance from them; what prying and peeping into the affairs of other folks there would be, if this system became general!"

"Nay," said Miss Barker, with sudden animation, "I must say this is the best thing I have ever heard of Mesmerism: I should like very much to know what is going on in my own house at this present moment: I dare say Hannah is trimming her own cap, instead of polishing the drawing-room stove; and I have great reason to think that cook's sweetheart often comes to the house when I am out of the way."

"But should you like other people to see into your house when you are in it, Miss Barker?" asked Bingham.

"I should not in the least mind it," replied Miss Barker; and she spoke no more than the truth, for she was aware that her constant feuds with the cook and Hannah were so completely matters of history in Riverton, that a Mesmeric spy would have very little to repeat that was not already known there.

"But it must be very unpleasant," persisted Bingham, "for a lady to be watched, for instance, at her toilette."

"Shocking!" exclaimed a pretty little overdressed widow, with a remarkably brilliant complexion, and a suspicious profusion of ringlets. "Oh! Miss Barker, only reflect how very dreadful for us to be watched at our toilettes."

"I should not care about it," was Miss Barker's undaunted reply, as she complacently parted her grizzled locks, and recurred in thought to the large piece of mottled soap reposing on a blue and white delf dish, which formed the solitary cosmetic of her inartificial toilette.

"Then," said Flora, "I am told a few passes will make one deaf."

"That would indeed be a cruel infliction," said Bingham, "were it to prevent one from listening to conversation so entertaining and instructive as that of the present circle."

"And a few more passes," said the little widow, "would fix one in one's chair, like the enchanted lady in Comus."

"I am afraid," replied Bingham, "that I cannot just now sympathize very deeply in that misfortune. I feel convinced that were I to be fixed in my chair among so many lovely objects, I should be but too well pleased with my lot, and forget to call upon a Sabrina to disenchant me; but as I have not that excuse for breaking an appointment, the hour of which is drawing near, I fear I must utter a very reluctant farewell." And Bingham, having as he conceived, finished his discourse by a very prettily turned sentence, bowed himself out, quite regardless of having failed in the main object of his visit; had he endeavoured to disabuse these people of their prejudices, instead of laughing at them, he might have done some good; but as he had not contravened their remarks, Mr Woodford was confirmed in his fear and dislike of Mes-

merism, and Ada was not made aware that it had been proposed for her. Repeated attacks reduced Ada to such a state, that her fond father gradually lost every ray of hope. Mr. Collett was a frequent visitor, and Dilton a daily one; but the duties of the latter young gentleman seemed principally confined to drawing patterns for Flora's needle-work, watering her geraniums, teaching a tune to her bulfinch, quoting stanzas from love-stricken poets, and signifying that all their pangs united could not equal his own. Mrs. Sutton was blind to these dangerous proceedings; she had so fully determined that Flora, when she came into possession of fifty thousand pounds, should marry nothing beneath a nobleman, that she had not the slightest idea that Flora could cast a favourable eye on any denizen of Riverton or its vicinity; nay, even Sir John Rowland's eldest son would have been looked upon by the aspiring matron, as an alliance vastly inferior to the expectations which she had a right to form for her daughter. Lady Rowland soon addressed a letter to Milburne, which penetrated him with anguish; poor Ada's mind had begun to suffer under the influence of her malady, she had not slept for several nights, it was considered dangerous to administer soporific drugs to her, and although not absolutely delirious, her ideas were unconnected and wandering.

"Milburne, I cannot bear to remain passive in this matter," exclaimed Harcourt: "I will go down to Riverton; you must furnish me with a letter to Lady Rowland. I cannot of course intrude myself into Mr. Woodford's house, without his permission; but he may, perhaps, at Lady Rowland's intercession, permit her to introduce a friend of her own, who declines making known his system of relief till he has reason to feel satisfied of its success on his patient."

Milburne warmly and thankfully agreed to his friend's proposal. It was the height of the London season, and Harcourt was the cynosure of a large circle of the clever, the polished, and the influential; but at the call of duty and of friendship, he cheerfully resigned all these pleasures, and set out on a visit to a stranger, under whose auspices he was to be introduced into the house of another stranger, who he felt would dread and shun him, if he suspected his real mission.

Lady Rowland, kind-hearted, cordial, and enthusiastic, was perfectly delighted with Harcourt's character: she immediately after his arrival sent a note to Mr. Woodford. "I will bring with me, if you will permit me," she wrote, "a visitor to your daughter, who is in possession of means, which I feel the strongest conviction will be beneficial to her; what these means are, I am at present withheld from stating, but I will remain with your dear girl while she is subjected to them, and I would not for a moment hesitate in allowing them to be practised on a daughter of my own."

Mr. Woodford, ever ready to cling to hope, returned an eager answer of assent to Lady Rowland; nor did Mrs. Sutton oppose the proposed plan, feeling confident that nothing could restore Ada to health, and having besides a presentiment that Lady Rowland's *protégé* might be some new St. John Long, whose mode of procedure with

his patients might be rather summary than safe. Lady Rowland, to her honour be it spoken, did not attempt to drive Harcourt to Mr. Woodford's in her pony phaeton; she said his safety was too valuable to be tampered with, and the old family coachman mounted his box, and carefully presided over the dignified career of his four large steady heavy grey horses. Mr. Woodford exchanged a few courteous words with Harcourt, and he was then conducted by Lady Rowland to Ada's dressing-room. Mrs. Sutton declared that her feelings were so agitated by the critical condition of her dear niece, that she could not endure society, so she locked herself up in her bed-room to read the *Mirror of Fashion*; and Flora, still more sensitive, could not bear to remain in the house at all, but betook herself to "ranging the fields" in company with Dilton, not to converse about primroses, nor even about poetry, but about the most approved and agreeable ways of spending fifty thousand pounds. The inhabitants of Riverton were just then very fortunate; they had no less than two sources of excitement: one of them, the dangerous illness of Miss Woodford; the other, the numerous and increasing peccadillos of Mr. Dilton; his aversion to mental transfer seemed to have extended itself to pecuniary transfer, for several sums of money due to Mr. Collett had been deposited with the assistant, which had never reached the hands of the principal; and his organ of memory also might have been most advantageously excited, for he had borrowed money of various persons and forgotten to return it, lost money at cards and forgotten to pay it, nay, report even said that he had promised marriage to the young lady with spiral ringlets at the milliner's, and to the young lady with Madonna braids at the pastry-cook's, and forgotten every word of the matter! Had Dilton been likely to be always poor, he would ere this have been an exile from the tea-drinkings of Riverton, and the establishment of Mr. Collett; but the inhabitants of Riverton in general, and Mr. Collett in particular, were disposed to pay homage to the rising sun; and it was pretty clear to the most limited capacity, that when Miss Sutton's expected shower of gold descended upon her, Mr. Dilton would be a sharer in the benefits of it.

The whole household were now disposed of, with the exception of one person: Ada's own maid, Watson, was devotedly attached to her young lady; she had served her faithfully and affectionately for a long while, and felt exceedingly hurt that she was not allowed to be present at the interview which was now taking place. Watson, in common with many persons of the lower classes, had an idea that a severe illness could only be cured by a severe operation; she had also an idea that patients had never the option of accepting or declining such a measure, but that they were artfully tricked and trepanned into it; accordingly, as soon as Lady Rowland and Harcourt entered the apartment, she left it, but only to remain on the other side of the door, where she applied her eye to the key-hole, fully prepared to rush to the rescue on the first intimation of any hostile measures towards her dear young lady.

The poor girl was restlessly pacing the room when her visitors entered; her cheek was flushed with fever, and her eyes were at once heavy from want of sleep, and wild with the irritation of her disorder. Lady Rowland kindly accosted her, and introduced Harcourt as a friend who was desirous of serving her; she scarcely seemed to understand her words, but with mechanical courtesy motioned to her guests to be seated, and placed herself near them. Harcourt addressed a few soothing words to her, but she did not answer him, her mind was evidently wandering; he fixed an earnest and intent gaze upon her, she half rose from her seat, but from some inexplicable feeling resumed it; he endeavoured to meet her eye, but for a short time in vain, she had that furtive restless anxiety to avoid the glance of another which is the unflinching characteristic of even a mild form of mental alienation. At length he succeeded, she looked on him for a moment, then eagerly and painfully turned her head away, as if desirous of escaping from the influence of his gaze; he neither spoke nor moved; slowly her head regained its position, she again met his glance, but did not again seek to shun it, she fixed her eyes upon him with a look which had already lost half its late wildness and vacancy. Lady Rowland clasped her hands in thankfulness, she felt that there was now hope for her dear young friend! Just then the sound of approaching footsteps reminded Watson that she was not occupying the most honourable of all possible positions; she started from her knees, joined the other servants, and keeping her own enlightenment in the back-ground, united with them in conjecture as to the means of cure that the mysterious stranger was employing.

Half an hour had elapsed when Lady Rowland entered Mr. Woodford's study, her countenance radiant with joy. "I congratulate you, my dear Sir," she said. "A little while ago I felt it my duty to recommend to you resignation to the will of Providence; I have now the more pleasing office of calling on you to express your gratitude for his mercies. Ada is in a sound, refreshing slumber."

Scarcely believing the intelligence he had heard, the agitated father followed Lady Rowland to Ada's dressing-room; there, reclining on the sofa, lay his daughter, her dark fringed eye-lashes resting on a cheek no longer flushed with fever, but delicate as the tint of the wild rose; she breathed softly and regularly through her slightly severed lips, and neither the irrepressible burst of thankfulness from her father, nor the loud, unrestrained sobs of the faithful Watson, who had accompanied him into the room, seemed in the slightest degree to disturb the tranquil calmness of her repose. The time for concealment was of course at an end; Lady Rowland introduced Harcourt to Mr. Woodford in his real character, and it was affecting to hear the thanks and blessings poured by the grateful father on a man whom, a few hours before, he would have denounced as a deceiver, or derided as an enthusiast. Mr. Woodford immediately sent to summon his sister, but Mrs. Sutton having lain aside the Mirror of Fashion, remembering that she would soon have to go into deep mourning,

and that it could not signify to her whether pale pink or apple-green were the colour of the season, had accidentally looked from her window, and perceived on the summit of a hill, at a little distance from the house, her daughter and Dilton placed most amicably by each other's side on a rustic bench, which bore the ominous title of the Lovers' Seat; she instantly started forth for the purpose of separating the heiress-expectant from the presumptuous assistant, and thus escaped a little longer hearing the intelligence which would have convinced her but too clearly that Flora was not in the way to become a heiress at all.

Harcourt consented, at Mr. Woodford's earnest solicitations, to take up his residence for the present at Woodford Lodge. It was many hours before he deemed fit to awaken Ada, and when that event took place another event of some importance had occurred in the establishment. Mrs. Sutton had returned to the house in about an hour from the time she left it, looking very tired, heated, and out of humour, and bearing with her the sullen, unwilling Flora, who had been taken forcible possession of by her irreful mother at the very moment that her lover was discoursing most fluently on the subject of post-chaises and Gretna Green. Watson, who excessively disliked both mother and daughter, ran to meet them, and to inform them of the late happy change in her beloved young lady; and Mrs. Sutton was obliged to smoothe her ruffled countenance, and address a few words of forced congratulation to her brother, at the same time uttering in a stage aside her hope that "the poor dear girl might ever awaken from this very extraordinary and mysterious sleep!"

Flora speedily escaped to her own room to write a few lines to Dilton, not as my readers may suppose to inform him of the prospect of her cousin's recovery, but to extend to him her gracious permission to bring a post-chaise to the garden-gate that night at one o'clock. Dilton instantly showed the letter of "the heiress," as he called her, to two of his intimate friends, and they eagerly forced the loan of sundry bank-notes upon him, although, had he been likely to remain needy, they would have unmercifully dunned him for the stray sovereigns and half-sovereigns which he had frequently received from them, and always excused himself from repaying; on which occasions the schoolmaster of the town, who was somewhat of a wit, used to aver that Dilton, although a tolerable arithmetician, could never do a sum in subtraction correctly, and that he had found out the reason—he could not bear to return what he had borrowed! That night, at one o'clock, while Ada still enjoyed slumbers deep, sweet, and balmy as those of happy infancy; while her father and Watson anxiously watched over her, while Harcourt, in an adjoining apartment, was finishing the last sentence of a long letter to Milburne, containing a recital of the joyful events of the day; and while Mrs. Sutton was steeping her thorny pillow in bitter tears of vexation, Flora softly and noiselessly "stole down the secret stair," unlocked the door leading to the garden, and was speedily welcomed by the enraptured assistant, and handed by him into a post-chaise, stationed in a lane at a

little distance. The lovers conversed on many subjects in their way to the north; but it is worthy of remark, and a decided proof that Flora's organ of memory, like that of Dilton, required Mesmeric excitement, that she never thought of telling him of the happy result of Harcourt's visit to her cousin, but persisted in representing that young lady as being in a state of imminent danger, declaring of her (what, by the way, may be safely declared of us all) that "her life was a wonder from one day to another."

A storm arose in the middle of the night—the wind howled fearfully through the trees surrounding Woodford Lodge, and the hailstones beat loudly against the windows of the room where the attached father and faithful servant were still waking and watching, but Ada slept sweetly and serenely through all. The next morning was brilliantly fine, but a domestic hurricane arose in the establishment: when Flora was summoned to the breakfast-table, a note was found on her toilette addressed to her mother; it announced that by the time it would be opened she should be on her way to Scotland, accompanied by Dilton. Mr. Woodford declared that he could not have believed such an event possible; the servants, on the other hand, "had guessed all along what was likely to come to pass." The page, who had received many a half-crown for conducting the correspondence, lamented the loss of the young lady, and Watson propounded the daring jest that "the loss would be for those who found her!" The deceived and distracted mother fell into violent hysterics, and her cries penetrated to the chamber of her niece, but Ada slept sweetly and serenely through all. When at length awakened by Harcourt she looked around the chamber, her glance gave happiness to the still trembling and doubting father; it spoke no longer of the restless irritation or gloomy vacancy of incipient insanity; its expression of momentary surprise passed away, and Ada, as was ever her wont, thought of her friends before herself, and told them how thankful she was to them for their care, and how glad she felt, for their sake, as well as her own, that she was so free from pain, and so refreshed by slumber. Little did Ada surmise how great was her cause for gladness and thankfulness, but when the secret of her welcome sleep was disclosed to her, and Harcourt was presented to her, I should vainly attempt to describe her expressions of gratitude to Providence for her relief, and to the instrument of his mercies for his kind and unsolicited aid. Mrs. Sutton voluntarily withdrew herself from her brother's house; she possessed one virtue, in fact it was the excess of that virtue, undisciplined by reason or religion, which had led her into wrong; she was a fond and devoted mother, and notwithstanding Flora's headstrong disobedience, her heart was wrung at the idea that her union with a man without fortune, character, or principle, would subject her not only to poverty, but probably to ill-treatment; she requested her brother to allow her a yearly stipend instead of affording her the refuge of his house; and as he had seen much in her conduct during Ada's illness which he had disapproved, and heard still more on the subject from Lady

Rowland and Watson, he readily acceded to her entreaty.

Mrs. Sutton instantly sought out the young couple, and, as she brought the first quarter of her allowance in her hand, together with a valedictory bank-note from her brother, her son-in-law afforded her a surly kind of welcome, and her presence certainly in some measure protected the bride from the torrent of reproaches with which the disinterested bridegroom had daily overwhelmed her, since he had heard that Ada was pronounced, even by the wary, doubting, suspicious Mr. Collett, to be out of danger.

Mr. Woodford's fear of his daughter's relapse rendered him unwilling to suffer Harcourt away from him; but Ada soon gently checked this selfish feeling.

"He who has been our benefactor, dear papa," she said, "is fitted to be a benefactor to the rest of the world. We should not detain him here, while there are other sufferers whose maladies he may assuage, other parents whom he may gladden by the restoration of their children to health. London is his appropriate sphere of action; there he may not only relieve many, but instruct many. The wonderful science that he professes must be generally understood before it can be generally useful. Lady Rowland and her family are about to depart for their annual visit to London, may they not engage a house for us in their vicinity?"

Mr. Woodford willingly consented to his daughter's proposal. Ada had several threatenings of a return of her disorder, but they came in a mild and softened form; they were soon subdued by the care of Harcourt, and ere long, she was restored to perfect health.

"How can I thank you sufficiently, my friend and benefactor?" exclaimed Mr. Woodford to Harcourt, one day; "how I wish that I were like the Caliphs and Sultans in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, who, when their daughters were rescued from the borders of the grave, could reward the author of the cure by the gift of a kingdom or a province!"

"Nay," said Harcourt, smiling, "I think a more precious reward than that to which you allude was given to them—was not the hand of the beautiful princess generally bestowed upon her preserver, with the kingdom or province as her dower in marriage? However, do not imagine that I am about to prefer such a daring suit to you. It is, I trust, my mission to gladden and bless the homes of others, and I must not indulge any aspirations for a home of my own. But, although not inclined to woo in person, I may perhaps be permitted to woo as proxy for another. I have a young friend, who is deeply and devotedly attached to Miss Woodford, and who has every recommendation in his favour, excepting those goods of fortune with which she can well dispense. I will not keep you in suspense—I am speaking of Milburne."

"Of Milburne!" exclaimed Mr. Woodford, in surprise; "I was not even aware that you were acquainted with him."

"Had I not been acquainted with him," said Harcourt, "it is too probable that you would, ere this time, have had to mourn the loss of your

daughter. It was from Milburne that I heard the particulars of her malady; it was the regard and esteem that I felt for Milburne that led me, at great personal inconvenience, to take a journey for the purpose of benefiting one who was unknown to me, and whose nearest connexions, so far from soliciting my interference, would, I had reason to think, decidedly object to it. Milburne, when he came to London, was first my companion, then my pupil, and lastly my friend; I soothed the grief of his separation from his beloved one, by giving his mind a new and engrossing pursuit; I have been the happy means of restoring her to health. You say that you are willing to grant me a boon; do not think me presuming if I venture to ask the hand of your daughter for my friend."

A joyful little party were assembled that evening in Mr. Woodford's drawing-room. Milburne had been warmly welcomed by him as a son; Sir John and Lady Rowland were sharers in the happy meeting; Harcourt was delighted to witness the felicity that he had promoted; and Ada thought of her recovery with more pleasure than ever, when she found that it was owing, in the first instance, to the anxiety of her faithful lover. But a happier party still, met at the same house in the course of a few weeks, when white and silver favours, bride-cake, blond, and orange-blossoms were the order of the day, and Milburne received Ada from the hand of her father as his blooming and beautiful bride.

Mrs. Sutton is leading a very unhappy life, with her daughter and son-in-law; treated with neglect by the former, and ill-breeding by the latter. I wish I could say that she considers these troubles a proper punishment for her conduct to her gentle and unoffending niece. I should be glad to fancy that she is reconciled to the downfall of her ambitious hopes; but I am obliged to confess that she never alludes to Ada's recovery, except with a shake of the head, intended to signify as much as that of Lord Burleigh; and that when it was once remarked in her presence, that the Mesmerists of our day would have been burnt in former times for wizards, she was heard to ejaculate a fervent wish that those good old customs still existed!

Harcourt continues to devote his time, talents, and thoughts to the benefit of his fellow creatures; he is often derided by the ignorant, opposed by the envious, and aspersed by the malicious. Nor is his lot remarkable; we daily see exemplified the emphatic lines of Campbell—

"Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguished martyr;"

and none are so likely to be the objects of persecution and opposition as the professors of a new science, which has much in it to excite our wonder, as well as to invite our gratitude.

May the clouds and mists of prejudice shortly disappear, and may we welcome the bounty vouchsafed to us, not in the spirit of vain dependence on the fallible efforts of a fellow-creature, but in the humility becoming the thankful objects of heavenly favour; remembering that "every good gift is from above," and praying that

this, and all the other gifts graciously bestowed upon us, may have the effect of drawing our hearts more closely and more affectionately towards the Divine Giver!

THE DEATH OF CUTHULLIN.

(From Ossian.)

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

On Lego's lake, the morning beam is shining bright
and clear,
Waken the songsters of the brake, waken the forest
deer;
Retir'd within the dark fir-shade, the cushat tells
her tale,
And blithe the mavis warbles to the echoes of the
vale.
Oh! 'tis the glorious summer month, and ocean,
earth, and sky,
Unite their blended voices all, to make sweet
melody;
There breathes soft music in the breeze that sweep-
eth from the hill;
Low murmurs o'er its pebbly bed each sparkling
mountain rill;
The landscape wears its greenest vest, and all
things glad appear
In the brightest, sunniest season of the ever-
changing year.

But hark! what means that clamour dread—that
loud and fearful sound,
Which, like a sudden thunder-peal, goes floating
round and round?
The echoes catch the startling din, and give it back
again:
It rises now—and now it dies upon the distant
plain.
It is the well-known sign of war, Cuthullin's
clanging shield,
That summons all his warriors bold unto the
battle field.
And who that hears that warning note will shun
to take the spear?
And which of Erin's fair-hair'd sons is capable of
fear?
Fast are the chieftains gathering by Lego's silent
stream,
And brightly in the morning sun their polish'd
helmets gleam;
And martial spirit fires each breast, and nerves
each daring hand,
And still, as louder rings the shield, each firmer
grasps his brand.
They come! they come! the rebel host, with
bended bow and lance,
Behold fierce Torlath in the van, his eagle crest
advance;
The traitor chief, with watchful care, marshals his
steel-clad line,
And bids above the flashing ranks his glittering
standard shine.
Now, sons of Erin, onward, for your king and
native land,
And scatter like the thistle's beard, yon proud false-
hearted band;

But see, their leader conflict waives, and vaunting
loud his might,
Challenges brave Cuthullin to meet in single fight.
Great Semo's son hath heard the boast, and
touch'd with gen'rous fire,
Hath sent again his messenger, and granted his
desire :

Retire, ye men of Ullin, to Slimora's shady side ;
Behold from far the gallant chiefs contending in
their pride.

"And should I fall," Cuthullin spake, "to mighty
Connal say,

He ne'er was absent from my side in battle till this
day ;

But tell him that I blame those winds that on
Togorma roar,

And bid him guard with voice and blade young
Cormac evermore !"

As rushes over Lochlin's seas some tempest-
burthen'd cloud,

Whose bosom is the thunder's home, whose folds
the lightning's shroud,

Upon the devastating blast careering wild along,
The car of Loda's dreaded sprite—the terror of the
strong ;

So Caithbat's brave descendant rush'd on the re-
bellious chief,

And dubious their encounter grew : 'twas terrible,
though brief.

The bossy bucklers loudly ring, with well-aimed
stroke and thrust ;

'Tis done ! 'tis done ! that blow has sped—fierce
Torlath bites the dust—

And as on gory earth he sinks, his sword deserts
his hand,

Ah ! never will he lift again in battle field that
brand.

His swimming eyes close on the light—his ruddy
cheeks grow pale,

The love of virgins breath'd his last in Lego's
reedy vale :

Short space his heroes stood around, indulging
sorrow's tide ;

Then starting from their silent trance—"Revenge !
revenge !" they cried.

At once a thousand swords were drawn, a thou-
sand arrows flew,

And closer round brave Semo's son their hemming
circle drew ;

But Ullin's warriors hastened on with souls athirst
for fame,

And all the hosts of Erin swift unto the rescue
came.

Slimora's forests echoed back the wild increasing
roar,

Largely the raven's feast was spread upon that
desert shore.

They flee ! they flee ! the rebel bands, confounded
and dismay'd ;

In vain they seek for shelter, and in vain they look
for aid,

For Cuthullin he has conquer'd, and Temora it is
free,

Oh ! loudly raise, ye skilful bards, the song of
victory !

But wherefore droops Dunscar's lord ? why is his
brow so pale ?

Have not his foemen fled away, like down upon
the gale ?

Yet sad and dark he standeth, leaning upon his
spear,

While Canil to his secret words bends an atten-
tive ear.

"My course on earth is ended now ; this is my
latest field ;

By my broad belt the mortal wound, the arrow is
conceal'd :

My failing strength ebbs fast away—no pleasant
morn shall rise

O'er my low couch—no noon-day sun delight
these dizzy eyes.

For me Temora's king shall seek, but never will
he find ;

And fair Bragela anxious look, and chide each
varying wind :

But in the lofty songs of bards shall always live
my fame,

And feeble men in future years will praise Cuthul-
lin's name.

Beneath yon old and mossy oak, that flings its arms
on high,

Sighing to every breath of heaven, let my cold
ashes lie :

Place the broad shield of Caithbat near—my
sword upon my breast—

So lay me 'midst my father's arms, and leave me to
my rest."

Oh, woe for high Temora, and for Erin's youthful
king,

For the mighty one is slumbering, dweller of battle's
wing.

Tell not the tale in Selma, nor in Morven's woody
land,

Her monarch will be sad for him who sleeps by
Lego's strand.

There is silence in the hall—there are sighs upon
the air—

They look towards his wonted seat—Cuthullin
is not there.

He fell not by a hero's sword, his blood reek'd on
no spear,

But the arrow came in secret, and smote him like
the deer.

Bragela sitteth in her tears, a-weary all the day ;
Alas ! he will not come again to wipe those tears
away :

She looks no longer for his sails, no longer strains
her ear,

His gallant rowers' joyous songs borne o'er the
deep to hear.

Peace to thy soul, thou gallant one, within thy airy
hall ;

Clad in the light of glory, with honour thou did'st
fall ;

And woe for high Temora, and for Erin's youth-
ful king,

For their safeguard has departed, he who scatter'd
battle's wing.

Banks of the Yore.

THE BRIDE OF HEAVEN.

BY GEORGINA MUNRO.

O heaven! are these handmaidens thine that
wreathe

Fair flowers in mockery round the doomed-one's
brow?

Are they thy ministers, who bid me breathe
Within thine house a false and fatal vow?

Offering the heart I cannot give above,
Forswearing all which chains it to the earth—
The thoughts it cannot vanquish, and the love
Which is of mortal birth?

Can blighted hopes, and breaking hearts be given,
A free and welcome sacrifice to heaven?

They bid me raise my thoughts to heaven; they
fall

All back to earth, or rise alone in pray'r
That THOU who gav'st my spirit, would'st recall

The gift, or leave me in a world too fair,
Too bright, too joyous, for my soul to scorn:

O FATHER! take my life, or leave it free!
Was not my love of all that bless'd me, born
Of gratitude to THEE?

And could the feelings which were blent within
My bosom with that gratitude be sin?

They hail me—BRIDE OF HEAVEN! Will not the
vow

That binds me such, be mockery to HIM
Who knows all hearts? Alas! they seek me now!

And I am 'mid them; but the lights are dim:
And strains—they are not of this world—which fill
The air with melody unheard before!

A mist is o'er my senses, and a chill—
And now life's dream is o'er!
Bright forms are round me! this, indeed, is bliss!
I thought not death could be so sweet as this!

A SONG OF SAPPHO.

BY MRS. PONSONBY (LATE MISS SKELTON).

Come with me to the lonely bower,
Beside our silver lake;
And let us while away an hour,
Watching the white waves break
Over the belt of pebbly stone
That binds it like a zone.

The sun within the heavens is low;
And ere that hour hath fled by,
These idle waves, that babbling flow,
Shall murmur to a starry sky;
And through the dark o'er-arching trees
Faintly shall sigh the evening breeze.

We, side by side, in happy rest,
Will mark those changing skies;
And I shall gaze, supremely blest,
Into those kindling eyes,
And watch the sighing, soft, night air
Lift the dark tresses of thy hair.

My heart is full of happiness:

I would, beloved, *thou* could'st know
Of love the passionate excess

That fills my bosom now:
Stedfast as stars in yonder way—
Unchanging, holy, pure as they.

Within my bosom's inmost fold
Dwell thoughts to which all words are weak;
The silent heart thou deemest cold
Is oft too full to speak,
Or answer in a kindred tone
The uttered fondness of thine own.

Yet, oh! believe, though calmly smile
The eyes that now are turned on thine,
There burns within their depths, the while,
A passion thou can'st ne'er divine:
Life's long devotion scarce might prove
How much I lov'd—how much I love.

Now, 'neath this still and southern clime,
Bright stars, and heaven's divinest blue—
We will recall youth's sweetest time,
Its dreams—its hopes—its vows renew,
And murmur to the fading light
Passion as warm and hopes as bright.

Can I of change or sorrow dream,
While thus on thine my heart doth rest?
Or frame to words of saddest theme
Lips that to thine are press'd?
Oh! may the death that all must know
Find us *thus* linked, and keep us so!

TO A FRIEND.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

Yes, yes, I love thee! and my love is based
On high esteem—that never yielding rock
Fast by the rolling tide of feeling placed,
Raising its head 'bove every thunder shock.
Ah! deem me not too bold—me never more
The iron bonds of this world shall control;
Heaven seals the compact nature signed before,
And twines thy image closely round my soul!

Yes, yes, I love thee! in my heart are blent
All the pure feelings of my vanished youth;
Then, take these simple words as they are meant,
And smile thou on them for their wild warm
truth:

Believe me, when I gazed upon thy face,
My heart leap'd quickly with an inward prayer,
That thou, *for thee*, that heart's deep thoughts
might'st trace,
And read the strange emotions graven there!

Yes, yes, I love thee! Did'st thou mark the tear
Which from some hidden fount sped on its way,
When thy sweet voice fell on my charmed ear,
And thy dark eye sent forth bright genius' ray?
Ah, deem me not too bold!—let fortune frown,
Or thro' unclouded years of brilliance shine;
No change can weigh my joyous spirit down,
So I'm rewarded with *one* thought of thine!
Cambridge, June 18, 1844.

SKETCHES OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

BY MARY ANN YOUATT.

No. II. Schiller—continued.

"*Philosophische Briefe*" (Philosophical Letters).—These are compositions of great power and eloquence, and contain deep and important reflections and speculations on those mysterious and vital subjects, death—life—immortality—providence—fate—and free-will. Although fully impressed with a profound sense of religion, which shone clearly out in his life and faith, Schiller, like all other thinking men, occasionally found his mind oppressed and his mental vision clouded by doubts, difficulties, and perplexities; and these, we find, imaged forth in the wavering hues and lines of this interesting correspondence, which is supposed to have taken place between two friends, Raphael and Julius. We select one extract:—

"Every perfection, then, which I can appreciate becomes my own, and gives me pleasure because it is so. I long for it, because I love myself. Perfection in nature is a spiritual, and not a material property. The bliss of spiritual beings arises from their perfection. My desire for the happiness of all creatures arises from my own self-love; the bliss which I can picture to myself becomes my own, and hence it is my aim to create, multiply, and increase happiness around me; for whatever of beauty, excellence, or enjoyment I create for others, I feel most fully myself; and whenever I neglect opportunities of doing this, I lose chances of happiness. To desire the welfare of others, then, is to desire my own.

"Here, dearest Raphael, let me pause and look around me. I have attained the summit of the eminence; the mists have disappeared, and I stand amid immeasurable space, like one surrounded by a verdant landscape; while a bright stream of sunlight illumines my mind. *Love*, then—that most beautiful phenomena of the animated creation—that all-powerful magnet of the spiritual world—that well-spring of piety and virtue, love is but a reflection of this same power—a longing for perfection, happiness, and excellence, founded on a momentary exchange of personality. If I hate, I subtract something from myself. If I love, I am the richer in that I love. Forgiveness is the recovery of alienated property; misanthropy, lingering self-murder; and egotism, the greatest possible poverty of human nature."

"The Ghost Seer."—This is a fragment of a prose romance, which Schiller is supposed to have undertaken, while inspired by accounts of the proceedings of Count Cagliostro, at Paris. It was, however, soon abandoned; and only serves as a record of the universality of this great author's genius.

"The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands," possesses great intrinsic value; conveys much valuable information; and sets every circumstance clearly and impressively before the reader. It is rather a series of graphic sketches, than one continuous narrative; some grouped together in

bold masses, and others successively brought to view like a moving panorama. The descriptions are vivid, and the characters portrayed with a masterly hand, and all their lights and shadows given to view with perspicuity and discernment. Had it been completed, it would, doubtless, have been one of Schiller's very finest works; but the first volume only appeared. "The trial and execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn," and "the siege of Antwerp," fragments which afterwards appeared in a periodical, and were, doubtless, originally intended to form portions of the second volume, only give us the greater reason to regret that the work was never completed.

"Das Lied von der Glocke" (The Song of the Bell).—In this poem the process of casting a bell, and all the different conditions necessary to the proper fusion of the metal, and the successful issue of the whole, are graphically described; and the various stages of the operation are interspersed by beautiful pictures of those events in human life which are usually announced by the ringing or tolling of the bell—the birth of the infant, his childhood, and youth—the fair bride at the altar, with all her hopes and fears—the father and children standing by the grave of the wife and mother—the vesper bell, summoning home the flocks, herds, and tired herdsmen, and speaking of rest and refreshment to the weary labourer and artisan—the sabbath call to prayers, raising the heart to higher and better aspirations, and uniting all classes and all ages of mankind in one blest employ—the wild alarm of fire, rousing the slumbering city with its dread peal—and the clang of the bell sounding far above the harsh tumult of war. We extract one of these episodes:—

"Then with the solemn sounds of joy
It hails the birth of a darling boy;
Who, entering on life's changeful day,
Unconscious, sleeps the hours away.
For him the future's joy and pain
Hid in the womb of time remain.
Maternal love with tenderest cares
Guards all the morning of his years;
Each fleeting hour is gay and bright,
And Time speeds on with arrowy flight;
Till spurning those soft ties of kin,
Which fondly watched his tender years,
He leaves them all, and plunges in
Life's eddying stream of smiles and tears;
And widely o'er the world doth roam;
Then comes a stranger to his home.
With youthful bloom—in beauty's pride—
With eyes cast down—and face in blushes dyed—
Before him now a maiden stands,
Lovely as some fair work of Heaven's hands.
In the youth's heart arises then
Nameless feelings—wishes—sighs;
He wanders lone—shuns fellow men,
Unbidden tears o'erflow his eyes:
Blushing, her every step he tends;
Her lightest words have power to thrill
His heart with joy—and one look sends
The blood wild dancing, ' spite his will.
He culls the meadows' fairest flowers
And weaves them round that maiden's bowers.

Oh, gentle hope!—fond soft desire—
 Oh, beauteous dawn of love's first fire!
 How sweet thy bright, thy golden joy!
 What dreams of bliss the heart employ!
 Would Love's bright wreath might e'er endure,
 For ever fresh, and green, and pure!"

"Don Carlos."—The Marquis von Posa has been long absent from the Court of Spain, and during that period has imbibed liberal principles, which lead him to concert schemes for the accomplishment of the freedom of the Netherlands. On his return, he flies to his early friend, Prince Carlos, whom he hopes speedily to inspire with similar feelings; but he finds him a prey to melancholy, listless and inactive, and sighing for the Queen Elizabeth de Valois; who had been affianced to him, until King Philip entered the lists against his son, and bore away the prize. Carlos confides this hapless passion to his friend, who promises to endeavour to obtain for him an interview with the Queen, hoping that the influence of her noble and virtuous mind will be great enough to arouse the Prince from this weakness. He succeeds in getting Carlos admitted to her, and she parries the impassioned declarations and arguments of her step-son with womanly tact and delicacy, and gentle dignity—recalls him, in some measure, to a sense of the impropriety of his conduct—exhorts him to become a man and a prince—and presents to him, at parting, a packet of letters for his perusal. These, aided by her arguments, determine him to use his utmost endeavours in behalf of Flanders, and he seeks his father, and entreats him to bestow on him the command of the army then about to depart thither. The jealous and suspicious monarch refuses this request, and Carlos quits his presence irritated and enraged. One of the Queen's pages meets him, and delivers to him a letter and a key; the boy mentions no name, and Carlos fondly believes that Elizabeth has relented, and is about to grant him an interview; but on keeping the appointment he is surprised to find himself in the presence of the Princess Eboli. This lady loves him; she tries every art to discover whether her passion is returned, and at last gives him a letter which the King had sent to her, containing dishonourable proposals. At first, Carlos believes that mere accident has caused her to be there, but as soon as he perceives the meaning of her words, he frankly informs her that his affections are engaged. The Princess overwhelms him with reproaches, and demands back the King's letter; but Carlos will not resign it, resolving to find means to show it to the Queen, in hopes, that by unveiling to her the infidelity of her husband, to whom she has sacrificed him, he may induce her to listen to him with more favour. This project he communicates to the Marquis, who persuades him to entrust not only that letter, but his letter-case to him, lest it should fall into the hands of others, and privately determines to get him off to Flanders as soon as possible. Meanwhile, the Princess Eboli, enraged at having thus exposed her weakness—guesses who is the object of Carlos' attachment, and resolves to work the ruin of her innocent rival.

In conjunction with Domingo, the King's confessor she breaks open the Queen's desk, and takes out some letters which were written to her by Carlos before she became his father's bride, and also his picture sent at the same time. These they lay before the King, who, incensed and furious, reviles his wife when she comes to him to complain of the outrage offered to her; overcome by his harshness, she sinks fainting on the threshold of the door, and wounds herself. The Duke Alba and Domingo artfully seek to inflame his suspicions, but he mistrusts them too, and looking round his court for a friend and counsellor, selects the Marquis von Posa; to whom he relates his perplexities, his jealousy, his fancied injuries, and urges him to sound the Queen and Prince, and discover whether they are true or false. The Marquis seeks an interview with Elizabeth, not to obey the monarch's injunctions, but to implore her to use her influence over the Prince, and induce him to quit Madrid. Subsequently he informs Philip that his wife is innocent in thought and deed; but hints that Carlos loves her, and it were as well if he were sent from the court for a while, and during his residence there, were placed solely under his care and watchfulness. Carlos, meanwhile, hearing that the Marquis is made Prime Minister, that he has betrayed his confidence, and shown his letters to the King, does not know what to think. For some time his confidence in his friend defies all suspicions and insinuations: but at length he yields to the apparent evidence of treachery, and fearing he knows not what, he flies in the frenzy of the moment to the Princess Eboli, to implore her to warn the Queen against this foe. The Marquis makes use of the power granted to him by Philip, and arrests the Prince. He visits him in prison; Carlos receives him with doubt, and yet with every recollection of his former friendship. An order comes for the release of the Prince, and then the Marquis explains the motive of every action, shows the Prince how he has been, and still is his friend, and has now saved him by inculpating himself. Carlos would fly to undeceive the King, but the Marquis detains him, and at that moment is shot by a hidden assassin through the grating of the dungeon. The King comes to release his son and restore him publicly to his favour and confidence, but Carlos meets him with reproaches, and clears the fame of his lost friend. The populace hearing that their beloved Prince is imprisoned, and fearing that his life will be in danger, rise up in a tumult. The jealous King, believing them to have been incited by his son, and feeling all his former suspicions revived, resolves on his destruction; and summons to his presence the Grand Inquisitor, to whom he darkly hints his wishes, and who agrees to further them. The Queen sends to Carlos, imploring him to quit the kingdom without delay, and informing him how, by assuming the guise of a spirit which is said to haunt certain galleries, he may bid her farewell without suspicion. He resolves to obey her—they meet to utter words of parting, and are surprised by the King, who delivers his son into the hands of the Grand Inquisitor, with these words:—"I have done my part, now do you yours."

This tragedy bears the stamp of genius and intellect. It is, perhaps, the most dramatic of all Schiller's plays; full of deep philosophy and real passion. Its situations are often highly effective, and the careful and picturesque adjustment which is visible in all the subordinate agents and details, speaks a master's hand. It gives also a striking picture of the manners of the time—the stern coldness of the Spanish court, and the pride, pomp, and subtlety of its nobles. The characters stand boldly forth from the pages in life-like truth. The sombre gloomy Philip, stern, jealous, relentless, and superstitious, commands our awe, even while he awakens our dislike, and repels each feeling of sympathy; and offers a striking contrast to his son, whose young life he overshadows with a blight, like that of the fabled upas-tree. Carlos, fervent in his friendship, hopeless in his devoted, passionate love—eloquent, enthusiastic, and liberal, occasionally recalls to mind our favourite Hamlet, that great creation of Shakespeare; although there is not the slightest similitude between their situation, or actions, or the events by which they are surrounded. The Marquis von Posa fascinates, and carries the reader with him through all his fiery zeal, his philosophical sentiments, and his able policy; and we cannot but admire his self sacrifice at the altar of friendship. Elizabeth in her womanly dignity—her gentle endurance—her truthful feelings, and clear, pure judgment, is one of Schiller's most beautiful heroines. The Princess Eboli is a riddle; now giving utterance to really feminine sentiments, now outraging every feeling by her ill-placed love, revenge, or jealousy; we can neither understand nor sympathize with her. The subordinate characters are all truthfully delineated.

We extract the interview between Carlos and the Queen, obtained for him by the Marquis; and also the scene in which the Marquis explains his conduct to his friend.

ACT I. SCENE V. A Garden.

The Queen and Don Carlos. The Marquis von Posa and the Marchioness Mondecar retire to the back ground.

Carlos.—(Throwing himself at the feet of the Queen.) Is then the moment here at length, When Carl this dear, beloved hand may press?

*Queen.—*What act is this? How guilty! Ah, how rash

And unadvised, thus to surprise me. Rise, We are discovered! My court is close at hand.

*Carlos.—*I will not rise—here will I ever kneel, On this blest spot enchanted lie, In this position rooted!

Queen. Madman!
To what audacity does my goodness lead!
How!—know you not 'tis to your Queen and mother

You utter words so wild! Know that I myself Will to the King this bold intrusion—

*Carlos.—*And then my doom is death! Nay, let them come And drag me hence to execution!

One fleeting moment here in Paradise,
By death would be too cheaply purchased.

*Queen.—*And your Queen?

Carlos.—(Starting up.) Oh, God! I stay no longer;

I leave you since such is your command.
Oh, fearfully, my mother, do you sport
With me;—one look—one sigh—but half a glance—

A word from those dear lips, has power to bid
Me live, or cease to be. What would ye then?
What is there 'neath the sun which at your feet
I will not haste to lay, if you but wish it?

*Queen.—*Oh, leave me, Carl!

Carlos. Merciful Heavens!

Queen.—'Tis all I ask! With tears I implore you,

Carl, to grant me this! Fly before my court,
Before my gaolers, finding us together,
To your father's ear convey the tidings.

*Carlos.—*I am ready to meet my fate, nor care
If life or death it be! Have I then set
My whole amount of hope on this one moment
Of unobserved communion with you?
And now, shall false alarms at the very goal
Betray me? No, my Queen! The world may yet
A hundred, nay a thousand times revolve
Upon its axis, e'er kind chance repeat
This favour!

Queen. To all eternity it shall not!
Ill-fated one! What would you with me?

*Carlos.—*Oh, Queen! that I have struggled with myself—

Struggled as never mortal did—God is my witness!
But 'tis all in vain. My self control is
Vanished, and I yield—

Queen. Hold, for pity's sake!

*Carlos.—*Once you were mine, in face of the whole world,
My destined bride! By Heaven and by nature
Recognised as mine! And Philip, Philip
Has stolen you from me.

Queen. He is your father.

*Carlos.—*And your husband!

Queen. Who will bequeath to you
The proudest heritage in all this earth.

*Carlos.—*And you for mother!

Queen. Great God! you rave—

*Carlos.—*And does he feel how rich he is?
Does he

Possess a heart to fully value thine?
But I complain not—rather will forget
How blessed beyond conception I had been

Within thy arms—if he be so. But he
Is not. This, this it is that tortures me!
He is not, and never will be blessed!

You of my heaven plundered me
To place the treasure in King Philip's arms.

*Queen.—*Oh, horrible thoughts!

Carlos. Full well I know
The vile promoter of this hateful union.
I know how Philip loves—how he did woo.
What are you in this kingdom? Let us hear—
Regent perhaps? Ah, no!—or were you so
How could Alba thus dare to tyrannize? or
Flanders bleed, a martyr to its faith?
Or are you Philip's wife? It cannot be!

A wife could influence her husband's heart.
Who has power o'er his ! And doth he not
For every soft emotion which escapes him
In passion's hour, ask pardon of his crown
And hoary head ?

Queen. Who told you my lot
By Philip's side was pitiable ?

Carlos. My heart,
Which feels how enviable it might have been
By mine.

Queen.—Presumptuous man ! but what
If mine has told a different story ?
If Philip's kind, respectful tenderness,
And the still, speechless glances of his love,
To me more pleasing were than all the
Daring rhapsodies of his haughty son ?
What if the considerate regard of an old man—

Carlos.—That alters everything !—then—yes,
then—

If so it be, I do entreat your pardon.
I knew not you did love the King.

Queen.—It ever is my pleasure and my wish
To honour him !

Carlos. And you have never loved ?

Queen.—How strange a question !

Carlos. You have never loved ?

Queen.—I no longer love.

Carlos. Because your oath forbids it,
Or your heart ?

Queen.—Leave me, Prince, nor e'er again
Recur to such a theme as this.

Carlos. Because
Your oath forbids it, or your heart ?

Queen. Because
My duty—alas, unhappy one !—Of what avail
Is this sad scrutiny of fate ? We both
Must learn submission.

Carlos. Must learn submission ?

Queen.—Yes. What means this solemn tone ?

Carlos. That Carlos
Is not inclined to bend to stern compulsion
Where he has power to will—that Carlos
Has not a mind to rove these rich domains,
The unhappiest wretch within them ; while it but
needs

The o'erthrow of law to make him the most happy !

Queen.—Do I understand you rightly ? Can
you

Still dare hope, when all, all is already lost ?

Carlos.—Nothing I reckon lost that is not dead !

Queen.—And can it be from me—from me, your
Mother, that you dare to hope ? Yet why not ?
The newly-chosen King can more than this—
Can all the ord'nances of the departed one
With fire destroy—can overthrow his statues !
Nay, more (for what shall hinder him ?)—
Can even from its rest in the Escorial
Drag forth the corpse, and to the winds of Heav'n
Scatter its ashes : and lastly, to complete
These notable exploits—

Carlos. Oh, cease, in mercy,
Cease, nor give words to what you think.

Queen.—And lastly, would espouse his mother !

Carlos.—Accursed son ! (*he stands some mo-
ments in speechless agony.*)

Yes, yes, 'tis past—past now.
Clearly and brightly do I see and feel

What to me should ever dark remain. To me
You are lost, irrecoverably lost :
The die is cast ; you are lost to me !
Oh, in this feeling lies a hell : a deeper
Still lies in the desire to possess you !
Alas ! I can endure no more : the nerves
Within my heart and brain begin to start
Asunder !

Queen. Unfortunate, beloved Carl.,
Full well I feel the nameless pain which rages
In your bosom. Infinite as your love
Must be your agony. But there is glory
In the victory ! Arouse yourself, young hero,
For this great struggle : the prize is worthy
Of the champion—worthy of the youth in
Whose heart the virtues of so many
Kingly sires are gathered. Put on the man,
Young Prince ! The grandson of the mighty Karl
Begins to strive anew where others shrink
Disheartened !

Carlos. 'Tis too late ; Oh, God, too late !

Queen.—Too late to be a man ? Oh, Carl, how
great
Becomes our virtue, when in its practice
The heart doth break ! Providence has placed
thee

High, higher than millions of thy fellow-men :
With partial hand has it upon its favourite
Bestow'd its spoil from others ; and thousands
ask,

Did he, while in his mother's womb, deserve
Thus to be signalized above all other mortals ?
Up, and redeem the equity of Heaven :
Deserve your great pre-eminence, and
Sacrifice what none e'er yet hath sacrificed !

Carlos.—That can I too. I have a giant's
strength

To use, if 'tis to win you—none to lose you.

Queen.—Confess, now, Carl—it was defiance,
Bitterness, and pride, which fiercely thus
Your wild desires towards your mother drew !
The love, the heart, so prodigally offered
To me, belongs, of right, to these dominions,
Which you, one day, are destin'd to command.
See how you squander a confided trust :

Love is your all engrossing object ;
Towards your mother it has stray'd : recall
Its wandering steps ; upon your future realms
Bestow it, and there enjoy, instead

Of wild remorse, the charm, the bliss, to be
A God ! Elizabeth your first love was,
Let Spain your second be !

How joyfully, dear Carl, will I give way,
And to a worthier object yield my claims.

Carlos—(*overcome by his feelings, throws him-
self at her feet.*)

How great thou art, angelic being ! Yes,
All you can desire will I perform (*looking upwards*).
Here, in the hands of Omnipotence, I stand
And swear, to thee eternally do swear—
Oh, Heavens ! no—only eternal silence—
Not—not forgetfulness !

Queen. Of Carl I ask not
That which I wish not to perform myself.

Marquis—(*comes hastily forward*)—The King !

Queen.—Oh God !

Marquis. Away, Prince, from hence.

Queen.—Most fearful will his dark suspicions be
Should he behold thee here.

Carlos. I will not go !

Queen.—And who will then be sacrificed ?

Carlos—(catching the Marquis by the arm.)—
Away !

Come, Roderick (goes, but instantly returns),
And what may I presume

To hope accompanies me ?

Queen. Your mother's friendship.

Carlos.—Friendship ! mother !

Queen. And these tears from the
Netherlands ! (gives him some letters. Exeunt
Carlos and Marquis.)

ACT V. SCENE III. A prison.

The Marquis and Prince Carlos. Carlos has
just been informed that he is at liberty.)

Carlos—(looking in expectation and astonishment
at the Marquis.)

But what meant this ?

Explain it to me. Art thou not minister ?

Marquis.—Thou seest that I have been (ap-
proaching him in great agitation)

Oh, my Carl,

It has work'd well—it has succeeded.

Prais'd be Heav'n, which granted that success !

Carlos.—What is this succeeded ? I do not,
Cannot comprehend thy words.

Marquis.—Thou art saved, Carl—art free, and
I—(pauses)—

Carlos. And thou ?

Marquis.—And I—I press thee to my bosom,
For the first time, with full and perfect right !
True, I that right have purchas'd with all
Most dear to me ; yet how sweet, how glorious
Is this moment ! I am contented with myself.

Carlos.—What means this sudden change in all
thy features ?

Ne'er before have I beheld thee thus. Proudly
Thy bosom heaves, and thine eyes gleam like fire.

Marquis.—My Carl, we must take leave. Start
not—

Be not alarmed, but whatever thou
Hast yet to hear, Oh, be a man, my Carl !
Promise me not to aggravate the pangs
Of this our separation by wild bursts
Of grief unruly, suiting not great souls.
Thou art about to lose me—for many years,
Tis said by some for ever.

(Carlos withdraws his hand from the Marquis,
and looks searchingly at him.)

But be a man !

Much have I reckon'd on thee, nor have
I hesitated to consume with thee
That anxious hour which is so dread—the LAST !
Yes, Carl, shall I confess it ? I have joy'd
To do so ! Come let us sit. I am faint—ex-
hausted.

(He draws Carlos towards him, who looks and
moves like one in a dream, and yields to his en-
deavours. They sit.)

Marquis. How is this ?

Thou dost not speak to me ! I will be brief.
The day which followed that on which we last

Did meet at the Carthusian convent, did
The king command my presence—the result
Thou knowest, 'tis known to all Madrid.
But, what thou knowest not is this—thy secret
Was to him betrayed—and letters, stolen
From the queen's casket brought as proofs 'gainst
thee !

From his own lips the fact I learn'd, for I
Became his confidant. Yes, Carl, I broke
My faith with my own lips ; myself did guide
The plot which should prepare thy ruin. Facts
Loudly proclaimed thee guilty—'twas too late
To prove thee innocent then—it but remained
For me to seem thy foe, that so I might
The better be thy friend. Dost hear me ?

Carlos. I do—
Proceed, proceed !

Marquis. Thus far was I innocent.
But soon, alas ! the unaccustomed beams
Of royal favour dazzled me. The rumour,
As I forsook, had reach'd thee, yet still sway'd
By a false delicacy—blinded by
The ambitious wish my enterprise to end
Without thy aid, I withheld, from friendship,
My weighty secret. Herein did I err—
I know it well—my confidence was madness—
Forgive me, Carl, for it was founded on
Our boundless friendship ! (he pauses, for Carl's
stupefaction has now given way to violent agitation.)
What I most dreaded

Came to pass. Thou wert affrighted by the
Strange tales related to thine anxious ears—
The bleeding queen—the tumult throughout all
The palace—Lermia's ill-judged zeal—and last
Of all, my silence strange—all did combine
At once to astonish and o'erpower thy mind.
Then didst thou waver, give me up for lost,
And yet, too noble far to doubt thy friend,
Didst cover his apostacy with greatness
All thine own ; then first thou didst begin
To deem him faithless, and by him abandoned,
Didst throw thyself into the artful arms
Of the princess Eboli ! Unfortunate !
Into the arms of a fiend—For she it was
That did betray thee ! (Carl starts up).

Thither I saw thee hasten,
A dread presentiment thrilled thro' my heart—
I followed—came too late—for at her feet
Thou hadst already let the avowal pass
Thy lips—Thou wert beyond redemption lost !

Carlos.—Thou art deceived—she was most
surely mov'd !

Marquis.—Then did night's pall shroud all my
fondest hopes.

No refuge—no escape—no hope gleamed forth
In all the wide extent of nature, and
Anxiety maddens me—fiercely I place
My dagger on a woman's heart. But now
A gleam of sunshine lightens up my soul.
Could I mislead the king ? Could I succeed
In making out myself the guilty one ?
It mattered not if probable or no,

For the king 'twould specious be because
That it was evil. So was all fixed—
The attempt was made. A thunderbolt
Falling upon him unavared may make
The tyrant start. What need I more ? Let him

But hesitate, and Carl may yet gain time
To fly to Brabant.

Carlos. And thou hast done this?

Marquis.—To William of Orange have I
written

That I do love the queen—that I escaped
The king's suspicion through his jealousy,
Unfounded as it was, of thee; that thro'
The king himself I had obtained the power
To approach the queen without restraint. To this
I added fears that all must be discovered.
That thou, knowing of my passion, to the
Princess Eboli had sped, thro' her to warn
The queen. That I had made thee prisoner
Here, and now that all was lost, turned me
To thoughts of instant flight to Brussels.
This same letter—

Carlos. Thou hast not to the post
Entrusted? Know'st thou not all letters for
Brabant or Flanders—

Marquis. Are to the king delivered?
No doubt that Taxis has ere this performed
His duty.

Carlos. I am undone!

Marquis. Thou! How thou?

Carlos.—Unhappy one! and thou art with me
lost!

So monstrous a fraud my father never
Can forgive. Ah, no! He ne'er can forgive it.

Marquis.—A fraud? Thou ravest. Bethink
thee, Carl—

Who shall declare to him it is a fraud?

Carlos.—(gazing wildly at him.) Canst ask?
Myself! (going.)

Marquis.—(detaining him.) Thou ravest—Stay.

Carlos. Away! away!

For Heaven's sake, detain me not—while yet
I linger here he doth instruct thy murderers!

Marquis.—The time is then more valuable still,
And we have much to say.

Carlos.—Meanwhile he all—(is again about
to rush out, but the Marquis catches his arm, and
looks earnestly at him.)

Marquis.—Nay, hear me, Carl; was I when a
boy,

And thou didst for me shed thy precious blood,
So full of scruples, and so hasty found?

Carlos. (gazes on him in wonder and admiration.)

Marquis.—For Flanders sake preserve thou thy
life,

Thou wert born to rule—I to die for thee.

Carlos.—No, no, he will not, cannot sure with-
stand

Such magnanimity! I will conduct thee
To him. Arm link'd in arm will we approach
him.

"Father," will I say, "this has a friend done
For his friend"—'Twill move him—he is not
So lost to every feeling of humanity.

My father! Yes, 'twill move him, certainly:
His eyes will overflow with pitying tears,
And he'll forgive us both. (A shot is fired through
the grating of the prison door.) Ah! for whom
was that?

Marquis.—It has found its aim—(falls down,
*Carlos throws himself beside him with a cry of
horror.*) He is quick (faintly)

The king—I had hoped for longer. Think
Of thine own safety, Carl. Dost thou hear?
Of thine escape. Thy mother, she knows all—
I—I can no more. (Dies.)

"The History of the Thirty-years' War." This
work is one of great and general interest, not merely
to Germans, but to all European nations. The
incidents narrated, and the characters described,
are most striking and varied; and the period
which it embraces was marked by social and poli-
tical revolutions the most violent. Never, perhaps,
were men's minds wrought up to such a state of
excitement. The contest between the catholic
and protestant religions—the gradual establish-
ment of an universal peace—the strange and vary-
ing series of events which led to this consumma-
tion—the divers hues and shades which diversified
the characters of the chief actors displaying, by
turns, the brightest and the darkest traits of human
nature—all afforded splendid materials for the
genius of an historian to work on, nor has Schiller
failed in his task. This work will ever remain a
splendid evidence of his classical and historical
powers; many portions are written with a wonder-
ful degree of graphic boldness and vigour; so much
so that we are led to regret that he should not have
aimed more at individualizing the scenes and
events, instead of contenting himself with seeking
to give a philosophical picture of the aspect of the
times, and deducing moral and political conclusions
from it. It is, however, without exception, the
finest historical work of which Germany can boast.

"Wallenstein." This is a dramatic poem, rather
than a play, divided into three parts, which are en-
titled, "The Camp of Wallenstein," "The Pic-
colomini," and "Wallenstein's Death." The sub-
ject of this poem was doubtless suggested to
Schiller by his previous work, as was "Don
Carlos" by the "History of the Revolt of the
Netherlands."

"The Camp," or "Wallenstein's Lager," forms
as it were an overture to the other two; it contains
no vestige of plot, but merely exhibits a picture
of the military life of that wild horde of soldiers
and mercenaries who had no home but the camp,
no profession but that of arms—lawless, licentious,
and savage. We see the Uhlan, the Croat, the
Spaniard, the Walloon, and the Frenchman,
drinking, singing, gaming, and quarrelling; while
hunters, peasants, citizens, and friars, make up
the motley group.

"The Piccolomini" is also in some measure
introductory; it cannot be said to contain any
regular plot, but its shifting scenes gradually de-
velop the progress of those intrigues by which
Wallenstein is eventually hurried on to rebellion,
ruin, and death. We are allowed to trace the
wily policy by which Octavio Piccolomini, under
he mask of friendship, undermines him with the
army, accepts his confidence only to betray it to
the emperor, and endeavours to work out his deep
laid schemes through the agency of his young and
enthusiastic son Max. The series of councils,
banquets, intrigues, and schemes, which makes up
this second portion of the poem, is only relieved
by the characters of Max Piccolomini, the brave

generous young warrior, and Thekla, Wallenstein's gentle and beautiful daughter.

"The Death of Wallenstein," "Wallenstein's Tod." In this, the third and last part, the various characters become fully developed. Now we see Wallenstein towering in lofty grandeur, like some isolated rock beaten by the tempestuous surges. Betrayed by his friend, deserted by his army, proscribed, forsaken, he is still confident and hopeful, and retires to Egra with happy visions of future glory and success. Dreams and omens unite to shake his firmness; the remembrance of his lost friend, Max Piccolomini, saddens him; but still he summons every manly energy to his aid, and retires to that rest from which he is fated never to awake, in the confident anticipation that all will yet go well. Then we have the attachment of Max and Thekla, beautiful as some fairy dream amid all the other dark stern realities—his noble death, and her deep inconsolable grief—and a back ground full of lively truthful pictures.

Wallenstein is a powerfully drawn character. In the second part we see in him the bold, circumspect, calculating politician; energetic, although occasionally irresolute; and in the third part, when no gleam of hope cheers his path, when the blow has fallen which would have crushed a less vigorous mind, he rises up, stately, firm, and gigantic. Nor is the mental picture of him less beautiful or less characterized by depth of thought and delicacy of touch. Max Piccolomini is a *beau idéal* of a youthful hero—frank, generous, brave, and warlike—thrown amid scenes and events from the contamination of which he is preserved by the innate purity and rectitude of his heart and spirit. His love for Thekla, and his admiration and regard for her father, are beautifully drawn. Thekla, in her gentle purity, her timidity, her endurance, her ignorance of the world, her bright beautiful visions, her love, and eventually her despair, is an almost spiritual creation, shadowy and lovely. The duchess interests us by her true and womanly feelings, and at times we feel half inclined to like the worldly, shrewd Countess Terzky. Octavio is cold, worldly, prudent, and politic; his eye never wanders from his own aims, and he coolly looks on the ruin of his friend, nor stretches forth one finger to save him. Butler is a vivid sketch, a man of low birth, who has risen through bravery and chance, thrown among nobles he is keenly sensitive to his inferiority, and jealously alive to the slightest token of slight or insult. The other characters are good sketches, but not individualized by any striking peculiarities.

Want of space prevents us from extracting more than Max Piccolomini's apostrophe to peace.

"The Piccolomini. ACT I. SCENE 4.

"Thrice lovely is the day, when at the last
The soldier quits the battle-field, once more
To be a man. How blithely for the route
The banners are unfurl'd, when homewards beats
The joyful march of peace! When every cap
And helm is deck'd with boughs, the latest plunder
Of the field or plain. The city gates fly open
As of themselves; no petard need they now
To burst them! Joyous myriads crowd the walls—

A peaceful people's greetings fill the air—
From every tower peal forth the merry bells,
A joyful knell to days of blood. From hills
And vales a shouting throng come trooping forth,
Hindering the march with loving importunities.
The old man clasps his son once more, who comes
A stranger to his long-forsaken home!
The trees, which were but saplings when he went,
O'ershadow him with spreading boughs; and forth,
With modest blushes, comes a maid to greet him,
Whom he left cradled in the nurse's arms.
Thrice happy he to whom, like these, kind arms
And doors ope wide to welcome and enfold him!"

In the next paper we hope to conclude our survey of Schiller's works.

THE QUESTION.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"It is hard in this state of things not to conceive that the time among us, at least, is an essentially unpoetic one—one which, whatever may be the worth of its feelings, finds no utterance for them in melodious words."—*Quarterly Review*, Sep., 1842.

Why doth no poet rise to be the Bard
Of this most pregnant Age? And proving thus
Th' interpreter and oracle of Truth;
To stand upon the pedestal of Fame;
To be enshrined in the hearts of men;
To be a Name; the Symbol of a Power
Acknowledged, and so spread, that infants now,
And all their future far posterity,
May know it for a tone, like those Great Few
Familiar Ones—an ignorance of which
The memory feebly holds? Why doth no Bard
Arise to be the link for which we call—
The link in that strange chain which ages forge,
To bind—and so bequeath—the power of Thought,
Which makes the world not all a savage wild,
And man the rich inheritor he is?
Why doth no Bard arise to teach, that Truth
Is Poetry, and Poetry is Truth?
A simple phrase; and yet that chain is wrought
Of giant minds that did thus simply teach.

Unto my humble thought, it seems as sure
The Bard *will* come, as that the nicely-poised
And whirling earth, careering round the sun,
Will give us summer fruit, and winter snow;
But each in season. These are ponderous times,
In which things, thoughts, and feelings swell
beyond

The accustomed older channel of trite words,
And so o'erflowing, sink again within
The mind from whence they rose; but—to enrich
It more, and feed the parent springs, which shall,
In their allotted time, burst forth, and delve
A pathway for themselves. Doth not our tongue
Grow richer with the wealth of mind? Men coin
The words they want; and when they have a thing,
They find expression for it. So the Bard
Will come. We have the wealth of "feelings" high;
Is not their "utterance" near?

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LATE

AMIABLE

MISS MARY COSSLEY HALL.

BY MISS JANE ROBERTS.

"The seats deserted where she sat, the rooms
Wanting her elegance."

POTTER'S EURIPIDES.

Miss Mary Cossley Hall was the third and posthumous child of the late Cossley Hall, Esq., of Hyde Hall and Florence Hall, both sugar estates in Jamaica, by his second wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Bromley Rose, eldest child of Thomas Rose, Esq., of the old family of Rose of Dorsetshire; she was also sister of Thomas James Hall, Esq., now chief magistrate of Bow-street Police Court, and of Mrs. Somerville Wood.

Descended, on her father's side, from the very ancient families of Fitzwilliam,* Earls Fitzwilliam, Neville, Howard and Wyatt; and on her mother's, from the brave Caradoc (the Caractacus of the Romans), through the families of Mytley and Bromley, of Shropshire, Miss M. C. Hall in every way was worthy her long line of noble ancestry; but death has now, alas! cut short her career of usefulness, and it remains only for her sorrowing surviving relations and friends to mourn over the sad bereavement, and (as far as it may be in their power) to trace and to follow her footsteps, in her active benevolence, justice, and good will to all.

The death of this estimable lady was awfully sudden; and that others may feel how necessary it is to be ever watchful, and by a life of good deeds prove that they are prepared for that change which, sooner or later, must come alike to all of us, the particulars of this sad event are now briefly given.

Miss M. Cossley Hall resided with her only sister Mrs. Somerville Wood, to whom she was not only tenderly attached, but those who were dear to the one, became the absorbing interest of the other; so that Miss Hall had, conjointly with the mother, watched over the health, growth, education, and happiness of Mrs. Wood's only child by her first husband, now the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, with all the affection and anxious care of a parent; whilst since her marriage, her children had, in their turn, become the idols of her devoted love; to the eldest of whom, the little Anna Carolina, she has ultimately bequeathed the whole of

her fortune. This sweet child was to Miss Hall the object which colour'd all her thoughts, for

"She had ceas'd

To live within herself; she was her life,
The ocean to the river of her thoughts
Which terminated all."—BYRON:

But we hasten on to the sad event which has thus suddenly deprived us of the bright example of her whose loss we thus deplore.

On the 19th of June last, the sisters had arranged to receive a small number of friends to dine with them, after which, others were to join for a musical evening party; and it has since been observed by those who were then present, that Miss Hall not only looked particularly well, but appeared to enjoy herself more than usual; for her attentive observation, cheerful, witty, and kind manner, never varied during the whole evening. It was two o'clock in the morning ere the latest of the guests departed, when, after taking an affectionate leave of Mrs. Wheeler (a kind friend, the mother of Lady Bulwer Lytton, who was to remain the night with them) and her sister, Miss Hall, retired to rest. A little before nine o'clock, (the 20th) the sisters met as usual at breakfast, but Miss Hall complained of a sick head-ache, to which she had become of later years subject, even without any exciting cause; therefore, neither one nor the other thought any thing more of it, than as a temporary inconvenience. She took her coffee as usual, but declined eating any thing, and shortly after, she retired to her bed-room, when suddenly a cry of pain, and a noise as of some one falling, were heard by a servant, who providentially was at hand, and who, hastening to the spot, found Miss Hall extended on the floor. The bell was then hastily rung, and Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Wood ran instantly to her assistance. The sufferer was perfectly sensible, but complained of a violent spasm in the side, near the apex of the heart. She was quickly undressed, placed in her bed, and medical assistance was sent for.

The medicine administered appeared so far to relieve her, that the spasm was not continuous; still there was a prostration of strength not to be accounted for on so short an illness. Two medical men were in attendance during the next twenty-two hours of unexpected anxiety and pain, and everything was done that science or affection could dictate; but towards the close of this short period, the exhaustion became so deep and entire, that the poor sufferer herself felt that her earthly career was drawing to a close, for in accents of regret she deplored the not having made a will; but then, as if a rallying hope led her to believe that it could be of little consequence whether legally attested or not, she, in a few words, expressed her wishes as to the settlement of her property.

From that moment she rapidly sunk; but the affection for her sister was strong in death, for, fixing her eyes on her, she said, "My dearest Ann!"

Mrs. Wood was watching her, but at the moment, almost unconsciously, she was drawn aside

* One Wm. Fitzwilliam, whose family, traced up to the time of Edward the Confessor, first assumed the name of Hall, from his seat in Lincolnshire being called "the Hall." See Burke's "Landed Gentry, or Untitled Nobility."

by the medical man (Dr. Abel Stuart), that she might not witness the last sigh; and then, at a quarter past seven o'clock, scarcely twenty-two hours from the moment of death's first announcement,

"Her chasten'd spirit took its flight
To realms, we trust, of heavenly light."

All was over in a moment; and very soon after, that countenance of extreme anguish and pain became calm, happy, and angelic; for truly might it be said,

"The rapture of repose was there;"

and with Byron,

"One still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed."

We have already stated that Miss Hall was of a most benevolent disposition; therefore little remains to be told, but that it was in every way carried out by active exertion; for Mrs. Wood used, at times, jocosely to call her "sister Martha," as being careful about many things. During the most inclement weather, she would visit and relieve the afflicted, the fatherless, and the widow; for no place was too obscure, or even too dirty, for her to convey there the comforts of nourishment, clothing, blankets, &c. Miss Hall was economical, without parsimony; generous, without prodigality or ostentation. She was methodical in her time, habits, and pursuits; she had good reflective powers, strong judgment, and was a tolerable phrenologist. She devoted her whole soul to the discharge of the relative duties of life; for a better daughter, sister, niece, aunt, friend, and mistress, never breathed the breath of life—which will not be considered an exaggeration when we add, that she lived in the felt omnipresence of the Deity, in whom she put her trust. She had a soft and pleasing countenance, with a finely proportioned figure, and was remarkable for the beauty of her hands and feet. She had an accomplished mind; had travelled, and had seen much of life, both abroad and at home; for at her sister's house many of the highly-gifted, from among all nations, assembled. Her hand had often been sought in marriage, by those both of rank and wealth; offers which, either from the want of reciprocity of taste, or from other causes, she declined; but in doing so, she ever preserved the respect and esteem of those who sought her, which the will of one of them plainly attested, by a bequest of three thousand pounds.

Miss Hall, although she prided herself on her family and descent, thought with Pope, that

"Titles are marks of honest men and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title—lies."

And that,

"They who on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debts instead of their discharge."

To dwell on the past is ever valueless but as a lesson to the present and future; therefore we will

close this memoir of the truly beloved departed, in the words of the Christian lawgiver—

"Go thou, and do likewise."

Her remains are interred in a vault belonging to herself and sister, in the beautiful cemetery at Highgate—a favourite suburban retreat of hers.

Rich as she doubtlessly was in the reward of a peaceful conscience, and in the approval of the wise and good, let us hope that her lot will be found to be transcendently glorious, in that day when the King of heaven "maketh up his jewels."

A SISTER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEPARTED.

Sweet sister! thou wert all to me,
In this sad world of care;
My happiness was joy to thee,
My sorrow thou didst share.
But thou from me art ever gone:
I seem in this wide world alone.

Sweet sister! joy for me is o'er,
There's sorrow on my brow.
Can'st thou not bring me happiness?
Wilt thou not hear me now?
Art thou from me for ever gone,
Am I, in this wide world, alone?

Alas, my sister! thou no more
Can'st hear my plaintive cry;
Thine ear is clos'd to my distress,
And sunk thy beaming eye:
From me for ever thou art flown?
I am in the wide world alone.

The cold, cold earth is now thy bed,
Under the green grass sod;
But thy spirit, sweetest sister!
Rejoices with thy God.
Then wherefore should I weep for thee?
I am alone, but thou art free!

Alone am I? No! no! 'tis false—
Thy spirit hovers near;
And it will watch me from on high,
And bid me cease to fear:
Thy spirit from me has not flown,
And I can never be alone.

Again shall Death, man's subtle foe,
Visit thy once-lov'd home;
His presence I shall quickly know,
And, greeting, bid him "Come;"
Whilst my enraptur'd soul shall sing—
"Thou tyrant, Death! 'Where is thy sting?'"

Our chasten'd spirits then shall meet
Upon that blissful shore
Where sorrow, sighing, tears, and death,
Shall never part us more;
But constant praises we shall sing
To our great God, our heavenly King.

JANE ROBERTS.

LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE
WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.*

These pages have lately given a graceful, and, we doubt not, a grateful tribute of praise to a gifted American poet, James Russell Lowell; and with the same feeling that impelled British lips to hail *him* "across the blue Atlantic"—with the same feeling, only more sad, more solemn, do we hail the strains of one whose harp is hushed, whose sun has set—the late lamented Willis Gaylord Clark, who, though prematurely cut off, has left behind him a memory that perisheth not. The few but melting strains which had already reached us from his thrilling lyre, prepared us to give the welcome that we *cordially* gave to the three numbers of his *Literary Remains*, including a memoir of his life, now lying before us, edited by his accomplished twin-brother, the able editor of the New York Knickerbocker Magazine. Feeling, tenderness, and purity—a deep and fervent sympathy with nature—an enthusiastic love of the beautiful, are Mr. Clark's distinguishing traits; every line he penned assures us that he drank from the crystal fountain of inspiration, and that the muddy and corrupted streams, which strive to mingle with its waters, never stained his lips. His prose writings are remarkable for the variety of their style—at one time full of sublimity and pathos, at another teeming with wit and humour.

"The Tales and Essays," says the author of 'The Poets and Poetry of America,' "which he found leisure to write for 'The New York Knickerbocker Magazine;' and especially a series of amusing papers under the quaint title of 'Ollapodriana' will long be remembered for their heart-moving and mirth-provoking qualities." His works bear the undeniable impress of a pure and religious imagination, which threw its chaste light over all that it looked upon; they are the emanations of a mind that "evermore ran o'er with silent worship." He neglected not the golden rule which says that "earnestness and truth are the best gifts of intellectual power;" his language is from the heart—heartfelt, and therefore it enters into the hearts of all—its own simple and unaffected fidelity sends it home. He might well have said:—"Oh! mes amis, lisez-vous mes vers; mon ame y est empreinte." But let him speak for himself. The eloquent sublimity of his own prose, and the plaintive melody of his verse will do more for him than the most lavish praises of his admirers. Are not these the outpourings of a heart that loved "to look from nature's works to nature's God?"

"Well, spring is coming at last, with smiles such as she used to wear in my childhood, when she stepped over the glowing mountains, with light and song in her train. The feelings of better years are kindling within me, as I look from my window over the blossoming gardens of the city, regale my nostrils with the inhalation of the air from the fresh waters, and taste the fragrance which sweeps

over the town from the flowering trees in yonder 'fashionable square.' If there is any positive enjoyment on earth, one gets an inkling of it on a spring day, when his heart is not worn, and 'his bosom is young.' It is a blessed time; and he who feels it has a right to say so, even at the expense of being called a proser. I love to sit, as I do now, by my casement, with the gale melting all over my forehead (like an invisible touch of benediction from some spirit-hand), and mark the rosy clouds move along the west, as the hum of the city dies upon the ear, and the ærial currents of evening are taking their course over the vast inland from the sea. I feel at such moments that I have an indestructible soul; that the God whose fingers lifted the mountains to their places, and set the sun in heaven, likewise lights the human spirit from the exhaustless fountain of his power. I muse upon the littleness of man, and the greatness of his Creator, until the thought exalts my contemplations aloft, and I am lost in wonder."

And again—

"Rural life seldom fails to accomplish one object; it *softens the heart*. It awakens the affections, and leads to contemplation. 'God made the country, and man made the town.' In the former there are no artificial wants, prejudices, or fashions—all is cordiality, comfort, and peace. We look abroad upon the solemn hills, the shining streams, and waving Woodlands, and we feel that *God is there!* His hand placed the rock-ribbed mountain on its throne, and rolled around it its crown of misty glory. His breath fills the blue vault that swells above, until immensity, as it were, is visible; and his smile is *shadowed* only in the sunbeams which traverse those abysses of mystery."

What woman will read the following without exclaiming:—

"Thrice blessed be the sleep of him
Who knew our hearts so well."

"The true being and end of womankind is *love*; and from this, if I may so speak, all their sorrows, if they pervert that holy and heavenly passion, directly proceed. I reverence the principle of love in woman. It seems, indeed, the atmosphere in which she lives, and moves, and has her being. The arms and wings of her spirit seem ever reaching and panting to clasp to her bosom, and brood over some object of human affection. In the smile of her lip, in the glance of her eye, in the soft and bewildering melody of her voice, we find but the semblances and echoes of the spirit of love. She delights to minister to our comfort; to invest our pathway with the roses of delicate enjoyment; to lend sunshine to the hearth, and repose to the evening hour. I have never thought upon the gentle and unobtrusive influence of woman, without feelings of the deepest admiration. * * * In woman all that is sacred and lovely seems to meet, as in its natural centre. Do we look for self-denial? See the devoted wife. For resolute affection, struggling through countless trials? Behold the lover. * * * This is woman; always loving, always beloved. Well may the poet strike his lyre in her praise; well may the warrior

* Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark, in a series of numbers. Burgess, Stringer, and Co., New York.

rush to the battle-field for her smile; well may the student trim his lamp to kindle her passionate heart, or warm her dainty imagination: she deserves them all. Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave of the Saviour, she teaches to those who have lived since his sufferings the inestimable virtue of constant affection. I love to see her by the couch of sickness; sustaining the fainting head; offering to the parched lip its cordial, to the craving palate its simple nourishment; treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid when he says—

“Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But blooming roses wet with dew
To cool my burning brow instead:”

Disposing the sunlight upon the pale forehead, bathing the hair with ointments, and letting in upon it from the summer casement the sweet breath of heaven! How lovely are such exhibitions of ever-during constancy and faith! How they appeal to the soul! Like the lover in the canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, dropped “with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock.” No man of sensibility, I take it, after battling with the perplexities of the out-door world, but retires with a feeling of refreshment to his happy fire-side; he hears with joy the lisp of the cherub urchin that climbs upon his knee, to tell him some wonderful tale about nothing; or feels with delight the soft breath of some young daughter, whose downy, peach-like cheek is glowing close to his own. I am neither a husband nor a father, but I can easily fancy the feelings of supreme pleasure which either must experience. Let us survey the world of business: “what go we out for to see?” The reed of ambition shaken by the breath of the multitude; cold hearted traders and brokers, traffickers, and overreachers, anxious each to circumvent his fellow, and turn the golden tide, in which all would dabble, into his own purse. Look at the *homes* of most of these. There the wife waits for her husband; and while she feels that anxiety for his presence which may be called the hunger of the heart, she feeds her spirit with the memory of his smile, or perhaps looks with fondness upon the pledges of his affection, as they stand like olive branches round about his table.”

Can anything be finer than the lofty sentiments, the solemn reflections, the “high poetic imaginings” of the following?—

“How impressive was that sound! Throned afar in the forest, sceptred with its gorgeous coronet of lunar rainbows, its regal impulse rushing through the darkness on the wings of the wind, Niagara lifted to heaven its vocal and eternal anthem! How many generations, thought I, shall come and go; how many loving hearts go back to dust; how many lips be dumb in death,

—— and their soft breath with pain
Be yielded to the elements again,

before Niagara shall be tuneless, or its stormy tones be muffled! Power more than kingly!

Voice louder and steadier than the clamour of battle, or the peal of the ephemeral earthquake, engulfing plains and cities! In the language of the bard, ‘Thy days are everlasting!’ Thou camest from the palm of Him who hath measured the earth, and who sees the pestilence stain the noonday at his bidding. Who that breathes will ever behold the consummation of thy destiny? None! Autumn after autumn, with its gold-dropping orchards, its painted woodlands, and hollow sighs, shall come and go; spring will prank the earth with violets and verdure; summer shall glow, and deadly winter pale the earth; but over all thou wilt triumph, until this sphere shall heave at the voice of the Almighty, and the trump of the Archangel.”

Look at the healthy and “free from morbid” tone that breathes here:—

“Such was my sojourn in ‘the place where I was born.’ It was short but sweet. I found my heart filled with teeming recollections; everything was new to my eye, but I felt that my bosom was unchanged. I have, and I thank my God for the possession, feelings and sensibilities, untainted and *unworn*. In my spirit, I can still experience that *newness* of delight which is said to wear off easily by contact with the world. It is not so with me. A poem or a scene; the lapse of a beautiful river, or the sheen of a rick woodland or field, can yield for my mind the same fruitage of contentment which it felt and relished in other days. For the perpetual presence of this capacity, I am deeply and devoutly thankful. I would not exchange it for worlds.”

It is difficult to make selections from pages that teem with so much beauty, and we forcibly feel that we have but feebly fulfilled our task, and that we have left some of the most exquisite passages untouched; also, the sublime and sentimental have so wholly enchained us, we have neglected the inimitable traits of humour which now and again burst forth like the ringing laugh of a merry heart; and it would swell our paper to too great an extent to do more than give a brief specimen or two of our subject’s rare powers as a poet, in which character he has obtained that widely spread distinction which falls to the lot of merit alone. “The Poetical writings of Mr. Clark,” say the publishers of his ‘Remains’ in their announcement, “are too well known to require comment. They have long been thoroughly established in the national heart, and have secured for the writer an enviable reputation abroad.”

“THE EARLY DEAD.”

‘Why mourn for the young? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning’s breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness, and end in storm.’—BULWER.

“If it be sad to mark the bow’d with age
Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,
Closing the changes of life’s pilgrimage
In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom;
Oh! what a shadow o’er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!”

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring
To the unfolding bud and scented rose,
Comes the pure freshness age can never bring,
And fills the spirit with a rich repose,
How shall we lay them in their final rest?
How pile the clods upon their wasting breast?

Life openeth brightly to their ardent gaze;
A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky;
O'er the broad world hope's smile incessant
plays,
And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye;
How sad to break the vision, and to fold
Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould!

Yet this is life! To mark from day to day
Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,
Pass like the anthem of a breeze away;
Sinking in waves of death, ere chilled by time,
Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
Autumnal mildew o'er its rose-like red.

And yet what mourner, though the pensive eye
Be dimly thoughtful in its burning tears,
But should with rapture gaze upon the sky,
Through whose far depths the spirit's wing
careers?

There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung
Who fade from earth while yet their years are
young."

Could any but a *born* poet sing thus?—

"Ask of the ocean waves, that burst
In music on the strand,
Whose murmurs load the scented breeze
That fans the summer land;
Why is their harmony abroad,
Their cadence in the sky
That glitters with the smile of God,
In mystery on high?

Question the cataract's boiling tide,
Down stooping from above,
Why its proud billows, far and wide,
In stormy thunders move?
It is that in their hollow voice,
A tone of praise is given,
Which bids the fainting heart rejoice,
And trust the might of Heaven.

And ask the tribes whose matin song
Melts on the dewy air,
Why, like a stream that steals along,
Flow forth their praises there?
Why, when the vale of eve comes down,
With all its starry hours,
The night-bird's melancholy lay
Rings from her solemn bowers?

It is some might of love within,
Some impulse from on high,
That bids their matin song begin,
Or fills the evening sky
With gentle echoes all its own;
With sounds that on the ear
Fall, like the voice of kindred gone,
Cut off in youth's career.

Ask of the gales that sweep abroad,
When sunset's fiery wall
Is crowned with many a painted cloud,
A gorgeous coronal;
Ask why their wings are trembling then
O'er nature's sounding lyre,
While the far occidental hills
Are bathed in golden fire?

Oh! shall the wide world raise the song
Of peace, and joy, and love,
And shall man's heart not bid his tongue
In voiceful praises move?
Shall the old forest and the wave,
When summon'd by the breeze,
Yield a sweet flow of solemn praise,
And *man* have less than these?"

Alas! that one so gifted should so easily "be
lost to lands below the sun!" but has he not
"proceeded," as he himself touchingly expressed
it, "to set up his everlasting rest in a better
country, where the day does not darken, and
death hangs no cloud;" and in the impressive
words of Washington Irving (in a consolatory let-
ter addressed to the lamented poet's *heart-stricken*
twin brother), "he has left behind him writings
which will make men love his memory and lament
his loss."

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

SONGS FOR STRAY AIRS.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

No. VI.

A FIRE-SIDE SONG.

Air.—*Strauss's Aurora Waltz.*

When the winds blow,
And the white-feather'd snow
Falls on the lattice, at evening time;
Oh! then comes the hour
Of friendship's sweet power,
And love twines his bonds at the vesper chime:
Then when the light of the flickering blaze
Burns cheerily—
Dance merrily!
Join the sweet chorus we joyfully raise,
"Hail! hail! to the gay winter days!"

Though icicles freeze
In the grey leafless trees,
And snow-drifts sweep over the graves of the
flowers;

We care not—for here
Is the sunshine most dear,
And the ever-green spring of the heart is ours:
Then while the light of the flickering blaze
Burns cheerily—
Dance merrily!
Join the sweet chorus we joyfully raise,
"Hail! hail! to the gay winter days!"

THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS AN OLD MAID.

(A Sketch.)

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"Hearts are tombs
Where secret loves are buried out of sight."
J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

Among the ideas flung out at random by the talented originator of these sketches, with a lavish prodigality of thought and imagination, there is one with which we were particularly struck, and which, by forbearing to touch upon himself, he has left us at liberty to treat as we please. A melancholy mood steals over us as we sit down to our self-imposed task, for the subject is one too sacred for mirth or satire, and fraught with tearful associations and bitter memories.

The "Young Lady who is an Old Maid." Let us ask whom we will for a description of Old Maids, and the answer will be for the most part the same. We shall be told that they are invariably plain; have a marvellous love of order, which is perpetually displaying itself; are prudish to a degree; have a sort of natural horror of young men; are rather inclined to be literary; subscribe to bible societies; talk scandal, and nurse cats! But this is both a vulgar and an erroneous view of the subject.

In the first place, no young girl is so plain but the chances are that some one may think otherwise; and very, very few but feel this in their inmost hearts, although it may turn out at last to be a mere delusion! Then the love of order; what so likely to make a good housewife and a happy home? As for being prudish, we do not believe a word of it, or that they think less of beaux, and all that sort of thing, than their companions, although for various reasons, to which we shall presently advert, they may not talk so much about them. The old proverb that "Still water runs deepest," is not wholly without truth. Then, as to her being literary, we of course see no harm in that; and, seriously speaking, it will render her none the less likely to love or be beloved. With regard to bible societies, religion is a woman's sweetest virtue. But scandal? Ah! that is certainly very shocking! And yet, where will you find the girl who does not occasionally indulge in it? How else could she ever hope to get through her endless round of morning visits and evening parties? As for the cats, we shall only add that the love of dumb animals is the sure sign of a kind heart; and a four-footed pet is much the safest, and oftentimes the most faithful. But if the common view of the "Young Lady who is an Old Maid" be so baseless and easily confuted, which is the true one? Listen, and we will tell you after our own fashion.

They are to be found among the most beautiful of earth's daughters; the world teems with them, although we know it not; and as fast as one dies

away from that pale, melancholy band, her place is filled up by another and another yet, and will be, so long as young hearts worship idols of clay, wondering to find them perishable!

We enter a crowded ball-room, and are struck by the radiant beauty of a fair girl who stands leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, perhaps her lover, or her brother, or merely a friend. They are talking and laughing merrily together; and her laugh, which is very sweet, although a little too loud to be natural, rises far above the echo of the music, and one there starts when he hears it, and knows not whether to be glad or sorry that she can so easily forget him, for he has found a fairer still in his eyes. She has accomplished her object; she saw that start, and smiled; it was a terrible smile to see on a young face! How joyous she seemed that night! What flashes of wit fell from those scornful lips, in the which there was a bitter mingling of satire which few perceived! And none dreamt at its close that she had been disappointed, as it is termed, and would never know love or happiness again—that the "Young Lady was an Old Maid" already in heart.

Another is there, scarcely less beautiful, but pale and quiet-eyed; and somehow, as if the doom was upon her, no one thinks of asking her to dance; but she never feels the neglect, her thoughts are all with the past. Her sad history may be summed up in a few brief words—he to whom she was to have been married died one week before the time fixed for the ceremony, of a fever. There will be no more wedding-days for her!

A third too, so young and pretty that it is a marvel to all her companions that she never yet had a lover. Are they quite certain upon this point? And that her merry-hearted cousin Frank Grey, who was sent to sea and perished there, was not something more than a mere relation? It is strange that she should never be without that little cornelian cross he sent her only a few months before the news of his death came. And yet she never mentions his name, except may be in her prayers.

Then there is the heiress of Dunallen, with her high white brow, haughty step, and brilliant eyes. Can it be that her heart is as cold as her smile? And was it always thus? We suppose it must have been, for they do say she was so indignant with the young clergyman of M— for daring to speak of love to her one day, when his passion had got the better of his prudence, that she banished him from her presence with harsh words, although they had been brought up together from their childhood. But he was certainly no match for her in point of wealth and station, which would have signified little if she had loved him, for she had more than enough for both. The poor man, however, took it so much to heart that he quitted the place where he was looked upon by all, and especially the poor, as little less than an angel, and went away no one knew whither. Advertisements have appeared several times since in the principal papers, supplicating only for a line, but possibly they never met the eye of the fugitive, whose after fate is still wrapped in mystery. But

of course the proud and gifted heiress of Dunallen has forgotten all this long since.

Sweet Anne Drummond, too, with her violet eyes and bright hair, looking like Dante's Beatrice,

"Con un color angelica di perla."

Why did she turn so pale, and tremble like a leaf, when some one asked her just now if she remembered the last race-ball, and whether it was not a very grand affair? She who seemed so happy on that night was the belle of the room, and waited, if we forget not, two or three times running with Cornet Fitzjames, whom all the rest of the girls were trying in vain to get to notice them; and not caring a pin although her old lover stood looking on, with his arms folded, and his lips almost as white as hers are now, as she answers her interrogator in a tearful voice—

"Yes, we were all very merry."

"All but Mr. Atherton. By the bye, I fancied at one time he was a beau of yours, my dear."

Poor Anne! Perhaps she had thought so too, once, but that was all past now; and she only shook her head, smiled, and then sighed a moment after, and was thankful to be able to keep from crying.

We shall notice one more in that festal scene, and how beautiful she is! what a world of passion and tenderness in those large dreamy eyes! what intellect in the broad white brow! She is a poetess; and, girl as she looks, fame has already recognised its gifted one, and her name found an echo in many hearts. Mark how they crowd about her, as though that low voice were an oracle; and how the basiffulness of the woman sheds a crowning glory upon the bowed head of genius. And yet in that proud hour we would allow a momentary exultation in the triumphs so early won—in the homage of the good and great—but there was none. The idol upon its marble pedestal could not look more cold. She seemed weary and heartsick. It might be that she had many worshippers, and yet the worshipped was not among them.

She did not dance, but stood leaning against one of the pillars, and smiling when spoken to, in a sad, abstracted way; so that many whispered to one another that she was composing a new poem. At last two came and sat down, without perceiving her, on a low couch; the one a simple, child-like young thing, the other an officer in the prime of life and manly beauty.

"Well, I am glad I came," said the girl; "it is so pleasant to see one whose works I admire so much. And I am not the least disappointed—she is very lovely. Do you not think so?"

"Yes, certainly," replied her companion.

"Nay, how coldly you answer."

"Did I? But, in good truth, dearest, I have a strange prejudice against all women who write—*clever women*, as they are termed—and would not marry one for the whole world."

Just at that moment the dancers were startled by a wild shriek, succeeded by a heavy fall; and the young poetess was borne past, with her dark

hair hanging loosely upon her shoulders, and her face pale as her white robe. While the officer sneered, and whispered something to his companion about such people liking to get up a scene, to which she listened incredulously, for, simple as she was, she had a woman's heart.

From that hour the lyre of the poetess was baptized in tears; and, as she died early, the world deemed it but the prophetic revealings of her own doom, and biographers drew the history of her short life after their own fashion.

We might go on in this way until our simple tale spread itself into volumes, sad and truthful records of the human heart, but forbear; enough has been said to make us thoughtful, perhaps even sad, for who is there that cannot number among their acquaintances of past years, or does not know at the present time, at least one "Young Lady who is an Old Maid;" one seared and blighted spirit, which, however proudly it may bear itself to the world, asks only in the hour of solitude and abandonment to die? And the last stage of such is, if possible, even worse than the first; when the rust of anguish, and bitterness, and disappointment, has gathered over and dimmed every warm and kindly feeling of their natures; when ceasing to be "Young Ladies" they are still "Old Maids," and satire, born of suffering, makes them odious to themselves and others. How quaintly, and yet with what simple truth, Martin Luther tells us, "that the heart of a human creature is like a mill-stone in a mill: when corn is shaken thereon, it turneth and grindeth it to meal; but if no corn be there, it still turneth and grindeth away itself."

But it is not always so; there are some who bear the burden with a meek and patient spirit; and we know one in particular who loves nothing better than to speak of her own blighted youth, and hold it up as a warning to others never to trifle ever so lightly with the heart that trusts them. Even where this is not the case, let us forbear to ridicule or scorn one of God's creatures, once as young and merry-hearted as ourselves, stricken down perhaps in the pride of her beauty by that common scourge of womanhood, the faithlessness of him to whom she had given her whole soul. The harsh voice, the sneering lip, telleth its own tale of misery. The cold smile hides a world of bitter thoughts, and the love that lavishes itself so foolishly, as we deem it, upon the animals of her household, has perhaps in years past been flung back upon her own heart, and failed utterly to crush and deaden its tenderness.

We believe and maintain that no girl is of necessity an Old Maid; that is, that she passes through life without having the offer at least of changing her condition, be she ever so plain; that she has not at some period of her existence loved and been beloved—some madly or vainly, others in joy, until death or change crept in, and left an everlasting shadow upon their hearts. And how light a cause can divide even the most passionately attached! a word idly spoken or misinterpreted, unexplained at the moment, commented upon afterwards, perhaps by false friends, until "the cloud at first no bigger than a man's hand,"

spreads and darkens over the sad future of their whole lives; and the mildew of time stealing away the bloom from their cheeks, and the gentleness from tempers once sunny and peaceful as a summer lake, makes us forget how a few years since they were even as ourselves; as full of hope, as rich in friends, and as fond of indulging in visions from which we shall likewise, perhaps, be awakened all too soon.

We have left ourselves but little space to illustrate these remarks, but the tale shall be as brief as it is truthful and melancholy.

Clara and Sophie Brandon were twin sisters; but how unlike! The former was a *belle* and a beauty, full of a brilliant wit, as yet untainted by one particle of malevolence or causticity; buoyant with gaiety and happiness, and it may be a little, or not a little proud of her powers of fascination. Sophie—but we need not describe Sophie Brandon—there are thousands like her in the world, good, quiet little souls, whom no one thinks of noticing, or misses if they are absent; and yet they do a deal of good in their own way, and are the blessing of many a heart and home. The sisters loved each other very tenderly, but there was no confidence between them, their thoughts and pursuits being so widely different; and then Sophie was so quiet, and Clara so gay.

About the time of which we write, Mr. Brandon's ward (Edward Dalzell) returned from abroad, and took up his residence in his guardian's house. He was handsome and animated; had a foreign, but not disagreeable, *empressment* of manner, even when he spoke on the most trivial subjects; praised Clara's style of singing, and offered to learn her favourite duets, and try them with her; encouraged poor Sophie, who really had no voice at all, by kind words and smiles, and was a universal favourite with the whole family. A grand ball was given in honour of his return, at which Mr. Dalzell danced the first dance with Clara, who, radiant in her brilliant beauty and costly attire, was the acknowledged star of the festival. And then taking compassion on Sophie, whom no one else seemed to think of noticing, devoted himself solely to her amusement. He had a kind heart, that Dalzell. In the solitude of their own chamber, the sisters spoke of him to each other.

"What a sweet voice Edward has!" said Clara. "Such a distinguished air, too; and how well he waltzes! It was very good-natured of him to dance so much with you, dear."

"Very," replied the young girl in a low voice; she never said much.

"Do you know he told papa that I was the handsomest girl in the room, and the best dressed! Certainly that pale pink satin, with the pearls and blush roses, was very becoming. I wonder you always wear white muslin, Sophie, although I admit it looks very neat and simple; but somehow gentlemen never think of noticing girls in white muslin!"

Sophie laughed; she was very good-tempered, and seemed pleased that Mr. Dalzell should admire her sister; but then, who could help it? And Clara patted her pale cheek, and called her

"a dear little flatterer!" After which they kissed each other and went to sleep.

Edward Dalzell was as good as his word, and Clara very soon liked nothing half as much as practising duets with him; but then he had such a clear rich voice, and knew so well how to put in the proper note just where hers failed. He sang, too, with great feeling and expression, and had a habit—or else it was the girl's own fancy—of seeking the veiled eyes of his companion when they came to certain passages in the air, as if to ascertain whether she felt it too; and always when the lesson was over, he would go and sit down by the side of Sophie, and tell her in a low voice what they had been singing about, for she did not understand Italian, although she liked to listen to them, and wished now she had paid more attention to music; but until of late she had always had very bad health, and was not allowed to study much.

More than six months had passed away since Mr. Dalzell's return to England. Clara was more beautiful, although perhaps less brilliant, than ever. Sophie, just the same. It was evening, that pleasant twilight hour when it is so delightful to gather around a blazing fire, and talk, or think, or fancy images to ourselves in its fitful light. Mr. Brandon was dozing in his arm-chair. Edward sat between the girls; but they were all strangely silent, and yet very happy. What could they be thinking of? There is a proud smile upon Clara's beautiful lip; and even Sophie has a warm, bright flush upon her cheeks, and a subdued joy in her eyes, which makes her look almost pretty; and we have an idea Mr. Dalzell must agree with us, by the way in which he is regarding her. Mr. Brandon was the first to move.

"Are you going to your study, sir?" asked Edward, in a voice that faltered slightly.

"Yes, for half an-hour. Do you want anything, my dear boy?"

"I will accompany you, sir, if you please?"

"Very well; but I warn you I am too sleepy to attend to business until after tea."

The sisters were left alone; it was strange that neither of them should wonder what Edward could possibly want with papa—it would have been but natural: perhaps they both thought they could guess. Clara went to the piano, and played over a little air Mr. Dalzell had given her in the morning, and then practised the duet they were to sing together that night. But Sophie never stirred, or spoke; she was always so quiet.

Presently the door was flung open; and Edward Dalzell, his handsome face beaming with animation, walked straight up to Clara, and kissed her bright cheek for the first time, calling her "his dear little beauty of a sister." But for Sophie he had a more sacred name still, who wept and yet joyed when he uttered it. Was it a dream, or did Clara really see her father standing over them, with his gray hair, and pale, happy face; and hear him bless them both, and tell Edward that he who gained his sweet Sophie could not fail of being blessed. At which the lover bent down and kissed that fair brow, while she bit her lips until the blood came, to keep herself from shrieking aloud in her

agony; and then went up to them, and put her cold arms about the neck of her sister, wishing her all happiness.

That night when they were alone, the hitherto silent girl poured out every secret of her innocent and guileless heart—the history of her young love, even from the very first—her fear—her wonder and wild joy to find it returned.

"It would have been but natural, dear Clara," said she, "for him to have loved you who are so beautiful."

Her companion shuddered and answered not, but her silent caresses manifested her sympathy; and poor Sophie fairly wept herself to sleep upon her bosom like a child.

The wedding day was fixed, and followed in due course of time; Clara being bridesmaid. And how beautiful she looked! How merry she was! How wildly she laughed at every little jest, common on such occasions; and when some one told her that one wedding never came alone, and her turn would be next, she did not attempt to deny it, but only smiled, as if in scorn or triumph, for she had many admirers, as was well known.

Sophie, for the first time in her life an object of attraction, looked a very bride; so shy and interesting, and so happy. Many wondered that they had never noticed before what sweet eyes she had, but then how should they when they were so rarely lifted up; and a few thought her almost as pretty as Clara, only not so animated. As for Mr. Dalzell, had the question been asked him, he would probably have affirmed that there was not her equal in the whole world. She was so gentle and affectionate, and proud of him, and loved him so much! a fact which she cared not to conceal from the first moment that she had dared to hope the knowledge would add to his happiness.

The ceremony passed away as usual. Sophie cried a little, as all brides should; but Clara never shed a tear. Nay, it is even affirmed that she was seen to catch the smiling glance of a certain handsome bridesman, who stood opposite to her, and hid her face in her veil, to avoid the contagion of his mirth. Or she might have been laughing too, for her bosom heaved strangely.

All is over at last—the bride and bridegroom have gone away in their splendid travelling carriage. The guests dispersed to their various homes. The father to pray that they may be happy; although he has no fear, for they love and are worthy of each other. The bridesmaid to her now lonely chamber; the excitement has been too much for her—she flings herself upon the ground, and in her madness and despair, dashes her head against the hard floor, and shrieks aloud! The orange-blossoms were torn from her hair, part of which came out also in the struggle; but she feels no pain—there is a deadness—a void in her heart, which will never be filled up again. "There are hours in life," says Dewey, "like martyrdom—as full of bitter anguish—as full of earthly desolation—in which more than our sinews—in which we feel as if our very heart-strings were stretched and lacerated on the rack of affliction—in which life itself loses its value, and we ask to die!" This was one of them.

Presently the first dinner-bell rang. They are to have a large party, in honour of the day; and she starts up like one awakened from a horrid dream! She changes her soiled dress, and smooths her dishevelled tresses. She hides the fearful paleness of her cheeks with rouge; and tries, before her mirror, whether those rigid and sorrowful lines about the mouth, can ever be taught to relax again into smiles. The metamorphosis is at length completed, and she goes down to preside over her father's guests; and will be perhaps, in appearance, the merriest and most animated of them all.

Poor Clara! how will you bear that sister's return? To have her hanging upon your neck, in her fond, child-like way, and looking up into your eyes, while she tells you how kind Edward is—and fond of her—and how happy they are together; entreating, so earnestly, that you will come and stay with them, and be a daily and hourly witness of their felicity. Why, it would be the death of you! Her assurances, that nothing would give Edward more pleasure, for she is certain that he loves you—and the hope, half timidly expressed, that before long you will be settled in equal comfort. Alas! for your firmness—for your pride, when that hour comes! And yet it will not fail you; you will go down into the grave, and your sad secret be buried with you.

This is one of the many strange alchemical processes by which warm and joyous hearts are seared and chilled, and oft-times broken; and when this last is the case, they are least to be pitied. Clara Brandon, from the hour in which she first heard of her sister's engagement, passed into that common and melancholy thing, a "Young Lady who is an Old Maid!"

"She was foolish," perhaps some of our readers will say, "to give her love unasked;" but are we quite sure that Mr. Dalzell, with his fine, expressive eyes, and sweet voice, was not a little to blame also? And even if this was not the case, who shall dare to judge these things by common and every-day rules? Be it as it may, the punishment was greater than the error committed—and hard, grievously hard to be borne.

There is a mystery in all this, past human comprehension; but hers was no isolated destiny; it was "the love of the moth for the star"—the longing for the unattainable, hunting us with a resistless power, and poisoning the joys yet within our reach. But while one of this class, as in the history we have been relating, by a strange infatuation works out her own doom, how many fall unwilling sacrifices at the altar of ambition; or are the victims of jealousy, mistrust, false friends, and falser hearts! How many are stricken down into their joyless doom by death! But for heaven and the grave, alas! for every one of them.

And now, my friends, rise up from this melancholy sketch. Go forth into the world again; a bright world after all, for the most part. And whenever you meet such an one as we have been describing, be not repelled by the pale, acornful lip, and blighting sarcasm; but call up your kindest tone, your gentlest smile, and remember that, could you see into their inmost souls, you would be more likely to pity them for the cause, than hate them

for the effect. When they seem most brilliant, then be sure that night that bitter and burning tears will be shed where no eye sees them save Heaven! If the past has been idly mentioned, and they have smiled, pray for them, for they need your prayers. Or if they can weep, be thankful; blessing God in your hearts that he has given them tears. Forbear to ridicule, or speak one mocking word, lest in avengement the blow should likewise fall on thee; for we have shewn that the brightest and the best are those first doomed.

And is there no cure—no preventive against this fearful malaria of the heart? is the eager question. And we answer, in sad earnestness, none! No woman loves and doubts; she risks her all of happiness upon one chance, and must abide the issue. It was so from the beginning, and will be until the end of time; and we should be sorry to teach her that mistrust which comes all too soon, and is the blight of true affection. If—her idol, changes—if he loves her not—if he dies—she is lost. And we dare not say, “You are young, and the world is wide—forget him and love again;” for it may not be. There is no hope, save in Heaven, for the “Young Lady who is an Old Maid.”

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE

TO INQUIRE INTO THE STATE OF MUSIC IN
HIGH LIFE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Our readers are aware that several commissions have lately been issued to inquire into the habits of the upper classes; the reports of several of these commissions have been published by our able cotemporaries *Punch* and *Puck*. The following is the evidence taken before a commission appointed to investigate the state of music in high life.

The Honble. Aurelia Flamwell, a damsel in the bloom of youth and beauty, was first examined. Had been taught music at the fashionable seminary of Mrs. D—— by the celebrated Signor Pasticcio; does not know anything of English music, the Signor would never allow anything of the kind at school, and Pa says it is only to be heard among low people; thinks Handel's oratorios, and sacred music and choruses, and that sort of thing, very fine and grand; never heard any of them; does not know where Exeter Hall is; recollects Pa mentioning a place somewhere near Charing Cross or the Strand, where vast numbers of low persons go, and a great many children sometimes sing psalms; Ma says its a charity; does not know either Dr. Mendelssohn or Dr. Spohr; never saw any physician but Dr. Diddlem, who has attended the family for many years; likes Mozart; remembers an opera of his, in which there is a stone statue, who walks about and carries the hero off in the last scene amidst smoke, and flames, and devils, and that sort of thing—thought all the rest, however, excessively stupid; believes Rossini to be the greatest man in Europe, except the Duke of Wellington, as Ma remembers having heard the *gran maestro* say so himself when he was in England (*Fact*); does not like great men,

and those odd kind of people; remembers being shown a portrait of Haydn at the palace, a horrid old fright with a wig and a pigtail; never heard any of his music, is sure she should not like it.

Captain Minceitwell, of the Guards, examined. Cares nothing for any music but what he hears on parade, or at Almack's; goes frequently to the opera, but the music always bores him; is not sure whether the theatre has a gallery or not, believes the former, from the *canaille*-ish and mutinous noises that issue sometimes from the upper part of the house; likes Handel's music, remembers to have danced to some of it, arranged as quadrilles (*Fact*), when he was last at Paris; never heard an English opera; to visit English theatres is in the last degree *mauvais ton*.

Lady Swaincatcher, a fine dignified looking matron, of about five-and-forty, or thereabouts, now stepped forward. Her ladyship delivered her evidence with great volubility, and in a tone of oracular confidence and decision. She said that music was an excellent thing for young people, and had fully repaid her the trouble and expense of cultivating it in her family; that she had three daughters, two of whom she had already, under Providence and her own excellent management, established in the world, by means of their own accomplishments. That the finest music for this purpose, “and,” added her ladyship, “who but fools ever study it for any other?” (here she laughed with dignified scorn), was Donizetti's and Bellini's—that the former had already brought £10,000 a year into her family, and the latter the reversion of a ducal coronet. “My eldest girl,” proceeded her ladyship, “I brought forward in the high Italian bravura style; this, with the *éclat* of having studied under the *gran maestro* himself, by whom I had her carefully instructed when he was over here, very soon settled her brilliantly in the world. With my second I tried Bellini, and rustic simplicity, private theatricals, and the *Son-nambula*, with equal success; she pleaded pre-engaged affections, hatred of music, and dislike of the man I had selected for her husband; but I bid her remember, that a young lady has neither affections nor will of her own, that they belong to her parents until she is married, and then become her husband's! She obeyed me, and will eventually become a duchess. Her husband, who is music-mad, complains to me that he has discovered since his marriage that his wife detests music, the accomplishment for which he most loved her, and he is obliged to seek this, the chief solace of his life, away from home.” “But,” added her ladyship with impressive dignity, “what is that to me? I never interfere in the disputes between man and wife, especially in a matter that so little concerns me.” (Here there was a slight sensation of the risible muscles of the Commissioners). She had heard of Haydn and Mozart—one she believed was a sexton, or a grave-digger, or some such thing, and the other died a beggar. Her ladyship's manner was remarkable for its lofty and self-reliant composure, the very air of the room seemed impregnated with strong sense while she was speaking. We reserve the rest of the evidence for a future occasion.—*From the Musical Examiner*,

LE PREMIER GRENADIER DES ARMEES DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

BY THE LATE J. E. INMAN.

"Old boy, you should read," cried the invalid,
 "and be of your speech more spare,"
 "Reading be cuist," the veteran outburst, "why
 I tell you that I was there;
 I ought to know how a battle should go, when
 I've been in at least a score,
 At Friedland, Lobau, Borodino, Eylau, and I
 know not how many more:
 I am older than you, haply wiser too, and you
 might some reverence learn
 To him whose arm caught the dying form of the
 bold La Tour d'Auvergne,
 As he fell on the field of honour."

"Now, here are you two, squabbling anew,"
 quoth a third to the other twain
 (He stumped on a peg: he had left his leg some-
 where or another in Spain);
 "What matters it now the why or the how, so
 long as we won the day,
 Whether Kellerman's horse broke the Austrian
 force, or the charge of poor Desaix?
 Lay this bickering by, and I'll tell you why, I very
 much want to learn,
 For I've heard the fame of his glorious name all
 about this La Tour d'Auvergne,
 Who fell on the field of honour."

"La Tour d'Auvergne," said the pensioner stern,
 "was a very man of men;
 Live long as we may, I'll be bound to say we ne'er
 see his like again:
 He began his career as a musqueteer, in the corps
 of the baker's wife
 (As they nicknamed then the beautiful queen, who
 fell by the headsman's knife).
 Well, America rose 'gainst her English foes, her
 freedom and rights to earn;
 And with freedom for word, won the heart and
 sword of the bold La Tour d'Auvergne,
 Who fell on the field of honour."

"Hence returning again, he enlisted with Spain,
 where they offered him pensions vast,
 And their cross of fame—I forget its name—but
 he only accepted the last:
 The war being o'er, he came home once more, and
 lived for a time at ease,
 Till drafted away with the corps d'armée of the
 Western Pyrenees;
 Servan had command, and he formed a band of
 eight thousand veterans stern;
 'Twas said, they tell, the Column of Hell, and
 led by La Tour d'Auvergne,
 Who fell on the field of honour."

"There our glorious chaps had many mishaps, they
 were all in the worst distress,
 Of nations forlorn, all their garments torn; what
 their pickle might be you may guess,

When they tanned the hide of the men that died,
 for leather to make them shoes!
 Not so nice, to be sure, but I'm told by La Tour,
 'twas good as you'd wish to use:
 Well, they beat 'em at last, and the war o'erpast,
 embarked on their home return,
 When an English sloop took the ship o' the troop
 in which was La Tour d'Auvergne,
 Who fell on the field of honour."

"From out of this scrape he made his escape, one
 night, when all were asleep;
 With a comrade bold he broke from the hold,
 and dropt—splash—into the deep;
 Quick there came a shout, a blue-light thrown
 out, the whew of a ball,* a groan,
 La Tour d'Auvergne had swam under the stern,
 his comrade perished alone:
 Well, he drifted away, and a lugger at day picked
 him up with fatigue outworn;
 He was not quite drowned, so at last came round,
 when thus said La Tour d'Auvergne,
 Who fell on the field of honour."

"'Old fellow,' said he, to the smuggler free, 'when
 I left the cruiser's deck,
 A watch and some gold in a stocking I roll'd, and
 fastened it round my neck;
 As the seas I clave, 'twas loosed by a wave, and I
 put up my hand to hold;
 But the devil to boot, I caught by the foot, and
 out went the watch and gold.
 Here's the stocking as yet, little worth I admit;
 but if ever you need a turn,
 Just send it to me, and you then shall see that the
 soul of La Tour d'Auvergne
 Is the very soul of honour."

"All this I was told of the warrior bold, when I
 met him in after days;
 I was one, in truth, of the conscript youth, with
 Dumouriez, on the Mâes,
 And a merrier set, I'll be bound to bet, never
 tackled with friend or foe,
 Our souls to stand, and iron and bread, we'd have
 got to China I trow.
 One day, on parade a call was made for some
 lads for a hope forlorn,
 And I started out, with others about, amongst
 them La Tour d'Auvergne,
 Who fell on the field of honour."

"The night was chill, and wretchedly still, as we
 formed to await the call;
 I was not afraid, but young at the trade, and I did
 not like it at all;
 There as we stood, underneath a wood, there broke
 out a nightingale,
 And it brought to mind all my kindred kind, and
 Lisette, and my native vale:

* I have borrowed this forcible expression
 from Carlyle's splendid work on the French
 Revolution.

I was rapt in a muse, when over the dew
skipped a ball from turn to turn,
'Twas right in my track, and I started back, I fell
'gainst La Tour d'Auvergne,
Who died on the field of honour.

" 'Mark me,' said he, 'for you're fresh I see, never
move whatever the case,
For if you do, 'tis twenty to two, that you get in an
uglier place ;
I know what you feel, have felt it as well, but
mark,' said he with a frown ;
'If I find you shirk in this night's red work, by
heaven I cut you down,
And——' the rest was drowned in the trumpet's
sound, and rollicking, fierce and stern,
Onward we rolled, recklessly bold, at the heels of
La Tour d'Auvergne,
Who fell on the field of honour.

" Mid the murk fight's roar, smoke, darkness, and
gore, quick, dead, killed, and killing, pell
mell,
I somehow got up to the rampart's top, but how
I never could tell ;
My heart and brain, and my every vein, seemed
throbbing with molten fire ;
I nor saw nor felt, but my blows I dealt in a
frolic of frensied ire :
Nor knew I ought the capture was wrought, till I
heard from a voice right stern,
'Well, they can't say this has been done amiss !'
'twas the voice of La Tour d'Auvergne,
Who fell on the field of honour.

" But he did'nt that night use me wholly right "—
" Now halt about that, I beg,
We've heard it before fifty times and more," said
the pensioner timber-leg ;
" How you pressed your suit, like an English
brute, on a lady found in the town,
And how at her cries he rescued your prize, and
handsomely knocked you down ;
There are never, man, needs to make our mis-
deeds other people's talk or concern ;
So the less that's told the better, I hold—go on
with La Tour d'Auvergne,
Who fell on the field of honour."

" You are right, egad ! so shake hands, old lad,
'twas a brutal thing I own ;
But at times like those, you know how it goes, and
I'm neither a saint nor a stone :
Well, now to return, I served with d'Auvergne,
through many a year of strife ;
And it happ'd one day, in the dizzying fray, I
helped him to save his life.
I was never forgot ever after that, he relapsed his
coldness stern ;
I could say or do as I might to you, what I would
with La Tour d'Auvergne,
Who fell on the field of honour.

" Our various career, for many a year, we pursued
thro' weal and woe,
Till a wound he got, from a splintered shot, and
the doctors took him in tow ;

For a month and more, they tortured him sore, he
could neither get kill'd nor cured ;
But despite their skill, he at last got well, and full
loth his discharge procured :
A pension they gave, but the fame of the brave,
not money, he fought to earn ;
And for many a day his retiring pay was un-
claimed by La Tour d'Auvergne,
Who fell on the field of honour.

" It was claimed at last ; many years had past ;
he was living then at Cartraix,
(Where they say he took to scribbling a book ; but
what matters what people say ?)
Well, he happed, I weet, one morn, to meet a beau-
tiful peasant girl,
With sunny eyes, as blue as the skies, and many
a clustering curl ;
But her step was slow, and her heart seemed low,
and her face with care was worn ;
His pity it won, '*Ma petite mignonne*, what
aileth thee ?' asked d'Auvergne,
Who fell on the field of honour.

" 'They forbade her,' she said, ' her lover to wed,
because he was stricken blind ;
His father being slain in the Swiss Campaign, his
mother with want had pined ;
But to gain her food his trade he pursued, morning,
and noon, and night :
'Twas that worst of trades, grinding sabre blades,
and the steel dust destroyed his sight.
And now they pressed both to recall their troth,
since gold he no more could earn ;
But I love him now more than even before,' said
the girl to La Tour d'Auvergne,
Who fell on the field of honour.

" La Tour that day claimed his long lapsed pay,
and gave it the girl for dower,
And saw them both pledge their bridal troth, and
joyed in the joyous hour.
Words were too weak their feelings to speak ; but
he saw the glad tear-drops fall ;
And I've heard him tell, he thought as they fell,
they thanked him better than all.
They were wholly blest, of each other possess'd,
and that was enough return,
To the spirit warm which ennobled the form of the
bold La Tour d'Auvergne,
Who fell on the field of honour.

" Six months might elapse, or seven perhaps, when
there came to La Tour one day,
An old, old man, wrinkled and wan, with scant
locks withered and grey ;
To ask his aid, for his son, he said. Sons had he
had eleven ;
Three had died in their childhood's pride, the
conscription had taken seven ;
And now he was left the sole one left, for he
had been drawn in turn,
And he fondly thought his release might be wrought,
if asked by La Tour d'Auvergne,
Who fell on the field of honour.

"The old man's form to his bosom warm was
 clasped in a close embrace;
 No need to show the stocking, I trow, he remem-
 bered the smuggler's face;
 Each nerve did he strain, the release to gain, to
 Napoleon himself applied;
 But the word was 'no! the conscript must go, if
 another he could not provide.'
 Substitutes then were rare sort of men, they were
 baffled at every turn,
 'Peste! I'm here on the shelf, I will go myself,'
 cried the bold La Tour d'Auvergne,
 Who fell on the field of honour.

"He went as he said in the conscript's stead, and
 great was the joy we made,
 His presence did more to inspire each corps than
 the draft of a whole brigade;
 Napoleon was won by the deed he had done, and
 in truth by his whole career,
 And a sabre decreed as his valour's meed, with the
 title of *Chief Grenadier*.
 The sword hilt was gold, on the blade enscribed,
 with many a wreathy turn,
 Were damasked the words—'The nation awards
 to her citizen bold, d'Auvergne,
 'This sword as a mark of honour.'

"Upon this he wrote to Grey Redingote, 'General,
 accept my thanks;
 But can I receive the title you give, when I look on
 my country's ranks?
 Can I take a name of such glorious fame, when
 thousands merit it more?
 No, General, no! it must not be so, 'twere an
 insult to every corps;
 But the sword with pride I gird to my side (tho'
 the title I honestly spurn),
 Not to friends to show, but its giver's foe, and the
 foe of La Tour d'Auvergne,
 In the ruddy field of honour.'

"Days but eleven, alas! were given, to display his
 trophy rare;
 When a Hulan's lance pierced the pride of France
 in a little out-post affair;
 I was in the fight next on his right, and he dropt
 in my arms stark dead:
 I'd have given away a twelvemonth's pay to have
 died there in his stead.
 When it first was known that the hero was down,
 the troops were inclined to turn;
 But sudden they changed, and with rage revenged
 the fall of La Tour d'Auvergne
 On the gallant field of honour.

"Who did not mourn? mourning was worn three
 days by the nation's will;
 And the name of the slain decreed to remain on
 the books of his regiment still.
 His noble heart bold, in a case of gold, and em-
 balmed with spices rare
 (A relic, I trow, no church could show) was con-
 signed to a sergeant's care.

And when on parade the muster was made, and
 the hero's name in turn,
 From the roll was cried, the sergeant replied—'I
 speak for La Tour d'Auvergne,
 He has fall'n on the field of honour.' "

A LONDON LAMENT IN JULY.

Weary, weary, weary,
 Through the summer-time,
 While the earth has bloomed and blown,
 Till 'tis past its prime;
 Till I have forgotten
 Country rivers' chime.

Lonely, lonely, lonely,
 In the dusty streets,
 Sighing for the meadows'
 Company of sweets;
 For the songs and shadows
 In the wood one meets.

Discontented, sullen,
 Yawning hours away,
 Shut up in a blinded room,
 From the face of day;
 Wishing for a thunder storm,
 Or the dashing spray.

City, city, city,
 Wheresoe'er one goes,
 Hot and hurrying people,
 Shops in endless rows;
 As if life consisted
 But of food and clothes!

Hark the horses rattle;
 Mark the chariot's roll:
 Newsmen, criers, organs,
 Grind one's very soul;
 Till the fierce impatience
 Swelleth past control.

Oh, for winds and waters!
 Oh, for fields and flowers!
 Why in ball and concert
 Squander summer hours;
 Pent saloons preferring,
 To the rustling bowers?

Oh, for wide horizons
 Free to breathe and bound!
 Oh, for aged forests,
 Mountains heather-crown'd;
 Anything but London,
 London light or sound.

E. A. H. O.

It is the curse and the shame of politics, that
 they render men insensible to, or, which is still
 worse, incapable of acknowledging the merit really
 possessed by those who differ from them in views
 and principles.

HELEN MACARTNEY.

BY MRS. EMBURY.

* * * "Blame not fate
For sorrows which thyself did first create."

"Promise me that you will not grow weary, dearest, during the long, long years that must elapse ere I can claim the hand which now trembles in mine," said Horace Medwin to her who had just plighted her faith to him.

"Do not expect too much of me, Horace," was the reply; "I cannot promise that my heart will be patient while years are stealing the brightness from my eye, and the freshness from my feelings."

"Perhaps you will repent a pledge which must be so tardily redeemed."

"You know me too well to believe so, Horace: I would fain see you content with your present prospects of success, and even at the risk of seeming most unmaidenly in my wishes, I will say that a mere competence with you would be all that I should ask to insure us happiness. Wealth will be dearly purchased by all the terrible anxieties of a long absence; yet, since you think its acquisition essential to your comfort, it is not for me to oppose my wishes to your superior judgment. 'They also serve who only stand and wait;' and since I can do nothing to aid you in the pursuit of riches, I can at least 'bide the time.' Go where your sense of duty calls you, Horace, and remember, that whether your efforts are crowned with success, or your hopes crushed by misfortunes, this hand is yours whenever you claim my pledge."

"Bless you, bless you, my own sweet Helen; that promise will be my only solace in my exile, and oh, what a stimulus to exertion shall I find in the remembrance of those tears!"

Helen Macartney was the child of one of those gifted, but unfortunate persons, who seem born to ill-luck. Her father's whole life had been a series of mistakes; he had quitted college in a fit of pique, just as he was fully prepared to receive those high honours which might have been of great service to him in the career of science to which he eventually devoted himself: he abandoned a profession in which perseverance would have made him eminently successful: he failed in mercantile business, because he could not tie his thoughts down to the details of commerce. In the lowest ebb of his fortunes he married, not from love, but compassion, the proud and penniless daughter of a decayed family, who brought him a dowry of poor relations; and, finally, he wasted his really fine talents, which, if properly exerted, would have secured him at least the comforts of life, upon schemes and projects which were as idle as Alnaschar's dream. As the eye of the mathematician traces on the blue field of ether the diagram which solves his newly-combined problem, so the fancy of the speculative philosopher builds in the vague air his hopes of fame and fortune; but,

unlike the man of science, who from his visionary plan deduces a demonstrable truth, the man of schemes is doomed ever to see his fairy fabrics fade, without leaving a wreck behind. The only thing which ever had power to withdraw the thoughts of the projector from his unreal fancies, was his love for his gentle daughter. He had thoroughly instructed her in all that forms the true foundation of learning, and no expense was spared in the acquisition of those elegant accomplishments which add so great a charm to female society. Helen was a gifted and graceful woman, as well as a fine scholar. Beautiful and gentle, with superior talents, correct taste, and a character which the discipline of circumstances had prematurely strengthened, without impairing the freshness of her feelings, she was a creature worthy to be loved and cherished by some noble heart. But her life had never been a happy one; for, from her earliest childhood, her mother's wayward indolence, and her father's total want of worldly wisdom, had produced an irregular, scrambling sort of system, or rather want of system, in their little household, the discomforts of which had been felt by Helen long before she was capable of understanding or remedying the evil. Leading a very secluded life, and absorbed in those petty cares, which engross so much time and thought in a household where there is no wealth to purchase immunity from labour, she felt little disposition to indulge in the gaieties so natural to her age. Conscious of the beauty which her innate perception of all things lovely enabled her to discover in her own sweet face, and perhaps displaying a trace of girlish vanity in the precision with which her dress was always adapted to the fine proportions of her stately figure, she was yet untainted by mere personal vanity: she adorned her person even as she improved her mind, rather for the gratification of her own elegant taste, than with the wish to attract the admiration of others.

Among the various pursuits which Mr. Macartney's versatile talents enabled him to adopt as a means of subsistence, that in which he was most successful was the instruction of youth. Possessing a peculiar talent for simplifying the mysteries of science, he might have reaped a rich harvest from a gift which is perhaps one of the rarest of intellectual endowments, but his eccentricities impaired his usefulness, and at length the number of his pupils was limited to a few youths of matured and developed minds, who sought him to acquire aid in the higher branches of study, and who were amused rather than annoyed by his peculiarities of character. Among these, Horace Medwin had ever been distinguished as an especial favourite of the singular old man, and a degree of intimacy almost amounting to domestication in the family had arisen between them. Gifted with talents but little above mediocrity, he possessed a firmness of character and strength of will which enabled him to overcome difficulties for which a far more vigorous intellect would have felt itself unequal. For him to determine, was always to succeed; for he had a fixedness and tenacity of purpose which never allowed him to loose his grasp on the desired object. Yet, blended with this self-reliance and

decision, which might else have made him arrogant and overbearing, were some of the gentlest charities of human nature. Kind, considerate, and affectionate, he won the regard of all those who were associated with him, while at the same time, he unconsciously controlled them by his superior firmness of will.

Perhaps it was this very quality in the character of Horace, which first excited the regard of Helen Macartney. "What has she known of love," says Madame de Stael, "who has not seen in the object of her choice a powerful protector, a guide courageous and kind, whose look commands even while it supplicates, and who kneels at her feet only to receive at her hands the right to dispose of her destiny?" The vacillating temper of her father, whose instability rendered him most unfit to direct the steps of others amid the vicissitudes of life, had made Helen doubly sensitive to the spell which a certain kind of mental force in man ever casts over the more timid heart of woman. Horace had been early attracted by her girlish beauty, and the love which then sprung up in his heart strengthened with his years, until he no longer doubted that his future happiness depended upon winning the pure affections of the artless being who looked up to him with the relying tenderness of a sister. Though much his superior in brilliancy of mind, and possessing in a much higher degree all the perceptive faculties, yet his strength of judgment and force of will were sufficient to give him that superiority in her eyes which alone induces a woman to give out the whole wealth of her affections; and Helen soon learned to love him with a depth and fervour which was only equalled by the undeviating constancy of her attachment.

But Horace Medwin was an ambitious man, and his love, while it was strong as death in his heart, only served to refine and elevate what was before a merely selfish feeling. To procure a bare subsistence by his daily labour, and thus live along from day to day, was little suited to his ideas of happiness. He had been brought up in the midst of that worst kind of poverty, which is found in the homes of those whose pride demands sacrifices which comfort would forbid; and the daily struggle between positive want and a desire to keep up appearances, had appalled and dejected him from his youth. He had early resolved to win a fortune, and at a time when boys are thinking only of their sports, he was preparing himself for his future career. As he grew older, a very little observation sufficed to convince him that those only are certain of success, who, laying aside all the restraints of pride and prejudice, will stoop to plant ere they climb to reach the fruits; and he therefore decided, that in order to break through the many bonds which early habit and association impose upon every one, a residence in a land of strangers, during his season of trial, was to be preferred. In vain Helen sought to moderate his views, and confine his ambition within the limits of the narrow circle where may ever be found domestic happiness. He was now ambitious for her sake as well as for his own, and the fairest pictures of the future joy which his

fancy sketched, required a golden frame to give them finish in his eyes. A clerkship in an extensive mercantile house, resident in Calcutta, opened an avenue to the wealth he sought, and well knowing that his knowledge of oriental languages would scarcely fail of insuring him success, he conquered his own deep regrets at parting with Helen, and accepted a situation which would banish him for years from his native land. He went forth sadly, but hopefully, to gather golden fruit in the mystic groves of Ind, while Helen remained to think for her wayward father, to act for her imbecile mother, and perhaps to feel too deeply for her own loneliness of heart.

The first two years after her lover's departure witnessed little change in the condition of Helen. The daily routine of cares which the peculiar character of her parents imposed upon her, filled up the measure of her time, and Hope—that gentle soother of the weary heart—was ever singing its quiet song beside her. But, at last, the grim fiend of poverty, which had so long lingered upon the threshold, entered their dwelling, and sat down at their scanty fireside. Mr. Macartney's habits of abstraction had increased, until they almost seemed like aberration of mind; his pupils dropped off one by one; his schemes of utility and fortune failed; his inventions were all forestalled or thrown aside as imperfect, and the old man began to feel the pressure of positive want. The desire of fame lost its inspiring power, and in the utter wreck of his fortune he sought the excitement of the cup which is drugged with death. His wife, who had never been other than an inert, helpless, fretful creature, only lamenting over evils which she sought not to avert or remedy, became still more helpless from disease, and Helen found herself left to struggle with the exigencies of life beneath a double burden of anxieties. Chained to her mother's couch of sickness, and unable to offer any efficient aid in procuring their daily subsistence, she was compelled to exchange the few superfluities which want had left for the comforts necessary to age and illness. But, when her father's fine though ill-assorted library was invaded by their necessities—when she witnessed with bitter regret his child-like abandonment to grief, as shelf after shelf became void of those "dear familiar faces," which in all the vicissitudes of his fortune had ever looked kindly upon him, she felt that the minor evils of life may be harder to be borne than its heaviest misfortunes.

It was not until the death of her mother, whose protracted illness had brought upon them the additional burden of petty debts, that Helen was left at liberty to carry out the scheme which she had been maturing in her own mind. With that dread of pecuniary obligation which is so inherent in woman's nature, that if it were not a virtue it would be almost deemed a weakness in the sex, she determined to cancel every claim upon them by the exercise of her own talents. Her plan was formed with prudence, and she carried it into execution with a degree of energy surprising even to herself, nerving herself to bear the arrogance of those who cannot forgive to poverty its self-

respect, she visited persons to whom her father was indebted, and offered to satisfy their claims by the instruction of their children. Her gentleness and sweetness of demeanour interested those who had hearts to appreciate her motives, and, among the persons whom she had dreaded as enemies, she found warm and efficient friends. A number of pupils were soon procured, and perhaps the happiest moment Helen had known since the departure of her lover, was that in which she first found herself installed in a narrow and heated school-room, surrounded by a circle of some twenty children who awaited her daily attention.

Though perfectly frank in all her communications to Horace, yet Helen had dwelt but slightly on the detail of their privations. Motives of delicacy, and a fear lest he might mar his own fortunes by returning to their aid, induced her to conceal much of their actual condition. But her sense of duty would not allow her to leave him in ignorance of her new vocation, and Horace, in his reply to her letter, plainly intimated that his pride was deeply wounded.

"Your filial devotion, dear Helen, will cost me another year of absence," he wrote; "for it will require a few more golden ingots to make the world forget that you have been subjected to the disgrace of labouring for your own subsistence. Remember, I speak not my own sentiments: they are those of society, and we must conform to them, however we may despise them."

Helen sighed as she read this confession of weakness in the character of him whom her soul delighted to honour. To a high-minded nature like her own, there was honour rather than degradation in thus adapting one's self to circumstances, and she felt that she had never so well deserved the respect of the world as she did now, when her lover considered it forfeited by her rigid observance of duty.

A life of humble goodness affords few materials for the pen of fancy. The five years which Horace had originally allotted for his absence passed slowly away, and yet he spoke not of his return. He had been successful beyond his hopes, but his wishes had grown greater than his gains, and another twelvemonth was deemed necessary to perfect his schemes. Helen submitted patiently, but sadly to this new disappointment. Indeed, her spirits were fast sinking beneath the wearying drudgery of a life of unshared toil and anxiety. There was none to sympathize in her moments of despondency, or to cheer her by the kindly voice of affectionate interest. A sort of torpor seemed gradually creeping over her warm feelings, as if her heart were partially paralyzed by its loneliness. The discomforts of a close and noisy school-room served to benumb her brain; and in the pale, silent, melancholy woman, who traversed with feeble steps the path which led to her daily labours, could be found little trace of the enthusiastic, ardent, and bright-faced creature, whose every gesture was wont to express her impulsive character.

Let none of those would-be moralists, who, seated in luxurious ease at their cheerful fireside, pretend to measure the temptations and weigh

the resisting virtues of their brethren, let none such pretend that poverty is not an evil. Disguise it as we will, it is ever an evil shape; and whether it cowers beside the dying embers on the pauper's hearth, or hides its gaunt limbs beneath the furred robe of the votary of fashion, still is it a fearful thing. Talk not with stoical contempt of that which has power to break down the barriers of principle, and summon the demons of avarice and dishonesty to rule over the souls of men; which can chill the heart and best affections, and chase the sweet charities of life from the cold hearthstone and the scanty board; which can bow down the lofty intellect, and put fetters of triple brass on the pinions of genius; which can bend the most untameable will, and crush the haughtiest spirit to the dust. The power which can extinguish the taper, whose feeble glare sheds a last earthly light on the features of the dying child, and robs the weeping mother of that last fond look which is turned upon her even from the portals of the tomb—the power which can make the strong man lie down in childlike weakness to perish beside his starving little ones—the power which, beyond all other evils of our fallen state, can torture the body and tempt the soul, is one which our hearts may contemplate with awe, but not with contempt. Yet is poverty but a ministrant of the designs of a wise and good Providence; and, as in the olden time, men were hospitable to all comers, knowing that they sometimes entertained angels unawares, so may we welcome all the messengers of Heaven, whether of good or evil import, believing that in the end they will leave on us a blessing. So long as poverty loosens not the tie of kindred love—so long as its shadow darkens not over the pure fountain of affection in our hearts—so long as no mildew is shed from its baleful influences upon the snowy whiteness of the soul, it may be endured patiently, nay even cheerfully; and as there are certain flowers which shun the sunshine, but thrive and blossom only in the shade, so may we find many a virtue which prosperity called not forth, springing up in our hearts beneath the gloom of a sky of clouds.

Yet, if poverty be an evil, surely riches are a snare. When did man ever say to his avarice, "Peace, thou art filled?" When did the still, small voice of tenderness ever reach the ear of him who was delving the deep mine for gold? When was the cry of warning ever heeded by him who cast his net again and again into the deep waters, until his barque sinks beneath the weight of his useless draught? Year after year rolled on, and found Horace Medwin still wearing the chains of avarice in a foreign land. Those years had not passed away without leaving their trace upon the inner as well as upon the outward man. The cares which had imprinted deep wrinkles on his brow had destroyed many a fresh feeling within his heart.

Alas! alas! the world too soon exaleth

The dewy freshness of the heart's young flowers:
We water them with tears, but naught availeth—

They wither on through all life's later hours

Horace would have spurned the idea of being covetous. He fancied that the motives which actuated him, ennobled the pursuit of wealth. The sophistry of the passions is ever skilful in silencing the voice of the truthful monitor within man's heart, and suppressing that yearning tenderness which urged him to return to her who so patiently awaited him, he toiled on for a future which might never come. Oh! how rarely do men learn the true enjoyments of this unstable life! Ever anticipating or procrastinating, while some, like idle children, strip from the fair young tree of Hope its blossoms, and then weep because they gather no fruit; others are found to pass their whole existence in watching the growth of some centennial plant, whose scentless blossoms they can never hope to behold.

Absorbed in the engrossing cares of business, his mind fully occupied with schemes of fortune, and his heart calmly reposing in the security of undoubting affection, Horace had led a life of toil but not of sorrow, during his self-imposed exile. The excitement of commerce, the pleasure of success, and the enjoyments of that semi-civilized mode of life which enabled him to satisfy with Oriental luxury the tastes that a refined education had engendered, all gave a charm to his existence. How little could he imagine the heart-sickness which was consuming the strength of her for whom he toiled; how little did he suspect that she who could have borne every misfortune in life, if she had been aided by the presence of affection, was slowly but surely wasting beneath the unsupported burden of a lonely heart. Yet a tone of despondency in her later letters, and a slight hint of her failing health, aroused the tenderness of her absent lover, and Horace at length decided to delay no longer his return. It was very difficult for the successful merchant to check the tide of fortune as it rolled its treasures at his feet, but when his better nature had once been aroused, he was not to be turned from his purpose for motives of interest; and, hurrying through the necessary arrangements, Horace Medwin bade farewell forever to the land where ten of the best years of his life had been passed. With that singular inconsistency so common in human nature, the patience with which he had borne the servitude of business, and which would probably have enabled to wear out another year, had not his affections been excited, now utterly deserted him. A lifetime of anxiety seemed to be concentrated in the tedious six months which intervened ere his ship touched the shores of his native land; and when his foot once more pressed the soil, he felt as if he could have knelt and kissed it as holy ground.

It was the dull gray dawn of morning, when Horace landed from his long imprisonment, and, impatient of all further delay, he hurried onward to that quarter of the city where he expected to find Helen. He had informed her of his embarkation, and he fancied that she would, even at that early hour, be awaiting him, since she must have doubtless heard of the arrival of the ship. But when he reached her abode, and beheld it closed as if every inmate was still buried in slumber, he was ashamed of his boyish eagerness, and turning

from the door ere his foot touched the threshold, paced the empty street until such a time as he could reasonably hope to be admitted. Was it presentiment of evil that sent such a chill to his heart as he turned his back upon that humble dwelling, where he believed his sweet Helen now slept amid pleasant dreams which were soon to have so blissful a realization?

With a fervour of impatience which he could scarce control, he paced the neighbouring streets, until gradually the din of busy life awoke around him, and the closed casements of the humbler dwellings opened their sleepy eyes to the light of the risen sun. As he approached for the hundredth time the spot where all his hopes now centred, he caught sight of a slipshod housemaid who had just unclosed the barred portal of Helen's abode. Hurrying forward, he addressed a brief question to the girl. The answer was as brief, but its effect was terrific. With a cry such as none but a strong man in the very death-throe of his hopes could utter, he sprang forward, and passing the frightened woman with the rapidity of lightning, bounded up the narrow staircase. A closed door impeded his frantic progress, and flinging it wildly open, he stood suddenly as if awestruck within the apartment.

The room wore the desolate and dreary appearance which the light of morning ever brings to the scene of a weary vigil. A coarse-looking woman, who had evidently been not unmindful of her own comfort, sat sleeping in an arm-chair at the fire while a ray of sunshine darting through a crack in the unopened shutter, almost extinguished the sickly glimmer of the night-taper which burned dimly on the littered table. Horace saw all these things with that singular acuteness of vision which excessive excitement sometimes awakens, but as his eye turned from the figure of the sleeper it fell on a rigid and sheeted form extended on the uncourtained couch. One step brought him to its side, and with wild haste he flung aside the covering that concealed the ghastly face of the dead. Surely those pinched and yellow features were utterly unknown to him—it could not be his Helen that he looked upon. His own heart answered the rain hope, and with a groan which seemed to rive his very soul, he fell senseless beside the cold remains of her who had loved him so vainly and so constantly. He had come one day too late!

Sorrow does not always kill, and Horace lived in loneliness of heart until years had bowed his stately form and whitened his temples with the blossoms of the grave. But life had lost its charm for him. He was surrounded with all the appliances of wealth, but he found no sympathy or companionship in the world; and a deep and abiding sense of self-reproach was his perpetual torment. Willingly now would he have given all his hard-earned fortune, could it but have brought the breath of life to those pallid lips, and the light of day to those dim eyes of her who had worn out her life in sighing; yet it was his torture to be compelled to feel that had he been content with half his present wealth, Helen might now be the sharer of his heart and home. What cared he now for the gold and gems upon the brim of the

chalice, since death had mingled wormwood with the draught it held? He had learned the bitter lesson which experience teaches, and found, when too late, that he who, in obedience to the dictates of a false world, silences the purer instincts of his nature, but garners up for his future years a harvest of disappointment and remorse.

FILTSCH AND JOACHIM.—The ingenuous and gifted little Joachim called on us one day, while in London, and perceiving the portrait of Filtsch, exclaimed—"You ought to have my portrait too, and then you would have both the boy-artists; only mine must be underneath, because Filtsch is a genius, and I am not, you know." Joachim has never met Filtsch, but entertains the greatest reverence for him, and desires ardently to see him. Had his health permitted Filtsch to have visited England, this season, how charming would it have been to have heard the two little prodigies in a sonata by Beethoven, for piano and violin! Filtsch and Joachim are about the same age, and present many points of resemblance. They are both modest, unassuming, and full of that *naïveté* and quaint observation so delightful in young persons. We could pass whole days with either of them, and never feel the want of older or more agreeable companions. Filtsch is at Venice, where he was ordered by his physician. Joachim is at Leipsic, pursuing his general education, and studying counterpoint under Hauptmann, a musician of great learning, and highly esteemed by the greatest continental authorities. He frequently plays to his old master of the violin, David, brother to Madame Dulcken, and the intimate friend of Mendelssohn. Joachim regards Mendelssohn as something more than human, and next to that great composer he reverences Ernst. Filtsch has never seen Mendelssohn; his idea of musical perfection is his master, Chopin. He is very intimate with and much attached to Ernst. These particulars will interest the many English admirers of the two most extraordinary instances of precocious genius now existing, though perhaps by some they may be condemned as trivial. It is a matter of indifference to us, we write for a few who will understand and appreciate our motives. By them *nothing* which regards such true wonders as Filtsch and Joachim can be considered frivolous or out of place.—*From the Musical Examiner.*

Daily is the benignant power of steam becoming more and more felt and appreciated, the humanizing effect of rapid communication and frequent intercourse of man with man, becoming more recognised and understood. Who shall foresee the end? the man of science, whose steady gaze already looks so far into the future triumphs of mind over matter? or the poet-philosopher, who hath greater faith and wider pinions, and who, leaving to minds more fit to grasp the details to prepare the material way, cheers them in their course with the bright revealings of that promised land, his eye is permitted to view?

C. T.

THE ROVER'S GRAVE.

BY J. GOSLIN.

Oh! lay me not under the lonely sward,
 'Tis too gloomy and silent for me;
 For I never could rest where my deeds were
 abhor'd,
 Or sleep in the grave with the cowardly horde
 Who despised the untamed and the free.

But let me repose in the mighty deep,
 When the spirit of life has fled;
 Where the roar of the waters shall hush me to
 sleep,
 Where the thunder shall howl and the tempest
 shall weep,
 In sorrowful strain o'er my head.

For a narrower grave than the mighty main
 Could not hold such a spirit as mine;
 It would burst from its fetters of clay with disdain,
 And hie to the haunts of its comrades again,
 Where its banners unfurled do shine.

For no couch could e'er vie with the fair coral bed,
 Or no shroud with the mountainous wave;
 For no pillow's so soft as the Tritons could spread,
 While the storm roars the funeral dirge o'er my
 head,

That, that, is the Rover's grave!

Dublin.

A VISIT TO JERVAUX ABBEY.

O'er Jervaux clouds are gathering grey,
 To shroud her from the summer's ray,
 Where rugged rocks and mantled tower
 Weep o'er the remnants of her power,
 And ruined walls still far around
 Raise their dark brows with ivy crowned:
 Fairest in beauty of her race,
 Loveliest in ruin and disgrace;
 And holiest where sunbeams token
 A light whose love is still unbroken.

Oh, speak not loud, for all around
 We tread on consecrated ground;
 And though the ancient martyr's tomb
 No longer rests in convent gloom,
 And o'er the honoured warrior's grave
 No more the gorgeous banners wave,
 Still, still within these walls we trace,
 The tombs of a departed race,
 Who, slumber-bound, unconscious lie—
 The clouds their only canopy.

Jervaux! a time is yet in store,
 When trace of thee shall be no more;
 Thy crumbling altars shall decay,
 Thy ancient shrines shall pass away;
 And time, with stern relentless tread,
 Shall steal these relics from the dead:
 But ere thy shadows vanish quite,
 'Tis sweet amidst thy ruins bright
 To picture forth a cloudless clime,
 Where there is neither death nor time.

June, 1844.

VIOLA.

ROUND-ABOUT STORY TELLERS.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

"Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse;
But talking is *not always* to converse."

COWPER.

Tale-telling, anecdote reciting, and adventure recounting are such staple commodities in the carrying on of social conversation, such admirable stoppages when the cross-fire of common-place question and answer slackens, that every one is in some degree given to them. But though there is nothing of more ordinary occurrence than to hear a man commence the relation of a story, few things are more rare than to hear one well told. A fund of talent and experience is required to do this, far beyond what is generally imagined. Some folks introduce their stories at the wrong time, often committing thereby as great an absurdity, as "singing a dirge at a wedding, or an epithalamium at a funeral;" others occupy too many minutes over them, while a numerous body exaggerate to such a degree, particularly when relating adventures in which they themselves took part, that instead of enhancing the interest, they only excite disgust and incredulity.

Of all persons, however, of this description, round-about story tellers are immeasurably the worst; they seem, indeed, to have the faults of all else united in themselves, without any redeeming quality; not only are their tales badly told, badly introduced, but they are always inopportune and uninteresting; should they by chance possess some little interest, every particle vanishes before the conclusion, from the prosy and monotonous way in which they are given. It has long been a maxim with professed hands, that the end and aim of the introduction of a story is the bearing and reference it has towards the subject previously discussed, tending to illustrate it in an amusing and instructive manner; that all irrelevant matter should be avoided, and the "thread and point" of the story alone borne in mind, and that the end is to be arrived at with (if I may be allowed the expression) as little circumnavigation as possible. As the poet says—

"A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,
The language plain, and incidents well link'd;
Tell not as new what everybody knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
There, centring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet."

But the "round-about tale man" cannot see this; he has no idea of waiting for a fitting opportunity when it may suit the temper of his hearers. Oh, no! he has a story in his brain, which he came with a determination of telling; and, therefore, tell he must, in spite of every drawback. The first convenient silence that occurs, therefore, forth he launches, effectually checking any attempt

to renew the conversation, and to the great horror of all who are acquainted with his unfortunate peculiarities. We will suppose it to be an adventure which happened to himself. He begins—

"It was in the year 1803." A pause already. For what reason? The round-about story teller is not certain he is correct in the year, as if it mattered to those present when the events he is about to relate occurred; so he cogitates aloud, "1803." No, it could not have been three either, now I think upon it. It must have been four, for I was not in that part of the world the previous year.

"Well, it was in the year 1804—the summer, yes, the summer of 1804, I was travelling, &c. &c."

And so he proceeds for a short time until he comes to the name of a friend of his who accompanied him.

"Frank S. was with me at the time, I recollect it well—you knew Frank, did you not?" exclaims he, addressing some one near him. "But stop, let me see. Was it Frank, or his brother Tom? It must have been the latter, for Frank was the elder of the two, &c."

Here he will, if not interrupted, favour his listeners with a full and true account of the pedigree of Frank and Tom S., employing much time in proving that, which, at least, is unimportant and of secondary consideration. But trifles like this seem to have greater weight with these beings, than the point and thread of the narrative. They say that

"Trifles captivate little minds."

If this be true, I fear the whole host of "round-about story tellers" have very very little minds indeed. Sometimes one of his hearers, anxious to bring the tedious drawl to a conclusion, assists him with a word now and then (for though round-about tale folks have ever been remarkable for a *stream of sentences*, they never were yet for *flow of language*). This is a very dangerous practice, instead of having the desired effect, the chances are it will lead him far away from his "adventure," into an ill-timed argument with the prompter. The better way is to allow him to proceed by his own method, that is to say, after he has once begun. There is an end of all things, the conclusion of his story must come in time. When this long protracted event arrives, the narrator leans back in his chair, perfectly satisfied that none other excels himself in conversational powers. To any one else the repeatedly suppressed yawns, and growing inattention of his auditors would be sufficient hints that it was time to bring his tale to an ending long before. Yet he, poor man, proceeds with a species of blind infatuation, not imagining for a moment that, instead of earning for himself the name of "an agreeable companion," he is making himself notorious as "a social nuisance."

When individuals of this class act the part of listeners, they evince just the same ridiculous punctuality with regard to trivial matters, and will often argue with and interrupt another, because he has made some little anachronism, or omitted to describe the exact scene where such a thing took

place; neither can they comprehend the drift of a story they may be hearing, for when the rest of the company are laughing or sympathising with the teller, they "humbly beg pardon, but really would feel obliged if he would repeat the latter portion." Should this be done, the round-about story-teller will either cavil upon it, or make it a peg (no matter how unfitting an one) whereon to hang a thrice-told tale of his own; for though such bunglers, there are few people fonder of hearing the music of their own tongues than they are.

Common politeness, of course, enforces attention to their wearisome trash for a season; but any ruse by which the round-about man can be forestalled or interrupted without giving offence, is always employed, and the person who can and will effect this certainly deserves the warmest thanks of the whole circle; since nothing tends so much to damp all conversation—nothing makes people so uneasy in themselves, and in such bad humour with each other—as a long uninteresting "yarn" from the lips of "the Round-about Story-teller."

These are the identical personages who, when they accidentally meet a friend, after exchanging the usual English salutations, will resolutely lay hold of his coat-button, and in the teeth of his assertions that "he is in haste," begin a narrative in their usual strain which would be irksome to give ear to at any time, but perfect martyrdom under the circumstances; and after detaining him as long as may suit themselves, dismiss him with a "But I'm delaying you—good morning!"

Here, fearing if I prolong my sketch, I shall be set down as one of those whose character I have thus attempted to delineate, I will conclude, trusting most sincerely that the reader cannot number many of these "sedentary weavers of long tales" among his or her round of acquaintances.

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind; but they are women notwithstanding. They are daughters of the common mother of the human race, and partakers in the inheritance of human nature. Let them not be ashamed of their inheritance, nor shrink from acknowledging co-heirship with their brethren. Modesty is a sacred gift, peculiarly their own, and in which the coarser sex have little or no part. Let them cherish it then as the choicest boon of heaven, and above all things refrain from making it questionable or ridiculous by affectation.

— — — LINES.

Tell me—wouldst thou, if we could
Recall one hour of childhood's years,
With its April smiles and tears,
With its trembling hopes and fears?
These so little understood,
That a young child's woe or mirth,
Is the loneliest thing on earth.

C. T.

LITERATURE.

THE YOUNG WIDOW, A NOVEL; by the Author of "The Scottish Heiress," &c., &c., 3 vols. (Newby). This novel opens with the very unheroic proceeding of the hero (for of course there cannot be a heroine without a hero) failing to pass his examination, or in college parlance, being "plucked." Not that he is so very uninteresting a personage as a dolt, quite the contrary; but he has failed in answering some "out-of-the-way" questions; and genius, poetry, and even learning, stand for naught. He is poor too—a poor gentleman; and out of the strong elements of such a disappointment, we have some fine metaphysical workings of character. Soon afterwards, however, the overpowering emotions of that first-love which is to be the last and only love of a life, throw out ambition for a while, or make it only subservient to the master passion. A year has elapsed; and at the very moment, when crowding honours are making-up for past disgrace, and when the first almost unhopd for acknowledgment of Jessie's love has fallen on his ear, occurs the event which changes the current of both their lives.

Gerald Macoir receives a challenge, and arguing from "the philosophy of error," has not the moral courage to refuse it. No, not even when Jessie, who has discovered his intention, and finding entreaties and arguments vain, vows a solemn oath before Heaven that she will never be his wife if this hostile meeting takes place. Yet, still, man's "honour" and the world's moralities weigh down the scale, and though he has determined only to fire in the air, he is resolved to offer himself as a target for his vindictive opponent. The scene is laid in Scotland, and Gerald has to travel some miles on horseback among the mountains to the appointed spot, where for a little while the author shall speak for himself.

"At length he saw a narrow ledge running like a spar from the precipice, and seeming to cross over to the other side. It appeared to form a kind of natural bridge across the hidden river, although the masses of snow piled about it made its real character indistinct. At the best it seemed a desperate crossing place, but not more desperate than his condition was. Patting his horse's neck with his frozen glove, he felt its mouth with the bridle, touched it with the spurs, and with that strange feeling which in desperate extremities makes us aggravate recklessness, he resolved to make the hazardous passage in the saddle.

"The animal snorted and advanced reluctantly. The sides of the ridge were of giddy depth; some of the snow that hung on them fell down, and revealed a narrower footing than he had reckoned on. At some places it seemed not to extend a foot and a half in width, and was apparently about twenty feet long. Its junction with the opposite bank was hidden by masses of snow, but it appeared to be broader there. He now repented of having ventured to cross such a place on horseback,

but it was too late to retreat; one false step, far less an attempt to turn, would have precipitated horse and rider down the abyss. Just as he reached the middle of the ledge the moon shone forth. The clear light revealed a terrific view to man and horse. The animal paused, and its startled rider looked around him. Far down the precipice, the light shone on a black narrow stream; tufts of furze loaded with snow; trees hanging forward on their strained roots that the sparkling icicles mingled with; and lower down sharp points of rock, which the river mists had prevented the snow from lying on, chequered the sides to the right and left. The long yawning abyss seemed in the distance to join the irregular gradations of the lonely hills, now white, and glancing coldly in the moonbeams.

"Gerald hastily removed his eyes from the depths immediately beneath him, for the sight made him dizzy, and urged on the horse again. But now the animal refused to stir. With its fore legs planted firmly before it, its nostrils distended, and its ears pressed back, it seemed under the influence of panic, and its head only obeyed the raised bridle. The animal would not budge. The thick crowding clouds at that moment came over the moon again, and the drifting snow began to fly across the hills. Gerald stuck his spurs to the horse. The animal slightly swerved, and the rider, by a sudden movement of the bridle only prevented them both falling down the precipice. The ledge here was not two feet wide. The horse became restive, and attempted to turn. Maddened by this new danger, Gerald spurred the animal again. The horse reared, and when the startled rider, bending forward, slackened the bridle, the animal attempted once more to turn. Its hind feet slid on the icy path, and its haunches seemed sinking, but suddenly regaining its footing, the young man tried to urge it on by gentle means; but the terrified horse reared more violently than before. A desperate blow between the ears from the rider's heavy whip alone prevented the animal from falling backward over the cliff; but its panic increased, and Gerald, as the last chance for his life, now attempted to throw himself from the saddle, the horse swerved suddenly, and lost its footing, the rider fell forward, and grasping the ground, saved himself from falling over the cliff. Not so the horse; for a moment or two it clung with its fore feet to the ledge, pawed wildly to regain a footing, then rolled down the precipice."

Yet even this miraculous escape, which comes upon one as a merciful warning and interposition of Providence, fails to prevent the duel; Gerald's adversary falls dead on the spot, for he had fired so quickly on the signal, that his ball wounded Gerald's wrist, thus frustrating his pacific intention, for the pistol goes off from some convulsive movement of the hand before it is sufficiently raised. Then come the tragic elements of the plot—secrecy—remorse, and—the broken vow—for Jessie weds him nevertheless. We shall not attempt to follow out the events by which the curse works; it is enough to say that in simple heart-reaching pathos, we think few writers, if any, have surpassed the

author of the "Young Widow." We may add that there is not an improbable event in the book—an assertion which we intend as very high praise. The second volume is painfully touching—but most wholesome reading to rich and poor. The former it may instruct in many things they ought to know; the latter it may console, by teaching them where to look for something more sure than any earthly hope.

Our readers, however, must not suppose that there is nothing but tragedy around "The Young Widow" (who is no widow at all): not so; for besides that the curse does pass away at last, there are many most amusing characters drawn to the life, and with the fidelity of a Dutch painting. Indeed, we are inclined as a whole to consider this novel as the best of the season. Not excepting "Coningsby," which, notwithstanding its temporary popularity and notoriety, will by and bye take its right place, as the least worthy of its talented author's many productions; or the much vaunted "Whitefiars," which appears to us a sort of patchwork of many authors—showing fragments, neither bound together by any steadfast aim nor unity of purpose. To return, however, from odious comparisons to the widow. Mr. Potter and the tiger, the good-natured Brantome, with his poison plant conservatory, and Cosmo Pattenween, will not easily be forgotten. The villainous old lawyers are powerfully drawn; and as for Rebecca File, we can only say she is own sister to Sally Brass of immortal memory.

GERMAN GRAMMAR, WITH A COURSE OF LITERATURE; by Madame Flohr (*D. Nutt, Fleetstreet; Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.*) This work, which has been published in the German language, is so truly excellent and talented that we should feel criminal towards the public did we not hasten to declare its merits. To study any language is a serious attempt in England, where scarcely a foreign sound reaches the ear. Though when we travel abroad, the very air seems to echo strange words, the imagination becomes free, and the spirit is warmed to learn new vocabularies of words, and to tutor the tongue to pronounce new vocables. Yet ever in travelling, a good guide is necessary; and whatever language is attempted, that difficult ladder, the grammar, must be ascended, probably by slow and painful climbing. We ourselves are so fully aware of all the difficulties attending the German language, even in Germany itself, that now in these days of the march of intellect, when every one in a certain sphere (gentleman or lady) must know and speak pure Hanoverian, we consider it no little merit to be able to give to the public an easy and yet perfect instruction in that language. Such a work lies before us now in Mad. Flohr's "German Grammar." Being written in German, with only the first pages translated at the very beginning; it is, perhaps, not a work to enable a person to be *self-taught*; but such an attempt in German we deem useless. Some living guide is required at the first. The sounds must be taught orally, and the leading difficulties explained by word of mouth. But with a master or mistress, we unhesitatingly

affirm this Grammar to be the *very best one* that has yet been written or that can be used.

We shall be called upon to state our reasons.

First, we may be able to adduce practically, that here and on the continent, wherever it has been tried, its effect has been almost miraculous, enabling a person utterly ignorant of the language, to read, write, and think in it, in a few months. Secondly, the great stumbling blocks of all German grammars have been successfully avoided. The scylla and charybdis of grammarians are tediousness, confused explanations, and obscure definitions. The length of grammars frightens and exhausts the patience of students, and the innumerable exceptions to all given rules seem to render the difficulty insurmountable and almost disgusting. Learning German in Germany, with the best master and with the *then* best written grammar, how well do we remember the mist of darkness which seemed to envelop us for at least six months before one distinct principle of the language could become visible to our view! Had Mad. Flohr's work been at hand, one look would have sufficed to roll away that mist of obscurity.

The victory that she has won is that of using synoptical tables, by which the student, by a glance, sees the point of union in the different cases as well as the point of *divergence*. All the rules of union are brought to one point, all the exceptions to another. The rules are short, simple, and distinct; and the grammar so well reduced to a small clear number of definitions and explanations, that it is all compressed within one-third of the work. This alone makes it a masterpiece. The other two-thirds of the book are admirably well chosen extracts of the best writers—proving the taste to appreciate whatever is pure and beautiful in the diction of German authors.

Madame Flohr has arranged it admirably in a course of lectures, 32 in number. Each one conquering one grand difficulty of the language; and ascending gradually from the articles to the crowning point of composition. Perhaps we ought to add she had a diploma presented to her in Berlin, as master or professor, on her work being examined in the university there; and she is now seeking to give courses of lectures in private houses, on the plan stated in her work. We recommend its purchase and its use in all seminaries and in all houses where that deeply thoughtful language is studied or appreciated.

GEMS OF EUROPEAN ART. Edited by S. C. Hall, F.S.A., &c., &c.—(*Virtue*).—A few numbers of this delightful work are before us; a work whose comprehensive title will allow it to fulfil its promise of presenting "the best pictures of the best schools." While the taste, judgment, and critical acumen of the experienced editor, must alone be an earnest of the manner in which his part has been and will be conducted. In fact, a liberal appreciation of styles the most opposite seems a characteristic of the numbers to which we allude. The so-called classical "Eneas and Dido," from a painting by Guérin, is a favourable specimen of the French school in the eighteenth century, and contrasts herewith the romantic or melo-

dramatic "Poison Cup," from the hand of a living artist, J. R. Herbert; and "A Sunny Day," from Cuyp, neighbours "The Covenanter's Marriage," engraved by Lightfoot, from a painting by Alexander Johnston. The last, to which we shall refer again presently, is our favourite of all, if we can really quite determine to have a choice among so many "gems." How these folio numbers, each containing three splendid engravings, with descriptive letter-press, are ever got out at the low price of five shillings, must remain among the miracles of modern publishing. In describing the "Covenanter's Marriage" we will borrow the eloquent words of the editor:—

"The story of Scottish persecution has been seldom more emphatically told than it has here been by the painter. The inhabitants of a village are supposed to have assembled to witness the ceremony. It is to take place in a small glen among the mountains, where to all human calculation there is security from the intrusion of enemies; each man, however, has his trusty broad-sword at hand, and watchers have been placed about the hills adjacent—not without cause; for ere all the words have been spoken, before the final blessing of the pastor has completed the solemn service, while the elder is preparing to write the names in 'the book,' and the merry bridesmaid is ready with her greeting, the alarm is given, a voice from a neighbouring rock conveys the warning of danger, and the fierce dragoons of Claverhouse are seen galloping over the not distant hill. It is easy to guess the melancholy issue. The tale is admirably illustrated, not only in its leading points, but in all its minor details. How skilfully do these groups contrast at opposite sides of the picture; on one, the young yeoman soldier woos a coy maiden; on the other, sits a widow with her orphan child; while, standing beside her, is the father of her husband, slain."

We will extract from the same pages a few lines by Camilla Toulmin, suggested by the *poetry* of the picture:—

"They stand not in a proud cathedral fane,
Where mellow'd light streams through each bright-hued pane;
Nor in the village church, whence haply mount
The purest offerings from the heart's rich fount
(For thronging cities, and their struggle—strife,
War often darkly with the spirit's life);
Yet holy is their temple—heaven's blue
Is dome familiar to the gather'd few,
Hunted from precincts of their fellow men,
Like dangerous brutes from lair or savage den.
Yet are they gentle-hearted, and but pray
To worship God in their own simple way;
Or if, perchance, stern thoughts of wrong for
wrong,
Resistance—force to some of them belong,
'Tis that as metal, tempered by the flame,
Is changed in nature and is changed in name;
So are they hardened to a purpos'd end—
A firm resolve from which they will not bend
By persecution's loosen'd, fiery flood,
Which finds but fuel in the martyr's blood.

"Yet softer thoughts this hour their spirits steep,
 Heedless a moment of the watch they keep;
 Heedless the signal that the foemen swarm
 To change all softness to one wild alarm.
 And two have lov'd beneath oppression's cloud,
 Far from the flutter of a gayer crowd,
 Where love but feebly springs. Maiden, by thee
 Surely such love may safely trusted be:
 It hath a deeper root than worldlings know,
 A richer soil wherein its fibres grow,
 Than the parch'd dust, whence passion's common
 flower,
 Sown but by fortune, withers in an hour.
 Yes, thou may'st trust him; henceforth ye are
 known
 As streams that meet, to one bright river grown.
 'Twere sweet to dream oppression's clouds must
 part,
 And peaceful days shed sunshine on each heart;
 Yet ye are bless'd e'en now—by Heaven above,
 By elder's sanction, and by mutual love.
 Childhood is witness, and perchance shall dwell,
 In garrulous age, on tales it loves to tell—
 'How in those awful days the people knelt
 Amid the heather; how for long they dwelt
 Among the friendly hills; and how the dead
 Were buried there, and youthful pairs were wed.'
 Yea, in the temple that true hearts could frame,
 'Where two or three were gather'd in His name!'"

MUSIC.

A SET OF WALTZES ON FAVOURITE THEMES FROM THE OPERA OF SEMIRAMIDE. Arranged for the piano-forte by S. S. (*Holloway*.)—Some of Rossini's most favourite airs, from his popular opera of Semiramide, are here very tastefully adapted as waltzes. We are sure they deserve to be extensively known, played, and danced to; and will, we have little doubt, although the season of the Polka's triumph is anything but a favourable one in which to offer an addition to our stock of pleasant waltzes.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The opera season, which must we suppose be called a brilliant one, ended on the 17th ultimo. We mean that was the last of the subscription nights; but according to olden custom, an extra farewell night was appointed for the following Tuesday, when a medley selection, one can call the one act performances nothing else, took place from Rossini's "Barbière," and "Cenerentola," varied by the third act of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." This arrangement presented a blaze of talent, a constellation of stars seldom con-

gregated—Grisi, Lablache (father and son), Persiani, Moriani, Mario, and Fornasari; and in the ballet, Fanny Elssler, Cerito, and St. Leon, once more indulged in the "poetry of motion" before their London patrons.

Early in the month, Cerito's benefit took place, when more even than the ordinary share of enthusiasm was evinced by the audience, and the celebrated revolving step was encored. In fact, we have a strong suspicion that the ballet is often, to say the least, an equal attraction with the "Opera" itself, though it may not be quite the fashion to own it. On the 10th was produced Ferdinand Ricci's long promised "Corrado d'Altamura," an Opera which first became known at Milan, about four years ago, and was afterwards played at several Italian cities with varied success. From thence it reached Paris, where it became a favourite, and now transferred to the soil of the Haymarket, it may keep its place among those lyric dramas, which please without astonishing their hearers, or kindling much enthusiasm. We must not attempt to describe the somewhat complicated plot. Grisi was the heroine, and she both acted and sang with her usual passionate expression of feeling, and was pre-eminently successful in the aria "Forse ah forse," as also in "Raggio di contento." Mario, Fornasari, and Favanti supported the other principal characters, and were, with the *prima donna*, loudly called for at the fall of the curtain. It was certainly a generous thing of the manager to provide a new Opera so late in the season, for the variety-loving public.

SADLER'S WELLS.

If we except Macready's chivalrous attempt to revive something like that intellectual, poetical, and thoroughly English taste, which we are accustomed to call "a taste for the legitimate drama," we know of no undertaking connected with theatricals so interesting and deserving of general patronage as the recent and present achievements of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps. It would take a volume, instead of the narrow limits of a magazine column, to enter on a subject which we think has been hitherto more fruitful in words than thoughts, we mean the "decline" of the drama; and yet most people have some pet theory of their own on the subject. Music, sculpture, painting, (and dancing, if you will) are but so many languages by which to express or embody the *poetry* of human emotion; to which must be added and placed first on the list the poet's deathless verse, especially that of the dramatic one. And as the interpreter of his great gift, as one who must meet the poet more than half-way, would we place the great actor as second among the glorious band whose mission is to humanize, elevate, and refine. The decline of the drama is a national disgrace, however coldly we may talk about it; there "is something rotten" in the state, depend on it. Some people, we believe, think it rather "fine" to be indifferent to a good play; it is more "genteel" to push for a place in the Opera pit, or even to sit out a succession of burlesques—and both are excel-

lent things in their way, as we have always had the liberality to own, dearly as we love the "legitimate drama,"—than to throw their human sympathies out at the most natural of all art's wondrous expressions of human emotion. This, however, we do believe, that among the most gifted in the land, among the many poets of our day (do not start, gentle reader, if you have heard it said that we have not one), among those real senators of the land who rule through the pen, the cause of the drama is still warmly cherished; and with such friends, though it may flag and faint, it cannot surely die.

This is a long preamble to what after all can be little more than a warm congratulation of the gifted and accomplished managers of Sadler's Wells. They have had faith in the people; at an avowedly unfashionable quarter of the town have they offered the healthy intellectual feast of fine plays, fittingly performed, and this at that low scale of admission, that the very humble classes are bidden to the banquet. It is no common gratification to meet an audience so well conducted—so full of just appreciation and hearty enthusiasm, as that we have encountered here; and which, night after night, has crowded this small theatre to overflowing. The philosophic Hamlet has here found eager listeners, and is at present advertised for twice a week. Macbeth, and other of Shakspeare's master-pieces, are here familiarized to the people, (a great act of benevolence; for though "everybody talks Shakspeare," how few read and study him!) "The Wife," by Sheridan Knowles, has also been produced, affording Mrs. Warnerin Marianne, the opportunity of realizing by far the most exquisite of all this author's creations. It was a most finished performance; more admirable, we believe, than it could have been in one of the large theatres, where a certain degree of rant and straining have so often appeared unavoidable. But every word was heard, and all the fine shades appreciated. Mr. Phelps was also most successful in *St. Pierre* and Mr. Henry Marston and Mr. G. Bennett sustained the characters of the Cousins most effectively.

HAYMARKET.

The "little theatre," where so many "great" people have often appeared, has also closed its doors during the last month. We present our readers with Mr. Webster's parting address:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—In times when it is supposed the drama is in the last stage of decline, it is with more than ordinary feelings of pride that I have to thank you for the patronage which enables me to close a most profitable season, extending to upwards of four hundred nights, not having had occasion during the period to mulct the performers of one night's salary, even for a rehearsal; and I should confidently proceed without the slightest interval, but for the necessary repairs and cleansing consequent upon the length of the season, unparalleled in the annals of legitimate theatres. The offer of a prize of £500., with large contingent advantages, for a comedy illustrative of modern English manners, was made from no os-

tentatious display, but from a sincere wish to rouse up the dormant energies of writers—for I will not believe that dramatic talent is dead amongst us—and to endeavour to bring new blood into the vein of wit and humour, which was wont to make these walls to ring again with mirth and laughter. From the tried hands of dramatic authorship during the last three years I could not obtain the shadow of a comedy, either for love or money. The result has not been commensurate with my hopes; but still, while honoured with such liberal and constant supporters, I do not despair of yet producing something worthy of your encouragement, and the high character of the British. The revivals of the works of past dramatists have met with distinguished approbation; and the highly successful production of Shakspeare's "*Taming of the Shrew*," unmutated and unaided by scenic effect, gratifyingly prove the public mind is still warmly alive to a fine writing and a well-wrought play. With feelings of the deepest gratitude, and on the part of my brother and sister actors, until the 30th of September next, I most respectfully, Ladies and Gentlemen, bid you farewell."

LYCEUM.

Burlesque has been for a long time the order of the day (sometimes when people did not quite suspect it, though of course we put this in a parenthesis to be left out at pleasure); and undismayed by the clever and successful "*Aladdin*," at the Princess's, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley have brought out a rival one here. It is full of smart puns and comical rhymes, is assisted by beautiful and even wonderful scenery, and has all the advantages of a powerful cast.

CORK THEATRICALS.

Miss Helen Faucit so completely belongs to a London audience, that we may be permitted to go somewhat out of our way to follow her to Cork, and record her triumphs there. During the past month she has delighted her Irish friends by her exquisite delineation of some of her most favourite characters. Not the smallest proof of Helen Faucit's exalted genius is her wonderful versatility. Who that witnesses her "*Pauline, the Lady of Lyons*," which she has made completely her own, and with which she must always be identified by those who have once beheld her impersonation of the character, can imagine by what spell it is that she lends herself to the terrible embodiment of *Lady Macbeth*? And surely most powerfully are contrasted Shakspeare's *Juliet* and *Rosalind*? Marston's beautiful play of the *Patrician's Daughter* has also been revived for the purpose of Miss Faucit representing the heroine. She has the poet's heart herself, and thus it is she can so marvellously embody the different conceptions of different dramatic writers. Some remarks, however, in the Cork Examiner are so much to the purpose, that we must find space for a few of them:—"She has realized, in a full maturity, the lavish promise of her early years; and now, crowned by the approval of the empire, she revisits the scene of her former triumphs. But oh, how

changed! what a glorious transition, from the clever yet inexperienced girl, to the enchantress who yields every passion of the human breast, and holds men spell-bound by her genius, for it is *that*. Her voice alone is a whole choir of instruments; at one time soul-searching in its whisper, thrilling in its delicious tenderness; at another, impetuous in the wild hurricane of the stirred heart's emotion. Every tone is music, every gesture eloquence; yet so unstudied, so inartificial; no rule to guide, save the inward spirit, and that is the spirit of *genius*.

"We said before, that Miss Faucit was to make her first appearance in the character of *Pauline*, the fairest creation of Bulwer, that sweet blending of many virtues with one, only one alloy, pride."

Scarcely in the whole range of the English drama is there one character more "beautiful, in its truth and naturalness, than *Pauline*, the fair, proud girl of Lyons whose single imperfection draws her the nearer and closer to our human sympathies. With a heart gushing with womanly tenderness, yet unstirred in its rich depths, and a brow gay with the innocent, playful carelessness of youth, the mind, not the heart, is tainted with that which dragged down angels from the heights of heaven. Bitter was the fall; beautiful is the repentance of *Pauline*, when at last, chastened and purified by sorrow, she reaps the reward of her self-sacrifice and truth. In the play of Monday night, the spirit of the author blended with the soul of the *woman*, to embody forth a graceful and beautiful conception. We cannot criticise the acting—must we call it so?—of Miss Faucit; and we envy not the dull wight who could. Nature, so wayward in its beauty, and so full of change, cannot be described in the same cold, precise phrase as things merely artificial, of *art*. Thus it is with the acting of Miss Faucit. But can we call that *acting*, where the voice, obedient to every motion of the heart, wails with sorrow, and thrills with agony, or dies away in love's softest cadence? Is that acting, where the brow flushes, the bosom heaves, the mouth quivers, and the eye blazes with light or melt with tenderness? Can that be artificial, which hurries grave men, of sober judgment, into all the rash enthusiasm of boyhood? that which brings the dimming tear to the eye, and the choking gasp to the throat? If it be, then was Miss Faucit acting on Monday night, when every bosom throbbed with sympathy in the sorrows and joys of *Pauline*. The charm by which Miss Faucit moves the heart is not the exquisite correctness of her declamation, the varied music of her voice, the undulating grace of her movements, or the expressiveness of her gesticulation. All these, more or less physical advantages or artistic qualifications for an accomplished actress, she possesses in an eminent degree; but these, though they must please the ear and satisfy the eye, leave the heart untouched, the sympathies unawakened. What then is it? It is the gift of feeling strongly, and the power of expressing vividly."

Speaking of *Lady Macbeth*, the same authority says—

"This character is, to an actress, what *Macbeth*

or *Hamlet* is to an actor. Its just performance sets the seal upon her excellence. It is a difficult character, and for this reason—that a young, gentle female can have *no sympathy* with a terrible being, unsexed, and a monster. We can well understand how an actress, full of sensibility and womanly tenderness, made up of the weakness and strength of our common nature, can personate the proud, passionate, true-hearted *Pauline*, the wayward *Julia*, the graceful *Rosalind*, or the love-sick, trusting maiden of Verona; but, when a gentle girl embodies forth, in look, air, carriage, with stern eye and bold bearing, the murderous soul of *Lady Macbeth*, then we say, and with justice, that the actress has achieved the greatest triumph of her *art*. So complete was Miss Faucit's adaptation to the character, that she seemed no longer the same person. Her very features were altered."

And again—

"From the first sudden murderous impulse to the last scene, in which remorse achieves its victory over her undaunted soul, the character was sustained boldly, powerfully, truthfully. It was a grand performance. We cannot, however, avoid mentioning one fact, creditable to the fine taste of Miss Faucit. In the last scene, where *Lady Macbeth* walks in her sleep, revealing her blood-stained soul, Miss Faucit totally avoided "points," even where they could have been terribly effective; and perhaps it was this chasteness of delineation which so chilled the horror-stricken audience. For ourselves, we felt as if a being of another world stood before our corporeal senses; and we acknowledged its presence by a universal chill, as if a cold wind passed through the very heart."

THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

At the season when London begins to empty—when its fashionable hundreds and well-to-do thousands and tens of thousands flit few know precisely whither, evaporating as it were from the metropolis—no small band, of all denominations, was congregated on the banks of "bonnie Doon," to offer, what after all such homage is, but a feeble tribute to departed genius. In one of the several eloquent orations the occasion called forth, the term "*repentant Scotland*" was appropriately used; but while Scotland and England—for surely Burns belongs to both—allow the justice of the phrase, let us feel an honest satisfaction that it is a new generation repenting of the errors of the old one. The nucleus of the never-to-be-forgotten meeting of the 6th of August originated, we believe, in the desire of a few individuals to welcome the three sons of Burns, who have long been separated by rolling oceans, once more to their native land, near the spot hallowed by the memory of their glorious father—that GREAT POET, unquestionably our truest and greatest of the century in which he lived, who was so much in advance of his age, that perforce he paid the penalty of his genius, and met with slights, neglect, and misapprehension. To be sure it was

the same public, who but a little time before had driven "the marvellous boy," Chatterton, to madness and suicide.

The newspapers have made the details of the Festival so familiar to the public in general, that we do not intend these rambling remarks to repeat them; although we are not willing to leave the event unrecorded. Among the warm-hearted, the high-minded, and the right-thinking, the enthusiasm has been great; but then these are precisely the persons who do not neglect living genius, and so need not "repentance." It has been remarked in more quarters than one, that few authors were present; and certainly, speaking by comparison with the numbers of the absent, the remark is just. "But of whom *did* the gathered thousands consist? Scarcely of the rich and noble, or we should find more high-sounding names than we do, beside that of Lord Eglintoun, who has won a dearer title to respect, by his hearty enthusiasm on this occasion, than his coronet could have given him. For a sovereign may make a peer, but the heart even to reverence genius, is like genius itself—a boon direct from God.

Whether high or low, rich or poor, the throng must, for the most part, have consisted of those so gifted—and it is pleasant to think of fifty thousand of our countrymen and countrywomen collected for such a purpose. And surely there were hundreds of thousands whose hearts were there, though that despot—circumstance, with his "crutch-like rod," might forbid their corporeal presence! While in the list of the gifted and the honoured who really graced the Festival, we find Alison, the historian—Professor Wilson—Douglas Jerrold—Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall (whose Chronicle of the Day has been read with deep interest in the *Illustrated London News*)—Dr. Moir, the "Delta" of Blackwood—Charles Mackey, and though last mentioned not second to any in importance, Robert Chambers, who—with his brother absent at the time of the Festival on the continent—should be ranked as one of our greatest national benefactors. The thoughtless are little aware of the humanizing influence of the healthy, improving, cheap literature, provided by these gentlemen; or how completely it has been an instrument of progression. Never were native talents and determined energies more nobly directed than theirs; never more worthy of a people's gratitude. With the memory of Burns, the name of Robert Chambers is peculiarly associated; for to his indefatigable exertions it will be remembered the aged sister of the poet and her daughter were indebted for that independence, which they enjoy as a right rather than a charity. It certainly seems to us to have been a favourable opportunity for some graceful and courteous allusions to those services to have been made; but, we are sorry to say, nothing of the kind took place. Committees, we are aware, have a hopeless task to perform if they think of pleasing everybody; but surely there was also some culpable negligence when the health of that aged sister, of course an invited guest, was not proposed—she one of the few yet lingering on earth, who can call to their

"mind's eye" the soul-fraught countenance Robert Burns! For even of his children but one can remember him!

FINE ARTS.

SCULPTURE.—We have been favoured with a sight of the beautiful work (as yet in the clay) preparing by Mr. Lough, for the Royal Exchange. We mean the colossal statue of her Majesty, which the Gresham Committee have deputed him to execute. It will be a noble thing, for not only is the likeness perfect, but this great sculptor has preserved that elegance and dignity, which will hand down our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria to posterity, as "every inch a Queen." Her Majesty is, of course, represented crowned, and in her royal robes, the draperies of which are most felicitously managed. In the same studio we were also gratified by the sight of the recumbent figure of Southey, intended for the poet's monument at Keswick. It is decidedly one of Mr. Lough's great works. "The rapture of repose," so different from the "cold obstruction" of death, shows the hand of the master; but time and space admit only these brief allusions to the most recent productions of this artist, who is as industrious as he is gifted.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Rue du Faubourg, St. Honore,
à Paris, August 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Paris is now nearly deserted by the *beau monde*; almost all our friends have left, for the country, the sea side, or the German spas. I should have followed their example, but mamma has, for the last month, been unable to travel; she is now better, and in a few days we shall set off for Baden Baden. My continued stay in Paris has enabled me to get you the latest models of those pretty *négligés* that will be adopted till the fall of the leaf brings us, gradually, from the *demi-saison* costumes, to those of winter.

Our travelling dresses are remarkable only for their simplicity—a *capote* with a caul of shot, plaided, or shaded silk, and a brim of Italian straw, moderately small, very close, and rather long at the ears. The trimming consists of a *ruche* round the edge of the brim, and another at the bottom of the crown; it is either cut *en chicorie* of the material of the crown, or arranged *à la vielle* of ribbon in corresponding hues. A *redingote* of Nankin, *coutil*, or *batiste écarlée*, made in a very plain style, the *corsage* high, and of the habit form, with a short jacket and long tight sleeves, with cuffs *à la chevalière*. The skirts of these dresses have no trimming, but the *corsages* and cuffs may either be ornamented with silk or metal buttons, or else embroidered in a light style with braiding of the colour of the dress. The *chemisette à l'amazone* (as the habit shirt made with a collar is styled) and the ruffles are of clear cambric, bordered with

fine but narrow Valenciennes edging. A shawl, or a Dolman, thrown lightly over the shoulders, completes the toilette; the latter is a kind of cloak, in form somewhat between a mantle and mantelet. Some are composed of Italian *taffetas*, either shaded in quiet hue, or of one colour only; they are made with a large hood, and wide sleeves, bordered either with fringe or lace; they are lined with Florence, and lightly wadded, but in such a manner as to be moderately warm and not at all heavy. Others are composed of Indian *foulard*, and I should give the preference to these, because they do not crease.

Although the forms of *chapeaux* and *capotes* for the public promenades and half dress have not altered, there is more variety both in materials and trimmings than I have seen for some time. Crape, gauze, *tulle*, lace, silk, Italian, rice, and fancy straw, are all employed; the four first materials not so extensively for the public promenade as for half dress. Italian straw is almost exclusively ornamented with feathers, either twisted ostrich plumes, willow feathers formed of *marabouts* beautifully shaded, *oiseaux*, and fancy feathers. Rice and fancy straw may be trimmed either with feathers or flowers, so may also the other materials; but for these latter lace is likewise in great request. On some it is disposed plain, in such a manner as entirely to cover the *chapeau*, on others it is quilled in rows. If the *chapeau* or *capote* is *bouillonnée*, the lace is arranged in drapery over the crown, and sometimes borders the edge of the brim; it may sometimes be employed to form *choux*, that is, round rosettes, with a flower in the centre of each. The flowers most in vogue are the *acacia*, *coquelicots*, blue bells, *pensées*, forget-me-nots, mignonette, Spanish lilacs, *heliotropes*, heath blossoms of the Alps, violets of Parma, and a variety of rare exotics; but, upon the whole, our native flowers are more generally employed. I must not omit roses in my catalogue, all the more delicate kinds are in the highest degree fashionable.

Scarfs, *mantelets*, &c., are still of a very light kind, that is to say, when the weather is warm; for we have had some cool days, for which some half season shawls have already appeared; they are of the slightest kind of French cashmere, with light blue, pale fawn, and pea green grounds, and patterns in *rosaces*, of brilliant hues. I have seen also a few *mantelets* of *poult de soie*, bordered with from three to five rows of narrow velvet ribbons; but this is a revived fashion, and though it may be partially adopted as the season advances, I do not think it is at all likely to become general. For fine and warm days there is at this moment quite a rage for muslin *mantelets*, of which there are various kinds, all under the name of *mantelets Fontanges*. I may cite among the least shewy, those of India muslin trimmed with bands festooned in cockscombs, or bordered with narrow Valenciennes lace, sewed on plain; others of a simple kind are composed of fancy muslin *à jour*, with three garnitures, having a pink or blue ribbon run through the hem of each. Some of a simple but very elegant description are composed of *tulle* entirely covered with festooned

trimmings, laid on nearly plain. Still more elegant are those of muslin *broché au crochet*, in antique patterns, encircled with a trimming drawn full on both sides, and edged with scallops, or a very narrow *tulle*; they have short wide sleeves, trimmed in the same manner. But the mantelet that every *belle* desires to possess, and few can afford to purchase, is one embroidered *au point d'arnes*, in feathered stitch, intermingled with open work, and trimmed with broad rich lace. These are reserved for half-dress, and are seen abroad only in carriage costume.

The *peignoir* is decidedly predominant for morning home dress. The favourite form is that called *peignoir Pompadour*; it is in fact copied from the *négligés* worn by that haughty beauty. The skirt is extremely wide and open in front, the *corsage* nearly high, the back fall in the form of a fan, and the fullness confined by a casing at the bottom of the waist; the front is *en cœur*, displaying the *corsage* of the under dress, which is always composed of cambric or muslin. The sleeves of the *peignoir* are long, rather wide, and with turned-up cuffs. Several of these dresses are composed of *barege*, but the majority are of muslin. Those of *barege* are trimmed either with *biais*, or a garniture *à la vieille* of the same material. As they are the most simple style of *deshabille*, the under dress has very seldom any other garniture than a single flounce, or two or three tucks; and if the *peignoir* is made of striped or corded muslin, the same style of under dress is generally employed, and the *peignoir* is merely cut in large round *dents* from the top of the *corsage* down the sides of the skirt. But many of these dresses are made in the most elegant and costly style. Some of the most *distingué* are composed of India muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace sewed flat round the *corsage* and down the fronts of the dress. A coloured ribbon drawn through a broad hem surmounts the lace. The cuffs are trimmed to correspond. Sometimes instead of a ribbon in the hem, the entire of the *peignoir* is lined with coloured florence, a slight silk resembling Persian, but richer. The under dress worn with one of these *peignoirs* is always beautifully embroidered round the border. In some instances three wreaths of embroidery are divided by three very narrow tucks, through which a ribbon corresponding in colour with the ribbon or the lining of the *peignoir* is run. Others are trimmed with six or seven *entre deux* of Valenciennes. I have seen also several finished round the border with a single very deep flounce, embroidered in a shewy pattern intermixed with open work.

But whatever may be the style of the *peignoir*, or however youthful the wearer, a cap is an indispensable appendage to it, and is always of a corresponding style. Thus a simple round cap of embroidered muslin, or *organdy* bordered with narrow Valenciennes lace, and very sparingly trimmed with ribbon, is adopted in simple *deshabille*; but for the most elegant style of toilette it must be a *bonnet assassin*. The name is not altogether misplaced, for it certainly makes a tolerably pretty woman look very killing. It is composed of a Valenciennes lace lappet of a very light pattern,



Fashions for September 1844.

disposed in the cap form, and intermingled in a very novel and tasteful style with gauze ribbons. It is arranged so as to be placed a little on one side of the head, so that one end of the lappel falls on the right shoulder, the other slightly shading the cheek scarcely descends below it.

Bareges, printed muslins, and *balzines* divide the honours of the season with silks in promenade dress. White robes are fashionable, but not so generally seen as the others in the promenade. *Bareges* and *balzines* must either be figured or printed in new and rich patterns, or else they are not considered *à la mode*; they are always made *en robe*. There are also a good many dresses of plain *barege*, made with embroidered and garnitures: the *dents* are edged with orange or white; but if the material is coloured, the silk always corresponds. The *corsages* of these dresses are made high and open in front: the *lucets* employed for the printed and figured robes are replaced by narrow bands, embroidered to correspond with the trimmings. Muslin and printed muslin robes have the *corsages* made with a lappel opening on the bosom, and forming a collar quite at the back; the skirt may be trimmed either with tucks or flounces. I have sent you the most fashionable models for silk robes: those made *en redingotes* are frequently striped in very small shaded stripes; they are trimmed with ornaments of *soutache*, shaded in the colours of the robes: the *corsages* are made high, with a pointed lappel, and the sleeves a three-quarter length, with turned-up cuffs over sleeves of muslin *bouillonnée*; the cuffs and lappels are almost covered with these ornaments.

Muslin *robe redingotes*, lined with pink and blue *gros de Naples*, are much in request in half-dress: several are worked in *colonettes* in feather stitch: this form is also adopted for evening dress, that is to say, for *négligé du soir*, but then the robe is composed of *organdy* or *tarlatane*, and trimmed with expensive lace. *Tarlatane* is in very great request, so also is *mousseline de soie*. I have sent you the most approved forms of evening dress, but I must observe that, where the robe is not open before, the border is generally trimmed with flounces; lace ones are most in request. *Canezou pelerines* of lace or *application*, in the style of the fourth figure in your first plate, are very much in vogue with silk robes.

Your fair readers will see by the models I send, that lace continues its vogue for *coiffures*: the most decidedly novel form is that given in the third figure of your first plate. Another and extremely tasteful style of *coiffure* is composed of the hair, arranged in a profusion of light ringlets at the sides, and a round and very full knot at the back of the head; sometimes the knot is encircled by a row of pearls: a shaded plume, or an *oiseau*, is attached on one side by a pearl ornament, or a knot of shaded ribbon. In other instances the knot is encircled by a wreath of flowers, and then a tuft of flowers to correspond attaches a lappel of rich *point d'Angleterre* on the left side; it forms a full *chou*, with the flowers in the centre, both ends of the lappel descending at unequal distances on the left shoulder.

Long as my letter already is, I must add a few words about bracelets, for fashion has rendered them indispensable at this moment. First, there is the bracelet *d'amitié*, which a lady is never seen without even in morning dishabille; it is commonly of hair, with a cipher, a date, or a device engraved on the clasp. The second is of enamelled silver; the clasp is a cross, an anchor, or a heart. On the other arm is a bracelet of dead gold, clasped by a simple knot in the form of a ribbon. Another—and it is really magnificent—is composed of medallions in blue enamel, on each of which is a bouquet in small diamonds; the clasp ought to be a single brilliant. Last on my list is a thick gold chain, the rings divided alternately by a ruby and an opal. I must observe that, with regard to the three last bracelets, they must be worn with reference to particular hours, and style of dress. And now, *ma très chère amie*,
Adieu! *Toujours votre amie sincère*,

ADRIENNE DE M——.

Encore un mot. There is as yet no change in fashionable colours.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESSES.—No. 1. Quadrilled *foulard* robe; the *corsage* half high, tight to the shape, very open on the bosom, and made with a *pelerine* lappel descending low on the back and shoulders. The sleeve is a three-quarter length, easy at the upper part, moderately wide at the bottom, and with a turned-up cuff. Under sleeve of muslin *bouillonnée*, terminated by a Valenciennes lace ruffle. High *chemisette*, entirely composed of alternate *entre deux* of lace and embroidery. *Capote* of white *poult de soie*; it is a drawn and rather close shape; the interior of the brim is trimmed with knots of white ribbon, and edged with a fall of lace; the exterior is decorated with a wreath of white and blue flowers.

No. 2.—Blue and white striped taffetas robe; the *corsage*, high at the back, and very open on the bosom, is trimmed in the heart *pelerine* style with folds. The sleeve, a three-quarter length, fits close at the top, but widens gradually towards the bottom; cleft *mancheron* of a new form. Under sleeve of muslin *bouillonnée*, with an embroidered muslin ruffle. The skirt is trimmed extremely high with a *biais*, and a *bouillonnée* is inserted round the border between the *biais* and the bottom of the skirt. Fancy straw *chapeau*, a small round shape, trimmed with green and white *têtes de plumes* and green ribbon.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

EVENING DRESSES.—No. 3. Robe of pink *mousseline de soie*; a low *corsage*, round at top and deeply pointed at bottom. Short tight sleeve, terminated by a garniture of white *mousseline de soie*, arranged *à la vielle*, and each edge bordered with lace. Round *berthe* of *point d'Angleterre*. The skirt is trimmed with a single deep flounce, headed to correspond with the sleeve. The hair is arranged in heavy masses of corkscrew ringlets

at the sides; the hind hair is disposed in plaited braids; they are formed into an open knot at the back of the head by a gold ornament; a lappel of *point d'Angleterre* is drawn in full puffs through the openings of the knot, and the ends fall low on the neck.

No. 4. Blue *moire* robe; the *corsage* is low, peeply pointed, and partially covered by a whitelace *canezou en cœur*. Very short tight sleeve, terminated by a row of white *passementerie lyrinthe*, and ornamented with white tassels on the shoulder. The front of the skirt is decorated with a large *montant* edged with *passementerie*. The head-dress is a fancy turban, formed of a lilac gauze scarf, and terminated on one side by a full knot and a cluster of dark blue ribbon.

No. 5. Presents a back view of the robe number three, but with the sleeve terminated by folds. The *coiffure* is a back view of number three.

SECOND PLATE.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of plaided *foulard*; the *corsage* is nearly but not quite high at the back, and moderately open on the bosom; the sides are disposed *en gerbe*; a fancy wreath composed of green ribbon encircles the *corsage*. The sleeve is a three-quarter length, tight at the upper part, but widening as it descends, and open from the elbow to the bottom; it is finished with a similar garniture to that of the *corsage*. Under sleeve of cambric *bouillonnée*; high *chemisette* of the same material, ornamented with rows of liting in lace. The skirt is decorated with two rows of a similar garniture to that on the *corsage*, but of larger size. *Ceinture* of broad shaded ribbon tied in long floating ends. Pea-green crape *chapeau*, a round open shape: the edge of the brim is trimmed with folds of white *tulle*, they are surmounted by a row of lace; the interior is decorated with lace, and *brides* of green and white ribbon. A bouquet of exotics placed between two *gerbes* of foliage crowns the *chapeau*.

DEMI-TOILETTE.—Under dress of India muslin, *corsage à la vierge*; formed of full bands of muslin, and embroidered *entre deux*. The skirt is trimmed very high in a similar style. Pearl grey *poult de soie* robe; a low *corsage* opening *en cœur* on the bosom, and pointed at the bottom. The skirt, open from the waist, is rounded at bottom, and both *corsage* and skirt bordered with a trimming *à la vielle*. The sleeve is a three-quarter length at the back, but sloped to the bend of the arm, and trimmed *à la vielle*. *Chapeau* of pink *gros de Naples*, covered with *tulle* of the same colour, arranged *en bouillonnée* on the brim; the interior of which is trimmed with lace and *brides* of rose ribbon. Two long pink round feathers, formed of the down of *marabouts*, and knots of rose ribbon, decorate the exterior.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3.—MORNING DRESS. Lavender bloom *poult de soie* robe, *corsage* a three-quarter height, and long tight sleeve. Muslin *canezou* made quite high, with a collar of a single fall, the round of the *canezou* is bordered with a double row of trimming set on full, which, as well as the body of

the *canezou* is embroidered in spots. *Valenciennes* lace cap, a round shape, very full trimmed with a band, *coques*, and ends of rose and white ribbon.

No. 4.—MORNING VISITING DRESS. Pink *barege* robe; the *corsage*, high at the back, but extremely open on the bosom, is made with a falling collar, and lappels of a novel form, both bordered with a trimming *à la vielle*. Long sleeve, the lower part slashed up the front with muslin puffs protruding through the slashes; a garniture *à la vielle* borders the sides of the slashes, and a similar one forms a *mancheron*. India muslin *chemisette* made high, and beautifully embroidered. Rice straw *chapeau*, a small round shape, trimmed with white ribbon, and a long white ostrich feather.

No. 5.—MORNING DRESS. Green *gros de Naples* robe, a high *corsage* and long tight sleeve, plain muslin *canezou* made high, pointed at bottom, a collar of two falls, and a trimming festooned at the edge. *Tulle* cap, a round shape, trimmed with three rows of lace, and green and white ribbon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to be addressed to the Office, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, where all business is transacted.

VIOLA.—Accepted with many thanks.

DECLINED with thanks: "Lines on the death of J. M., and addressed to his brother;" Marion.

So well known a poetess as Mrs. E—— needed no third person to introduce her welcome contribution to the Editress; especially as the third person chosen is one of whom she has no other knowledge than that of having received through the lady in question a poem, which, to her astonishment, appeared simultaneously with its insertion in these pages, in another periodical; and more recently receiving the notice of a concert, sent with as little ceremony as if it had been an advertisement. Of course the Editress did not insert such notice, as she is not in the habit of giving currency to the unauthenticated criticisms of strangers. Perhaps the author of "Mother, come back to me," will be so obliging as to inform the Editress if that poem has already been published, or will appear in any other quarter.

The absence of the Editress from town, and consequently a somewhat earlier arrangement of the Magazine than usual, must be pleaded as an apology for some literary notices standing over, and an apparent negligence in answering private communications.

The Editress feels much flattered by the numerous inquiries which have been made in reference to "Night," and regrets extremely that the continuation of that poem is unavoidably delayed for a month or two.

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Fashions for September 1844.

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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text outlines various methods for organizing and storing data, suggesting that a systematic approach can significantly reduce errors and improve efficiency.

2. The second section focuses on the role of technology in modern record management. It highlights how digital tools and software can facilitate the collection, storage, and retrieval of information. The author notes that while technology offers many advantages, it also presents challenges, such as ensuring data security and maintaining compatibility across different systems. Recommendations are provided for selecting appropriate technologies and implementing robust security protocols.

3. The third part of the document addresses the human element of record management. It stresses that even the most advanced systems are only as good as the people using them. Training and education are identified as critical components for ensuring that staff can effectively manage records. The text also discusses the importance of establishing clear policies and procedures to guide record-keeping practices and to ensure consistency across the organization.

4. The final section discusses the long-term implications of record management. It explores how well-maintained records can serve as a valuable resource for decision-making and strategic planning. The author argues that records are not just passive documents but active tools that can provide insights into organizational performance and trends. The text concludes by emphasizing the need for a continuous and proactive approach to record management to ensure its ongoing relevance and effectiveness.



THE MAID OF ATHENS.

Engraved by J. Smith, from a painting by J. M. W. Turner, 1840.

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

LITTLE did the Maid of Athens, while listening innocently to the compliments of the young Englishman, foresee that a day would come, when he should make her name and home so celebrated, that travellers, on their return from Greece, would find few things more interesting to their hearers than details of herself and her family.

The following beautiful lines are extracted from the poem addressed to Theresa Macri (the Maid of Athens) by Lord Byron:—

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

We are sorry to dim the images of loveliness and grace conveyed by these verses; but four-and-twenty years have passed since they were written, and a recent traveller has assured us, that he saw Theresa Macri last year, without a vestige of her former beauty, struggling with poverty, but striving, in the sacred character of wife and mother, to obtain a scanty subsistence for her numerous children.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

The original name of the city now termed Peterborough was Medeshamsted, as some say, from a pit called Medeswell, in the river Nen; but others, with more probability, consider it a compound word, from *mede*, meadow or watered land; *ham*, a sheltered habitation; *sted*, a station or place of rest. A monastery was founded here by Peada, king of Mercia, in 655. He, however, did not live to complete his design. Wulfere, his brother, who succeeded to his crown, carried on, after an interval, the building of the monastery, which he dedicated to St. Peter, and enriched with many privileges by a solemn charter in 664.

Medeshamsted continued to flourish till 870, when the Danes, having ravaged the adjoining country, slaughtered the abbot and his monks, and burned his convent. It lay desolate for nearly a century; but about the year 966, it was restored by King Edgar, at the instance of Athelwold bishop of Winchester. Its former privileges were then confirmed, and the name of Medeshamsted was exchanged for that of Burgh. From St. Peter's church at Burgh the modern appellation was easily formed.

In 1116 a terrible fire occurred, almost as destructive as that lighted by the Danes. The monastery, however, did not now lie long in a state of ruin; for, in the following year, John de Sais, the abbot, laid the foundation of a new church, which was the origin of the present cathedral. This was completed under abbot Martin de Vecti, and was re-dedicated in 1143. But various alterations and additions to this structure were afterwards made under the direction of different abbots, till the dissolution of monasteries by King Henry VIII., since which time little but the necessary repairs has been done to it.

This abbey was richly endowed, though it was surpassed by others in the kingdom. Its abbots enjoyed, from the time of Edward III., the privilege of sitting in parliament; but it was not till about the year 1400 that they were permitted to assume the mitre.

At the dissolution, Peterborough was one of the places selected for the erection of new sees; and Chambas, the last abbot who had surrendered to the king in 1540, was, in 1541, appointed the first bishop. The church at the same time became of course a cathedral.

In the civil wars it suffered severely; for, about the middle of April, 1643, forces entered the city in preparation for the siege of Croyland, which was held as a garrison for the king. One of the regiments was under the command of colonel Cromwell, who immediately began to break open the church doors, and to batter and deface the monuments within. In these wanton outrages neither the bells nor the books, the organ, the vestments, the seats, nor even the pulpit, was spared. After the church had been thus defaced and the cloisters destroyed, the troops used to exercise within the consecrated walls. In a while it was granted to the inhabitants as both a place of presbyterian worship and a kind of parish workhouse. At the restoration in 1660, the cathedral was repaired and brought pretty nearly to its present state.

In describing the general appearance of this venerable structure, it may be observed, that it is less encumbered with houses in the immediate neighbourhood than most of our cathedrals; the spectator may obtain an unobstructed view on almost every side. The western front (of which an illustration is here given) is of a most splendid cha-

racter. It consists of a kind of piazza or portico of three tall arches—of which the centre one is the narrowest—surmounted by three lofty pediments, with pointed gables, and flanked with towers and spires. Immediately behind this front rises a massive tower; but here the building is incomplete, for two towers were evidently planned, of which but one is finished. In the centre arch is placed a porch, containing, over the entrance, a room used as the library. This porch, however, does not harmonize with the general aspect of the front; still the façade is noble, and is not paralleled by any cathedral in the kingdom.

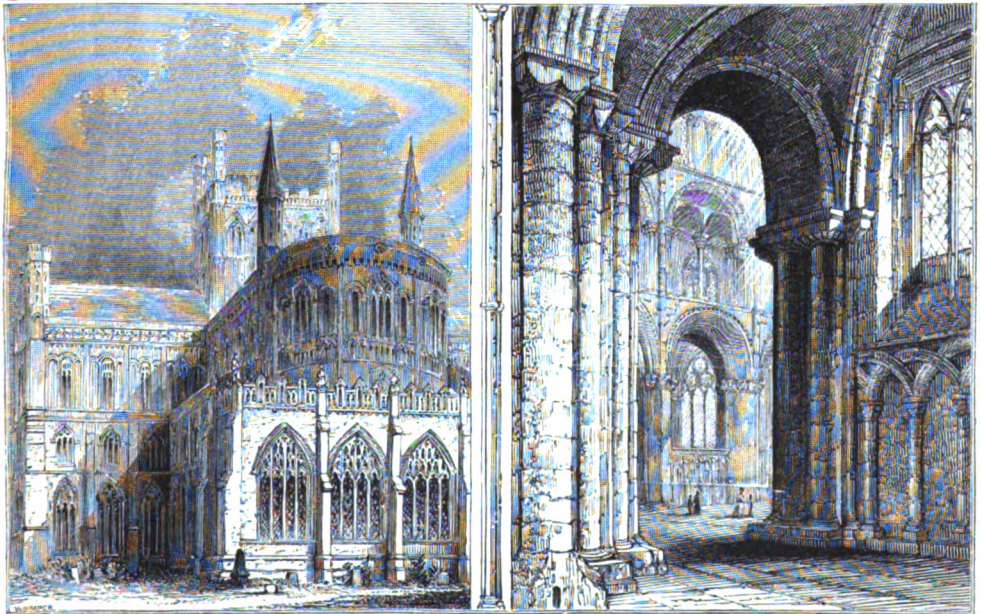
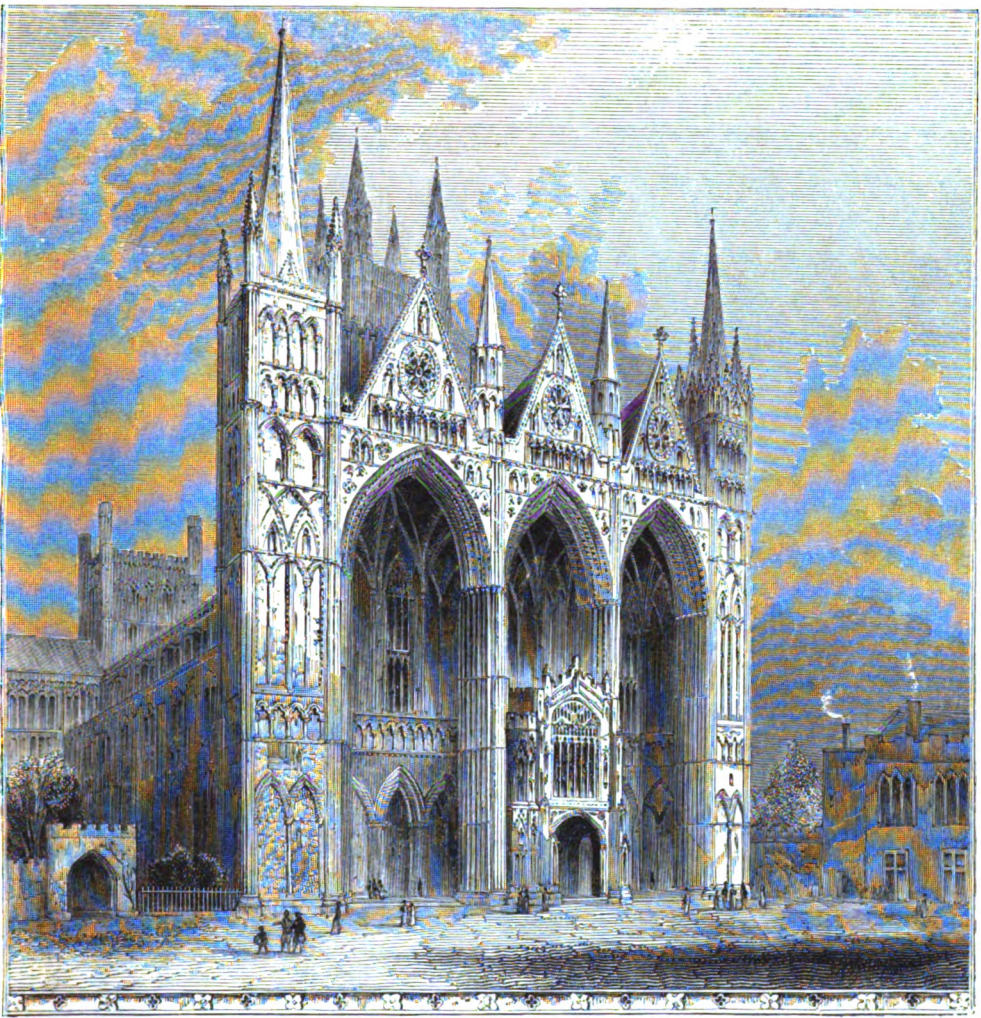
The whole building is in the form of a cross, in the centre of which rises a large lantern tower; but the effect of this is somewhat marred by disproportionately high turrets at the four corners. Besides the principal transept, there is another smaller one immediately behind the portico at the western front of the cathedral. The choir is circular at the east end, and is surrounded by a lower oblong structure, which forms the Lady chapel. This part of the building is exhibited in one of the illustrations. Altogether the external appearance is grand and uniform; and, were the south-western tower completed, there could be little wanting to render Peterborough cathedral perfect.

The interior is characterized by solidity and massive strength. The view from the western entrance is imposing, save that—as in almost all our cathedrals—it is interrupted by the screen surmounted by the organ. Would that our ecclesiastical authorities could be persuaded of the infinite advantage of entirely removing these obstructions, and opening out a continued view through the whole length of our churches. The ceiling of the nave is of wood, painted in various colours, in panels of a lozenge form. This ceiling is considered coeval with the walls in which it rests; and therefore, though it in some degree detracts from the general effect, it is a valuable specimen of those in use before the introduction of stone vaulting. The ceiling of both the choir and transept is also of wood; but that of the side aisles of the nave is of stone. The roof of the Lady chapel is groined in a manner similar to that of King's college chapel, Cambridge. The choir has been within the last few years refitted, and in such a style as to do great credit to those by whom the alterations were superintended.

Scarcely any monuments remain in Peterborough cathedral; yet here were buried many illustrious personages—and among them, queen Katharine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII., in January, 1537, in the north aisle; and queen Mary of Scotland, August 1, 1587, in the south aisle of the choir: the remains of the latter were afterwards removed to Westminster. One sexton is said to have assisted at the interment of both these queens, and his effigy, in the costume of the time, is still preserved. "Old Scarlett," as the celebrated person is familiarly called, died in 1594, at the age of 98 years.

The dimensions of the cathedral are as follow; though it must be observed that there appears to be some uncertainty, as no two of the authorities consulted agree.

	FEET.	IN.
Length (outside) from east to west.....	479	0
Length of transept from north to south..	184	9
Breadth of west front	164	0
Height of great lantern tower	135	0
Height of arches at west front.....	82	0
Height from pavement to ceiling.....	81	0



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

EAST END.

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THE NEW

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

OCTOBER, 1844.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

(*A Domestic Tale.*)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

WORDSWORTH.

CHAP. XVII.

The blow, which Mrs. Leslie had long expected, at length fell. The suit was decided against them; and so heavily had the attendant expenses accumulated, that all the little fortune of Walter and Florence was sacrificed to defray them; including also the 100*l.*, which Mrs. Rivers had bestowed, and which Florence secretly reserved, in case of such emergency.

Painful was the emotion of Mrs. Leslie, when on closely questioning her son as to the debts accumulated and means of payment, the whole truth was discovered.

"My children! my beloved children! Why have you done this?" was all that, for the first moment, she could exclaim. "Florence! Walter! both so little fitted to struggle with penury and labour. Indeed, indeed, it must not be!"

"Indeed it must be, mother;" and Florence kneeling by her mother's couch, covered her hand with kisses, while Walter continued—

"Unfitted for labour! Mother, do not wrong us thus. We shall do well enough, for we have still affection; nor shall we be grieved by seeing you in want of those little luxuries which, purchased by our labour, I know you would not refuse. For myself, happily, I have no pursuit to seek; every year increases my salary—and there may come a day, dearest mother, when I may give you a more luxurious home; and Florence, our own Florence, need not work."

"Walter!" murmured his mother, grasping his hand as he bent over her, "Do not speak of another home; I need no other, with my children round me: but Florence, my sweet Florence,

must she leave me? Is there no privation we may welcome, no comfort we may resign, to save her this?"

"We shall not be far severed, dearest mother," answered Florence, making a strong effort to subdue the choking sob. "A trifling pittance will content me; and if one of us must leave you—better, far better, I than Minie."

"And why, Florie dear? I do not see that at all. Nay, I am much better fitted to work amongst strangers than you are; for I do not feel little things half so much. So you take the portion you have so generously laid aside for me, and I will take your place, and go teach." And Minie Leslie, springing into the midst of the circle, with her bright, beautiful face, and silvery laugh, seemed indeed a very spirit of joy, sent to breathe hope and comfort in the midst of gloom.

"You leave the shelter, the safety of home, and my mother's fostering care, to struggle with the world!" exclaimed Florence. "No; had we nothing to depend on but my own exertions, this should not be."

"Why, Florence, do you think I cannot gain my own living, as well as yourself? Mamma, did you ever hear her so conceited before?"

"Alas! my child; her few years more of experience, have awakened her to many, many thoughts of danger and temptation, of which your guileless innocence cannot know."

"Danger? temptation? dearest mother; why should they assail me more than Florence? Why should so much evil occur to me and none to her? Do not imagine that I wish to leave home—but if one of us *must* go, I should like to know what your wisdom, Master Walter, can bring forward against my plan; when you, of all persons, ought to know that when Florence weeps at unkindness or neglect, I laugh, and so am likely to be very happy when she would be very miserable. Come, sir, speak; what can you bring forward in objection?" she continued, laying both hands caressingly on his arm, and looking up in his face so archly, that she seemed more than usually lovely.

Inexpressibly affected, Walter led her forward to a mirror hanging at the opposite end of the room, and answered—

"Minie! you ask me what I can bring forward; look at my own sweet face, my darling sister,

and you have my answer. You do not know its power; you have no wish, no temptation, to use that precious gift, save to add to the happiness of home. There have been none to tell you you are beautiful, save the lips of that faithful love, which while it speaks of beauty, bids you know its only value. But, thrown amidst heartless strangers, brought forward by your own exceeding loveliness, with none to guard and warn—doubly endangered by that very ignorance of all worldly ways, which we so dearly love—Minie! my precious Minie! I would rather earn my bread, a slave behind a counter, than you should leave my mother!" And overcome by strong emotion, Walter Leslie clasped his young sister closer to him, while his voice shook, and his whole frame trembled; Minie's joyous laugh was checked, and for several minutes she clung to him in tearful silence.

"But am I then to see you and Florence labour in sorrow and care, day after day, and I am to rest in idleness, simply because they say that I am beautiful? Oh, Walter! do not make me such a selfish wretch," she said at length, as she raised her head from his bosom, and flung back impetuously her beautiful hair; "Am I sent into this world to do nothing, where all our exertions are needed, when God has given me a temper enabled to bear all things, and health sufficient for any labour? And all this to be a useless burden on you both. Why am I not like others? Why too beautiful for use?"

"To be to us all we need—to give my mother joy when she would grieve," answered Florence, passionately. "Do not say those precious gifts are lent but to make you a useless burden. Oh, Minie! you do not know what you are to us—how fondly we shall turn to the home which you so bless—how much more sad, more desolate, would be our mother's hearth, if you were absent."

"Florence, my child! my blessed child! do not speak thus," entreated Mrs. Leslie, an expression of agony contracting her features, which her children could not define; "both so inexpressibly dear, why should the absence of one be more felt than that of the other? Why, why should I consent to send you from me, and retain Minie by me? Why expose you to danger, trial, and suffering, from which I would selfishly shelter her? Florence! Walter! You know not, you cannot know, the agony of this decision."

"And, therefore, we will not let you decide, my beloved mother," replied Walter; "leave it to your children—trust them in this emergency. While such love exists between us, wherever we are, whatever called upon to do, our paths can never be wholly sad. Trust us, oh! trust us, mother, and while we may see the smile on your dear lips—the peace of God on your fond heart—we must, we shall, be blessed."

For a few minutes Mrs. Leslie's only reply was to weep on his bosom; but soon the feelings of each were calmed for the sake of the other, and the evening passed cheerfully. Minie, whose tears were ever transient like the night-dews on the flowers, was indeed the first to smile herself and bring the smile to others.

Little did her children guess the real cause of the suffering which the fact that either Florence or Minie must leave her, occasioned Mrs. Leslie. It was not simply a mother's feeling. She was the sole retainer of a weighty truth, which in such a moment seemed to overwhelm her with the increased necessity for concealment.

"Father of Mercy! save me from the betrayal of the truth to my poor child," she prayed, in the silence and solitude of her own chamber. "Florence! my poor Florence! guard her from all knowledge of the truth, till its concealment threaten increase of suffering, by unconscious sin. Grant it, oh! grant it, even when I am gone, and may offer it no more. And now—now guide this feeble heart aright, for it dares not listen to itself. Would I keep Minie nearer to me than Florence? Will the voice of Nature so assert her influence now, as to stifle the voice of Love? Oh! let not this be. Save me from all decision save that which will be the best for both!" And calmed by that earnest prayer and trusting faith, the morrow found Mrs. Leslie once again herself.

Florence persevered in her resolution to seek employment, as resident governess in some respectable family; and Minie, as firmly resolved not to be idle, declared that her taste for fancy work should now become useful as well as an amusement. She would get their dear old landlady to dispose of the articles for her, and procure her all the materials; so Walter need not be alarmed. Though what possible harm could befall her, if she sought such employment in *propria persona*, she could not imagine.

"Are there no other pretty people in the world, my dear fidgetty brother, that you fear such unutterable things for me? Why if you were the grand Seigneur himself, and I the Queen of his harem, you could not guard me more jealously," she laughingly said; and had her nature been less childlike, Walter would have found some difficulty to reply satisfactorily, without exciting an undue idea of her own importance; but such a thought never entered her mind. She knew she was lovely, but it was to her rather a source of regret than rejoicing, as it rendered her less useful than Florence, for whom her affection was so true, so reverential, that the idea of her going among strangers, was fraught with as much suffering to her as to Florence herself.

"Oh, why is not Lady St. Maur here now?" she one day said, as she clung, weeping, to her sister. "Why do you not write to her, Florence? Tell her what you are compelled to do: I am sure she would assist you."

"How! dearest Minie! What could she do for me in Rome, and I in London?"

"Oh, give you letters of recommendation to some of her friends here, who would soon find you employment. I wish you would let me write for you: I have so often thought of doing so."

"Minie, if you love me, do not think of it," replied Florence, with an expression of suffering which could not escape her sister's notice; "I could not write to Lady St. Maur now, we are too widely severed."

"Nay, Florence, I am sure you are not alluding only to distance. You think Lady Ida changed; and if you think so, I am sure you do not love her as much as I do."

"May be the more you needed friendship, the more she would rejoice in bestowing it. You will find that I am a much truer prophetess than you are."

"Because you have not trusted, hoped, anticipated, and found all vain," mentally responded Florence, as her happy sister bounded away; "I could write for Walter, I could hope for him, but I cannot for myself."

CHAP. XVIII.

The first applications of Florence for a situation were most dispiritingly unsuccessful. The school for governesses was overstocked by young women, who, educated far above their rank, and the expectations of their parents (mostly petty farmers, or flourishing shopkeepers), loaded with showy accomplishments, endowed with a sufficient quantum of assurance to display themselves to the best advantage, and sick of home by its contrast with their over-refined ideas of fashion and sentiment, offer themselves at the lowest possible terms, and are accepted, as combining all that is necessary to be acquired in the small compass of our brain.

Florence could not compete with these, and in consequence was again and again rejected, as incapacitated, by her own avowal, for the education of fashionable young ladies. One lady could not understand what she meant by a solid English education: there was surely no occasion for such instruction in England: it might be all very well for foreigners, but certainly was unnecessary for English girls. Her daughters must be accomplished, understand all the living languages, sing, paint, embroider—that was all she required; she knew many who would undertake to do it all. Another looked perfectly mystified as to instruction being needed in religion and morals. What possible occasion could there be for things which came so completely by instinct? She was afraid Miss Leslie stood a very poor chance of employment, if she could only profess things, which in fact everybody knew, without taking the trouble to acquire them. A third turned up her hands and eyes in sentimental astonishment, that any person could attempt to teach who did not understand German—had only read Schiller in English, and knew nothing of Kotzebue or Goethe. A fourth could not possibly engage her, because she was ignorant of Latin and Greek, which she declared with the voice and look of a Roman dictator to be indispensable for the proper training of girls. Questions of phrenology, animal magnetism, chemistry, and all the *ologies* were asked by this learned lady, and poor Florence was finally dismissed with a look of most ineffable contempt. A fifth wished to know if she read novels, Austen, Edgeworth, and even Scott being enumerated in that sweeping name, and Miss Leslie dismissed with a frown the

moment she acknowledged that she did, the lady having resolved that no person likely to breathe the words, sentiment, or romance, should have the honour of instructing her daughters, who, already initiated in all the mysteries of duplicity, forswearing sentiment in their mother's presence, to indulge in the most dangerous kind, when alone, looked as if poor Florence's high and refined sense of such emotions could do them very little injury. There were some mothers, also, whose sole objection was that she had never been out before: they could engage no young person for whom no one except her own family could be found to speak. Alas! these trials were hard to bear, perhaps yet harder for one like Florence, whose pure and beautiful ideas of human nature, and the power of virtue and benevolence even in this world, were so continually and harshly disappointed. She had been more than once advised to write to Lady Melford, or to one of her daughters, as perhaps in their circle she might be more successful; but they had for the last two years so completely neglected her, that she shrunk in suffering from any such appeal.

Just about this time, when Florence was compelled to relax her exertions, from not knowing where next to apply, an offer was made to Mrs. Leslie which might materially have altered the fortunes of both sisters. Minnie's exquisite voice, and extraordinary beauty, had attracted the attention of a family intimate with one of Mrs. Leslie's few confidential friends. They were foreigners, one of whom was associated with the Italian Opera, in rather an influential position. He offered to take Minnie into his own family, then about to return to Italy, give her the best instruction, and so bring her forward, that, on her returning to England, her fortune would be made. Mrs. Leslie listened, and questioned with apparent calmness, but with a wrung heart. How did they intend her child to take advantage of this undoubtedly generous proposal—as a private professor, simply to teach? The reply was a decided negative: there surely could be no hesitation in her accepting an engagement as *prima donna*, when there was not the smallest doubt of her ultimate success—she was so graceful, so gifted, a very little training would be sufficient to make her first-rate as an actress, as a singer. They argued well, but Mrs. Leslie was an English mother—heart and soul an Englishwoman. She had not always been in poverty, and she carried with her to her present station all the high feelings of birth and education, which no privation, no penury could remove. She shrunk from bringing forward her gentle, modest Minnie, in a situation of such equivocal tendency. Yet, did she right to refuse it? The struggle was a terrible one, and perhaps the mother could never have decided, had not Florence one day, alarmed at the suffering imprinted on her countenance, caressingly implored to know the cause, when Mrs. Leslie told her all. "Oh, do not hesitate, dearest mother," was the instant reply; "do not think of it one moment. It is neither shame nor disgrace to those destined for the stage from their childhood, and so armed against its dangers. As long as they are re-

spectable their profession must be so too; but it is not for those who have been thus educated to feel and think like us. Who could be with our Minnie in such seasons, to prevent all association with those of doubtful reputation, too often found in the opera rôle? And to do this she must go from us to a land of strangers—be exposed to neglect, perhaps severity, or, if treated with kindness, exciting such admiration, that how might we hope that she would return to us the same darling child she leaves us? No, no, dearest mother, do not think of it."

"I would not, could not, my beloved girl, save for one weighty cause—I refuse an offer of independence for her, and in so doing devolve dependence, labour, suffering upon you. Florence, how can I do this?"

"Easily, my own mother, for believe me, the most fatiguing toil were comparative happiness to this trial. Do not think of her—only of my father; what anguish even the very idea of such a position for his Minnie would have inflicted upon him. And of Minnie herself, oh, she could never bear the suffering of such a separation."

"Do you indeed think so?" And the sudden irradiation of Mrs. Leslie's every feature, showed how eagerly she grasped at this suggestion. "If I could but think so, that she would herself refuse this offer—that she would not accuse me of selfishly sacrificing her real interests, for my, perhaps, unfounded prejudice and dread—"

"Hear her own opinion, then, dearest mother; you will find it the same as mine:" and Florence bounded away to call her sister.

She was right. With a passionate burst of tears, Minnie folded her arms round her mother's neck, and conjured her not to send her so completely away—not to compel her to embrace such a profession: she would willingly teach, work, labour, anything her mother or sister might dictate; but she was sure her voice would fail her if so tried. It was enough: the refusal was accordingly sent, gratefully, but decisively. Meanwhile Florence, feeling more than ever the absolute necessity for exertion, had just resolved on writing to Lady Melford, when she heard of that family's arrival in town. Painful as the effort would be, she thought personal application more likely to be successful than epistolary. But Walter advised her writing to Lady Edgemere in preference. Eagerly Florence caught at the idea; she wrote, and Walter himself took the two letters. Unhappily, he only learned that the family were all on the continent, and would be there some time. It was a bitter disappointment, for Hope, as if the more elastic from being so long kept bound, had sprung up beneath Walter's sanguine expectations, and it was hard to chain her wings again. To Lady Melford, then, she resolved on going, but she could not talk about it; and so, unknown to her mother, and even to Walter, one fine spring morning she set forth. The parks, the streets of the aristocratic West, looked gay and joyous in the sunshine; every face seemed clothed with smiles to her; perchance they were not, but the sorrowing and careworn feel so painfully alone. London is even solitude to hundreds of its weary

wanderers. Florence walked on mechanically, conscious only of that stagnating depression, so difficult to bear, and still more to overcome. She felt her cheek flushed and pale alternately, as she stood on the steps of Lord Melford's stately mansion, and her heart so throbbled, that she had at first no power to lift the knocker.

"Florence Leslie! well, this is really an unexpected pleasure: how good of you to make such an exertion," was the greeting she received from Emily Melford, who rose from her languid position with some degree of *empressement* and extended her hand. Lady Melford and Georgiana (still Miss Melford) met her the same. To a casual observer, nothing could have been kinder than their reception; but oh, how cold, how heartless the mere kindness of the lip, not of the soul, did it feel to Florence, who so trembled with suppressed emotion, that a seat was never more welcome. The very sight of their well-remembered faces, the tones of their voices, brought back the full tide of memory; and it seemed as if many more than barely four years had rolled over her head since they had parted. Her appearance had no such effect on her former friends: they had lived rather, perhaps existed, too long in the world, where fashion and frivolity are the presiding deities. Nothing had occurred to ruffle the current of their lives, so that years rolled by, unnoticed and unfelt. There was no reference to their former acquaintance—no allusion to her personal interests, except an inquiry after the family—whether Mrs. Leslie's health were improved—whether Mr. Leslie liked London better than the country, &c.

"I have lost my dear father," faltered Florence, vainly struggling to reply without emotion.

"I thought you knew this, Emily, and might have spared Miss Leslie the question," observed Lady Melford, as reproachfully as her quiet temper would permit.

"Oh, by the way, mamma, now you mention it, I do remember hearing, or reading something of it; and, indeed, I meant to have written to you, Florence; but it was just at the time Sophia married, and I really had so much to think about for her, that time slipped away, till it was too late to write. I knew you were always good-natured, and trusted you would forgive the apparent neglect. I never write to any one—it is such a dreadful exertion."

"Exertion!" thought Florence, as she glanced round the luxuriously furnished apartment. "Is it possible, with every want supplied, that the idea of exertion can be the excuse for not writing to a friend? Your sister Sophia is married, then," she added aloud.

"Yes, nearly a year and a-half ago, to Lord Maynard. Did you not see it in the papers? She is very happy, very rich, her lord very *dévoué*, and so on. For my part, the trouble of trying on the marriage *trousseau*, the excitement, the visits, would terrify me out of all idea of matrimony. I am grown dreadfully lazy; even parties are too much trouble."

"Perhaps you have not very good health," innocently remarked Florence.

"Why, I am never particularly well, and have

tried all the doctors in and out of London; but they did me no permanent good, never finding out what is the matter with me. I feel no pain, certainly—nothing, whatever, to complain of; but a *je ne sçai quoi* incapacitating me from all exertion."

The young lady who said this, in the most gracefully languid manner possible, looked in blooming health, almost *enbonpoint*, presenting a strange contrast to the pale, pensive countenance of her visitor, whose actual livelihood depended on "exertion."

"Are you as fond of reading as you used to be?" inquired Lady Melford; and Florence answered, with more animation than she had yet spoken, in the affirmative. The Viscountess mentioned several of the fashionable works of the day. Florence blushingly avowed that her reading had lately been more amongst the older authors, and that it was only the last year or two she had become aware of their beauties.

"You must have plenty of leisure, Florence: what a happy girl you must be! I can find time for nothing," was Emily's rejoinder. "As to reading anything but the lightest novel, with the round of visiting in this house, it is impossible."

Florence vainly endeavoured to explain this, so as to satisfy her own mind; but the chit-chat in which they had engaged her, rendered the task at that moment impossible. How was she to introduce the real motive of her visit, was another mental question, which she found some difficulty in replying. At last Lady Melford asked how she had come—was she living near? Her answer occasioned Emily's extreme astonishment. "Walked all the way from Camberwell! what strength you must have! It really was good of you to come."

Then was the moment, and Florence, though her emotion almost choked her, seized it. Modestly, though with unconscious dignity, she removed Emily Melford's impression, that her visit was merely to renew their acquaintance, and said that the unfortunate termination of a law-suit in the family compelled her to seek employment, and that remembering Lady Melford's former kindness, she had ventured to call, and solicit her, or her daughter's recommendation, should they know of any family requiring an English governess. Lady Melford expressed herself truly sorry, and that she feared she really had no power to assist her; yet, if she should hear of a vacant situation, she would with pleasure speak of Florence. Miss Melford looked very grave. Much as she might wish to serve Miss Leslie, she said their very slight acquaintance would hardly justify her encountering the responsibility which the recommendation of a governess must entail upon herself. Emily Melford, for the moment, permitted a good heart to triumph over habitual indolence, and declared she would make every possible inquiry—would say everything in her favour, and she had no doubt she should succeed.

"Take care, Emily, what you promise," was Lady Melford's warning observation. "You say you are not equal to the least exertion now, and this will demand a great deal."

"Indeed, mamma, I will do all I can, though

of course I cannot promise success," replied Emily, unconsciously affected at the glistening eyes and flushed cheek which were turned towards her with an expression of such grateful acknowledgment, that it made her feel for the moment they were girls again in Devonshire. Florence could not doubt her, nay, for the moment she felt it difficult to retain the wounded pride which Emily's previous unkindness and neglect had so painfully engendered. She did not know how fatally selfish indolence had deadened every good and kindly feeling—that Emily's impulses were as vivid and evanescent as the sparks from flint—never visible, save from sudden and violent friction, and then vanishing into air.

Florence at length rose to go; they asked her to stay and dine, and, on her refusing, begged her to come whenever she felt inclined for the exertion: they should always be happy to see her.

"It is a shame even to ask you to make such an exertion, Florence; for it would kill me I am sure. You surely will not walk home?"

"No," Florence said; most probably she should return home by one of the public conveyances.

"What, alone? Ah, I always said you were meant for a heroine, Florence."

"Not much of one, dear Emily, for I believe a heroine would hardly be so *unwillingly* independent as I am compelled to be. Exertion is indeed no new thing to me, and I must regard it still less, henceforth, than I have hitherto done."

As Florence descended the stairs, two young men ran hastily against her, then paused to look at her, half in doubt, half in inquiry, politely apologized, an apology merely acknowledged by a graceful bow, and the gentlemen bounded into the drawing-room. "Who, in the world, is that pale, elegant girl?" exclaimed one. "Pretty she is not, but something better—graceful, *distinguée*. Who is she?"

"Is it possible you have so completely forgotten her, Alfred? Why, Florence Leslie."

"That Florence Leslie? What, Ida's favourite Flower of St. John's? What a fool not to know her! Where has she hid herself all this time?"

"Why did you not come in before? you would have known all, then, without my having the trouble of telling you—for pity's sake remember my nerves!"

"I beg pardon of your nerves, Emily, but I will know something more of Florence—she was such a merry companion once. Come, Frank, by the way, you used to admire her, too." And young Melford, regardless of all remonstrances, alike from his sisters or his companions, ran down the stairs, dragging Frank along with him, and speedily overtook Florence, who, fatigued and depressed by long suppressed emotion, had proceeded but a very short way. "Miss Leslie, I have run after you on purpose to entreat your forgiveness for my stupidity in not recognizing you," was his address, in a tone so truly respectful, that it quickly subdued the alarm experienced by Florence in finding herself so followed. "Ah, he continued, as she accepted his apology with a bright blush, and lively smile; "if you had looked as you

do now when I first met you, I should have recognized you directly; should not you, Howard?"

"I fancied Miss Leslie's countenance familiar to me, even in the first momentary glance," was the reply; and Florence's attention, awakened by the name, she glanced hastily towards him, answering his greeting by a silent bow.

Howard! Could this be the handsome, intelligent boy, with whom she had danced so often on that ever-memorable night, the night of Lady Ida's ball? whose round jacket and Byron collar had so often excited Emily Milford's railery on Florence's odd propensity for unfledged (*i. e.*, uncoated) men? It must be, for the countenance was the same, only mellowed into more manly beauty; and the slight boyish form had so sprung up into the graceful, yet muscular proportions of a tall, aristocratic-looking man, that it seemed strange to Florence that only four years could have wrought such a change, making him appear so much her senior, when he was in fact her junior by a year.

"Well, Miss Leslie, I hope we shall have our long exiled Ida home soon," observed young Melford, after gaily conversing on their former acquaintance, and the many enjoyments of St. John's. "There is some talk of Lord St. Maur receiving some high office at home in return for his services abroad; and then of course you will see Ida. She is not one to forget old friends."

CHAP. XIX.

Little as Florence expected kindness from Lady Melford's family, she did not, could not believe that Emily's professions of interest were so completely without foundation, that she actually never again thought of Florence or her wishes, until a note from Florence several weeks afterwards, informing her that she had obtained a situation, and therefore that she needed no further exertion on the part of her friends, recalled to the oblivious young lady that she had made no exertion at all. It did occasion a passing qualm, which she would gladly not have felt, but indolence speedily crept over her to deaden even this. It was too much trouble to think of what could not be remedied, and so she quietly resigned herself to forgetfulness. No doubt she would have expressed pleasure had Florence crossed her path, but as to seeking her, Emily Melford would have shunned the exertion as an impossibility: *Little things were too large for her.*

Florence had indeed at length succeeded in obtaining employment. A widow lady with a grown-up son, and two little girls, had lately taken a house in the vicinity of Norwood, coming, it was said, from Hampshire, where all her friends and family still lived. She was one of the old school, prim, severe, and very reserved, and Florence felt her heart sink within her at the first conference. Her qualifications were asked, in one cold measured tone. Mrs. Russel offered remuneration with most unusual liberality, and Florence closed at once.

We will not linger on the anguish of the separation, the bitter parting of that beloved one from the home of her childhood, for the cold,

hearth of strangers. It is a pang we fear that will find its echo in too many hearts. Yet there are some in this checkered world of ours who are insensible to the voice of home, unconscious of its peculiar sanctity, for they gladly turn from it, preferring even dependence to resting in a lowly sphere; and some there are who, fostered in wealth, happiness, and luxury, thoughtlessly look on the young instructress as one born to labour and endure, unconscious that there are as deep fountains of sorrow and love in her hidden breast as in their own! That perhaps, the object of their neglect or their contempt has, like them, a fond mother, whose hearth, as her heart, is desolate for the departed—brothers, sisters, yearning to look upon her face again, and towards whom, her lonely spirit turns so longingly and so vainly.

It was long, very long, ere poor Florence could feel in any degree reconciled to this great change. Peculiarly clinging domestic, her affections, with the sole exception of Lady St. Maur, concentrated in her own family. She did, indeed, feel lonely, as she passed evening after evening in her solitary room, released from her charge regularly as the clock struck seven. Speaking to none, seemingly cared for by none; alone, though often the house was full. She thought at first she should enjoy these hours, as enabling her to pursue her favourite employments; but oh! how changed and sad they seemed, as if they could scarcely be the same which had engaged her, when her mother's eye was beaming on her, her sister's sweet voice in its laugh or song thrilling to her heart, her brother's soul-expressive face, bending over his writing, or lifted up to hers asking her sympathy with some favourite book; and though but a few miles separated, how utterly was she alone!

Her mind was however too well regulated to encourage such weakening sorrow: Mrs. Russel was no physiognomist, and she could not read in the pale countenance she looked on regularly every morning at a specified hour, and for a specified time, anything more than was perfectly natural. She knew nothing of Florence's history, and did not think it beseeching in her to inquire. As to eliciting any just praise, it was a thing impossible. She had explained to Miss Leslie her educational plans—sat in the school-room several mornings to see them followed, and then no longer interfered.

It was not pride which actuated this conduct; but that Florence, as the chosen instructress of her children, could be a person demanding the suffrages and respect of society, were notions, as much too visionary for Mrs. Russel as they are to very many others. The creed, that instructors of youth are real benefactors of their kind, and should be regarded with respect and gratitude, may be excellent in theory, but in practice—let the fact decide—the moment a young woman is compelled to teach for her subsistence, she sinks at once into a lower grade.

Months glided by slowly and sadly for our heroine. It is a false doctrine to promulgate, that the performance of distasteful duties at once brings happiness. If it did, surely there could be no trial to perform, no temptation to elude them.

Our heavenly Father sends no trial, no sorrow, to be felt as *pleasure*, as some would make us believe. For our good indeed, our eternal good; but would He hold forth this blessed goal, did we refuse to labour, in care and sorrow to obtain it? No, sorrow indeed is blessed, for there is a still small voice urging us on, encouraging and consoling, but many weary months must pass ere mournful duties become joys.

Happy, Florence was not. She had too many sources of disquiet; but the first stupifying influence of sorrow and change, had been conquered by fervent prayer and increasing effort, and she became reconciled to her weary path. The act of teaching became easier from use; even Mrs. Russel's stiff and chilling manner became more endurable and gratefully did she feel that to write cheerfully home was less an effort than it had been.

Florence had been six months with Mrs. Russel, when her anxiety was fearfully aroused by a letter from Minie. Walter had appeared more languid than usual for several weeks, but still persisted in saying he was perfectly well, and in attending to his business, a few days previously, he had been conveyed home in his master's carriage in an almost exhausted state; the head clerk had accompanied him, and given the alarming information, that he had several successive days fainted at his desk, but that no persuasion, no argument could prevail on him to give up. He had rallied, Minie continued to say, and was decidedly better, but his mother had forbidden, and his employers had absolutely refused his services till his strength should be properly restored.

Florence's first impulse was to return home instantly, that her deep anxiety might be either removed or justified. Her next thought compelled restraint and controul; for Mrs. Russel had left home on a visit to some of her relations, and her return was uncertain. She could not leave her charge. Every post indeed brought her intelligence; but what were written assurances to a mind fancying every evil and longing to lavish on the sufferer all the affection with which her heart was filled? At length she looked once more on the hand writing of her brother. It was but a few lines, but oh, how inexpressibly precious to their reader!

"Florence, dearest Florence," it ran, "At length I may trace that dear name again. Oh! how painfully I yearn to feel you by my side, to listen to your gentle voice; but it is an idle wish, my Florence; I have been ill, they tell me, very ill; but I think they say more than the fact to keep me content at home; they think thus to reconcile me to idleness and rest. Florence, Florence, how can this be? How can I be content when so much, nay, all must depend on me? There was a time, that no pang was joined with the dream of death; but now, now—oh! if I must die, what will become of my beloved ones? Who is there to work for them, to save them from privation and its hundred woes? I know this is sinful mistrust—I strive against it—Florence, pray for me, I cannot for myself. I know your tears are falling at these wild and sinful words; forgive them, Florence, dearest, kindest. God for ever bless you and preserve you to your WALTER."

Vainly, for several successive hours did Florence struggle with her emotion. She knew her brother so well, that for him to give vent to such despondency, his spirits must be sunk indeed. Yet she had to teach with a sinking frame and sickening heart; to answer the innumerable questions of her prattling companions; to compel them to attention and obedience; to walk out with them, and then again resume the afternoon routine of work and study; and not till the return of Mrs. Russel in the evening relieved her of her charge had she leisure so to compose her agitated spirits as to think calmly. Would it be wise to go to her brother? Walter had tender nurses, most affectionate friends; he wanted nothing which they could give. Would it then be right to give up her present situation merely for the consolation of being with him? No, she would work on, if it were but to provide luxuries and comforts for him; and the ardent girl clasped her hands, and raised her swollen eyes in fervent thanksgiving, that to do so was in her power. She pondered deeply how she could increase her salary. Her pupils had just commenced drawing, but Mrs. Russel was not satisfied with their instructor; and Florence, convinced that she was capable of teaching that accomplishment, indulged the hope that Mrs. Russel would gladly accept her services instead, and raise her salary accordingly. She had just brought her meditations to this conclusion, feeling equal to any exertion, and believing the greatest misfortune which could now befall her, would be to be dismissed from her present employment, when a message was delivered to her, that Mrs. Russel wished to speak with her in the parlour. It was a summons so unprecedented, that Florence, already in a painfully excited state, had scarcely courage to obey—trembling with forebodings that new evils were impending, which she should have no power to resist.

CHAP. XX.

Mrs. Russel was sitting with more than her usual stiffness in her old-fashioned chair, her visage grim and frowning, with an expression round the mouth, plainly indicating that she had formed some resolution which no power on earth could change. A slight, scarcely perceptible movement of the head acknowledged the entrance and meek obedience of Florence; but no sign nor word authorised her to be seated. There was a short, dry cough on the part of the lady, followed by a hum and ha, and then:

"Miss Leslie," she demanded shortly; "pray are you acquainted with Mrs. Rivers, of Woodlands, near Winchester?"

"Yes, madam, she is a connexion of the family, and has been——"

"Miss Leslie, I asked an answer, not a commentary: you resided with her, I presume? joined in society at Winchester?"

"Yes, madam," replied Florence, briefly.

"Then, Miss Leslie, I must inform you that your services henceforth are dispensed with. My

daughters are much too young and inexperienced to be left to your charge. You have deceived me egregiously, by daring to obtain a footing in my family as a respectable person, when you must be quite aware you can lay no claim to such a character. Here is the sum total of my debt for your services, and a trifle in addition, as I wish to do nothing unhandsomely: we part to-morrow, and as there is no occasion for any further rejoinder, you may retire."

Stunned, yet bewildered, Florence had listened to this most extraordinary harangue; she could not comprehend to what Mrs. Russel could refer. At any other time, natural indignation would have given her not only voice, but eloquence; but now, depressed, almost exhausted by the emotions of the day, she felt as if she had not energy enough to articulate a single word. At that moment she thought of Walter; how could she aid him if thus sent away, not only deprived of employment, but of character? The colour returned to her pale cheek, and to any other than Mrs. Russel, the modest firmness, alike of her voice and manner, would have been sufficient proof of innocence.

"If, madam," she said, "you have lost all confidence in me, you are right to decline my services; but you must pardon me, if I refuse to retire, until you have informed me of what you accuse me: I deny all deception towards you, nor am I in the very least aware how I have forfeited my claim to respectability, as you are pleased to assert. My conscience is free from all intentional offence from any conduct that would unfit me for the guidance of youth."

"Of your conduct, whilst under my roof, I have nothing to complain," replied Mrs. Russel, unmoved by the suppressed, but visible emotion with which Florence spoke; "but Miss Leslie, you must be aware, however you may now repent of former follies, and resolve to amend them, that a young person, whose conduct in Winchester was such as to make her name a term of opprobrium to all its inhabitants, can be no fit companion for young people. My son is returning from the continent, and I wish to have no person with my daughters whose character for flirtation and coquetry would render his visits to his sister's study, equally unsafe and unpleasant. Your varying colour, Miss Leslie, is sufficient answer; you have compelled me to speak plainly, and now I hope you are perfectly satisfied as to the justice of my decision."

Florence's colour did, indeed, vary; for gradually, but slowly, the conviction dawned upon her, that Mrs. Russel was confounding her with her cousin Flora. Rallying every energy, she forced herself to relate the real facts, and solemnly assert that at the time Flora Leslie's conduct had been most reprehensible, she had been residing in London with her newly widowed mother. No change, however, took place in the sour visage of Mrs. Russel.

"She had heard," she said, "but of one Miss Leslie, whose name was, people reported, Florence; and if there were two Miss Leslies residing at Woodlands, of names so exactly similar, it was strange no one had ever heard of it."

"Pardon me, madam, it was scarcely strange; I very seldom entered into society, and latterly, indeed, not at all, for I was then in mourning for my dear father."

"You may be speaking truth, Miss Leslie, I will not take upon myself to contradict," replied the lady, who, by the way, prided herself on her rigid love of justice; "but you must permit me to ask you what proof, except your own family, who, of course, will repeat the same tale, can you bring forward to convince me I am wrong, and you are wright?"

"Proofs, madam, indeed, I have none," was Florence's mild reply, though the indignant blood had dyed her cheeks; "for of Mrs. Rivers, I have unhappily lost all trace, and Flora, now Mrs. Major Hardwicke, even if I knew her address, would scarcely do me justice by implicating herself."

"That is to say, you have lost all traces of Mrs. Rivers through your own misconduct, an inference tallying exactly with the reports I have heard, and of course you cannot know Miss Flora Leslie's address, as, in my opinion, no such person exists. Oh, for shame! for shame! young as you are, to be so hardened in guilt! Well, well, I desire you to retire, for you must perceive your improbable tale weighs little against the reports and warnings I have received."

"I will obey you, madam," replied Florence, struggling with the indignant pride, which the cruel belief that she had spoken falsely even at that moment called; "Thank God I have yet a mother's faithful love, and sinless home, to which I may return, and may that God who knows my perfect innocence, forgive you the injustice you have shewn me!"

And with a proud step, but bursting heart, Florence turned from the parlour. She paused not till she reached her own apartment; but then sinking on a chair, she buried her aching temples in her hands; she could not weep, though her eyes felt starting from her head; her character taken from her, without the possibility of proving how falsely; how could she obtain employment—how assist her brother? the future was all dark, she could not penetrate its folds, save to look on sorrow.

Great, indeed, was the surprise and pleasure of Mrs. Leslie's little family, when about noon the following day, Florence made her appearance.

"Florence, my own sister, this is kind indeed," exclaimed Walter, half rising from his recumbent posture, to fold her in his arms; "I hardly dared hope a personal answer to my murmuring letter; but I am better, much better. Mother, am I not? why, I am sure you look paler, and more suffering than I do. Florence, there is something more the matter than my illness—what is it?"

"Nay, was not that enough, dearest Walter, to make me anxious," she replied, struggling to smile; but the effort only increased her brother's alarm, the more so, as he perceived that her lip so quivered, that she could only cling closer to him, and cover his pale brow with kisses.

"Florence, my child, speak to me—what has chanced? you are ill, unhappy, and would hide

it; but you cannot: come to me, love, come to your mother's heart, you will find rest there."

"Mother," gasped poor Florence, throwing herself on her knees beside her mother, and laying her throbbing head on her bosom; "I have come to you, discarded, accused, condemned, sent from the house where I have striven night and day to do my duty, as one wholly unfitted by previous conduct for my charge, my word disbelieved, my whole family implicated in the charge of deception: oh, mother—mother—teach me how to bear this heavy trial! I have no strength—no——"

Her sobs impeded further speech, and she saw not the effect of her words on her mother, whose cheeks and lips became of a livid whiteness, while the large beads of moisture gathered on her brow.

"Who has dared to malign you?" exclaimed Walter, springing from his couch with the strength of sudden excitement; "Florence, my stainless Florence, who has dared to charge you with ought of shame? tell me, only tell me; I have strength enough to defend you."

But even as he spoke, he sunk back exhausted; and fearing to agitate him still more, Florence briefly but clearly related the interview between her and Mrs. Russel, adding her own suppositions as to the origin of the charge against her.

"God of mercy! I thank thee, that this is all," ejaculated Mrs. Leslie, in a voice of such fervent thanksgiving, it sounded almost strangely to her children; and rising with recovered power, she folded Florence to her bosom. "Heed it not, my beloved girl; heed not the false accusations of the unjust and prejudiced; we know—God knows—that you are innocent: be comforted, my child."

"How may I be comforted, mother, when slander is abroad, and busy with my name? how dare I seek another situation till my innocence is proved, and yet how can I rest in idleness at home?"

A low suppressed groan from Walter filled up the momentary pause.

"My child, He who feedeth the sparrow, and clotheth the lilies of the field, will protect and provide for us; oh! trust Him, dearest, and he will not forsake us. Tell me, only tell me there is comfort in your mother's home, my child; that there, at least, your innocence shall be your strength, and trust our heavenly Father for the rest."

Florence did not reply, but her tears flowed less bitterly, and gradually composure returned. When partially recovered from her own sorrow, Florence became conscious of the great change in Walter; reduced almost to a skeleton, his cheeks sunken, and only too often dyed with appalling crimson; his beautiful eyes, lustrous as they were wont to be, but seemingly larger, from the attenuation of his other features, the blue veins on his clear brow so distinctly visible, that almost might be traced the languid current beneath; the parched lip; the prostrating weakness, each day confirmed, all revealed the insidious disease which had already claimed him.

Great as was Mrs. Leslie's trust in a merciful, overruling providence, she neglected nothing that could *prove* that Florence and Flora Leslie were

two persons, by making every inquiry for Mrs. Rivers; but unhappily all her efforts failed. Woodlands was let; the steward and those of Mrs. Rivers' old retainers, who had lingered on the estate while he was there, had all disappeared; and Mrs. Leslie, with an aching, but still faithful heart, was compelled to dismiss all hopes of earthly justice, and strive to rest her own hope and that of her child, on that heavenly Judge, who would not for ever leave them wronged.

CHAP. XXI.

The winter passed with little change to the Leslie family. Florence, at length, obtained engagements as daily governess in two or three families, an employment infinitely more arduous than her former undertaking; but all weariness and anxiety were soothed by the privilege of returning to her own home, at six o'clock every evening. How often, as she walked to her different pupils, in all the miseries of a London winter, the rain splashing in pools around her, saturating her dress, or the sleet, and snow, and wind driving so full against her, as to demand the exertion of all her little strength to struggle against them, did her thoughts revert to the happy past, and the friends there associated!

"How little did I then dream of my present life," thought Florence sadly; "better that I did not, for I should have shrunk from its anticipation, with even deeper suffering than I do from its performance. I am more worthy of Lady Ida's affections now than then, and yet she cannot value, for she will not meet me now."

It was strange how often the form and face of Francis Howard mingled in these reminiscences of Lady St. Maur; how stealthily, and often unconsciously she found the wish arising, that in her daily walks she might chance to meet him, speak with him again, and the wish would often return, in spite of her fixed resolve to banish it whenever it arose. But with all their economy, all the labour of these two devoted girls, for Minie worked at home, perseveringly as Florence taught abroad, they could but clear their way, and provide Walter with the luxuries, the delicacies, his state of bodily suffering so painfully demanded. The winter, too, was always peculiarly trying to Mrs. Leslie, and all seemed to devolve on the sisters, who cared not for any personal labour, so that smiles brightened the countenance of those beloved ones for whom they toiled; and, in spite of the gnawing care experienced by both mother and son, those smiles did await them still.

To Minie, even the decided ills of poverty were never felt as such; her light spirits rebounded from every casual trial, as if it had no more power to darken the bright heaven of her joy, than the snow-flake can sully the grass which receives it. And truly she was the angel of that lowly home; her mother forgot increasing infirmity and desponding hopes; her sister, her heavy burden of care, even her consuming anxiety for Walter, when Minie smiled, or carolled, or gave vent in

gleesome words to the bursting joyousness of her little heart. It was scarcely strange that Minnie felt no painful anticipations with regard to Walter; but it certainly was, that Mrs. Leslie should have been so completely unconscious of his danger. Yet so it was, he suffered apparently so little, his mind was so bright, so strong, so unailing, that though he regained no strength, his mother could not believe the near vicinity of death. She had been so many years hovering herself on the threshold of that awful bourne, and still she passed it not, that she could not realize it with regard to her cherished, her gifted boy.

To Florence alone, the whole extent of calamity hanging over them appeared revealed; she could not shake off the conviction that her beloved brother was in truth "passing away," that the summer would return with all lovely things, but find not the poet there.

One day, about the middle of February, Florence returning some hours earlier from her daily avocations than usual, prevailed on her mother and Minnie to accept the invitation of a friend residing further in the country, and remained alone with her brother; several manuscripts were lying on a table near him, but, as was sometimes the case, he had sunk into a sort of doze, and fearing to disturb him, she sat down to continue Minnie's work, which lay on a table in the recess of a window, half hidden by the curtains; for nearly an hour she heard no movement, but then aroused by the rustling of paper, she turned towards the couch. Walter was glancing over his manuscripts, and there was a deep flush on his cheek, a sparkle in his eye, giving eloquent answer to the thoughts he read.

"And will ye, too, perish?" she heard him murmur, as if wholly unconscious of her presence; "Will ye, too, fade away and be forgotten, when the mind that has framed, the hand that has traced ye, shall lie mouldering in the grave? will no kindly spirit throb and bound beneath your spell; no gentle heart find in ye an answer? Oh, blessed, indeed, is that poet's lot, who wins the applause of a world, the love, the reverence, the blessing of the gifted and the good! who feels he has not lived, nor loved, nor sorrowed in vain! But the poet, to whom these things are all denied; who passeth from this beauteous earth, unknown, unloved, his name with his body buried in the cold, shrouding folds of death. Father! oh, my father, have mercy on thy child!" and covering his face with his spread hands, Florence beheld him give way to a burst of such irrepressible agony, that the hot tears made their way between his transparent hands, and his attenuated frame shook with sobs.

Trembling with sympathising emotion, Florence sank back in the chair she had quitted; she longed to throw herself on his neck, to beseech him to be comforted, to breathe of hope, but she felt she dared not; at length, and unable to resist the impulse, she glided forward and knelt beside him.

"Florence, my beloved sister! oh, I have terrified you, I forgot your presence, imagined myself alone; dearest, heed it not, I am better now, it was bodily weakness, only weakness,

which will overpower me sometimes; you must not mind me."

It was several minutes ere Florence could reply; but as quickly as she could, she reverted to those treasured manuscripts, beseeching him to let her read them, it was so long since she had done so. With a faint smile he acceded. Florence, herself, was surprised; never had it seemed to her that such beautiful imagery, such glowing thought, such touching pathos had breathed so powerfully in his compositions before. A new spirit appeared to have lighted on them; they were mostly detached pieces, forming, indeed, a treasured volume. He showed her, too, the beautiful designs with which it was to be illustrated; and Florence no longer marvelled at the burst of agony wrung from him by the thought, that these emanations, of no common genius, must pass away and be forgotten; but even she guessed not the real reason of his longing, and the poet betrayed it not.

"I dreamed," he said mournfully, "when in all the glow and heat of composition, that I was bequeathing a glorious gift to my country, wreathing my name with immortality. I seemed to forget all the difficulties, the impossibilities, which prevented the attainment of my darling wish; but now dearest, now I feel it is a shadow that I have sought, a vain, shapeless shadow; it needs influence, wealth, or, to say the least, a name, and I have neither—no, no, they must die with me."

"Die!" murmured Florence, almost inaudibly, and she paused in deep and mournful thought; "but if you were strong and well, Walter, would you not make some effort yourself? at least ask the opinion of some good publisher; it might not then be so impossible, as it now seems."

"If I were well, oh! Florence, I should do many things, and this would be one of them, I own; but I dare not think of this," he added hurriedly, and evidently with pain; "the struggle for submission has been mine only too lately. I know not how to trace, to love, the mandate that chaineth me, a useless burden, to my couch, when every exertion is needed to support my beloved mother, and my helpless sisters; and yet, oh, Florence! morning, noon, and night, I pray to see and feel this; for my better spirit tells me that good it must be, or it would not come from an all-loving God."

"And He will grant us both this blessed trust, in his own good time, my brother; but in this case, dearest Walter, let me act for you, trust the MSS. to me, and let me endeavour to do with it as you would yourself."

Her brother looked at her with affection and astonishment.

"You know not the difficulties you undertake, my Florence," he said; "how many hopes will be raised, only to be disappointed; how much fatigue encountered——"

"I care not," was her instant answer; "I am so accustomed now to independent wanderings, that even the crowded streets of London have lost their terrors: do not fear for me; and if I should succeed, Walter, dear Walter, what would previous disappointments, previous anxiety be then?"

The beaming countenance of the young poet was

her truest answer, and once the precious MSS. deposited in her hands, Florence permitted no difficulty to deter her; weary, and often exhausted as she felt from seven, sometimes eight successive hours passed in teaching, she would not return home, till she had accomplished something in the furtherance of her trust. Conquering even her extreme repugnance to walking about the metropolis after the lamps were lighted, it was often near eight in the evening before she returned home. Even there, every nerve was tightly strung, that she might not evince the least fatigue, or appear desponding; for the anxious glance of her brother awaited her; the hope she had excited lighting up his pale cheek and beautiful eye with the seeming glow of health. Yet both mutually avoided the subject. Florence dreading to impart all the disappointments, which she did, in truth, encounter; and Walter, from physical weakness, absolutely failing in courage to ask a single question, well knowing that were there hope to give, Florence would not continue silent.

It would be useless to linger on the disheartening task which the devoted sister so cheerfully undertook; but at length her perseverance seemed about to be rewarded.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Though my youth hath fled by like a dream of the night,

Whose beauty may greet me no more;
The heart that hath sought for its Maker aright,
Finds little in age to deplore!
The seasons may change, and the springtide decay,
And the storms of the winter may rage;
But the hand that hath saved me through many
a day
Is the hand to console me in age.

Though my youth hath fled by, still there lives in my breast

A feeling which time can outlast;
As the sunset sheds beauty long, long in the west,
When the prime of his glory is past.
Oh, bless'd be the time I selected those flowers,
Which a future of love might presage;
For the feelings then cherish'd now hallow the
hours
That bring blessing and joy to my age.

And at last, when the steps of my life totter slow,
May my heart nature's warning receive;
And calm and resign'd to its destiny go,
Nor sigh for the world it must leave.
But with faith in the promise of Him who hath
said

Thy frailties on earth be forgiven;
May my spirit yet trust, through that hope of the dead,
To meet with its loved ones in heaven!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

Oh, lady, in that voice of thine
Is magic most enthralling;
Yet, syren, all those notes divine
Are but to ruin calling.
Ah me!
That tones, like music of the spheres,
Should cheat the truest heart that hears!
Ah me!

Oh, lady, cease those liquid notes,
The soul of passion wooing;
For never thy rich music floats,
Except for man's undoing.
Ah me!
That sounds so sweet and soft as those
Should break for aye the heart's repose.
Ah me!

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

"Oh, tell me, mother—"

"What is't, my child?
Inquirest thou of the feats of death,
The brave hearts chill'd by its icy breath?
Inquirest thou of the silent tomb,
The blighted flower in its summer bloom?
Or, wouldst thou hear of a happy shore,
Which the rod of oppression ne'er waveth o'er?"

"Oh, tell me, mother—"

"What is't, my child?"
"Mother, last night to my bed there came"
Angels' forms in a shining flame;
Their voices were shrill, their robes were bright;
I fearfully gazed on the beings of light.
And, when they closer came to my view,
I shudder'd, alas! for one form I knew;
It resembled that which thou dost wear
In thy bosom, bound with thy own dark hair.
It spoke, and to me these words did say,
'My child, I bless thee,' and vanished away;
Oh, mother, why dost thou linger here,
And furrow thy cheek with the constant tear?
Why dost thou not seek that spot of rest,
Where thou mayest be with beings so blest?
Thou'lt find one amid that heavenly throng
Like the miniature worn in thy bosom so long.

"Oh, tell me, mother—"

"Stay, stay, my child.
The forms that gladden that radiant sphere
Have dwelt awhile in sadness here.
Do thou (like they have done) seek thy God;
Tread thou, my child, in the paths they trod.
And when thy spirit would take its flight,
The angel who came in thy dream last night,
Who to thee has its guardian blessing given,
Will bear thee, my child, with joy to heaven!"

GEORGE BAYLEY.

THE CHAPERON'S COMPLAINT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

My early friend, three months ago,
 To London came—a law-suit brought her,
 And much she wished some way to know
 To introduce her pretty daughter.
 I took the hint, I hoped to gain
 The girl a brilliant match, but never
 So failed my plans; I cannot train
 This stubborn, wilful Constance Trevor.

True she has parts, but what avails
 Her genius or her education,
 When so egregiously she fails
 In that best science—Calculation?
 I talk to her of funds and land,
 Jointure and dower, with due precision;
 Alas! she cannot understand
 The principle of plain addition.

Wordsworth and Moore she doats upon,
 Southey she holds in veneration;
 I, of all poets, deem but one
 Worthy remembrance or quotation;
 He does not lightly, idly, sing
 Of dazzling eyes, and tresses sunny,
 But says "the worth of any thing
 Is just what it will bring in money."

Titles enrapture not her ear,
 She does not shrink from detrimentials,
 Scarcely she seems my words to hear
 When I discuss estates and rentals:
 Their owners I present, and then
 She shows a preference for others,
 Chats sociably with married men,
 And sings duets with younger brothers.

She does not manage well her shawl,
 The witching waltz she never dances,
 She does not comprehend at all
 The system of half words and glances.
 In attitudes she cannot stand,
 Whene'er an "eligible" gazes,
 She has no sarcasms at hand,
 When listening to a rival's praises.

Within her album, General Grey
 Wrote lines of love-fraught lamentation,
 Which any court of law would say
 Amounted to a declaration:
 They wanted metre, sense, and rhyme,
 But could she not some favour show 'em?
 Why need she in a moment's time
 Extol Montgomery's new poem?

Long in our opera-box, last night,
 Sir Harry Gayton chose to linger,
 While she, in rapturous delight,
 Thought only of her favourite singer;
 He touched her arm, he spoke, he sigh'd,
 I hoped—my hopes were soon diminish'd—
 Thus, to my horror she replied,
 "Hush, the Polacca is not finish'd!"

My *protégées*, I say with pride,
 Have all been fortunate in marriage,
 Three to a manor are allied,
 And four united to a carriage;
 Some, handsome settlements possess,
 And some expect them in reversion,
 And all were wedded in full dress,
 And took a honey-moon excursion.

While she, my patience really fails,
 Must hope no nuptial celebration,
 Or else, when she returns to Wales,
 Must marry in a middling station,
 Look o'er her weekly bills, direct
 Her servants in their household labours,
 Her children's copy-books inspect,
 And gossip with her rustic neighbours.

A note, 'tis from her mother, stay—
 What fairy spell this luck has brought her?
 "Lord Glenroy sought of me to-day
 Permission to address my daughter;
 Wisdom, he said, and worth, and grace,
 Were all that he in wedlock heeded,
 And, in a reasonable space,
 Dear Constance to his suit acceded."

Amazement—what, the rich young peer,
 By all the stylish world commended,
 He for whose hand from year to year
 Beauties and heiresses contended;
 He to whose fiat Almack's bowed,
 No titled *belle* would have refused him,
 And has he singled from the crowd
 A bride to whom I introduced him?

Dear Constance—she recalls, no doubt,
 With gratitude my well-meant chidings;
 The chariot I must order out,
 And spread abroad the happy tidings;
 And I shall lay no trivial stress
 On my own skilful tact, maintaining
 That half my sweet young friend's success
 Was owing to my careful training.

I shall declare that hearts resist
 All forward efforts to subdue them,
 And say, with some old dramatist,
 "Men should be coy when women woo them;"
 Deplore the wiles of vain coquettes,
 And wonder what such arts are taught for,
 And hint that girls, like violets,
 Should only be displayed when sought for.

Customs will alter, I expect,
 And every chaperon and mother
 Next season will her charge direct
 To look one way, and row another;
 Blushes shall to a premium rise,
 And flirts abjure their trade for ever,
 Now Hymen's richest lottery prize
 Is drawn by quiet Constance Trevor!

THE DAUGHTER OF PERICLES.

BY N. MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," &c.

The notions of the ancients, as regarded the immaterial world, and the abodes of happy or condemned souls, may appear to us preposterous; yet it must be granted that their fables are eminently beautiful, and some of their conceptions the most grand and striking that the mind, unassisted by revelation, ever gave birth to.

It may be too generally imagined that the story of Tartarus and its fiery streams, with the rivers Styx and Acheron, over which the souls of the departed were conveyed, originated with the Greek writers; the idea was Egyptian; but it was amplified and improved by the lively people of Attica, and invested with all the fascinations of poetry.

Long ages before Athens or Sparta rose, or Homer wove his Mythic fancies, across the lake Acherusia, in Egypt, the bodies of the dead were borne; the boat was termed *Baris*, and the ferryman, Charon. On the banks of this lake was established a tribunal of forty-two judges, who examined the past actions of the deceased, and pronounced the sentence that justice seemed to demand. This was an actual ceremony, and witnessed by the living. The more poetic, or perhaps metaphysical, Greeks carried the solemn rite beyond the grave. Over *their* Acheron passed the spirit, in its new and immortal tenement; *their* Charon was invisible to human eyes; and *their* judges were beings of another world. The *Tartar* of the Egyptian (a ditch into which the body of the condemned was thrown, without the privilege of burial), was converted by the Greek into a region of suffering, where the spirits of such culprits as Tantalus, Ixion, the Danaides, and others were tormented for ever.

Nevertheless, the idea of that blissful region for the virtuous, termed Elysium, seems purely referable to Greek invention. The sombre Egyptian could not revel in dreams of happy and sun-bright islands, with flowers that never faded, and music in every breeze. His notion of an hereafter, if he possessed any, was as melancholy and dark, as his religion was full of gloom, and entirely confined in its symbolical and hieroglyphical mysteries to the knowledge of the priests.

The following sketch may have been transcribed from a scroll of parchment lately found in an obscure corner of the Parthenon at Athens, where, for an unknown number of centuries, it escaped the notice of the several conquerors of that city.

It was the time of the great plague which devastated Athens, in the days of Pericles, that most brilliant of Greek orators himself fell a victim; and each day the young and the old, the freed man and the slave, were sent in crowds to Hades. Never since the slaughter at Thermopylæ, or the desperate battles of Marathon, Mycale, and Platea, had such multitudes stood on the shores of Acheron waiting to be ferried over to the land

of shades. Amid the confusion and terror which reigned at Athens, the friends of many of the deceased had neglected to supply them with the piece of money* necessary to secure a passage over the Tartarean river; consequently Charon refused to admit these unfortunates into his boat.

Among the children of the renowned Pericles, victims as well as himself to the dreadful malady above alluded to, was one daughter, a girl of surpassing beauty. She had caught the plague while ministering to her stricken lover, who, creeping to the banks of the Ilissus to die, had been forsaken by all but her. The young man was a soldier, but dissipated in his habits, and a scoffer at the gods of Greece. Clymene, however, while aware of his culpable conduct, had loved him with a devotedness known only to woman; with the trustfulness of her sex, and the hope of youth, she felt confident she could work a reform in his nature. Conon returned the girl's pure and exalted passion; he loved her as the good genius of his destiny; and this amiable and softened feeling was the solitary redeeming virtue, the only green oasis, so to speak, in the desert of his character.

The Athenian had breathed his last in the arms of his betrothed, and Clymene sickened and died the same day.

The two met on the shores of Acheron. Ah! how different that black strand, and foul sluggish stream from the bright-glancing river, and flower-crowned banks they had left! They entered Charon's boat in company with several others, and were ferried over to the opposite shore. There sat, on their solemn thrones, the judges of Hades. They were men who never smiled, yet who themselves had been once subjected to human frailty, and had known human passions; and this experience rendered them the more capable of passing judgment on the late inhabitants of the earth.

And the ministers of solemn aspect proceeded with their task. Some were condemned to the pains of Tartarus, whose adamantine walls, as far as the eye could reach, stretched away, engirdled by the burning Phlegathon. Others were to be borne to the Elysian fields, there to revel for eternity in innocent pleasures, and luxuries that should never pall.

Conon and Clymene, in their turn, stood before the thrones; the former with head erect, and proud mien; the latter with downcast looks, and trembling at the anticipated sentence. The beauty of Clymene, refined from all the dross of earth, attracted many eyes; her golden hair floating in rich masses over her polished shoulders; her cheek suffused with the hue of immortality, and the very air around her appearing to gain light from her faultless, glowing form, she looked more like a young goddess who had just glided thither from Olympus, than a being whose home had been the dim and perishing earth.

And the actions of the two lovers were laid bare

* This piece of money was the obolus usually placed by the Greeks in the mouths of their departed relatives.

to those immortal eyes that read the souls of men. And thus the judges of Hades spoke:—

"Proud Athenian! thou hast lived on earth to gratify thy own senses rather than benefit thy fellow men. Thou hast done grievous wrong to the divinities of Greece, inasmuch as thou hast refused to bend thy knee in the temple of Minerva, the tutelary goddess of thy city; and hast derided the sacred oracle at Delphi. Thy abode must be within yon burning walls; and a million years of torment may scarcely expiate thy crimes!"

The haughty Conon spoke not, still gazing in calm defiance on his judges; but a shriek broke from the lips of Clymene.

"Fear not, gentle maiden; thou hast loved blindly, but not with a criminal love. The sacrifice thou didst make in tending that plague-stricken man, evil though he be, was pleasing to the gods; thy many virtuous deeds have won thee grace. Behold, the car waits to waft thee to the bowers of heaven!"

Then a nymph approached, and placed a crown of flowers sparkling with the dews of Elysium upon Clymene's hair, and they beckoned her to enter the diamond car, to which were yoked winged horses of light.

But the maiden moved not; no smile of joy broke over her face; she gazed silently on her judges, and then on her lover; she slowly approached the latter, and sank into his arms.

"Daughter, let thy farewell be brief!" said the voices from the sombre thrones.

"No, no," sobbed Clymene; "I cannot say farewell. I have loved in life, and must love through eternity. Elysium will scarcely be Elysium to me; one thought will poison all its joys—the thought of Conon's torments here!"

"Rash-speaking girl, know'st thou not that before entering the bowers of bliss, thou wilt obtain forgetfulness of the past—thou wilt drink of the stream of Lethe?"

The daughter of Pericles started, and her face wore an expression of agony it had not betrayed before.

"Oblivion? Forget all that made existence dear? Think no more—feel no more—my sweet sorrows, my long love passed away for ever? Oh! banish me from your Elysium! Talk to me of torture beyond that endured by the most afflicted in the regions of the suffering, but tell me not that I must *forget*!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed the judges; "the gods pity, and forgive her; she speaks from the impulse of human passion. Thou must form other and purer ties than those which bind thee to that evil man. Mount the car!"

But Clymene heeded not the command; the feelings of earth, and the faithfulness of woman swayed her devoted soul; and she clung to the doomed Athenian, whose features relaxed from their sternness, while he smiled upon her.

"I reverence the gods," she cried; "and I will worship them unceasingly; but, oh! do not part me from him whose love is more to me than my own soul's welfare or bliss. If Conon cannot be admitted to Elysium—if he must suffer—I ask only to be near him."

"What! accompany him to Tartarus? thou know'st not what thou sayest. Torments are there of which thy earthly nature can form no conception."

"I will brave them to be near Conon."

"Look at yon river, which rolls and boils in fire around the dreadful place! Behold those adamantine walls, sweeping away into infinity, their summits lost in clouds! Once within, even Jupiter himself could not deliver thee!"

"If Conon is to remain there for ever, I would remain also."

"Hark! on the infernal blast ye can hear the yells of Tityus, whom a serpent has been tormenting for a thousand years. Ye can hear the whirr of Ixion's wheel, which carries him round and round with dizzy velocity, for ever and ever. That sharp cry is the voice of Tantalus, tortured without ceasing by burning thirst. Think of the miseries within those walls, and rejoice to ascend the chariot which will waft thee so soon to scenes which are as delightful as these are horrible."

"I will not enter yon chariot without Conon."

"Daughter, we love thee for thy august father, Pericles' sake, or thy impious obstinacy, and defiance of the gods, would constrain us even to take thee at thy wish, and send thee to the place of woe."

Then Conon spoke:—

"Be merciful to her, ministers of Hades! Give her the draught of oblivion now, and she will no longer resist your will."

"That may not be—other hands than ours must administer to her the soothing waters."

"Conon, dear Conon! I say again I will endure all torments rather than lose the memory of past happiness, the recollection of our love. Kind judges, hear me! If any poor deeds of mine have won me the favour of the gods, let my reward be, not the bowers of Elysium, but a place near Conon in Tartarus; where, if I may not embrace him like this, I may see him, hear him, pray for him, and by kind words mitigate his anguish."

"Thou canst not abide within the flaming walls, and not be tormented also."

"Then let me be tormented! Give me all your tortures!"

With increased energy and desperation, Clymene raised her clasped hands, and then she tore from her brow the chaplet of flowers which the nymph had placed there, symbolical of a happy, pardoned soul.

"You tempt the gods; you provoke their wrath. But enough—we depart from our office in arguing thus with a being of earth. For the last time, daughter of Pericles, hear us. Abandon thy earthly love; go whither the gods invite, to a land of flowers and crystal streams, of melody and joy; or cling to that man of crime, and in darkness and woe be content to pass the cycle of eternity. What say you? Answer!"

Conon softly whispered to the agonised girl, "Abandon me—be happy, dear one; let me suffer alone."

She raised her eyes imploringly to the judges, and then stretched her arms towards the far horizon,

where a line of ineffable glory marked the outskirts of Elysium. The starry car was ready to waft her away to the regions of joy. Did she hesitate? Did the thoughts of individual happiness triumph over mighty love? Oh, no!—were it so, her spirit had been no longer woman's. She turned from the inviting nymphs—she threw herself into Conon's arms—

“Let me suffer—I will go with you!”

Then the merciful judges of Acheron bowed their heads in sorrowful silence; they had known, we have said, human frailty, and therefore sympathised with the erring but devoted Clymene. The lovers were about to be borne away, when a soft and rosy cloud, gliding from the region of the setting sun, swept towards the assembly; it descended, and remained for a moment stationary near the thrones. Then the judges knew that one of the celestials had arrived from Mount Olympus, and they bowed before the beauteous one; it was the goddess of love.

“Upright and wise ministers!” said a soft and thrilling voice; “rarely does the father of the gods find it needful to revoke or alter your just sentences; but now he hath been pleased to listen to me. The truth, the affection, of this maiden of earth, must have other desert than the misery to which ye condemn her. For Clymene's sake, Conon is forgiven! Her task must be to inspire him with a love of the great and good—to excite in him a reverence for the divinities of Olympus; and she shall succeed. Let them now enter Elysium together.”

THE FAIRY AND THE MAIDEN.

BY MISS M. E. ACTON.

A fairy was reclining
A moss-rose bud within,
That round a lattice twining,
On a cottage-room looked in,

Where a maiden fair was weeping
O'er a portrait on her knee;
For she feared her love was sleeping
'Neath the waters of the sea.

The fairy marked her sorrow,
And whispered soft and low,
Ah, weep not for to-morrow,
No anguish shall you know.

Like a distant echo dying,
The fairy's voice stole by,
And the maiden ceased her sighing
Although she knew not why.

On a cloud that wafted o'er her
Her course the fairy took,
And on the earth before her
She cast her beaming look.

But naught could she discover,
Though she wander'd far and wide,
Of the gentle maiden's lover
Returning to her side.

A sunbeam bright and glowing
The fairy lured away,
And o'er the waters flowing
She took her rapid way.

But bay, and lake, and river,
In vain she looked upon;
For nought could tidings give her
Of the long-expected one.

Then the fairy was returning
With sadness on her brow,
And her heart with sorrow burning
For the maiden's plighted vow;

When a waving signal gleaming,
Like a dim and distant star,
O'er the still waters streaming,
Met her vision from afar.

And, bowed by bitter anguish
On a raft in low despair,
Left by revers stern to languish
Lay the hapless lover there.

The breaking waves were sighing
O'er his manhood's blighted pride,
When on her sunbeam flying,
The fairy reached his side;

And bending softly o'er him,
She raised his drooping head,
And from the tide before him
Bright drops upon him shed:

Till 'neath her gentle tending
His strength returned again,
And hope fresh courage lending,
He's wafted o'er the main.

Ah, quickly pass'd his sadness
As he neared the welcome shore,
And the fairy flew with gladness
To her moss-rose bud once more.

There, cradled in the flower,
She watched the maiden sweet,
As she sat within her bower,
With the lost one at her feet.

And again the fairy's greeting
Stole forth like music gay,
As smiling on that meeting
She gently passed away.

THE "NEW RELATION."

BY MISS MATILDA S. WATSON.

In a remote and rustic village, about twelve miles from the high road (or rather we should have said the rail-road), which leads to the populous and busy town of L——— stands an old-fashioned, rather irregular, and withal sweetly picturesque looking pile of building; still called, as it has been for these hundred years, "The Mansion." Its last occupant had been the "Lady Bountiful" of the village; and had died, it was said of a broken heart, at what she termed the *innovation* of rail-roads and steam-carriages.

The garden was extensive, but quite as irregular in appearance as the house it surrounded; and the ancient yew-tree walk, in all its olden grandeur, spoke of at least a century.

It was tenanted at the time we write of by a veteran Major, and his family, consisting of a wife and four daughters, at such easy rent as suited his half-pay, which together with a pension—put by his country in the place of a right arm, left on the field of battle—was their whole dependence. In a spacious apartment which from time immemorial had been styled the drawing-room, scantily but tastefully furnished, and ornamented here and there with some little knock-knacks of foreign workmanship that spoke of "travel" and of distant climes, in a noble bay-window, such as used to be the pride of those old buildings, sat the family party to whom I would now introduce the reader—Major Mendlesholm, his wife, and three youngest daughters—in close conference over an open letter, which lay on the table before them.

"Read the letter again, Major," said Mrs. Mendlesholm, and as *the letter* will open out the family history, we will, if you please, courteous reader, also make you acquainted with its contents. It was from Mrs. Mendlesholm's only brother, and ran thus:—

"DEAR MAJOR.—Tell Bell and the girls I intend paying you a visit, at the crazy old place you have shut yourselves up in; which I consider a great proof of my affection, as there is no certainty, from one day to another, that it won't tumble down and bury us all under its ruins, or rather I should have said *rubbish*, for it is a ruin already.

"So Edith does not get over the loss of young Pendarves! Well, he was a fine handsome fellow, and I was to blame in bringing him so much amongst you. Tell her she must though, and put on her best looks and sweetest smiles, for 'I am going to give you all a "new relation." We have settled to be married in your village-church, and as Edith is my god-daughter and favourite, we beg of her to fix the day, and if she has no particular objection, should prefer midsummer morning; and as my situation is now worth two thousand a year, we will take her back with us if she likes to go. * * Oh! by the bye, tell Bell and the girls to send up their measures to Mesdames Smithson and Straker, Sack-

ville-street, Piccadilly, who have directions to send down the wedding dresses and all the 'paraphernalia' customary on such occasions.

"P. S. I inclose a bank post for two hundred pounds to buy something for the girls.—Your affectionate brother,
WILLIAM AUBEN."

"Just William's thoughtless way," said the Major (laying down the letter), "never to mention the name of the lady, nor anything concerning her; and just like his kind heart too; to think of what you and the girls might want on such an event taking place."

"I wonder what our new aunt will be like," exclaimed Alice, a bright-haired, light-hearted girl of sixteen.

"And I wonder what our new dresses will be like," rejoined Margaret, who, being only fourteen years of age, may perhaps be pardoned for thinking of the dresses first.

"And what are you thinking of, Ellen," demanded Mrs. Mendlesholm of her second daughter, who had just attained her eighteenth year; "but I believe I can guess, without waiting for your answer; it is of our poor Edith. And indeed I am surprised that your uncle should have named the very 'midsummer morn,' that was to have been her wedding-day. Is it possible he can have forgotten it? If he has it's very cruel, and very unlike him too. Poor Edith! she left the room when that part of the letter was read, and is, no doubt, gone to her favourite yew-tree walk, to mourn and ponder over Edward's farewell letter. Go to her, Major; I cannot; for I should only make matters worse just at this moment; since too well I know that the smile with which she greets me, is only driving down the barb of sorrow deeper into her heart! Surely never was so sad a grief, borne by one so young, with such touching gentleness and meek resignation."

With these words the little party separated; the Major stepped out into the garden to seek and soothe the darling child, while Mrs. Mendlesholm retired for one quarter of an hour to her closet, there to pour out her heart in thanksgiving and supplication. Thanksgiving, for the sudden affluence her brother's gift had showered upon them, and supplication for her stricken child; who three short months before was herself to have been the "bride" of the approaching midsummer morn.

Mr. Edward Pendarves (early left an orphan by the demise of both parents), had been, as we have heard, brought amongst them by Mrs. Mendlesholm's brother, who had been his father's friend; and during three several visits of long protracted duration, had wooed and won the gentle Edith's consent to be his. And, indeed, we may freely make use of the poet's words, and say (respecting him),

"Not his the form, nor his the eye
That youthful maidens wont to fly."

And then we may add of ourselves:—nor his the *heart*, the offer of which was a *slight* gift.

He had heard Edith, in the early part of their acquaintance, sportively declare, that if ever she

married, it should be on a midsummer morning, when all things looked bright and blooming. And in the April of the year he looked forward to that day as the one which was to make the gentle being he so loved, his own for ever. He never for a moment questioned gaining the consent of his uncle, who had brought him up from childhood, when (as we before observed) he was left an orphan. For his father had displeased his proud and ancient family by his marriage, and had been cut off with £80 per annum; which was all, strictly speaking, Edward could call his own. But his uncle, Sir Meredith Pendarves, who had declared him his heir (provided he married *young*), had always made him an allowance suitable to such expectations; his marrying *young* being the proviso. As the old gentleman said, "He had found himself tired of being a bachelor when it was too late to think of changing his condition."

Edward had therefore set off for Wales, where his uncle resided on his vast estates, to impart his own happy prospects, and fulfil, as he thought, his uncle's fondest wish.

"Welcome, my boy! welcome home!" shouted old Sir Meredith, who had been watching him from the library window, gallop across the park; "and welcome lad, a thousand times welcome, the sight of your noble countenance glads my old eyes," he said, as Edward entered the library, and grasped the old gentleman's outstretched hands. "Now Ned, my boy, what brings you home to your old uncle a fortnight before I expected you? Dost want money, lad? or hast made up thy mind to get married, Eh?"

"Your liberality, sir, always makes No, a fitting answer to your first question; and I trust I shall be meeting your dearest wish by saying Yes to the last."

"Now, that's right, my boy, that's right! Gad, I'm so delighted; I'll order the south wing to be new furnished for her directly, and I'll have the family jewels new set—and—and—I don't know what I won't do. I think I'll kick off my gouty shoe, and dance at the wedding myself. But have you seen Mary this morning? or how, or when did you ask her? Order the carriage, Ned; I'll go and wait on her myself, and tell her how glad I am. Sly little puss; why she was here yesterday, and never let a word drop. *What* art staring at, Ned? You don't look much like an expectant bridegroom."

In truth, Edward looked more like a statue than anything else at that moment; for he was struck with the idea that his uncle had gone suddenly mad.

"Come along, boy," vociferated the old gentleman, "I daresay Mary expects us."

"*Mary—Mary who*, Dear uncle?" demanded Edward, in a sort of deprecating tone, as if he thought it would be more agreeable to sit down quietly and talk over his own bright prospects than visit any Mary in the world.

"*Mary who?* why Mary Howard to be sure, who else should it be? I knew I should live to see my darling hope realized. I always intended you should marry Mary Howard."

A gleam like a lightning flash shot through

Edward's heart. He took the old gentleman by the hand, and gently said,—

"Had we not better converse a little on the matter, dear sir? It is not of Miss Howard I wish to speak—highly as I respect that lady; it is not to her my heart has been poured out."

"How? what? *what*, Ned? Not Mary—not Mary Howard? when you know I always set my mind on her for your wife. Not Mary, I say? who else can it be—who else should it be? Not *Mary*, indeed! don't name another, Sir, (seeing Edward about to speak), I won't hear of another. You tell me you've made up your mind to marry, and then presume to tell me it's not with Mary Howard. Who can it be but her? Don't name any other name; I won't hear it, Ned. It's my solemn determination you marry Mary Howard, or you quit my roof for ever! That, sir, is my resolution, so don't let me see your face again till you come to say you'll marry Mary Howard."

"Then, dear sir, farewell; for this is an act I shall never be brought to perform. If you would only hear me, dear uncle—if you would hear —"

"I tell you, I won't hear you, sir! Get out of my presence—get out of my house. Not marry Mary indeed! when her large estates run as it were in a ring all round mine! Begone, sir! Bring up Mr. Pendarves's horse," he shouted from the same window out of which half an hour before he had leaned to bid him welcome; and the man, who not having received any orders, was still leading the horses gently up and down, approached the portico.

Edward moved forth as one in a dream, and mechanically mounting his horse, with a reeling brain and night-mare load at his heart, resumed his way across the same greensward which one short half hour before he had passed over, light as the summer air.

He made straight for the railway, which was but a few miles from Pendarves's castle. The same train in which he had come down was again about starting, and Edward took out his purse to pay his up-fare, when the groom advanced, crying "Master Edward"—Mr. Pendarves—Sir—dear Master!" Edward turned round, and the poor man (who had first taught him to ride, and was always styled Master Edward's groom), was struck to see the iron set of his features—a look such as he had never witnessed before, was come over his face.

"Dear Master Edward," spoke the faithful old servant, "I see something ugly has happened; but if you would only go back again; I'm sure Sir Meredith is wanting you. Think, sir, how dull the old Hall will be without you."

"No, Jonathan, my good old fellow, it cannot be; give my love to my uncle, and take care of Fairy and the dogs for me." He stepped into the carriage, and before the tear which obscured old Jonathan's eye was dashed away, he was out of sight.

Edward had a stunning sense of some misfortune; but it was not till he stepped out of the steam-carriage, and found himself in London streets, that he felt the whole weight of misery

which had fallen upon him. His first thought was of his Edith, his first impulse to go down to L—, and break the matter to her himself. but then again he feared to *trust himself*—he feared he could not resist beseeching her still to be his, and then he reflected with horror on the poverty he should thus bring her to.

Eighty pounds a-year was all he could now call his own. His uncle had not permitted him to study for any profession, and the only thing he could turn to for a subsistence, was the army. He well knew the difficulty of getting a commission, now, in time of peace; but recollecting that his mother had a cousin in the service, who had lately attained the rank of General, he determined on applying to him for advice and assistance.

His first step was to discharge the expensive apartments he had hitherto occupied in St. James's-street, and having ordered his luggage to one of the inferior hotels, he proceeded to make inquiries at the General's residence in Portland-place, and was there informed that he was travelling for his health in Switzerland and Germany. This then decided his next step, and returning to the hotel where he had left his luggage, he sat down to write a long farewell to his loved and beautiful Edith. The letter was a heart-rending one, and, as there are but too many who have made acquaintance with the agonies of separation and disappointed love, we will not cause a bright eye to be dimmed, nor a sigh to flutter from a gentle heart by the transcript. It ended, however, thus:—

"Edith! my best, and beautiful—*mine*, alas! no longer; I return the little ring I drew from your finger in the yew-tree walk, the morning we parted. (With, oh! what different prospects!) The lock of hair, I cannot part with. If ever you see that lock of hair again, Edith—know, for a certainty, that I am near at hand!

"I must keep poor little Flo', because I have no means of sending her back to you."

This, then, was the letter alluded to by Mrs. Mendlesholm; and which, too truly, her father found her poring over. At his approach, however, she hurried it out of sight, and met him with that sweet look of lowly resignation beaming in her countenance, which can only be obtained from the source, never failing to those who seek it.

"My dearest child," began the Major; "if there is anything painful to you, in your uncle William's letter of this morning, I will write, and request him not to persist in this fancy of his. Any day will do equally well, I am quite sure—and—"

"Oh! no, dear papa. I would not cause disappointment to any one, if I could help it—much less dear, kind, uncle William, to whom we are indebted for so many comforts. Thank him for me, dear papa, and tell him I have fixed on midsummer morn; and that I hope, and pray it may be a happy one to him! It will be to-morrow week."

The Major saw a tear brightening in her deep blue eyes; but turned his head, and looked into the old yew hedge, as if something there had

attracted his attention. For he felt the father at his heart, and knew that if he gave way to it, he should sympathise with her grief, rather than divert her thoughts from it. A moment aside, and a fervent heart-petition, where alone it can be availing, manned him again. He gently kissed the fair young brow of his lovely child, and speaking in a more indifferent tone of voice, said,

"I wonder what the new aunt will be like, as Alice says? I certainly thought your uncle William had determined never to change his state; however all is for the best, and no doubt this will be."

"Most surely it will, my dear papa; and I feel certain uncle William would not choose any lady, unless she had good qualities of heart and mind."

"You judge him rightly, my dear child; I am only surprised at his not telling us who she is, or what family she belongs to—or, in short—something, or anything about her."

They were interrupted by Margaret, who came running, breathless with delight, as well as speed, to beg that Edith would come in and select a pattern dress, to be sent up to Mesdames Smithson and Straker.

"And you know, sister, they must go directly; for it is but a week from to-morrow."

Edith silently accompanied her light-hearted sister, and as the toilet must be consulted in all marriage arrangements, it was some little time before the dresses were chosen, packed, and sent off to their final destination; not without many fears from Alice and Margaret, that, clever as Mesdames Smithson and Straker were known to be, they never could finish and send home so many as five dresses in one week.

And a busy week it was with the Major's family, in preparations of all sorts and kinds. The Major and Mrs. Mendlesholm had agreed that one or the other of them should be always with Edith, during the time which intervened before the eventful midsummer morn rose on them; and Ellen, who idolised her sister for the gentleness with which she bore her sorrow, (and what sorrow is so sore to the young heart as a love sorrow?) under pretence of her room being wanted, asked to share the neat little apartment which had always been appropriated to Edith, and from the window boxes of which, the earliest mignonette had ever been gathered to present her father and mother. The little chamber itself was furnished more tastefully than any other in the house; as her uncle William, whose god-daughter and favourite she was, had, from time to time, presented her with little birth-day gifts of one sort and another, and which constituted all the ornamental part of the furniture.

The morning sun shone brightly into the windows, aiding the clustering jessamine to throw its sweet odour within—the few well-chosen books were as nicely arranged on the little shelves (which old Battye, their one-eyed man-servant-of-all-work, had made and fixed for her) as they used to be—but still the chamber was not the same it had been three short months before. The spirit that moved in it was wanting! What had been a

pleasure to Edith, was now become a duty: but Ellen knew that not one of the books (save the sacred volume) had been opened since the day that Edward's farewell letter arrived.

Notwithstanding all the bustle, however, all the hopes and fears, and all the misgivings that Alice and Margaret felt, that Mesdames Smithson and Straker could never get the dresses done, Time—that constant introducer of all events, whether great or small—brought round upon them "mid-summer eve." Mrs. Mendlesholm having got all things arranged to her perfect satisfaction, and having received acceptances to her invitations from the neighbours round, for the breakfast of the coming morning, was seated with her two eldest daughters, in Edith's pleasant little room; while the Major, Alice, and Margaret, were cutting flowers to fill the bough-pots; and Edith sat, rather listening to, than joining in, her mother's and sister's last wonderments, of *who* the "bride" could be! And old Batty, having polished up everything else, was amusing himself in the hall, by polishing up his master's sword—forgetful, in the pleasure of the task, that what had before given it force, was now no longer available—his master's right arm! Forgetful, too, that it was in carrying that master off the "field," he had lost his own eye—for Batty, like the Major, was an old campaigner; when Charlotte, a villager who had been hired to assist during the busy week, rushed into the room, with—

"Oh! ma'am—oh! Miss—oh! Miss Ellen!—such a power o' boxes! Tim Bentley was forced to hire another cart to bring 'em on." And away she darted, to help, as she said, old Batty and the carrier to lift them down. Alice and Margaret soon got tidings of the great arrival; and down went all the honeysuckles and rosebuds, that had been so carefully selected in order to be just in time to blow on the morrow, till their path was, literally, "strewn with flowers."

At length, all the neat deal cases were finally dislodged from Tim Bentley's cart, Tim himself paid, with a trifle over for helping to carry them up stairs—where Charlotte was soon at work, with right good will and a stout hammer, raising the nails; and all the while dying with curiosity to lift the covers and behold the beautiful things they concealed. Alice and Margaret could not restrain their rapture, and almost screamed with delight.

"Oh! mamma, look here! Oh! mamma, do look!" and Alice held up a lovely Brussels lace dress, over pale pink satin; "three skirts, too! just like what Mary Dalton said she saw, when she was companion to Lady Fanny Vallego. And, oh! what a darling bonnet, and lace scarf, too! Yours and mine are just alike, Margaret. Ellen, hold up yours. All the same!"

"Mamma, mamma! only see—how beautiful they do look!" exclaimed all the three girls at once.

And, truly, Mrs. Mendlesholm thought with her daughters, they *did* look beautiful; "only too costly," she said, "for their quiet way of living."

"How I wish to-morrow was come, that we might wear them, Ellen!" said Margaret.

"And I," cried Alice, "should like uncle William to be married every day."

Ellen was, meanwhile, spreading out on chairs, for admiration, their mamma's dress—of rich pearl gray satin; with the soft and delicate *barège* shawl, and other et ceteras. All was perfect, nothing was wanting that imagination could supply, and all were animated in the praises of uncle William's kindness in sending them such splendid things; and how good it was of Mesdames Smithson and Straker not to disappoint them, when there were five to be made all at once. (It is to be hoped the above mentioned ladies will pardon their unsophisticated admirers!)

"Oh! but we have not seen Edith's yet," exclaimed Margaret; "let us go and look at hers, now."

And away they bounded, like the three graces, linked arm-in-arm; but, on approaching her door, they all instinctively stopped—for amid the exhilarating buoyancy of their own hearts, they remembered Edith's had a grief!

The ten minutes she had passed alone, in the bustle of uncasing and admiring, were profitable to her. Edith had poured out a full heart, and "found strength in time of need;" and, opening her door, she begged her sister would come in, and assist in unpacking her things for her; which they all, joyfully, volunteered to do.

"Why here are two cases, both directed to you, sister! How can that be? Make haste with the hammer, Margaret. Oh! there it is! it's open now—and here's mamma, too, just in time! See, mamma! here are two cases for Edith. But, look! why her dress is white—all white. It is not like ours!"

"Yes it is like ours, only white. Oh! mamma, how lovely Edith will look in it," observed Ellen; "white lace and white satin!"

Alice now held up one, the most elegant of all bonnets, from which depended a rich lace veil, tastefully mixing in with a superb wreath of orange blossoms.

"Here must be some mistake," said Edith. "This could never have been meant for me. All this must be meant for the bride," and the colour slightly rose in her fair cheek.

"Let us see what the other case contains, Ellen," said their mother; and to the eagerly expecting eyes, it displayed a perfect dress of the most delicate lilac, made of rich silk, with a magnificent shawl of white *barège*, and a white *paille de riz* bonnet, ornamented like the other, with a lace veil and orange blossoms. "This is some fancy of your uncle's, Edith—you know you were always his darling. I conclude he wishes you to be bride's-maid," and Mrs. Mendlesholm felt angry with her brother for trying Edith's feelings so unnecessarily. "But what is this?" as stooping over the beautiful white dress, rather to conceal her vexation at what she thought her brother's thoughtlessness, than to admire its graceful perfection; "what is this? Some rich ornament fastened to the sleeve—look, Edith," and the girls all bent their eyes upon a magnificent bracelet, which Mrs. Mendlesholm detached and handed to her eldest daughter. They all admired the rich work-

manship, and the glitter of the gems, with which the clasp was thickly studded. Margaret undid the clasp to try it on Edith's arm, and in so doing a secret spring, connected with it, opened, and gave to view a bright chesnut lock of hair, with this inscription on the plate—"Severed in the yew-tree walk, April the ——" but before she could finish the sentence, Edith sprang towards her, and, snatching the bracelet, instantly recognized the ringlet Edward had half begged, half stolen, the morning they parted; and with a suffocating convulsive cry, "he's here, he's here," sunk senseless into her mother's arms.

All was in an instant thrown aside, dresses, bonnets, scarfs, all that ten minutes ago had rivetted their attention now became regardless lumber—in the absorbing accident that called for instant activity. Mrs. Mendlesholm sent the two youngest girls out of the room, and with Ellen's assistance soon succeeded in restoring poor Edith to a sort of dreamy consciousness; she still held the bracelet tightly grasped in her hand, and the first words she uttered, as they had been the last, were "he's here," which to Ellen were still a mystery. But the mother, who had seen Edward's farewell letter, and well remembered the concluding sentence, was at least able to form the conjecture, that if not actually there he was not very far off; and leaving Ellen to sit by her sister, who had fallen into a light slumber, she herself stole down the yew-tree walk, half expecting to meet him there; but she only found the Major, who, with the assistance of his old servant and fellow-soldier Batty, was gathering the sweets, so profusely scattered on the arrival of the millinery. She thought it better not to mention to him what had occurred, but on Edith's awaking told her where she had been, and at the same time gave it as her fixed opinion, from her knowledge of Edward's character, that he was not only near, but in circumstances to claim a renewal of her promise. With this comforting thought Edith gradually fell into a sweet and tranquil sleep, still however retaining the bracelet, which she considered the harbinger of good; and was only roused the next morning by Ellen bringing her some breakfast, and her anxious mother coming to see how she had passed the night. The morning repast was hastily partaken of by all—all seemed in a state of feverish excitement, and tiptoe expectation. The wedding-breakfast was set out in the drawing-room, where we first found the family. Ellen, Alice, and Margaret were dressed, and three more beautiful young creatures, the father thought (and with reason) could never have presented themselves to a poet's fancy—until Edith, with a timid step, followed her mother into the room, adorning rather than adorned by, the beautiful Brussels lace and white satin, with the gracefully falling veil, and with the blush of hope upon her cheek, she looked the very personification of loveliness; and proud did those parents feel of their beautiful children.

The clock had chimed nine, half after, and a quarter to ten; and Mr. Dalton, the officiating clergyman, had sent down to know at what hour his services would be required; which was exactly

what all the party wished themselves to be informed. The whole company had been invited for twelve, according to their uncle's expressed wish. At length Margaret's impatience burst all restraint, and, jumping up, she proposed they should all go, and gather a white rose from the tree which grew at the bottom of the yew-tree walk. The Major and Mrs. Mendlesholm preferred waiting the expected arrival in the large old hall which fronted the carriage road. So the girls sallied out on their short pilgrimage to the rose tree, in which Alice and Margaret far outstripped their sisters, and had selected and gathered their roses long before Edith and Ellen reached the middle of the walk; they shook their flowers triumphantly as they passed on their way back to the house, where they arrived just in time to see two handsome carriages, and an elegant travelling chariot drive up to the gateway. The Major came hastily forward to greet his brother-in-law and the bride, at the same time calling to Margaret, to run and fetch Edith from the yew-tree walk. The words were hardly uttered before his hand was hastily wrung by a young man, who had wrenched open the door of the foremost carriage ere the footman could dismount, and not waiting the aid of steps, sprang out, and had darted off in the direction of the yew-tree walk, before Margaret had comprehended what her father had said to her. The Major stood in astonishment half a moment, and then approached the carriage to offer his arm to the lady, but was surprised at seeing only Mr. Auben, who exclaimed, while shaking him by the hand, "Now where's that graceless young dog flown off to? After bringing me all this way on a wild-goose chase he starts off and leaves me, just as I wanted him most. How d'ye do, Bell? Why you'd be quite a Hebe if it wasn't for the girls! Alice, Margaret, my little angels, how are you both? Where is Ellen? and where is my sweet Edith? Ah, now, that young fellow will find her, I dare say. I wish I could run as fast."

"But, brother, where is the lady?" enquired the Major and Mrs. Mendlesholm both in a breath.

"Lady! What lady?"

"Why, the bride to be sure, the new relation!"

"Oh! ay, true; we shall find her at the church, I suppose."

"Mamma," said Alice softly, "I thought, as that gentleman rushed past, he looked very much like Mr. Peudarves; and I —"

"Ah! there they are. I told you he'd find her: Well, let us go in for ten minutes, they'll join us presently; it just wants that of ten o'clock."

"But the lady, William," added the Major; will it not be very indecorous to keep her waiting?" The poor Major, he was still in the dark, while to the mother and sisters it was clear as the sun when he shines, that Edith herself was to be the bride of that auspicious midsummer morn.

"But I want to see my little Edith, sister; do go and tell her to come and take her uncle's blessing, and thank him for bringing you all a new relation. Bid her not keep us all waiting."

Edith, on seeing her mother advance, broke

away from Edward (for he indeed it was) and flew to hide her tears and blushes in the maternal bosom. Edward besought Mrs. Mendlesholm to join her persuasion to his vehement entreaties, that the ceremony, which had long been fixed for that day, should not be delayed. He told them that uncle William had made him give his word of honour that he would not write to mar the little plot, and that it was only by a manoeuvre he had got the bracelet put into the case of millinery, which he heard was going down to the Major's."

What young girl could resist the pleading of a lover, and a mother? Edith was brought to a half consent, and as uncle William had let the Major into the state of the case, during the absence of the parties concerned, and informed him that Edward was reinstated in his uncle's favour, he thankfully sought the little party in the so-often-named yew-tree-walk, and frankly accepting Edward's earnest proposal, and blessing his beautiful child, ended the discussion by himself leading her to the carriage, where having placed her with her mother and uncle, and arranged the rest of the party in the two remaining vehicles, they drove to the church, where the Rev. Mr. Dalton had waited so long, that his patience was, like Margaret's, nearly exhausted. The ceremony was begun and ended, and Edith, saluted as Mrs. Pendarves, was conveyed back to "the mansion," by her proud and happy bridegroom, in his elegant new chariot, the wedding gift of Sir Meredith to his nephew. The company were assembled to the breakfast, after which Edith's bridal robe was exchanged for the lilac silk, which had caused so much wonderment; and the handsome chariot which drove from the mansion door, with the horses' heads turned towards Wales, contained one of the happiest couples that ever received the nuptial benediction.

"Well, they're off at last," said the uncle, dashing a tear-drop from his eye; "they're off at last, on two errands—the one of matrimony, and the other of reconciliation, and making acquaintance—ah! I ought to have said three, you see; but I am always a word too many, or one too few, or else I should not have been standing here a lonely old bachelor myself. Well now, Bell, I suppose you and the Major, and, perhaps, the company would like to hear how we met."

"The Major declared he had hardly yet recovered his surprise, and he honestly owned his happiness at seeing all so well ended, that he had not thought of inquiring by what means it was brought about."

But as the ladies were not so wanting in curiosity, uncle William was assailed by so many questions, that he found his only answer would be, to begin his recital, which he did by a question.

"Is it possible you never saw the advertisement Sir Meredith Pendarves caused to be inserted in all the papers?"

"Stranger still if we had, said the Major, as we never see a paper at all; but what was it, brother?"

"Why, merely stating that if any person could bring information, or give any tidings of Mr. Edward Pendarves, nephew and heir of Sir Meredith Pendarves, Pendarves Castle, Wales, to

Messrs. B. B. and H., Ely-place, they would be richly rewarded. You didn't see it? Well, no more did I when it first came out, because, you know, I was gone to Baden to see my late partner's widow; and while there, some unaccountable fancy took me to visit the Lucerne; so, after battling with my fancy three days, I might as well give way to it, and accordingly I set off, reached the place in safety, and after wandering about the beautiful environs for two days, with only dame nature for company—who, by the way, I must say, looked very agreeable—and wondering what it could be kept me there, who should run yelping out of a cottage and jump upon me but little Flo; the little Blenheim, you know, that I gave to Edith two years ago. I knew you were all safe in England, so concluded Flo had been stolen by some of those good-for-nothing dog-hawkers, and tried all in my power to entice her away with me; but although she jumped on me enough to tear me to pieces, there was no getting her ten yards from the spot; so thought I, since you will not come with me, I'll even go with you, and so I walked after Flo (not without thinking I might have a worse conductor) to the hovel she had sprung from, and who should I find there, in a raging delirium, but that worthy youth, who has just carried off my dearest treasure. The woman who owned the hut told me he had come there three days before, to ask for a draught of water, and was so ill after drinking it, that she had accommodated him with the best she had to offer in the shape of a bed, and miserable accommodation it was. I dispatched a messenger to the town, with a note to old Peter, desiring him to come with a doctor, and other necessities, as quickly as possible, and set myself about acting head nurse, in which old Justine very ably seconded me.

"In less than two hours the carriage arrived, stuffed full of all we most wanted, in the way of bedding, blankets, &c., and last, but not least, a doctor, to whom I shall feel for ever grateful for the kind attention he showed us; so that before night we had contrived to get the patient a little comfortable; and when the doctor came the next day, he brought me a bundle of 'Times' Newspapers, which had been sent after me from Baden, and what should be the first thing I popped upon but this advertisement; this was a fancy too, for I hardly ever look at advertisements. Edward got rapidly better, and when he regained his senses, you may be sure how glad he was to see me. He had been running after this old general from place to place, till his purse got low as well as his spirits, and he determined to go on in the pedestrian style; but the fever stopped him all in good time.

"I had not been idle meanwhile, for I had written to the gentlemen in Ely-place, and heard from them that old Sir Meredith was exceedingly ill; that he had had a fit soon after Edward quitted him, and immediately on his recovering had formally made his will, constituting him his heir, and had empowered them to take every possible means of discovering whither he had betaken himself. They also forwarded a letter to Edward from the old gentleman himself, by which he told him

that he was dying of a broken heart, for having treated him so harshly, and imploring (like a child for a toy) that he would come back and forgive him, and bring any lady he liked as Mrs. Pendarves, that the south wing was all ready for her reception, having been newly fitted up for Edward's wife, whomsoever she might be, or whenever she might make her appearance."

"And Flo, uncle, where is dear little Flo?" eagerly inquired Margaret.

"Why Flo will probably be the first to welcome Mrs. Pendarves, as Sir Meredith begged Edward to leave her with him, because he said he could never be sufficiently kind to her for having been the means of his recovering his nephew. And so now we will all drink a glass of champagne, if you please, Major, to the health of the bride and our new relation."

SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

NO. I.

Come, let us seek the mountain's crest,
Where dwells the lonely erne,
And slender harebells graceful droop
Beneath the waving fern.
Oh sweet it is at will to stray
Afar from tower and town,
Where the wild moor-cock safely rests
Amid the heather brown.

To breathe the fresh and healthy air
That sweeps unfettered by,
And hear at times from some grey cliff
The goshawk's piercing cry.
There o'er the rock the foxgloves fling
Their crimson banners free,
And nature reigns in all her pomp
Of rugged majesty.

Come, let us seek the mountains hoar,
Amid their prospects stern
We'll joyous roam, where mingled grow
The tangled heath and fern;
Far, far from all accustom'd paths,
Where man hath seldom been,
And where, except from savage things,
No signs of life are seen.

NO. II.

I would I were on yon blue hill,
Beneath the larch, or by the rill,
Where purple heath-flowers blossom free,
Their simple sweets are dear to me.

Tell me no more the vales are fair;
I long to breathe the mountain air;
And sigh to tread again with pride
The mountain's wild and barren side.

'Twas there, a babe, breath first I drew;
There youth's glad hours unheeded flew;
And when I yield to death's decree,
'Tis there, I trust, my grave will be.

Bright flowers adorn the fertile plain;
For me their charms unfold in vain;
I'd rather pluck the humblest bell
That blooms upon yon lonely fell.

To southern climes let others roam,
More dear to me my rugged home;
And whilst my will continues free
My dwelling on the hills shall be.

NO. III.

Away to the mountain,
Wild home of the free,
By some crystal fountain,
Beneath some dark tree;
We'll rest when the moonlight
Comes over each glen,
'Twill be sweet to repose
In those loved haunts again.

Where streamlets are gushing
Through dingle and dell,
Or wild winds are rushing
Along the bleak fell;
At will we can wander,
Then hasten away,
Till o'er the far moorlands
Unnotic'd we stray.

Haste, haste to the mountain,
Lone home of the free;
Where sparkles the fountain,
And waves the dark tree;
For there when soft moonlight
Illumines each glen,
We'll rest from our wanderings
In quiet again.

Banks of the Yore.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

NO. X.

BEATRICE.*

Life's cradle and death's coffin. Do not these
Compose the boundaries of human fate?
Health's girdle and Pain's grave—these concentrate

All our enjoyments and immunities
From sick existence. Honour, Fame, Love,
Hate,

Ambition, Pride, Affection and its ties,
Are found within them: but how few the prize
For bearing well their burthens separate

Win as becometh us to win! *Thou* hast
So done, maternal friend! Thy life hath been
A life of eighty years and more—nor free
From miry tracks; but thou hast overpass'd
The swarthy slough with raiment white and
clean,

Nor in the future aught but peace can see!

* Mrs. Grant, of Duthill, Author of "Popular Models," &c., aged 84. Sept. 2, 1844.

THE BALL AT HIGHWOOD.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

"And so, Valerius," I said, "it appears we are expected to be at this ball?"

"So it seems," replied Valerius, with a sad smile crossing his pale face as he spoke. "But in truth, as indeed thou knowest, my ball days are well nigh over, and it would have been better for me if they had never been," and Valerius sighed.

"Ah, I recollect you lost your heart at a ball, and, if report says truly, your happiness also; but come, cheer up, man, and let us try if we cannot regain them both at this one." Valerius shook his head.

"Thou art talking idly; but rather than displease Marianne or our Ridenta, I will go."

Not very long ago, no one could be more fond of gaiety of every description than was this sighing hero of mine, whom I designate under the name of Valerius; and at a ball in the south of England he had met a fair lady, who made the impression which still continued so strong, and whose influence had been so fatal to his peace. She was young and lovely, with but one fault—a slight inclination for coquetry: she loved too well to show her power.

Valerius is of a shy and sensitive nature; seldom roused to emotion, yet capable of the deepest and most enduring feelings: on his indifferent, retiring disposition, it was difficult to make an impression; but once made, there it remained for ever. And Anna Morton effected this: he became her slave, and she certainly appeared to cherish a true regard for him.

Valerius is rich, and of ancient birth. Anna was his equal in these respects. In point of worldly considerations, the course of true love ran very smooth indeed; but there came a change, and the first symptoms of this showed themselves at a ball. The lady took it into her head to torment her admirer; she received with too much pleasure the attentions of a new adorer. Valerius was deeply wounded; his pride took fire: perhaps he was too unyielding—too exacting. Be it as it may, the breach became widened, instead of closed; ball followed ball, and at each succeeding meeting the assiduities of the new lover increased in fervour, while those of Valerius declined proportionably: he was too proud to show how much he suffered. Anna strove to pique him into some display of temper, but she could not succeed. Vexed by his indifference, she played her own heart false, and, rejecting him on the eve of the closest alliance, already arranged by the friends of both parties, accepted Mr. Brookes, with a precipitancy that left her no resource, save a constant regret.

Valerius woke as from a dream, to find himself alone. She bore her part bravely, but a close observer might see that she already repented of the step she had taken; however, she made a lovely bride, and for years after he heard of her, and read her name in all the gay records of the day, as the sharer and promoter of many a graceful festivity, among the fairest and the noblest of the land. But for Valerius all this was over; he forswore

this sort of life completely; he left the gay world, and all the scenes and companions of his youth, and bringing himself among our quiet valleys, lived only for the good of those about him, and sought his pleasure, or rather his solace, in the beauty and the glory that nature shed so lavishly around him. That night his good nature led him to the ball at Highwood, simply because we all wished him to go, and accordingly, half-past ten o'clock found us assembled beneath the lighted chandeliers.

Now, gentle reader, do not imagine our ball-room at Highwood to be at all like the ball-room at Almack's, either in point of its own good qualities, or in respect to the quality of its occupants; but imagine it a tolerable apartment, tolerably lighted; the music tolerable, and the people ditto. Of course there was much to be laughed at, but then there was much to admire. There were the awkward Miss Grimshaws, and the dowdy Miss Browns; but then there were the two ladylike Miss Homes, the stylish Miss Stateland, the graceful Miss Campbell. 'Tis true there was the ill-natured and ill-mannered Lady Craig, snarling over her one neglected daughter like a dog over a bone; but then there was the handsome dowager, Mrs. Armathwaite, with her three lovely girls, the *belles* of the evening; and though one or two of our young sprigs of nobility were somewhat *gauche*, yet our stewards were perfection. As for the dancing, there was as much variety in that; but it was carried on with immense spirit, and the supper was excellent.

There were plenty of gentlemen; few were the wall-flowers; but their homage was chiefly directed to the Miss Armathwaites, Miss Campbell, Miss Stateland, and a fair widow—a stranger—who came with strangers, and whose name I could not learn. This widow would not dance; she remained seated at the farthest end of the room, remote from that occupied by ourselves, and the set to which we belonged. I had remarked her during a solitary tour I made round the saloon: she was very beautiful, and I guessed her to be in her second year of mourning, from her dress. She was robed in black *tulle*, or *aérophane*, with some splendid diamond ornaments—a crescent shining amid her dark hair, would have made her a fit impersonation of the Queen of Night.

Valerius had not moved from where he had first placed himself, and even my description of the widow could not rouse him; he continued where chance had thrown him, between Lady Craig and Mrs. Stateland, both of whom were much pleased at his proximity, for both had daughters, and Valerius was what is called "a catch." But he was not thinking of them; his thoughts were far away, and another ball-room was before his eyes, and another face, more fair than the fairest of those around him. But for an invective delivered in very loud tones by Lady Craig against waltzing, I believe he would not have been induced to rise until the hour of departure; and this tale, in that case, would never have been, or at least, would have had no *dénouement*.

Lady Craig had heard Valerius spoken of as a "very good man;" so she concluded that he must

disapprove of waltzing; therefore, in reply to a charitable offer made by a neighbouring lady to procure a partner for Miss Craig, she exclaimed, "A quadrille, of course: I have no objection to a quadrille: but do you think I would let my daughter waltz?" Then turning to Valerius—"Do you approve of waltzing, Mr. —?"

"Why not?" inquired Valerius, with an air of abstraction.

"Why not! look at those Armathwaites; do you think I would let my daughter dance all-night as those girls do, incessantly waltzing or galloping?"

Valerius did look at those Armathwaites; with a gaze of admiration his glance followed the fairy form of Mary Armathwaite, as with her snowy dress, her long golden ringlets, her graceful figure, her tiny feet, she floated past him—a creature born of sunshine!

"Don't you think waltzing a very improper dance, Mr. —?" persisted Lady Craig, who was annoyed and surprised that he had not immediately agreed with her.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," answered Valerius absently: "to the pure all things are pure: none but the impure of heart are prudes!"

And the moment these words had passed his lips, he felt he had offended her cross ladyship for ever. Mrs. Stateland was a good-tempered woman; she touched his arm, and smiled; she wished to hint to him that he was saying a rude thing. Valerius felt that he had hit her ladyship a trifle too hard; he judged that a precipitate flight was best for him, and accordingly he rose and took refuge with myself. While recounting to me with great glee his *mésaventure* with the irate lady, I led him around the room; suddenly he paused; I felt his arm tremble: looking at him, I perceived that his eyes were intently fixed upon those of the fair widow, whose burning cheek and evident confusion were as puzzling to those of her party, as the emotion of Valerius was to me.

Need I say more? will not my friends already have divined that the fair widow was Anna Brookes, once Anna Morton?—need I say that reconciliation quickly followed recognition—that all the weary past was forgotten or atoned for, and that Anna and Valerius are now a happy wedded couple? But I may add that Valerius hourly blesses his own absence of mind, that led him into that *gaucherie* of words which forced him to quit the seat by Lady Craig; for his lady-love was on the point of departure from the room when he encountered her; and the next morning she was to have quitted our lakes for the south, and in all probability they would never have met again; and I may add, that Anna and Valerius are now looking over my shoulder as I write, and that their eldest child—a lovely boy—is seated on my knee; and this last fact must be a sufficient excuse for the illegibility of this "horrid scrawl."

THE LOVER'S MESSAGE.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

Summer air, sweet summer air,
Hie thee to my lady fair;
Laugh thou round her azure eyes,
Where my heart imprison'd lies;
Forged my fetters not by *hue*,
But by *mind*, which gazes through;
Tell her if she loose my chain,
I will clasp it yet again.

Summer air, wild summer air,
Hie thee to my lady fair;
Bear to me her pearly tear,
Shed o'er many a loved one's bier;
Waft to me her bosom's sigh,
Raised by heavenly sympathy.
More I prize such signs of woe
Than the pleasures mortals know;
For I know when youth is gone
Feeling's fount will still flow on.

Summer air, glad summer air,
Hie thee to my lady fair;
Flit thou round her rosy cheek,
Painted with love's modest streak;
In her mantling blush I read
All the signs of virtue's creed.
Tell her if she break my chain
I will clasp it yet again.

Wander then, pure summer air,
Ever round my lady fair;
Gently murmur through the trees,
Sighing in the southern breeze;
Tell her nought can change me now,
Jet black eye or marble brow;
For I've found a heart of truth,
Warm'd with all the fire of youth.
Whisper then at day's decline
All these faithful vows of mine.

What to me is loveliness,
Fairy grace and braided tress,
Eyes and cheeks, and lips divine,
If they own no fitting shrine?
What care I for fortune's frown,
So the soul be not weighed down?
No! the heart's the perfect gem,
Richer than a diadem.
And I know that such control
Never can debase the soul.

Cambridge.

It is characteristic of great minds to convey much information in few words; little minds, on the contrary, have the gift of talking much and saying nothing.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

SKETCHES OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

BY MARY ANN YOUATT.

No. II. Schiller—continued.

"Maria Stuart."—This play commences after the commissioners have passed sentence upon Mary, but before her death-warrant has been signed by Elizabeth. In the first scene we find Paulet, Mary's present keeper, opening and examining her cabinet, and taking thence all her letters and jewels, and even depriving her of her lute. Queen Mary enters, and her indignant attendant, Hannah Kennedy, points out to her the outrage, but Mary seems almost indifferent to that, and shows Paulet a copy of a letter which she has written to her "Royal Sister," requesting an interview, and also that she may be allowed the attendance of a Catholic priest, and a notary. On his leaving her she reverts to past events, and bitterly laments her guilty participation in the murder of Darnley; the entrance of Mortimer, Paulet's nephew, interrupts these reflections. He requests a private audience, presents to her credentials from her uncle the Cardinal, and then informs her that he too is a Catholic, and devoted heart and soul to her service. From him she also learns that she has been tried and condemned, and that her execution awaits but the will of Elizabeth. Mary begs him if he is sincere to convey a letter and her picture to the Earl of Leicester, who, she says, can and will save her; and Mortimer, promising to do so, withdraws in haste as Lord Burleigh is announced. This nobleman comes to inform the captive Queen of her trial and sentence; she firmly denies the accusation, objects to the testimony produced against her, and refuses to admit the right of the council to pass judgment on her. Paulet enters as she quits the apartment, and to him Burleigh hints that it were well if she were suddenly found dead; but Paulet replies indignantly that there are no assassins beneath his roof.

The second act introduces us to Queen Elizabeth graciously dismissing the Ambassadors of France, who have come to negotiate an alliance between her and a French prince. After their departure, Lord Burleigh urges on her the policy of signing a warrant for the execution of Mary; Lord Shrewsbury, on the other hand, reminds her that mercy is the brightest jewel of a crown, and pleads Mary's youth, education, temptations, and beauty, in extenuation of her errors: as he alludes to the last the Queen imperiously checks him, and calls upon the Earl of Leicester for his opinion. He also inclines to mercy, but artfully endeavours to win the Queen over by painting Mary's inferiority in every respect, and the folly of even for a moment regarding her as a rival. Elizabeth resolves to think the matter over; Paulet then enters and introduces his nephew, who, after replying to the Queen's questions relative to his foreign tour, presents a letter to her from Mary. Elizabeth peruses it and hears the opinions of the three noblemen on its contents, and then dismisses them all, retaining only Mortimer, to whom she laments the

will of fate which has made her the arbitress of life or death to a sister sovereign, and hints how glad she should be if some morning greeted her with the tidings that Mary was no more. Mortimer pretends to enter into her views, and she retires, and shortly sends Leicester to him with her royal commands that Mary Stuart be delivered over to his sole charge. Mortimer avails himself of this opportunity of delivering Mary's letter and picture to the Earl; and Leicester, finding that he is devoted to the cause of that unfortunate queen, confesses to him that his love was first fixed upon Elizabeth, and that he had loved, despite her pride, to win her; but that she had trifled with him, used him but to feed her vanity, and promised her hand to a son of France. That his eyes then became opened to the beauty and virtues of her rival, and he wooed, and would wed her. Mortimer replies that a well-digested plan is laid for her deliverance, that all is ripe for action, but that Mary wished that he should head it, in order that she might owe her life and liberty to him. Then the Earl's coward soul looks forth, and he fears, and doubts, and hesitates, until Mortimer leaves him in disgust. Elizabeth comes in, and he pours into her ready ear the most servile flatteries, artfully mingled with such disparaging remarks on her unfortunate rival that Elizabeth is at length induced to consent to see her, and triumph over her in beauty as well as power.

In the beginning of the third act we find Mary walking with her attendant in Fotheringay Park, and enjoying the fresh air, the beauties of nature, and the comparative freedom, after so long and close imprisonment. She is informed that Elizabeth is hunting in the neighbourhood, and Shrewsbury comes to prepare her for an interview; but much as she before wished it, she now shrinks from it. Elizabeth comes; Mary conquers her pride, reluctance, and dislike, implores her protection in humble terms, and then appeals to her frankly as sister to sister; Elizabeth replies coldly and proudly: again Mary urges her request, but is only answered by a sneer at past events. Mary endeavours to retain her calmness and dignity, but at length, stung by Elizabeth's taunts, in her turn utters bitter words, and tells her at last that she is a bastard. Elizabeth retires in speechless rage, followed by her suite. Mortimer comes and informs Mary that no hopes or dependence can be placed on Leicester—that his plans are all ripe for action, and she will be rescued that very night; and then his wild passion and daring wishes burst forth with such vehemence that Mary flies from him in terror.

In the fourth act we learn that Elizabeth's life has been attempted; the odium of the act falls upon Mary, and the enraged populace demand her life. Leicester, however, affirms that the assassin is one of the French Ambassador's suite, and Elizabeth declines the alliance. Mortimer seeks the Earl in haste, to inform him that all is lost, and that a copy of the letter addressed to him by Mary, in which she accepts his suit, is in Lord Burleigh's hands, and calls upon him to act and save Mary and himself. Leicester does so, for he summons the guards and desires them to

arrest Mortimer as a traitor, and the latter stabs himself in despair. Elizabeth, into whose hands Lord Burleigh has delivered that letter, resolves, in her jealous fury, that both Leicester and Mary shall die; but the former artfully regains her favour, and asserts that Mortimer in his dying moments confessed the letter to be forged expressly to ruin him, and also accused her of having bribed him to murder Mary secretly. He then sides with Lord Burleigh, and urges the inexpediency of longer delaying the execution of the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth, still suspicious, says that the execution of the warrant shall be entrusted to him and Lord Burleigh. It is brought to her, she hesitates awhile, then jealousy and revenge resume their dominion over her, and she signs it, but will not say whether or not she wishes the sentence to be fulfilled. Lord Burleigh obtains it from the trembling secretary, and hurries off to expedite the execution. Elizabeth repents when too late, and Mary meets her fate with pious and gentle resignation.

The characters are all not only marked and distinct, but drawn with wonderful propriety. Mary is represented as she actually was, her faults not glossed over, or her virtues extolled; all that was intrinsically good in her nature beams forth now that she is no longer led astray by the vices and temptations of power, flattery, and splendour. 'Tis no longer the gay gallant queen surrounded by hosts of sycophants, by all the fortuitous rays of regal pomp who we behold: it is a woman in captivity, oppressed, insulted—suffering for a crime of which she is guiltless—the victim of her confidence in Elizabeth—repentant, gentle, gracious to her friends, and forgiving to her enemies. Our commiseration is aroused, and our pity excited; we honour her deep and sincere repentance, and feel every fresh indignity which is offered to her. Elizabeth's character is sketched with a masterly hand, and we recognize at a glance the ambitious, politic, vain, jealous, mistrustful queen. The weak, deceitful, intriguing Leicester, deficient in honour and courage, an artful courtier, and a despicable man, excites only contempt; while Shrewsbury's sterling honesty, and indefatigable endeavours to support the cause of mercy, and sustain the fame of his sovereign, and Paulet's rough, yet compassionate temper, upright integrity, and zealous honesty, interest and delight us. Lord Burleigh, too, is a fine sketch, although not exactly one which excites our sympathies; a deep and subtle politician, a cold and unfeeling courtier, he is nevertheless a man of strict probity; the duties of his office, and the welfare of the state, appear to be the sole impulses by which he is governed. The young, ardent, enthusiastic Mortimer, is also powerfully drawn—nor are the subordinate characters neglected. We shall only have space to quote the meeting between the two queens.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

The grounds round Fotheringay Castle. Mary, Hannah Kennedy, and Earl Shrewsbury. Enter Elizabeth, Earl Leicester, Lords, and attendants.

Elizabeth (To Leicester). How call you this domain?

Leicester. Fotheringay.

Elizabeth. Our hunting train to London may return.

The people crowd our way too eagerly;
In this quiet path will we take refuge.

(Shrewsbury goes.—She fixes her eyes on Mary as she continues)

My honest subjects love me far too well;
These proofs of joy unreasonable, idolatrous,
Are fitter for a Deity than a mortal.

Mary (who has hitherto rested half-fainting on the bosom of Kennedy, now raises herself up, and meeting the cold fixed gaze of Elizabeth, shudders).
Oh God! no heart speaks from out that face.

Elizabeth. Who is that lady? *(a general silence ensues.)*

Leicester. Queen thou art at Fotheringay.

Elizabeth (affects surprise, and fixes a stern look on Leicester).

Who has done this? My Lord of Leicester?

Leicester. 'Tis done, my Queen; and now since Heaven

Your steps has hitherto guided, be you
Magnanimous, and let bright mercy triumph!

Shrewsbury. Be entreated royal lady—cast one glance

On this unhappy one, who withers now
Before thy gaze!

(Mary endeavours to regain her composure, is about to approach Elizabeth, pauses again shudderingly, and her whole bearing expresses a violent internal struggle.)

Elizabeth. How is this, my lords!

Who was it announced to me a lowly
Suppliant? I here behold a haughty one,
By no means humbled by adversity!

Mary. Be it so! I will submit me 'e'en to this.
Hence, powerless pride of a noble mind!
I will forget what I have been, what I
Have suffer'd, and bend me low before her
Who has heap'd all this indignity upon me.
(Turns to the Queen.) Heaven has decided in your

favour,
Sister; with victory your brows are crowned,
And I must reverence the hand divine
Which thus has raised thee to glory. *(Falls at her feet.)*

But oh! be generous now, my sister;
Let me not here in lowly wretchedness
Grovel before you! stretch forth to me
That royal hand, and raise me kindly up.

Elizabeth. That state becomes you best, Lady
Mary!

And gratefully I render thanks to that
Good Providence, who willed it not
That I at your feet should bow, as you
Now do at mine!

Mary (with increasing energy). Think how
mutable are all earthly things.

There is a God whose judgments threaten pride;
Fear and honour him, the Great, th' Inscrutable—
Who thus before thy feet hath humbled me.

Here, in the presence of these strange witnesses,
Respect yourself in me, nor heap foul shame
And dark dishonour on the blood of Tudor,
Which flows alike in my veins as in thine.

Oh, God of Heaven! Stand not before me thus,
Stern and inaccessible as some steep cliff,

To which the struggling mariner in vain
Endeavours to cling. My life, fate, fortune,
Hing on the power of these my words, my tears.
If, with that icy look, you still regard me,
My heart will, shudd'ring, close upon itself,
The frozen current will soon cease to flow,
And utterance be chok'd within my bosom.

Elizabeth (coldly and harshly). What is't that
you'd say to me, Lady Stuart?

You desired an audience, and I, forgetting
The injur'd and offended monarch's part,
Am here, a sister's duty to fulfil,
And the comfort of my presence to bestow.
Thus, in yielding to the gen'rous impulse
Of humanity, full well am I aware
That my condescension exposes me to
Well deserved censure; for you know
You would have had me assassinated.

Mary. How shall I commence? how so arrange
My words, that they may touch, and not offend
Your heart? Oh God! endow my speech with
Power and eloquence to move, and take
From it all sting to wound!

Alas! I cannot vindicate myself
Without reproaching you, and that, oh fain
Would I avoid. With me you have not
Justly dealt, for I am, like yourself, a
Queen; and you have held me here a pris'ner.
As a suppliant I approach'd thy court,
And you, dishonouring the sacred rights
Of hospitality, the holy laws of nations,
Did immure me in a dungeon; of friends
And servants depriving me—exposed
Me to degrading want—had me dragged
Before an insolent tribunal, and—
But of this no more.

May the mem'ry of what I have endured
With dark oblivion's veil be shrouded!
I will call it all the effect of chance,
For which nor you nor I am answerable;
Some evil spirit, rose from out the dark
Abyss to kindle hatred in our young hearts.
That fatal spark grew within us, fanned
By the baneful breath of evil men,
Until it blazed, a devastating flame;
Frantic enthusiasm armed th' unbidden hand
Against thy royal life! 'Tis the curse of
Monarchs that the world is torn by their
Dissensions, and their feuds let slip the fiends
Of discord o'er the earth, to desolate mankind.
But now we stand here face to face. Speak then,
My sister, number to me all my sins,
And gladly will I strive to atone for all.
Ah! had you but vouchsafed to me the audience
I did so earnestly entreat, ne'er would
It have come to this; nor should we now
On this sad spot have held our mournful meeting.

Elizabeth. My better stars have hitherto watch'd
O'er me, that I did not lay an adder
To my bosom. Accuse not destiny,
But rather blame your own bad heart,
And wild ambition of your grasping house.
Between us no hostilities had
Passed, when that imperious priest, your
Haughty uncle, whose bold hands would rudely
Seize all earthly crowns, attacked me;
Persuaded you, infatuated one!

To assume the arms of England, e'en
To arrogate to thyself my royal title,
And meet me in the lists of mortal strife.
What powers did he not summon to his aid?
The eloquence of priests, the violence
Of popular fury, and every engine
Of frantic madness; and here, here in my
Very kingdom's peaceful citadel,
He fann'd rebellion to a blaze.
But God was with me, and the haughty priest
Could not maintain the field. The blow aim'd
At my devoted head fell upon yours.

Mary. My life is in the hands of God. But sure
You will not so bloody a revenge exact?

Elizabeth. Who shall prevent me? Your own
uncle

Gave example to all earthly potentates
How peace should be concluded with those they
Hate. Henceforth be St. Bartholomew my
School! What to me is kindred? What the laws
Of nations? The church can rend asunder
Every tie of duty—can even consecrate
The regicide, the traitor: I practise
Only what your priests have taught. Tell me,
Should I magnanimously release you,
What surety will be offered me? What lock
Can bind you so fast as cannot be by
Good St. Peter's key unloos'd at once?
No, force my only safeguard is. With such
A brood of vipers can no truce be held.

Mary. This is but your dark and dread sus-
picion!

Me have you ever looked on as
A stranger and a foe. Had you, granting me
My lawful rights, declared me heir to these
Dominions, then would gratitude and love
Have bound me to you an ever faithful
Friend and relative.

Elizabeth. Not so, Lady Stuart;
Your friendships are all on aliens placed,
Popery is your home, a monk your brother.
And shall I proclaim you my successor?
A goodly scheme, forsooth! that you might,
Like a second Armida, lure the noble youth
Of these fair realms around you, ensnare them
In your amorous toils, estrange the people
From their lawful sov'reign, teach all to pay
Their homage to the rising sun, while I—

Mary. Reign on in peace! The pinions of my
once

So soaring spirit are all lamed. No
Greatness now hath power to lure me, and
Freely do I renounce all title
To this realm. You have conquer'd. I am now
A shadow only of my former self.
Lingering captivity has rudely crush'd
Each nobler energy. You have done your
Worst: blighted me in the fresh prime of life.
Now complete your work. Now speak out, sister,
The purpose which sure did lead you hither.
For ne'er will I believe you came but to
Insult and mock your victim. Speak then—
Say, 'Mary, you are free. My power have
You already felt, now learn to know my
Clemency!' Say this, and gratefully will I
Receive my life and liberty as a free
Bounty of thy grace. One single word

Shall blot out all the past. I wait for it.
Oh, delay not to pronounce it quickly.
Woe be to you if it remain unspoken!
For should you not depart from hence blessing,
And bless'd—like some deity—then, sister,
Not to be queen of all this fair island,
Nay, not to reign o'er all the isles the sea
Embraces, would I before you stand as you
Now stand before me.

Elizabeth. At length then you do
Confess yourself o'ercome? What, are all your
Schemes exhausted? Is no other murd'rer
On the way? Can no bold knight be found
Who dares to be your champion? Yes, yes,
It is all o'er, my Lady Mary. No more
Will your wiles seduce from their faith to me.
The world has other cares, and no one is
Ambitious your fourth spouse to become;
For you destroy lovers as well as husbands.

Mary. (*Her anger rising.*) Oh, sister! sister!
Great God of Heaven,
I besech thee grant me moderation!

Elizabeth. (*Surveying her for some time with
look of great contempt.*)
These then, my Lord Leicester, are the charms
On which no man could gaze unmoved,
And do eclipse those of all other women?
Good truth, such fame is cheaply obtained;
It costs those little to be generally
Admired, whose beauty all are free to taste.

Mary. That is too much.

Elizabeth. (*Laughing insultingly.*) Now shall
we view the true face;
Hitherto 't was but a mask we looked on.

Mary. (*Glowing with anger, yet still preserving
a noble dignity.*)

I have been guilty of human and of
Youthful errors. Power led me astray,
But frankly have I e'er confess'd my faults,
Nor sought disguise: false appearance I have
Ever scorn'd with royal candour.
My failings have to all been manifest;
And I can say, with truth, that I
Am better than my reputation. But woe be
To you, when in ages to come the mantle
Of your glory is withdrawn, wherein you
Now do wrap yourself; and all your secret
Failings are revealed to view!
But virtue formed no portion of the dower
Bequeathed you by your mother,
For all do know the cause that led
Fair Anna Boleyn to the scaffold.

Shrewsbury. (*Stepping anxiously between the
two Queens.*)

God of heaven! And must it come to this?
Is this your moderation, Lady Mary—
Your submission?

Mary. Moderation! I have
Endured beyond all human patience
To endure! Away then with this lamb-like
Resignation! gentle patience, flee thou
To heaven! and hate, fell hate, burst at length
Thy chains, and forth from thy hidden chambers
Spring! And thou who didst the basilisk endow
With murder dealing eyes, come thou, and arm
My tongue with venom'd darts.

Shrewsbury. She's mad!

Forgive this excitement, this exasperation!

Elizabeth. (*Who is speechless with rage, darts
furious looks at Mary.*)

Leicester. (*Violently agitated, endeavours to
lead Elizabeth away.*)

Heed not her ravings; but let us away
From this disastrous spot.

Mary. The throne of
England is by a bastard now profaned,
And the noble British nation defrauded
By a wily sorceress, a base impostor!
Did right prevail, you surely now would be
Prostrate in the dust, for I am here
The lawful Queen.

(*Exit Elizabeth hastily, followed by her astonished
and terrified suite.*)

Kennedy. Alas! what have you done?
In wrath she leaves you—now all is o'er—
All hope is lost!

Mary. (*Still violently excited.*) In wrath she
leaves me.

Yes, but in her heart she bears the venom'd
Shaft of death! Now, Hannah, am I happy
At length, after long years of suffering,
Of abasement, this moment of revenge,
Of triumph comes! A mountain's weight from off
My heart is lifted. I've plunged a sword
In my destroyer's breast!

Kennedy. Unhappy one!
Frenzy overpowers you. True, you have
Wounded the unforgiving enemy;
But 'tis she directs the lightning flash which
Shall destroy you. She is the Queen, and here
Before her minion have you insulted her.

Mary. In Leicester's presence I have abased
her.

He beheld it—he bore witness to my
Triumph—saw how from her proud height I cast
Her headlong down! Yes, he stood by, and
His presence gave me double strength!

“Die Jungfrau von Orleans.” The first scenes
of this play introduce us to old Thibaut bestowing
his elder daughters, Margot and Louison, in mar-
riage, and urging Johanna, his youngest girl, to
accept the proffered affection of Raimond, and
become less visionary and romantic. The group
is increased by a countryman, who enters bearing
a helmet, which he says a gipsy forced him to
buy. He proceeds to narrate the victories of the
English, and the misfortunes of the French king,
who is now reduced to despair. Johanna, who
has been an attentive listener, now assumes the
helmet, utters her confident prophecies, and, ac-
tuated by the loftiest sentiments of devotion and
patriotism, dedicates herself to the fulfilment of her
divine mission. Her father, regarding her as half
insane, goes off to resume his labours; and she pro-
ceeds to court, recognises the king, astonishes him
by telling him the subject of his prayers on the
preceding night, states what her mission is, and so
impresses all present, that they accept her as a
leader. The French, under her guidance, are vic-
torious; the king in his gratitude would confer
high honours on her; and Dunois, the bastard of Or-
leans, offers her his hand. Both these temptations

are rejected firmly and gently. Johanna pleads her lowly station, and the great duties she has been called on to perform, as excuses for yielding neither to ambition or love. Again an engagement takes place; she encounters a knight in the conflict, overcomes, and is about to slay him, when a new emotion suddenly thrills through her frame, and love, pity, and tenderness withhold her arm. Lionel is fascinated by her beauty and heroism, and endeavours to prevail on her to follow him; but she shrinks from him in fear and humiliation. After the battle, Agnes Sorrel, the king's mistress, seeks Johanna to plead with her for Dunois; she finds her overwhelmed with shame by the consciousness of her new-born weakness. Dunois comes to bring her the consecrated flag, which she is to carry before the king, as he goes to be crowned; and she immediately recognises it to be the same displayed to her by the holy Virgin in that dream in which she received her divine mission; and feels yet more deeply how unworthy she is to be so honoured, since an earthly love has polluted her soul. The populace are assembled to witness the coronation, and among them are Johanna's relatives; she rushes forth from the cathedral, unable to bear the accusations of her conscience, and recognises her sisters; the king follows shortly, and he and the people would fain do homage to her, as some heavenly being who has been sent to be the saviour of France. Even while they surround her with grateful acclamations, old Thibaut rushes forward, claims her as his daughter, and accuses her of witchcraft. Believing this to be intended as a judgment upon her, Johanna is silent, and submits to be driven forth as an outcast; while all, save Dunois, deem her guilty. Raimond bears her company; and in solitude and want, the tempest of her soul subsides, and the peace of heaven again dawns over her spirit, and she justifies herself to Raimond. They encounter a party of the English, and he is taken prisoner. Raimond flies to Dunois, reveals to him her innocence, and relates her capture, and Dunois immediately hastens with his troops to rescue her. The English are attacked, Isabel threatens Johanna's life, the king of France is taken; Johanna prays for divine aid, and strength is given her to rend asunder the heavy chains with which they have loaded her; she escapes and saves the king, but at the expense of her own life, and dies happy and hopeful.

This play is uniformly imaginative and poetic, although, if regarded as a dramatic whole, it is perhaps less perfect than many of the others. It borders somewhat on the melo-dramatic style, and is admirably adapted to engage the sympathies of the young and enthusiastic. The character of Johanna is very delicately and beautifully drawn; it embodies the very perfection of religious self-devotion and enthusiasm; and whether we watch her bright career while actuated by that supernatural confidence which led her to believe herself the chosen instrument of Heaven, or view her in her humiliation and despondency, when labouring under the fearful consciousness that she has been forsaken by that Power, for having suffered an earthly love to sully that pure spirituality of heart which could alone entitle her to the more than

mortal gifts bestowed upon her, she equally engages our admiration and sympathy. The vindictive Isabella, and the frail, yet womanly and affectionate Agnes Sorrel, sink into insignificance before the heroine of the piece.* We cannot but admire the frank, brave, courteous, trusting Dunois, and the more humble Raimond, who, amid every fortune is faithful to her he loves. The rest of the characters are truthfully sketched, and all in good keeping, although not remarkable for any striking peculiarities. Want of space will admit of our quoting only a portion of one scene.

ACT V. SCENE III. *The Exterior of a Hut.*

Johanna, Raimond, and Charcoal Burner—His Wife comes from the Hut with a Bowl, and their Son enters from the other side.

Wife.—'Tis our son whom we have been expecting. (*Giving the bowl to Johanna.*) Drink, noble maiden. May God bless it to you. (*To the boy.*) So thou'rt come, Auek! What news from the town?

Boy.—(*Who has been gazing stedfastly at Johanna, recognises her, and snatches the bowl from her just as she is setting it to her lips.*)

Mother, mother, what is it thou dost? Whom is it you entertain? That is the witch Of Orleans!

Man and Wife.—God be merciful to us!
(*Exeunt all three in terror.*)

Johanna.—(*Calmly and gently.*)—Dost see the curse pursues my steps, and all Flee from me? Go thou also save thyself, And forsake me.

Raimond. I leave you—and now? Alas! who then would bear you company?

Johanna.—I am not unaccompanied. Thou hast Heard the thunders roll above my head. My destiny conducts me. Fear thou not; 'Twill lead me safely on without thy aid.

Raimond.—Whither will you go? There are the English, Who bloody vengeance 'gainst thee have sworn: And there are our troops stationed, who have Cast you forth and banished you.

Johanna. Nothing But what is pre-ordained will befall me.

Raimond.—Who shall provide you food? who shield you

From the attacks of savage beasts, and still More savage men? who watch o'er and tend you When you are sick and o'ercome with misery?

Johanna.—I know the nature of all herbs and roots;

The sheep I once did tend taught me to scan Them closely, and the wholesome from the hurtful To distinguish. The motions of the stars, The course of the clouds do I too understand; And the murmur of hidden springs can hear.

* Schiller has taken almost more than poetical license in the construction of this play. The heroic Jeanne d'Arc suffered death at Rouen as every one knows; and the appearance of Agnes Sorrel at court was not until after that event.—
ED. N. M. B. A.

Man hath but few wants, and nature is rich
And bounteous.

Raimond.—(*Taking her hand.*)—And will you
not commune

With your own soul?—be reconciled to God?—
And to the bosom of the church return?

Johanna.—And thou too dost believe me guilty of
This fearful sin?

Raimond. How can I not? How else
Read your silence?

Johanna. Thou, who hast followed
Me even into solitude and misery,
The only being who to me is faithful,
Who still clung to me when all the world
Forsook, thou too canst deem me such a wretch
Accursed as to renounce her God?

(*Pauses but Raimond is silent.*)
This,

This indeed is hard!

Raimond.—(*Astonished.*)—You are not then a
witch?

Johanna.—I a witch!

Raimond. And all these miracles then
You have perform'd thro' the power of God
And his holy saints?

Johanna. By what other?

Raimond.—Yet you were silent to that fearful
charge!

Now you can speak; but before the king,
When words would have availed you, then were
You dumb!

Johanna. I silently submitted me
To the fate it pleased my God and master
To ordain.

Raimond. You replied not to your
Father's charge.

Johanna. From my father did it come;
God also is my father, and he chastises
His erring children but in mercy.

Raimond.—The heav'n's themselves bore witness
to your guilt.

Johanna.—The heav'n's did speak, and there-
fore was I silent.

Raimond.—How! and you, who by one single
word could

Have cleared yourself, can leave the world
In this unhappy error?

Johanna. 'Tis the will
Of fate, and no error.

Raimond. And you could
Suffer this disgrace to soil your fair and
Spotless fame, and yet complain not? I am
Amazed! my heart is troubled in its
Inmost depths, yet willingly does yield full
Credence to your words. For to believe your
Guilt were hard indeed! Who could ever dream
A human being could silently endure
So monstrous an aspersion?

Johanna. Should I
Deserve to be the messenger of Heav'n
Did I not implicitly obey
The Heavenly will? nor am I so wretched
As thou seem'st to think. I suffer want, 'tis true;
But that is no misfortune so uncommon
For one in my station: True that I am
Banished, cursed; but 'twas here in the
Wilderness that first I learned to know myself.

When the bright halo of earthly glory
Round me shone, painful was the strife within
My breast, then was I indeed most wretched;
Then when I seemed so enviable—

But that is past, and this wild furious storm
Which seem'd to threaten nature's overthrow,
Has purified the world and me. Within
My soul all now is once more peace, and come
What may, no sinful weakness do I feel.

Raimond. Come, let us hasten to proclaim
aloud

Your innocence to all the world.

Johanna. He,
Who in his good pleasure sent the cloud, will
At his own time see fit to dispel it.

The fruit of faith falls only when 'tis ripe!
A day will come when my innocence shall be
Made manifest, and those who now despise
And banish me will see their error, and
With tears lament my fate.

Raimond. And I must then
Behold thee silently endure 'till chance—

Johanna. (*Taking his hand.*) Only external
things thou seest, my friend.
Mortality's earthly veil confines thy view!
My eyes gaze boldly on immortal things.
Not e'en one hair can fall from off our heads
Without the will of God. Behold how
Gloriously yon golden sun is sinking
In the west. Another morn will to us
Bring his radiance back. So sure to me
A day of truth will dawn with bright effulgence.

"Die Braut von Messina."—In the opening scene
of this play we find Isabella, the widowed sove-
reign of Messina, surrounded by her people,
anxiously awaiting the arrival of her two sons,
whose jealousy and dissensions have long dis-
turbed the peace of the state. They come: she
appeals to them in strains of beautiful pathos, be-
seeching them to be united, and leaves them to-
gether.

Gradually the coldness which has so long se-
parated them melts, and they cordially embrace,
and part in perfect unity. We then learn that
Don Manuel loves, and is beloved by, an unknown
maiden, met by accident, and whom he has now
brought with him to Messina, from the cloister
where she had been mysteriously immured, and
concealed in the neighbourhood of the palace.
The next scene introduces us to Beatrice, anxiously
and timidly awaiting her lover's arrival. Don
Cesar comes and recognises in her the beautiful
unknown, seen but once at the ceremonies at-
tendant on her father's funeral, and never for-
gotten. He tells her who he is, declares his love,
and leaves her without waiting for an answer, to re-
turn, as he says, with an escort to conduct her to
court as his future bride. The chorus congrat-
ulate Beatrice, who at last starts from her reverie
in fear and horror. The sons return to their
mother, who informs them that they have a sister
living, but that she has been reared far
away and unknown, on account of a dream,
which on being interpreted, foretold that she
would prove the destruction of the whole race.
The father consequently condemned the babe to

be thrown into the sea, but the mother's love preserved its life. The brothers rejoice over this intelligence, and then inform their mother that they are about to bring her two other daughters. Diego comes with the sad intelligence that the princess is missing, and the brothers depart in search of her. Don Manuel seeks the spot where he has concealed his bride, and finds her excited and anxious; he reveals his rank to her, and she shrinks shudderingly from him, asks if he is Don Cesar's brother, and speaks of her own mother. Manuel questions her, and becomes more moved at each reply; at length he learns that she was present at the funeral of his father, and no longer doubts that it is her his brother loves. Cesar comes with his attendants to seek his bride, finds her in his brother's arms, slays him and leaves the spot, bidding his followers bring the fainting maiden after him. Isabella is anticipating future happiness when Beatrice is brought in insensible, she recognises and is recognised by her daughter; gradually Beatrice learns who her mother is, Cesar comes and points out the maiden as his bride; the corpse of Don Manuel is brought in, and all becomes explained: the unfortunate mother weeps her first-born; Beatrice resolves to sacrifice herself on his bier, and thus expiate her crime and misfortunes; and Don Cesar is a prey to remorse, love, and filial affection. The tragedy ends with his self-destruction.

The pathetic tenderness with which many portions of this play are imbued, the exquisite specimens of lyrical poetry with which it abounds, the beauty and depth of thought of many of the maxims with which it is interspersed, all combine to place it high in the rank of modern compositions. But as a dramatic exhibition it would not be successful, for the interest often flags, and the action pauses, or is retarded by the long, though beautiful moral reflections delivered by the chorus. As a purely poetical work, however, it stands alone among his dramas. Its subject enables Schiller to give full scope to all those gentler emotions which flow with such grace and feeling from his pen. The characteristics of his mind were passion, feeling, and tenderness, and these are all here vividly and yet delicately and beautifully portrayed: motherly anguish, wounded love, brotherly affection, remorse, all are truthfully depicted, and few could read and not be delighted with this play.

The choruses are replete with melody and beauties, and only fail when viewed as imitations of the choral odes of the Greek theatre.

"*Wilhelm Tell*."—This play is so well known to the English public, and has been so often translated, that it would uselessly take up the time of our readers to give any detailed account of the plot. It is highly graphic, and imbued with a fervent spirit of patriotism, and a truthfulness to nature which seizes and delights the mind. We can see the whole face of nature pass like a dioramic view before us; the hill, the valley, the still moonlight and the wild storm, the mountain cottage and the tyrant's castle. Nor are the characters less vivid and real. Tell, simple, unpretending and fearless, although innately great and noble,

is no scheming plotting reformer; his actions are impelled by danger threatening the life of those near and dear to him, and his own, and thus he becomes his country's avenger. The other little band of patriots too are painted as simple unassuming men roused to action by deep wrongs, and their honest, fearless, truthful hearts speak out in each word they utter. Gessler, the cruel, superstitious, vindictive tyrant, lowers like a thunder cloud over the whole; and Gertrude, the noble true-hearted wife of Stauffacher, excites our respect and interest so much that we long to see more of her.

Schiller wrote several other minor dramatic works, and also numerous prose pieces; but the gems of all were his lyrical poems. They are in their several kinds almost faultless models, which cannot be studied without improvement and delight. Many persons consider them to be the finest of his works; and most certainly they do embody the truest picture of his pure poetical mind. Other poets may have shown more warmth, but his beautiful imagery—his sublimity of thought—his generous emotions—his glorious ideal, stand forth unrivalled, and almost breathe the spirituality of a purer and better world. They have lately been beautifully translated by Bulwer and Merivale, the former has excelled by his poetic grace, the latter by his faithful version of the subjects.*

The distinguishing characteristic of Schiller is enthusiasm, and this it was which made him so much the idol of his countrymen. His impression was that the true mission of a poet is to inculcate the nobleness of humanity, and paint man as he should be in his highest degree of moral beauty and sublimity. His intellectual powers were clear, deep, and comprehensive; his imagination half poetical, half philosophical, and teeming with images of grandeur and brightness; his tastes elevated, his love of mankind exalted, and his faith in ideal excellence real and earnest. He is essentially the poet of the young, or of those who, with advanced years, still retain all the bright sunny aspirations of youth, unclouded by a painful experience of the stern realities of life, untainted by vice and its attendant evils. A mind which can revel in the pure beauties of Schiller, and find delight and refreshment there, must be intrinsically pure; for he has few of those qualities which attract general admiration, nor do his writings boast any of the grosser charms of literary excitement. Whatever be their defects, they breathe a true spirit of poetry; and there are few, if any, principles of honour, truth, and rectitude, which may not be illustrated by quotations from them:

As a dramatist, Schiller is open to criticism; like many other great poets, his chief characters were all essentially types of himself, and this necessarily produced a spirit of sameness. His heroes are all more or less pictures of his own mind, acting, speaking, and thinking, in accord-

* We doubt if what is called a *literal* translation be always the truest interpretation of a poet.
—ED. N. M. B. A.

ance with his own ideas. He wanted that power of forgetting himself, and throwing aside all recollection, save of the individuality of the character which he was embodying, which was so eminently possessed by Goethe and our own Shakspeare. His heroines were all lovely feminine creations, the same in idea, and diversified only by difference of situation.

But poetry was not his only gift; he had many others, each in itself sufficient to have formed the basis of an ordinary fame. He has left essays which are unsurpassed in point of refinement and judgment; his historic powers too were great; the fragment of a romance which he has left speaks his talents in that branch of literature; and his philosophical letters are written with great power of thought.

Taylor, a very able commentator on Germany poetry, terms Schiller "The Æschylus of Germany, the loftiest of her tragic poets;" and another English writer compares him to Euripides, but adds, "he has an earnestness which Euripides never had."

Jean Paul Richter, his own countryman, says:—"The perfection of pomp prose is to be found in the writings of Schiller; all that the utmost splendour of reflective imagery and fullness of antithesis can give, he gives. Nay, he often sweeps the poetic strings with so rich and jewel-loaded a hand, that the sparkling mass disturbs our appreciation of the music, if not the playing itself.

We close this sketch with Schiller's modest opinion of himself. "I have not Goethe's richness of ideas, but my great endeavour is always to make as much as possible of what I do possess."

SILENT LOVE.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

There's something nobler in the love
That's silent than in that which speaks—
In that strong soul which nought can move
To breathe its passion till it breaks.

Swan-like, adown life's common stream,
Laden with music still to wend—
Retaining all the struggling theme
To pour upon its quiet end.

To feel the beauty strong within,
And hoard it still till all be past,
Lest it should mar itself with sin,
And grow unlovely at the last.

To work love's perfect work—to bear
The burden for its sake alone—
This is the love that few can dare,
And yet the purest man may own.

Keep thy love perfect—self begins,
But only when that love is told—
The very joy for that it wins
Is dross amid the perfect gold.

It may be that thy love shall rest
On one who recks not of thy vow—
Reveal'd, it dies within thy breast
For lack of hope, which feeds it now.

Then it grows mixed with common things,
With common words that all may say—
The curse of cold convention clings
About it to its dying day—

Now, spirit-like, it takes its food
Of life unseen from beauty's hand—
Haunts, angel-like, thy better mood,
And leads thee to a holier land.

Oh! ye that love, be strong to bear
Through life unbreathed, the joy within,
Unlinked with memory's calm despair—
Unmocked of man, untouch'd of sin.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

The Dead, why should we weep for them?
The Living claim our tears;
For they are blest, but these are left
To misery of years;
To mourn with hearts, all desolate,
O'er hopes once gaily bright,
How oft it is the fairest day
Precedes the darkest night.

The maiden kneels beside the grave
Wherein her lover sleeps,
Sigh we for him who slumbers there,
Or her who wildly weeps?
The mother's lips press silently
The lost one's marble brow;
Her dream of earthly joy is past,
But *he* is happy now.

A field is lost, a hero falls,
A nation is no more,
It vanish'd with the sigh which told
His hour of pain was o'er.
His soul is free,—in slavery
Their bitter tears are shed!
Which bids the tide of sorrow flow?
The Living or the Dead?

And thus it is. Go, look around,
Where'er earth's children breathe,
There's poison taints the fairest flowers
Which o'er their pathways wreath;
And hopes must fade, and loved ones die,
And all by whom is worn
The garb of life, but linger here
To tremble and to mourn.

Oh, thus it is; the happy close
Their eyes ere day is done;
Nor watch the blossoms fading round,
Nor see the setting sun:—
And would love call them back?—would grief
Bid them her vigils keep?
Then mourn not for the hearts at rest,
But for the Living weep.

A WEIRD SISTER.

BY GILES GLOVER.

PART I.

Of all the varied and contending passions that hold undisputed sway in the human breast, there is none, perhaps, whose reign is more absolute, at the same time that it is more capricious, than that of his most puissant majesty, King Love. At one moment we find him exalting the heart of the lowly and meek, and at another humbling that of the most obdurate and proud; as a modern writer says—

“Levelling all distinctions,
And lying the monarch's sceptre with the shepherd's crook.”

But we have abundant precedents of comparatively early, as well as of modern date, of the universality and waywardness of the tender passion in question; and remembering these things, the following record may appear the less startling.

In the year of grace, 1619, there abode in one of the sweetest little villages of Essex the prettiest girl in all the county, actually beloved of a youth of dazzling connexions and unexceptionable expectations; albeit, the maiden's only dower was her loveliness, and her escutcheon her unsullied honour. The rich prize, whose heart the rare charms of the lowly maiden had borne down upon and enthralled, was young Philip Norrington, the only son of Sir Samuel Norrington, who lived at the “great house,” as it was deferentially called by the neighbouring poor, about four miles from the village in which his cynosure resided. Spite of the strong Puritanical bias and rigid culture of Sir Samuel, young Philip grew up to inherit a disposition wholly opposed to his father's: he was liberal, fervent, and imaginative; and, although it was generally expected that, long before he had attained his present age of twenty-three, his father's rich ward, Mistress Joan Sinclair, would have attracted his attention; yet much to the discomfiture of the wishes both of his parent and of Miss Sinclair herself, he had from the first evinced towards the heiress a state of the most provoking lukewarmness—a condition of mind, we must do Mistress Joan the justice to add, she had ever laboured with exemplary perseverance to wean him from; for, although vain, haughty, and overweening, Joan Sinclair's love for Philip Norrington was at once sincere and disinterested. But for all this, she was unable to awaken a reciprocal affection; and now that he had just returned from his travels abroad, he could not school himself to regard her but with his old feelings of indifference and apathy. A slight incident that had lately occurred to him, served effectually to establish him in his coldness and disinclination towards her. In one of his evening rides his horse happened to cast a shoe, and whilst getting it renewed at Oliver Chatfield's, the blacksmith of the village, he saw sitting at her bed-room window the old man's

daughter, Amy. Young Norrington being endowed with a highly poetic temperament, it would be scarcely possible to describe the effect wrought upon him by the sudden appearance of this fair young creature: he saw in her the very living personification of his day-dreams, and fondest aspirations of feminine perfectibility—the *beau idéal* of all that he had conceived of beauty, and purity, and youth. An ardent devotee and worshipper at the temple of Nature, and sensitively susceptible of all her endless treasures, whether seen in tree, or brook, or flower, to have beheld a being so surpassingly lovely, bearing upon her, as he deemed, an impress almost of divinity, and not to have offered her his most chaste adoration, would have been to him an act of the grossest blasphemy and irreligion. From that moment he became her most passionate admirer. Her humbleness, her penury, her low origin, were all vanquished and forgotten in the excess of his devotion to her innocence and beauty. This first was but the prelude to many a future meeting; and had trees tongues, as they are reported to have ears, many a venerable old oak that flourished in Sir Samuel Norrington's forest wilds could have told a tale of vows of fidelity plighted by Philip, and fondly believed, too, by Amy.

The ancient festival of May-day had now arrived; and although at the Reformation many such kindred holidays and *fêtes* fell into disuse, this still continued to exact its homage in our little village; besides, it had found a kingly advocate in the reigning monarch himself, and it was probably more out of courtesy to its royal patron, than from any good will for the celebration itself, that Sir Samuel was induced to honour with his presence the village-green on which its rites were to be consecrated. On one part of this green the rustics had erected a kind of sylvan throne, to which, upon their arrival, they submissively conducted Sir Samuel and Mistress Sinclair, by whom he was accompanied, to view their revels of the day.

Mistress Joan was arrayed in what was deemed the height of fashion of that period. Her most distinctive claims to envy amongst the ladies present appear to have been a huge fardingale and an immense ruff, which latter embellishment rose from behind her shoulders, and towered majestically far beyond her topmast curl, bearing no bad resemblance, in point of size and appearance, to a modern parlour fire-screen. They were here joined by Philip and some of the surrounding gentry, and had scarcely seated themselves, before a deputation of the country-people, including Sir Samuel's tenants, and headed by Oliver Chatfield, came to offer them their honest greeting and respectful welcome.

Just at this particular time, Philip, who had until now been engaged in conversation with Joan, abruptly broke off, and much to the outrage of that lady's notions of etiquette, looked intently into the surrounding crowd. To recall his attention, Joan had recourse to a species of harmless *ruse* many a young lady would not, perhaps, disdain employing under like desperate circum-

stances, even in these more ingenuous days: she let fall her white and richly-fringed handkerchief; but Philip's eyes were too intent upon the whiter neck and finer fringed eyelashes of Amy Chatfield, who was standing near her father, to regard the inuendo; and Joan was indebted for its restoration to a prim, bony old knight, who, stationed behind the fire-screen, no sooner saw it lying on the ground, than he applied himself to its recovery as quickly as his quilted doublet and an uncomfortably tight belt around his waist would reasonably allow.

In palliation of this exhibition of want of gallantry on the part of Philip Norrington, it may be urged that never before, perhaps, had Amy shone with such peculiar radiance as upon this occasion. Surrounded by garlands, and wreaths, and bright flowers, she seemed a breathing impersonation of the young spring itself; and even Joan, vain as she was, as she looked down upon her, felt how willingly she would have given the costliest gem that graced her forehead, to have owned a brow as open, and broad, and polished, as that of Amy. With the quick perception of womanhood, Joan marked the undisguised admiration of Philip, and failed not to discover in the innocent object of it the cause of the late ill-success of her suit: she bit her lip, and an expression of such intense dejection and vindictiveness overspread her fine countenance, that the gaunt knight of the handkerchief, who was just about to unburthen his mind of some important strictures on the weather of Sunday last, felt himself diverted from his purpose, stumbled aghast against the extensive fardingale, and was feign to content himself by stammering out an excuse for his awkwardness instead. Her countenance, however, quickly regained its serenity, and when, the moment after, Amy Chatfield, as the chosen queen of May-day, stepped from out the crowd, and kneeling, proffered her a nosegay of gayest and most fragrant flowers, her proud lip wore so sweet a smile, and her dark eye beamed with such apparent pleasure, that she won the esteem of the guileless girl in an instant.

But if Joan Sinclair's indignation had been aroused by the silent admiration of Philip Norrington for Amy, it was not long before he gave her a much more reasonable pretext for the indulgence of it. The arbiter of the sports had decreed that their May-day recreations were to have their commencement in a dance; and just as some score or two of the villagers had arranged themselves in readiness to execute this order, and their simple music began, it may be imagined with what feelings of mute surprise and displeasure Joan and her guardian saw Philip take Amy Chatfield by the hand, and boldly and publicly lead her down the dance. Philip Norrington was the creature of impulse and enthusiasm—the very slave of the minute; and it was the knowledge of what Sir Samuel deemed this weak trait of his son's character that made him with difficulty reserve his reprehension of it, until he could ensure Philip's attention to his contemplated animadversions in private. As it was, sufficiently chagrined with what he had already witnessed, he felt little inclination to prolong his stay;

so he pleaded slight indisposition, and rose to depart. He intimated this intention to Joan, and offered her his arm. As she turned to accept it, and withdrew her eyes from the moving figures of Philip and Amy, she muttered to herself, almost choked with passion—"The base-born slut trips it blithely now! but who shall say that the next measure she treads shall not be the dance of death?"

With the look of a fury she raised her hand, with the intention of dashing the flowers Amy had given her to the ground; but, as if seized with a sudden thought, she as quickly checked herself, and carefully gathering them together, placed them within her girdle.

Notwithstanding the deprivation of the august patronage of Sir Samuel and his ward, the May-day gambols were kept up with untiring zeal until sunset, and were joined in with such unaffected condescension and cordiality by Philip, as to render him at once the idol and the object of eulogy of all who witnessed or took part in them. Some short time, however, before their conclusion, he withdrew; and as Amy, who had accompanied him the greater part of his walk homeward, was returning to the village delightedly musing upon the last words her lover had addressed to her, she was roused from her pleasant meditations by the loud sound of voices in her immediate vicinity. Her path lay at the base of a high bank, above which ran the wall of the parish church-yard. She had little difficulty in discovering that, amongst some five or six speakers, the most conspicuous were the Calvinistic clergyman, and his equally Calvinistic clerk.

The former was giving directions for the arrest of a certain suspicious individual who had lately been seen loitering about the precincts of the village; he was, in short, one of those unfortunate recusants whom the harsh policy of the government against the holders of the papal creed had rendered prevalent in England at this particular period of her history. Amy recollected to have noticed at one end of a lane through which she had lately passed a stranger answering to the description she could hear the churchman detailing to those he had engaged for his capture.

Sympathy with distress, in any of its varied phases, was one of the fairest adornments of Amy's character. She had no sooner cautiously acquainted herself, therefore, with the plans laid for the Catholic's seizure, than she resolved, at least, to attempt their frustration. Directing her way to the spot in which she had last seen him, by a shorter route than that taken by his enemies, she was in hopes that, if not gone therefrom, she might give him such timely intimation of his danger, as would afford him sufficient opportunity to effect his escape. He had scarcely moved from his old position; and when Amy stopped before him, he was gazing abstractedly in the direction of the village green. Her presence, however, quickly recalled him to himself: perceiving Amy about to address him, he made a slight inclination of the head, and inquired her pleasure. "Pardon," she said, "the apparent curiosity that thus abruptly induces me to demand whether or not I am

addressing a Catholic gentleman." For his bearing, the brilliant on his Spanish high-crowned hat, and above all, his easy greeting of herself, bespoke him such in Amy's eyes.

"I should be but a dastard member," proudly replied the stranger, "of that fallen, but venerable worship, were I to renounce my faith in it, were my interrogators a legion of its fiercest enemies. As it is, the question from one so gentle as yourself leaves me but little hesitation in avowing that I am."

"Then as one," she answered, "who pities your persecuted sect, and is desirous of befriending you, let me advise your instant removal from hence. By the merest accident, a few minutes since I heard your capture planned, and as quickly have I thus hastened to prevent it. As it is growing already dusk, you may yet make your escape before your enemies can reach here. But stay," she added, as she heard approaching footsteps, "they are even now upon us! Nothing now remains but for you to break through this hedge, and conceal your person in the field on the other side."

The Catholic had barely time to obey these hurried injunctions, ere his pursuers, headed by the clerk, reached the spot he had lately occupied, and so suddenly, that the parish functionary would almost have taken his "bible oath" that he caught a glimpse of something like the folds of a large brown cloak, hastily disappearing behind the form of Amy, as, in rushing up, as he thought, to lay hands upon the manly person of his victim, he confronted hers instead.

Luckily for Amy's protégé, the fat little clerk's asthmatic cough (hastened by his late un wonted exertion) assailing him just at this time, prevented his expressing this conviction to his followers in the rear. Amy, availing herself of this opportunity to address him, said, "If I mistake not, you are in chase of a fugitive you have reason to suppose should be found near here?"

"Should be," pointedly returned the clerk, as soon as his breath was restored him. "The sound of a man's voice we heard distinctly, even one minute since, and that too mixed with your own, giving us sound reason to conclude, Mistress Amy, he is here still."

Amy's hopes for the safety of the poor fugitive almost forsook her at this speech; assuming, however, as unembarrassed a look as she possibly could—"One," she said, "who, from his disturbed and hurried air, I guess must be he you are in quest of, passed me just before your arrival; he inquired his road to Harwich; he cannot yet have got far away. Why yonder must be he," she continued, pointing down the lane to the indistinct shape of a man she chanced just then to see. "Make good speed, and he may yet be yours."

To Amy's inexpressible relief, the man swallowed the bait, and the whole party directly made towards the object to which she had directed them. They had no sooner disappeared than Amy whispered the Catholic from his hiding-place, and suggesting to him the wisdom of his avoiding further chance of discovery, by seeking the depths of

a thick copse she pointed out, prepared to leave him; but the Catholic gently detained her. Taking her warmly by the hand, and respectfully raising it to his lips—"Kind maiden," he exclaimed, greatly moved, "how shall I ever sufficiently thank the unasked for and heroic service your generous heart has this day prompted you to venture upon in my behalf?"

"If you would not mar its successful termination," she rejoined, "let me entreat you to lose no time in quickly seeking the covert I have directed you to. Farewell."

She waved her hand, and silenced all his farther attempts at acknowledgment by hurriedly hastening away; whilst the Catholic, drawing his cloak around him, his tall form was soon lost amid the darkening boughs and leaves of the thicket.

When Amy had taken leave of Philip, some half-hour previous, she was no more cognizant than he himself was that any ears save her own had listened to his parting adieus, or heard the echo of a kiss with which they were consecrated. Sir Samuel Norrington, however, was the unsuspected auditor and witness of this little drama between them; and had the words of his son been the murderous denunciations of Sir Samuel's deadliest enemy, and the echo of Philip's lips the reverberation of the pistol-shot with which that foe might have been supposed to accompany them, they could scarcely have had a more discordant or unwelcome effect upon him.

After he had watched Amy disappear, he overtook his son just upon his entrance into the hall, and sternly requesting his attendance upon him, led the way to his private apartment.

If Sir Samuel Norrington had been astounded by the effrontery of Philip at the village fête if his family pride had been wounded, and his ideas of decorum had been outraged by the farewell he had just viewed, these feelings were as nothing compared to the mixed emotions of mute astonishment, horror, and incredulity with which, after he had reprimanded his son in good round terms, he heard that hardened boy in reply—not falling on his knees, as he at least expected he would have done, and supplicating the paternal forgiveness, but unblushingly avowing (aye, and seemingly glorying too in the avowal) his love and regard for the blacksmith's daughter, and signifying in the most unequivocal language possible, his determination at some time to espouse and make her the daughter-in-law of his bewildered parent. In the excess of his wonderment, Sir Samuel was almost tempted to think that the very family portraits themselves, that hung against the dark oak wainscoting of the room, stared, if possible, wider and more incredibly than ever, at the heretical language held by their young descendant. Sharply plucking at his beard, to assure himself that he was not really dreaming, and, as soon as he had recovered the faculty of speech, telling Philip with an air of resolution not to be mistaken, that "if at the end of a week he found him unwilling to renounce and recant the wild ravings he had just given vent to, the shelter of his roof and protection would alike be refused him," like one walking in his sleep, he turned

upon his heel and mechanically sought his chamber.

Such, however, was the ardour of Philip's passion, and so sacred did he esteem the cause in which he had embarked, that these threatened excommunications of Sir Samuel were as insufficient to induce his abjuration of it as the thunderings of the Vatican were to intimidate the soul or turn aside the purpose of its fearless enemy, Martin Luther. The seventh day arrived, and bringing with it no relaxation of the fixedness of purpose, either of father or son, the latter with the paternal ban upon his head turned his back upon the family mansion, and friendless and alone set out to push his fortune in the world.

The military force that was just then in process of being raised for the aidance and restoration to the Palatinate of Germany, of Frederic, the son-in-law of the then present sovereign of England, James the First, luckily offered for one so peculiarly situated as Philip a good field, into which to venture for preferment and distinction.

The armament destined for this expedition was at this time lying at Dover, and as soon as it should have made up its full equipment it was expected to embark from thence in a few days.

It was towards that sea-port, with a heart beating with youthful hopes, that Philip determined to direct his course. When, after passing through the village, he had gained the summit of the hill that overlooked it in all its luxuriant and simple beauty, he alighted from his horse and looked intently into the valley beneath. He had not long been so occupied, ere, wending her way up the steep, and gracefully bounding toward him, he recognized, true to the previously appointed assignation, the small but elegant figure of Amy Chatfield. She approached him with a saddened countenance and downcast look; paradoxical as it may appear, Philip's spirits rose higher as he perceived her increasing dejection at his departure.

"Mr. Philip Norrington," she began, "the sacrifice you have been noble enough to make for one so poor, so humble as myself, whilst it gives me earnest evidence of the truth and sincerity of your attachment, has I fear, by making me too proud of the possession of it, caused me too unthinkingly to abuse it. Although (at this moment I will own) nothing could ever quench my unbounded and imperishable affection, still, rather than find myself standing a barrier to your future welfare and success, I would entreat you to endeavour for ever to renounce and forget me."

Philip gazed upon her for some time with silent admiration, when, seizing her hand and passionately covering it with kisses, "How mean, how valueless," he exclaimed, "has been the venture with which I have won a prize so rich and priceless, and all incomparable as yourself. Henceforth," he continued, tenderly and proudly smoothing down her soft and shining dark brown hair, "henceforth shall it be the elevated strife and aim of my every thought and deed, to win a place to honour and renown, worthy to be shared in by a soul so pure and hallowed as thine own. Oh, think not," he added, as Amy represented the perils that beset his future path, "think not,

dearest girl, of danger and of death; secure in the guardianship of thy virgin prayers, like the rapt pilgrim who dauntlessly consigns himself to the protection of that heavenly saint, to throw himself at whose shrine he braves the perils of the desert and the deep; even so shall I, with thy bright image to lure me on, wrest from fame a heritage that shall render me not unworthy of your chaste and holy love."

Gently disengaging himself from her embrace, Philip prepared to mount his horse. This essay at departure, however, was but the first of a series of unsuccessful attempts to tear himself from his "ladye love." It is impossible to say how many more such efforts he might have made, had not a rustling behind some bushes at a short distance from the road caused him to turn in the direction from whence the noise came, just in time to perceive the form of a man moving stealthily away. Philip's first impulse was to pursue, and if possible to exact from the fugitive a satisfactory reason for his unexpected appearance and suspicious removal; but Amy anticipated his intention, and placing herself before him, with one of her most seductive smiles, she said, "It is to me, dearest Philip, you must look for an explanation of so sudden and unexpected an apparition. Do not censure the disloyal act, when I tell you that some few days since I was instrumental in promoting the escape of that man yonder—a poor Roman Catholic outcast. The circumstances attending his rescue did not permit of his then offering the small meed of thanks, I am sure by his manner, he conceived the trifling service I had vouchsafed him entitled me to. From the little opportunity I have had of noting his demeanour, I am convinced he has dogged me here with the wish of unburthening himself of the gratitude he deems he owes me, and not with the design of playing the willing spy or eaves-dropper."

"Angel!" exclaimed Philip ecstatically; and taking his last—last farewell, he threw himself upon his horse, the echo of whose hoofs as it bore him away became gradually more and more indistinct, until at last it ceased to fall altogether upon the listening ear of Amy.

PART II.

Two days after Philip had departed in quest of that "bubble reputation" which Shakspeare tells us is to be sought for at "the cannon's mouth," Sir Samuel Norrington was sitting gloomily alone within his own apartment. With his thoughts reverting to his late difference with Philip, and the strange issue it had taken, it required the knock at his door to be repeated ere it aroused him. At his bidding, a female domestic of Joan Sinclair's entered, and with terror and alarm in her countenance, begged his instant attendance upon her mistress.

When he had reached the room into which the servant conducted him, the first object that met his view, surrounded by her terrified attendants, was his ward, her hair dishevelled, her looks wild

and affrighted, and her whole frame quivering with the most violent and convulsive energy. Some flowers which stood in a vase on a table opposite her, seemed to arrest her gaze, and cause it to remain fixed on them by a kind of irresistible attraction; with frantic force and gesture she smote her forehead and breast, and with her eyes (like the bird fascinated by, and powerless to escape, the presence of the snake) still chained to the flowers, she with loud moans, sighs, and tears, piteously called upon the name of *Amy Chatfield*, and besought her to cease thus tormenting and bewitching her.

Ridiculous as the charge thus laid to the door of *Amy Chatfield* by *Joan Sinclair* may now appear, yet, during the age of which we write, the accusation of *witchcraft* and the expiation by her life of the supposed dealer in it, was nearly one and the same thing. It was perhaps during the greater part of the seventeenth century that the witch mania in England raged the most furiously, and that the enactments against it were of the most severe and sanguinary description.

The leaves of the statute books of this period are absolutely deluged with the minutes of the trials of hundreds of unfortunate wretches for this imaginary crime, and the fate of by far the greater part of whom is marked by the brief but sad sentence, "convict and burnt;" and whilst in these cases we cannot fail to discover the universality of the rooted belief in it amongst the mass of that generation, it is still more disgraceful to observe this benighted credulity shared in and pandered to by the edicts and harsh condemnations of those of superior mind, who were appointed to try and decide upon them.

It was one of the peculiar features of this creed that those who were supposed to practise its rituals were the delegated instruments of the Prince of Darkness, and had staked their eternal welfare to that power on condition of his affording them his spiritual aid in carrying out their fell and evil designs in this life. As the Turks have a trite proverb, that nothing of an adverse or bad nature can take place but that a woman's interference may in some way or the other be traced in it, so in those days it was the generally received axiom that nothing of an untoward or unfortunate description could occur without the black finger of the evil one being distinctly observable in its operation and effects.

With these precedents of the dread and detestation with which a suspicion of *witchcraft* was attended, it will easily be seen how sure and effectual a stratagem *Joan* had adopted to free herself from the presence of her innocent and unoffending rival, in thus laying the taint of it upon her. The tale she devised for her victim's destruction was in those days plausible enough. She affirmed that since she had first seen and received the flowers from *Amy Chatfield*, a strange and indescribable sensation had seized upon, and gradually gained an ascendancy over, both her body and mind; that the remembrance of *Amy* had disturbed her slumbers and tenanted her dreams; and that in her waking moments she was constantly haunted by her vision, which pointed to, and irre-

sistibly directed her attention to, the flowers she had given; and which, she added her conviction, in concluding a story so wild and extravagant, were but the unhallowed lodgment of a host of dark and unclean spirits her tormentor had by her devilish incantation summoned up to assail and possess her.

It was upon this narration that *Sir Samuel Norrington*, as chief magistrate of the place, caused *Amy Chatfield* to be instantly arrested, and placed under strict confinement in his own house. Her seizure, however, was not accomplished without some difficulty and danger to those intrusted with it; for the maiden's beauty and virtues having constituted her a kind of tutelary deity of the hamlet, her shrieks, as she was being torn from her home, collected a crowd of her most devoted partizans, who would soon doubtless have rescued her from *Sir Samuel's* agents, had not the baronet, apprized of the disposition of the villagers, promptly armed the whole of his male retainers, and despatched them to the aid of his myrmidons. As *Amy's* grateful mind afterwards reverted to this exhibition of attachment on the part of her kind friends, one circumstance only connected with it caused her pain; it was the apparently marked ingratitude shown by the Catholic, whom she had so lately befriended. He had no sooner appeared to her, to learn the reason of her capture, than, appearing to be horror-stricken at its cause, he devoutly crossed himself, and precipitately withdrew from the scene of action, without in the least joining or expressing an interest in her attempted deliverance.

In having recourse to the step that he had taken the baronet was not urged on by any interested or personal enmity towards his prisoner; being an orthodox defender of the witch doctrine, and stoutly believing *Amy's* guilt, although he could not conceal from himself that he was glad to contemplate in her anticipated removal the effectual overthrow of his son's projects, he honestly believed that in furthering, to the best of his power, her punishment and destruction, he should be rendering heaven and his country a good and important service.

Poor and ill-fated *Amy*! who that had seen thee some few short hours since, like one of those busy fairies of yore, so cheerfully and gracefully performing the little household duties of the clean and comfortable dwelling of thy proudly fond and doating old father, could have persuaded himself that he looked upon the same being in the weeping, trembling, cowering thing, that, bound hand and foot, was now the sole occupant of the dark and cheerless room that *Sir Samuel Norrington* had directed to be thy temporary prison-house!

With distracting thoughts and fears her only companions, well might *Amy* deem her weary hour of solitude of a whole day's duration; and ringing, as must the sound on her ear, like a prophetic knell, the creaking of the door upon its rusty hinges must have been as pleasant music, after the insupportable noiselessness and silence that had during her incarceration awaited her.

The door was thrown open, and by the red glare

of the torches and dull lanterns which some of the party bore (for it was night) Amy could perceive that there came into the apartment, Sir Samuel Norrington, his ward, the parish divine and clerk, three or four attendants, and lastly, a sinister and repulsive looking individual, who bore the appalling implements of, and was the ruthless administrator of, the torture.

The crafty Joan had scarcely approached and beheld her victim, than, feigning to be greatly discomfited, she simulated and went through the same inexplicable gesticulations and expressions that had led to Amy's arrest.

"Unhappy and erring woman," commenced the clergyman, after muttering to himself a brief prayer, and regarding Amy with superstitious awe, "who dost by thy base machinations and sorceries lead captive and enthrall the soul of this suffering dame here, since thou only by thy interposition with Satan himself canst relieve and assuage her, I do command thee now to exercise and cast out the devils with which thou hast thus wickedly possessed and afflicted her."

"Amen," responded the clerk; and Amy was released from her bonds in order to give her an opportunity of duly performing the formulæ it was imagined would lay the evil spirits that assailed Joan. The first thing she did when she found herself free was to rush toward Joan. Throwing herself at her feet and clasping her knees, the poor girl implored her persecutor to relent and turn aside from her cruel purpose in such earnest and touching tones, that for a moment Joan's better nature seemed to prevail, and she was almost disposed to assent; but a sense of the shame that awaited an avowal of her villany, her passion for Philip, and lastly her undying hate for her young rival, outbalanced this intention, and she only affected to be the more perturbed by the suppliant's appeal.

Observing the increased affliction her close presence seemed to cause his ward, Sir Samuel Norrington desired some one to pluck Amy away. The craven wretch who executed this command, did it so brutally and wrenched her from Joan with such violence, that she fell back with her head upon the stone floor, and was stunned. When animation returned upon her, she found herself stretched upon and tightly corded to a table, around which were ranged the relentless countenances of her un-pitying persecutors.

She was bound thus, ready to undergo—if need were—the frightful ordeal of the torture. The clergyman had evidently assumed to himself the office of chief inquisitor, and the little fat clerk, with pen and ink, stood near him, ready to record the questions put to, and the answers made by Amy, provided any could be elicited from her by such terrible means.

"If," said the prelate, "thou wouldst save thyself the racks and throes that await thy denial, before myself as God's appointed minister, and this most Christian assembly here, thou wilt make a full avowal of the crime laid to thy charge."

Finding she offered no reply he continued:—

"Wilt thou confess, that with the intention of working bodily harm upon and injuring the person of that poor lady there, thou hast made unholy

covenant with the arch-fiend to afford thee his aid in carrying out thy malignity upon her?"

He was here taken up by the clerk, who said,

"Wilt thou also confess that by the same infernal means, thou didst effect, on the 1st of May, the escape of a bloody-minded and treasonable papist; and that when myself and the rest of his pursuers came upon thee in our pursuit of him, thou hadst just then been communing with, and had barely time to dismiss the foul fiend thou hadst summoned to thine aid and his? So basely," he added, turning round upon his curious auditors in explanation, "that what I then deemed the effect of fancy, I am since assured was nothing less than the vanishing garment of Sathanas himself."

"Dost thou confess to this?" repeated the priest.

In a low nervous tone, that told the effort it had cost her, the young girl answered, "No."

"Think of the torture," suggested the man of God.

Still her only answer was, "No."

The priest beckoned the executor of the law's barbarity, and bade him commence. Roughly removing the stockings from her legs, with such coarse handling as brought her virgin blood tingling into her neck and cheeks, this man proceeded to apply that particular species of torture technically called "the boots," and which as in this case, consisted in passing a series of heavy massive rings as far up the leg as they could possibly be made to go, and where their pressure was felt to be the most tight and acute, forcing sharp instruments in between them and the quivering flesh.

At the first blow of the ponderous hammer that sent the pointed wedge deep into her tender skin, the poor sufferer's courage and endurance forsook her; struggling so desperately as to partially unloosen the ropes that bound her down, she uttered a yell of anguish, telling of such exquisite pain and so thrillingly piercing, that Joan Sinclair, who had been removed to her chamber at some distance from the scene, distinctly heard and fairly trembled at the sound.

"I confess," she faintly articulated as soon as she could make her parched tongue perform its office, and then she fainted.

And it was upon this confession, extorted from her by a process of cruelty thus refined and cowardly that two days after, Amy being conveyed to a court of assize then being held at Colchester, was then and there found guilty of the abominable crime of witchcraft, and ordered to be publicly burnt in four days from the time that judgment was passed upon her.

On the afternoon of the fourth day succeeding the passing of this sentence, the condemned witch was dragged from her cold and dirty cell in the old county gaol, and guarded by a strong military escort, which the judicial authorities acting upon Sir Samuel Norrington's suggestion, who feared a popular outbreak in her favour, had taken care to provide; and she was conducted to her native village, whither it had been decreed (in order to strike terror into the very heart of the community to which she belonged, and deter them from dia-

bolism similar to that of which she had been accused) that the bloody edict of the law was to be executed upon her.

Sir Samuel's suppositions as to the intentions of the populace were not unfounded. The cavalcade had no sooner entered Amy's parish, than they were assailed by loud threats and yells, accompanied with benedictions, greetings, and the most lively sympathy and compassion for the young creature, who more dead than alive, was trembling in the midst of it. Next to Joan Sinclair, whose presence at the *auto de fe* had been pronounced, by those skilled in the treatment of the bewitched, indispensable for her perfect cure, the most especial object of indignation was the baronet himself. Sir Samuel, however, was not a man to swerve from his purpose, or to be intimidated by the shower of mud, dirt, stones, and filth that was hurled at him and his ward. First assuring himself of Joan's safety by lodging her in a house, from the window of which she could command a view of her victim's agonizing death, and placing a strong guard round the door to protect her from any sudden assault, he caused the rest of the soldiery to charge upon and capture the principal ringleaders of the insurgents; all hoped for poor Amy as she recognised amongst the prisoners her father, who, overpowered by superior numbers, was borne desperately struggling from her sight. Having by this resolute movement imposed temporary forbearance upon the mob, he bade the necessary preliminaries for the burning to be set about. This dark preface over, amidst the yells and execrations of the enraged multitude and her own piteous cries and useless struggles, Amy being partially deprived of her clothing, and her arms pinioned behind her, was carried toward the heap of faggots, and fast chained to a post, that, erected for that cruel purpose, rose from amongst them.

"Gracious God," she wildly exclaimed, as in looking round, she saw the very torch being lighted ready to kindle the faggots that surrounded her, "will no one save me from this dreadful fate!" her wandering eyes chancing to meet those of Joan Sinclair's at a window above; "Dear lady," she cried in the most earnest accents, "save me—oh save me! One little word—one breath of your's will do it;" and she would have stretched forth her hands to supplicate her, but they were fast tied behind her back.

Just at this juncture, a sensible commotion took place amongst the crowd, and pushing himself through it, and the soldiery that encompassed Amy on every side, Philip Norrington, all hot and dusty—his dress disordered and stained by hard riding—his countenance haggard and worn with anxiety and fatigue, rushed before and with a flashing eye confronted his astonished father. His unexpected appearance, and shortly afterwards the dauntless and menacing manner with which, assuming an attitude of proud and stern defiance, he placed himself between Amy and the advancing linkman, seemed for a moment to disturb the habitual presence of mind of his parent; it was but for a few seconds, however, and then he as quickly regained it; desiring the linkman for a moment to stop, and checking some soldiers who were about to

seize the intruder, he calmly questioned the reason of his son's interference.

"In the sacred names of Heaven and that equity," said the young man, "whose delegated representative you now profess yourself, I demand, if not the liberation of this young girl, at least a suspension of her unmerited fate, until such good time as I shall be able to prove her (and I promise you to do so) the object of the implacable hate of a bold, bad, and disappointed woman."

"Madman," replied Sir Samuel, impatiently motioning him back; "do not tempt me to forget I am your parent, by longer tampering with the course of law and justice—away."

"Call not that justice, Sir Samuel Norrington," said Philip, bitterly, "which inhumanly rings from its desired victims such an admission—no matter how piteously ridiculous and contradictory—as shall lead to their required and fatal condemnation, and that too by a system of such hellishly conceived cruelty, that rather than endure it, human beings renounce the sacred name of their Maker, and their hopes of that very paradise they some day hope to share." As he was only answered by a contemptuous shake of the head, "Since," he said, "you deny my request, the blood that is shed in her defence be on your head. I at least promise you she perishes not alone."

With a look of high resolve he drew his sword, and speaking in a loud voice, so that he might be the better heard by the admiring crowd beyond:—

"Good people," he said, "if permitted, think not this violation of his homestead will end with your injured neighbour Oliver Chatfield. Like the fiery dragon of old, the specious plea of witchcraft, stalking over and depopulating the land, becomes the more insatiable in its greedy demands the more it is pandered to. At once, then, nobly arrest its devastating march, ere its withering presence light upon the mothers, wives, and daughters you have yet left to bless you; for alas! how many are there now amongst you, whose sweet domestic bliss has not been darkened, and their close ties of kindred severed by its implacable ravages! It has dragged to the stake decrepit and palsied age—fresh and budding youth—ay, even young things tender as that fair-haired, blue-eyed child there, have been its living sacrifices. Good people—dear people—kind people," he continued in the most touching and imploring tones, as he noticed Sir Samuel pointing toward him, and heard him directing his cautious arrest; "your angry looks and gestures tell me, you will not stand tamely by and see doomed to heartless massacre, the dearest, chiefest thing on earth my heart is wedded to, without one brave struggle in her behalf. Your help! your help! your help!"

There was no resisting the earnest appeal of Philip. A deafening cheer burst from without. Old men wished themselves young again—women at their cottage windows flourished their handkerchiefs and wept aloud—even young children near them clapped their tiny hands, and shrieked with excitement.

The next moment, and the whole of that mad multitude simultaneously rushed upon the soldiery; these anticipating their intention had prepared for,

and received their charge with a sharp and murderous volley ; which, however, instead of diverting, served but to increase the fury of the assault ; in short, the foremost of the assailants, finding themselves forced on by the crowd beyond, fought with the energy of desperation, seeing they had but little mercy to expect from their armed adversaries in front. In the jostling and confusion attending this attack, Philip had been carried from his place near Amy, and she, still chained to the post and unable to move, was placed in a situation the most perilous and helpless in the very heart of the conflict. Sir Samuel judged from the aspect and superior numbers of the mob, that it would be best for his personal safety, if possible, to withdraw his force and relinquish his position ; before doing so, however, he was desirous of surreptitiously taking with him his prisoner.

A soldier on horseback near him, at his order, rode up to the victim, and freeing her from her fetters, was in the act of seizing her, when as Amy uttered a loud scream, she saw him relinquishing his grasp, and, his stout leathern coat pierced through, fall mortally wounded from his horse ; the next instant, and she was borne rapidly away in the arms of her old friend the Catholic. This daring feat seemed the signal for renewed energy on the part of the mob. Unable any longer to withstand them, the military, headed by Sir Samuel, turned their backs upon their opponents, and fled ; at their dispersion, the post was wrenched from the ground, and faggots and chips were madly strewn about in all directions, whilst such bundles of them as formed convenient missiles were savagely hurled at the retreating soldiery, occasionally unhorsing a rider, who was quickly and mercilessly despatched by his exasperated foes. As the Catholic retiring from this mêlée with his burden, was directing his steps to some place of refuge and safety where to deposit her, he was overtaken by Philip, who, at a short distance had breathlessly witnessed the important service he had rendered Amy, and the resolute act by which it had been accomplished.

The stranger felt the warm tears of gratitude trickling fast down upon his hand, as ardently pressing it, Philip presenting him to Amy, said,

"Behold in your deliverer, dearest Amy, the generous instrument by whose means I am enabled to press you once more thus breathing and unarmed to my breast. But for his prompt succour, I might have returned to have found no record of you, not even your grave remaining. Despite the dangers with which, owning a persecuted faith, his journey was beset ; no sooner was your arrest made known to him, than he sought, and after two days' search brought me back from Dover. Merciful Heaven, I shudder even now to think that whilst one foot was on the beach, the other was on the plank that was to lead me to a vessel which in a few short moments would have borne me far away from the shores of England."

"Reserve particulars, my young friend," modestly interrupted the Catholic, "until a more fitting opportunity ; meanwhile remember that this young maiden's situation is yet one of considerable peril and uncertainty. Lose no time therefore in procuring her the shelter of some friendly roof ;

and as Sir Samuel, whom I have reason to know has sent an express for, and every minute expects additional aid, and will with it be enabled to prosecute his search for her unmolested, let me advise the house in which you lodge your treasure be not her father's."

The Catholic's knowledge as to Sir Samuel's movements was true. As he and his discomfited band were galloping away from their pursuers, turning an angle of the road, they fell in with and joined the reinforcement sent to their assistance. Thus recruited, they made such good speed toward the village, as to meet Philip, who with Amy and the Catholic had just turned from the green for the purpose of obeying the suggestions of the latter. To think of saving themselves by flight was hopeless. All Philip saw was Amy Chatfield being seized by one of the party who had thus surprised them ; and as he rushed like a tiger upon her capturer, the descending but-end of an arquebuss falling upon his forehead, felled him to the ground.

"Nobly achieved," shouted Sir Samuel Norington encouragingly from the midst of the troop. "Secure me but as well the person of the daring rebel, dead or alive, who before robbed us of this hag, and a purse full of glittering nobles shall be the guerdon of him who accomplishes it."

The men looked about them in all directions for the Catholic, but he was no where to be seen.

Sir Samuel was at first under some little alarm as to the result of the blow that had been dealt Philip ; noting, however, as he drew near him, that he was evincing symptoms of returning life, he caused him to be safely deposited in a dwelling close at hand, and leaving with him a sufficient guard to prevent his escape when he should recover, he pushed forward to once more try the courage of the rioters at another encounter. At the approach of a force so unexpected and imposing, the former valour of the insurgents seemed to have deserted them—in truth, the first burst of their enthusiasm over, and they themselves left masters of the field, they seemed, when reflection had returned upon them, to be surprised at their late success. Evincing now a bearing altogether as dismayed as it had been before daring and heroic, some few only amongst them recklessly defended themselves, whilst the remainder either fled and concealed, or yielded themselves voluntarily up and were made captive.

During the whole of the late fray, Joan Sinclair, the victim of the alternations of the most revengeful hope and frantic despair, sat at her window a spectatress of the conflict. The protectors that Sir Samuel had left her, having abandoned their post during the short triumph of the populace, she would have been exposed to much danger from their rage, had their thoughts once happened to turn to her. Fortunately for her they did not.

First assuring himself of his ward's safety, the baronet continued, as well by his personal exertions as commands, to quell what little of the outbreak still showed itself. This effectually done, he issued orders and made ready for departure homeward. Then with a savage chuckle of the most intense satisfaction, he cried out, "Secure

and bind the witch: she escapes the stake to-day, but to blaze the more surely on it to-morrow."

The words had hardly passed the lips of the baronet, when the Catholic, who was now standing behind a crowd near a very low casement, heard them echoed in a tone of malignant triumph by a voice near him. Starting round, he perceived the speaker to be Joan Sinclair.

"It could scarcely be called murder," he thought as he laid his hand upon the hilt of his rapier, "to sacrifice that she-devil to the indignation with which she has inspired me." Drawing himself nearer to her, though without any evil intention, he was espied by a soldier at some short distance, who levelled his arquebuss at him and fired. The death-shot came hissing through the air, almost grazing the ear of the Catholic as it passed, and, shattering some few panes of glass, finally lodged in the breast of the ward.

Her wound being staunch, they placed her on a litter, and bore her, apparently without life, slowly homeward.

As the heavy iron gates of Sir Samuel's park closed upon the last of the procession, the Catholic, who had been an unseen observer of it, turned toward the village. "And so," he said mournfully, "the young and gentle girl dies to-morrow. Holy Virgin, at whose divine instigation the shaft was hurled that smote the guilty, thou wilt intercede for and save the innocent!"

PART III.

The surgeon who had been summoned to Joan Sinclair, upon her arrival at Sir Samuel's, had pronounced, spite of returning animation (although not of consciousness), that her wound would inevitably prove fatal. The greater part of the night she was delirious; towards morning, however, exhausted by pain and fatigue, sleep at last came over her, and silenced her ravings.

When she awoke (her reason upon her), the sunshine struggling through the apertures of the otherwise closed blinds and half-drawn curtains, and throwing into eclipse the yellow flame of a flickering lamp, showed that morning must have broken some time since. The ceaseless melody of birds, the pleasant splashing of a fountain below, together with the jessamine and honeysuckle which, growing around and partially hiding the window frame, threw their quivering shadow upon that part of the illumined blind the rich hangings left exposed to view, told of the light and lusty life and joy that nature revelled in without. From their comparison with the close and half-darkened room, the tumbled pillow, and blood-stained bedclothes and coverlet, they spoke painfully and in monitory tones to the mind of the wounded woman of the approaching death that she felt too surely awaited her. Yes, death, she thought, that had stolen stealthily upon her, in all the full-blown exultation and confidence of her most malevolent and unbridled passions, and now that he was every moment tightening his grasp, tauntingly scoffing at their utter vanity and nothingness, and like a mighty magician with his sharp

dart for a wand, calling up in vivid array before her the many dark misdeeds that had sullied her late career in their most hideous and loathsome aspect. A prey to these appalling reflections, and awed by the terror and remorse they inspired, in her mental agony she moaned aloud. The noise awoke a slumbering domestic, who approached the bedside of her mistress; Joan seized her hand, and, holding it tightly locked in her cold grasp,

"Do not go from me," she said, with an expression of countenance so scared, and in accents so troubled, that the cheek and lips of the trembling domestic became as bloodless as Joan's herself: "I cannot—dare not be left to die alone."

The presence of the woman appeared to reanimate and tranquillize her.

"Amy Chatfield—the wi—the girl," she anxiously inquired, after a short pause; "does she still live?"

"A quarter of an hour since, and she was carried away by Sir Samuel to feed the flames."

The ward uttered a deep and uneasy groan.

"Mr. Philip Norrington," she asked, "is he yet in the house?"

She was answered that he was under confinement in his own chamber, and that Sir Samuel had left strict prohibitions against his enlargement.

"It is of the most vital moment," she earnestly continued, "that he be instantly released and brought hither to me—that is, if bribes, threats, or persuasion can avail with his guard. Take," she impatiently added to one of her attendants, "my purse from out my escritoir—good, it is well filled—now this ring from my finger; bear them both to his keeper, and say, that whilst the former will be a reward for the service he will be rendering me by his prisoner's liberation, the latter will secure him from Sir Samuel's displeasure. Away, use all despatch and address in your mission, an you would not bring down upon you the curses of a dying woman."

The female departed, and Joan Sinclair, well-nigh exhausted by the exertion these hasty injunctions had cost her, sunk back upon her pillow, not however without having first caused writing materials to be provided and placed on a table near the bed. This had been accomplished but a short time, when her messenger returned, bringing with her the object of her search. Dismissing her attendants, Joan Sinclair beckoned the young man to her bedside; as she perceived the incensed look with which, as she did so, Philip regarded her, she said in a faint but steady voice,

"As I was desirous that no one should witness my humiliation during life, save him, the coveting of whose love has led to it, it was therefore that I was induced to summon you, Philip Norrington, to record what I would feign hope may not only wash away the stain that dyes my guilty soul, and which even now sears it like molten lead, but which may, if offended heaven grant its consummation, save the life of one I have so cruelly wronged."

A new light seemed to break in upon the disordered brain of Philip; he immediately seated himself before the table on which were arranged

the implements of writing, and, taking a pen, signified that he was the ready amanuensis of the guilty woman.

"Write," she said, her late haughty tone now changed for one of the most abject penitence, "that I, Joan Sinclair, before that heaven at whose tribunal I shortly expect to be arraigned, do solemnly declare the charge of witchcraft preferred by me against Amy Chatfield to be grievously and wickedly false; and that, as in fabricating it, I was but lured on by the dictates of an ungovernable and fiendish jealousy, I conjure those into whose hands this brief testimony of my baseness may fall to desist in the execution of a sentence, which, if they have time to divert, but refuse to do so, I do with my dying breath declare as deliberate and wanton murder."

As she noted Philip's impatience to leave, "there is yet one thing," she said, her voice growing gradually more inaudible, "without which this document will be of little avail—it is my signature."

Placing a pen in her hand, and the paper before her, Philip's heart beat with inexpressible joy, as he saw this by no means inconsiderable performance for a dying woman fairly and satisfactorily gone through.

In the execution of this material piece of service, Joan seemed to have expended the little of life she had remaining; scarcely were the words formed, than her hand renounced its hold of the pen, the fingers became rigid and motionless, her inspirations from being laboured, were now heard as convulsive gasps only; and when Philip, folding up the valuable manuscript, turned to thank and bless her for such a boon, death had just spread his veil over and made lustreless the eye and livid the cheek of the once proud girl, and all he now looked upon was a corpse. But although Philip Norrington was in possession of that which, if it could be delivered in proper season, would he had no doubt save Amy, his mind was, nevertheless, beset with the most dreary misgivings as to his ability to reach the baronet and his prisoner in sufficient time to avert the execution of her sentence.

The distance of Sir Samuel's mansion from the village was four miles, and as the baronet with his detachment had set out at least half an hour since, Philip conjectured rightly that more than half of their journey must have been by this time accomplished. Quitting the chamber of the dead, Philip first ran toward the stable yard, in the full expectation of finding some one ready to instantly saddle a horse for him. He foamed at the mouth, and shrieked aloud with very rage and dismay, as he discovered the door leading to it locked, and the key nowhere to be seen. Hearing no answer to his frantic cries for admittance (for the whole of Sir Samuel's establishment had either been pressed into, or had from curiosity joined their master's escort), and well knowing the value of every moment, his next resolve was to trust to his own good speed, and, as he knew the path he purposed taking was nearer by a mile than the highway followed by Sir Samuel and his force, he now exerted every joint and sinew in his chase of them.

Gravel walk, park gate, palings, and lodge were soon far behind him. Clearing at a bound that high style, he has just left the dusty road, and alighted upon the soft and yellow-spangled green sward of a neighbouring gentleman's park; the scared deer flying at his approach, can scarcely outvie him in fleetness. Already has he nearly accomplished the half of his journey, when rising over the summit of the hill in the distance before him, aghast he perceives a small wreath of white smoke slowly curling into the blue air above. As the frenzy with which this sight has possessed him causes him to stop abruptly, the distant sound of the tramp of many horses' feet, and the jingling of their military trappings, heard above the quick pulsations of his loudly beating heart, assures him of the needlessness of his alarm, and that the troop must be still in motion. Onward he dashes again, over green meadow and rippling brook and ploughed field, down shady lanes, through thick and flowery hedgerows, over ditch and brake and dike, past cottage and farm yard and village church, till at last his eager eyes have gained a sight of the wished-for river that washes the base of the hill interposing itself between the river and the village. To his excited and impatient mind it seemed as if he never should reach that river; he has done so at last, however, and standing by the water's edge, calls as lustily as his almost complete exhaustion will permit, to the ferry-man on the other side, just under whose cottage on the opposite bank the ferry-boat is moored. Oft repeated as is the summons, he finds no answer greeting his longing and expectant ears. In the hopes of arousing the inmates of the dwelling, he seized a large stone, and violently throwing it against the house, broke several panes of glass; a terrified cat only sprung from out the door, and the noise served but to disturb some dozen of pigeons that were perched on the thatched roof; save these, there were no more signs of life than in the grave.

It had never occurred to him until now, that he heard no response returned to his continued and gradually failing cries, that the same cause (Amy's impending destruction) that had drained his father's household, and made bare of people the course he had taken, might also have dragged the ferry-man from his post. As this truth, for truth it was, obtruded itself upon him, and caused him in his agony and despair of mind to groan aloud, and his every limb to tremble with nervous impatience, he looked up, and through a gap in the hill above, he could distinctly descry Sir Samuel and his troop, passing before him. In a few minutes more and he knew they would have finished their march and reached their destination. It was but for a second after he had seen them pass, that Philip seemed paralyzed and as motionless as the trunk of the alder tree against which he fell back. "Dallying fool that I am," he said, suddenly rousing himself, and he placed Joan's confession in his hat, and pulling that more tightly on his head, at once plunged into the river before him. Brisk as was its little tide, and great his exhaustion, he quickly swam across, and landing safely on the opposite shore, he scrambled up the steep

and uneven sides of the eminence just below which lay his goal.

He reached the top, and with the speed of a meteor, the water dripping from his drenched garments, and marking his trail along the dusty path, he directed his steps toward that part of the green he knew from his sad recollections of yesterday, and also from the large assemblage of people he could now see gathered on it, was the spot appropriated for the burning. Drawing Joan's document from his hat, and waving it furiously over his head, he gained the crowd just as he heard Sir Samuel's voice high above the din, issuing his stern and fatal commands, and Amy's thrilling scream of terror at their delivery. As if they intuitively guessed the purport of his mission, the crowd divided at his approach, and Philip darting through it, reached the interior of the circle of Amy's guards just in time, after thrusting the paper into Sir Samuel's hands and stating the nature of its contents, to jump upon and extinguish a bundle of lighted faggots that constituted the exterior of his Amy's funeral pyre.

* * *

In one of the freshest and most verdant corners of the south-east of "Merrie England," there stands a sober grey old church, which, rearing its high and conical steeple above its satellite yew tree, appears to keep watch and ward over the few scattered lay edifices and dwellings that dot the landscape beneath. Among the varied hatchments, tablets, grotesque brackets and corbels that garnish its interior, is a large and handsome marble monument, on which are carved the effigies of a pious pair, kneeling opposite each other, with clasped hands, in an attitude of prayer and devout supplication; beneath runs an inscription, so disposed as to give it the appearance of an inverted pyramid, to the following effect:—
"Pray for ye soules of Sir Philip Norrington, bart., and his deare wyfe Amy."

After the usual amount of expletives and adjectives in the superlative degree, recording the unrivalled qualifications of the deceased as husband, wife, father, mother, friends, Christians, and neighbours, the epitaph thus concludes:
"Ye bones of this goodly couple, together with those of dyvers of theyre seemlie sonnes and daughters, rest in ye vaulte beneath."

MOTHER, COME BACK TO ME.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

She was a pallid, meek-toned child,
With spirit quite subdued;
She never laugh'd, and rarely smiled,
And courted solitude.

Ah, why was she so pale and sad?
And why that brow of care?
What pity, when earth should be glad
To see her nurse despair.

She had been placed beside the bed
To watch her mother die,
Who with reluctant anguish fled
From pain and misery.

Conscious that babe was left alone,
With not a friend to aid,
Save God! And with her final groan
To him that mother pray'd.

The orphan's first great trial *that*,
A memory most deep;
And, till the funeral, she sat
By the cold corse to weep.

Often the death-seal'd lid she'd raise,
To look in that fond eye,
Who knoweth not the thousand ways
Of lovely infancy.

Her lips she kiss'd, and held her hand,
And then with holy fear
She whisper'd tenderly and bland
Into the silenced ear.

And then afresh would flow her tears,
And in her agony,
"Mother!" she scream'd, "from yonder spheres,
Mother, come back to me."

Alas, alas! and is it wise
Such lessons to impart?
And place sad scenes before young eyes,
To macerate the heart?

Yes, in a world replete with woe,
Youth brief its joy must find,
And learn submission to the blow
That purifies the mind.

Her little thoughts are heavenward now
For ever fondly bent,
And a bright halo's round her brow,
By resignation lent.

An infant yet, for few the years
That had pass'd o'er her head;
But oh, a woman for the tears
Of sorrow she had shed.

She never *could* feel young again,
Though young the world may be;
Upon her heart's the mildew stain
Of stern reality.

When once experience breaks the spell
The bosom that enchains,
To earth's delusive hopes farewell,
And come its destin'd pains;

Pains meant to wean the craving breast
From all that charms below,
And fit it for that place of rest
Where tears no longer flow.

THOUGHTS,

BY THE PRINCESS CONSTANCE OF SALM.

*Translated by Miss F. Johnston, Author of
"Parables," &c.*

There is scarcely a more painful reflection to a public man than the sense of having been drawn by chance, want of consideration, or inexperience, into exhibiting or maintaining an opinion not really his own, and which places him in a position at variance with his habits of thinking and feeling. The annoyance, the disquietude, the confusion which this thought continually excites in him, becomes a secret suffering and burthen, which so harasses as often to induce the most violent and vexatious resolutions.

There are certain coarse stratagems by which, although they are evident to the whole world, it is easy to deceive the multitude.

The thought of being erroneously judged by those we esteem, is a burthen which overwhelms.

A trifling falsehood, a slight equivocation, a little manœuvre, is often sufficient in a moment to extinguish the favourable opinion which we have had of a person ; it seems even to change his features, his look, and gives quite another expression to his most insignificant actions and his simplest words.

The spirit of intrigue afflicts in the young, it affrights in adults, it revolts in the aged.

The loss of time is most insupportable to the man who knows how to, and loves to, employ his hours.

Our philosophy never has more weight than when we pass for being happy.

In love, in friendship, the dream of sentiment is extinguished the moment we utter a word which it has been necessary to calculate or consider before it is pronounced.

Nature has refused to give us the power of truly understanding the wants, the tastes, or even the opinions which we do not possess.

To be just, we must acknowledge that if the great seldom rightly comprehend the situation and the wants of those beneath them, neither do the latter better understand the position of their superiors and the duties which it imposes on them.

There comes a time when all that we behold is but a repetition of what we have already seen, and we seem only to live by habit. This it is which renders the old so indifferent to all things.

One of the vices of little minds is that of judging more elevated spirits and characters by themselves ; of imputing to them views, intentions, projects which they necessarily calculate, according to their own contemptible passions, and giving to their most trifling actions an interpretation the most revolting, and sometimes the most dangerous.

THE MAKER AND THE WEARER.

Kneel, peerless lady, at the court ;
Move stately through the dance ;
Those sweeping robes become thy port,
Those gems thy haughty glance :
A trembling hand and bloodshot eye
Are hers who formed thy drapery !

Thy cheek is pale, but what the cause ?
The excess of scenes like this ;
Inebriate with the crowd's applause,
Health's rose you scarcely miss,
As that pale drudge, whose aching brow
Stoop'd o'er thy finery but now.

With adulation music flows
To cloy with sweets thine ears,
But half its charm thy beauty owes
To fingers wet with tears.
A simpler garb perchance had given
One night of rest from out the seven !

Ye satins, flashing through the room,
This night of pride and mirth ;
Ye witness to the midnight gloom
In which your shapes had birth ;
And speak, in voices of your own,
Of want and anguish ye have known.

From sleeve and skirt, and flounces brave,
Worn features ghastly gleam ;
And bony fingers, as ye wave,
Are closing hem and seam ;
And sighs, the pent heart could not hold,
Are rustling in each silken fold.

Pass on, O thoughtless, well excused
By pomp of gem and feather,
Nor dream what threads of life are loosed
To bind your gauds together.
But ah ! the wiser learn from love
The last ones here are first above !

E. A. H. O.

HOPE.

BY ELLEN S. M.

Sweet star of human destiny !
Our tearful eyes we raise to thee,
The flower of heaven, whose fadeless bloom
Sheds upon earth its rare perfume,
And through the storm and o'er the wave
Points, beacon-like, beyond the grave ;
Yes, cherish'd first, forgotten last,
Though youth's enchanted hours be past.
Hopes ! thou to earth in love wert given
To cheer our rugged path to heaven,
And through this wilderness of ours
Guide mortals to celestial bowers.

A TALE OF ALLHALLOW E'EN.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"Oh! I would rather share your tear, than any other's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world, you're ALL THE WORLD TO ME."

AN AMERICAN POET.

It was on the evening of the 31st of October, 183—, that a merry group of young and light hearted girls met together at the cottage of the widow Stewart, situated in a lonely but picturesque part of Scotland; in order to try some of those simple and mystic rites appertaining to Allhallow E'en. Many were the spells they wove, each having the same end in view—a desire to know the future partner of their destiny; to confirm or destroy the hope scarcely whispered to their own hearts; to find perhaps, materials in that brief hour for a life-long dream; or receive the seeds of a wild prophecy, which they themselves work out by their very belief in it, and call it fate.

But there was one who sat apart, with a slight and scarcely perceptible smile upon her somewhat scornful lip. And how beautiful she was, that young English girl! How happy and joyous-hearted! An heiress, too; no wonder that Helen should be the least bit in the world proud and wilful. It is ever thus with the young, until sorrow all too soon transcribes in tears its own sweet lesson of humility upon our chastened hearts. Willie Graham had first met with her at Edinburgh, where she was staying on a visit at the house of a friend, having no relation that she knew of in the whole world. And he too, being parentless, a ready sympathy sprung up between them, ending, as such things generally do, in a somewhat warmer sentiment. Those with whom she was, thought the young heiress might have done much better, and doubtless they were right, in a worldly point of view; but, after all, Helen's was the better faith, when she had courage to prefer the honest affection of a simple and manly heart, far above all their golden dreams for her.

Her present residence became, in consequence, far from pleasant, and she finally yielded to Willie's entreaties that she would accept the frankly offered invitation of his aunt, Mrs. Stewart, and remain with her until that future home, which he painted in such bright colours, should be ready for her reception. The kind-hearted widow, albeit but little given to travelling, came herself to fetch her guest, and future kinswoman, whose appearance, however, was far from making that impression which her nephew had hoped for.

"But my dear aunt, is she not beautiful?" asked the young lover eagerly.

"Yes, too beautiful, and too grand for the wife of a Scotch farmer."

"But you will be very kind to her," said Willie, who knew how vain it was to attempt to

reason his venerable relative out of any of her hasty, and often erroneously-formed prejudices; trusting everything to time, and Helen's gentleness.

"Ah! no one can help that, who looks in her sweet and bonny face. But beware, I say, for she is no bride for you!"

Helen's beauty, and, more than all, the mysteries of a fashionable wardrobe, caused quite a sensation in the quiet village of —; most of the female portion of which sided with Mrs. Stewart, while the opposite sex wished, one and all, that they were just in Willie Graham's place, and a few of the more adventurous sought vainly to rival him in the eyes of his fair mistress, who only laughed at them for their pains. Poor Helen! that merry laugh made thee many enemies! In spite, however, of all prognostics to the contrary, everything went on in the usual orthodox way. Willie made a multitude of visits to the nearest market-town, never returning without some additional purchase which rendered it necessary for Mrs. Stewart and her guest to walk over and superintend its arrangement; until, at length, it actually wanted nothing to render it a very paradise in the eyes of its happy owner, but a mistress; and noways loath was Helen to undertake all the new and delightful mysteries of this sacred office, for which she had long been qualifying herself, with the assistance of the widow; who, although she openly ridiculed the awkward attempts at housewifery of the young English girl, was secretly touched by her cheerful and unwearied patience. Willie Graham was now gone to make his last purchase—that mysterious symbol which was to bind her his for ever! And the young girl, as she watched from the casement the dark storm-clouds sweeping like shadows over the pale moon, rejoiced to remember how she had made him promise not to think of returning that night.

"To-morrow will soon be here now," said the widow, laying her hand upon Helen's shoulder with a touch that, light as it was, made her start; "and then you will have to give up your dearly loved freedom for ever!"

"Ah, what happiness to have no will but his!" replied the girl, with a bright smile; while her companion, touched in spite of herself, bent down to kiss the high white brow so radiant with hope.

Among the many spells tried that night by the credulous and simple-hearted damsels assembled together at the cottage of the widow, who was not a whit less superstitious than themselves, was one in which three dishes—or *luggies*, as they say in Scotland—are placed a little apart from each other; two being separately filled with clear and foul water, and the third left empty. A member of the party is then led blindfold to the hearth, and accordingly as she dips her hand into the right one or not, will be her future destiny. If into the clear water, all is well; the foul betokens early widowhood, or worse; while the empty one is a sure and infallible sign of old-maidenism. All had now tried this simple charm but Helen, who only laughed at it and them; for the very happy are seldom superstitious, having nothing left to wish for, and being too sanguine to fear ought of change.

"It's all very well for you, girls," said she merrily; "but my fate is fixed!"

"Yes, we know; but do try just to see if there is any truth in it," pleaded her companions.

Helen's good nature was not proof against their mingled entreaties, and laughingly suffering herself to be blindfolded, she approached the magic spot, and thrusting out her hand at random, placed it in the empty dish! Mrs. Stewart changed colour, while many a young heart began to waver in its first wild faith in the supernatural, and Helen looked round triumphant in her superior wisdom.

"Are you satisfied, now?" said she.

"Oh! not yet; you must try twice more—three times is the magic number."

"As you will," said the girl, tossing back her bright curls, and kneeling down before Mrs. Stewart in order to have the handkerchief securely refastened about her eyes; a task of some little difficulty, for the old lady's hands trembled strangely. The position of the *luggies* was changed, and again the bride elect put forth her white hand with the same result; while her merry laughter sounded fearfully distinct in the silence that followed.

"Let me see; I have one more chance," said Helen, glancing archly towards the pale and wondering faces of her companions, who drew closer to her, holding their very breath for fear, as she again approached the ordeal, and, this time, placed her hand in the clear water; while the widow uttered a fervent ejaculation of thankfulness, and all looked relieved but the bride herself, who carelessly removing the bandage from her eyes, went back with the same glad smile to her seat by the open casement, and began to wonder what Willie was doing now; but, whatever it was, she felt quite sure that his thoughts were all her own.

And now the long gathering storm bursting forth at length, the little party rapidly dispersed to their various homes, to dream, perchance, a thousand wild, vain fantasies, that haunt us none the less because we know them to be such; and that, unless a miracle be worked in our behalf, they may never come to pass. While as they went they spoke of the bride's strange beauty, and shook their heads and sighed, and wished she had not laughed quite so much at what seemed to them a sure omen of evil.

"And yet all ended well at last," said one of the girls.

"Yes; she will be a bride, but not yet—not so soon as she thinks for—perchance not even *his*!" A vivid flash of lightning followed the words of the last speaker, and seemed, to her credulous companions, to confirm them.

"What a fearful night!" said Mrs. Stewart, as she closed the door upon their departing guests, and came and sat down by Helen's side. "Are you not frightened at our wild mountain storms?"

"No indeed, I was only rejoicing that he is safe. In my selfish love I have no other fear."

Oh! can devotion such as this be termed selfishness? We think not; and the widow agrees with us in spite of her harshness, which we often suspect to be more than half assumed, for there are

tears gathering in her eyes, which she vainly endeavours to twinkle away unobserved.

"Now you are grieving about something," said Helen, caressingly; for it was sufficient that Mrs. Stewart was Willie's only relative, to make her love the old woman dearly, notwithstanding her occasional ill-humour; "and I dare not think it is at the idea of so soon losing one who has only been a plague and a trouble to you."

"I was thinking, just then, less of the past than the future," replied her companion, dreamily.

"Ah! the happy, happy future!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands joyfully together.

"Heaven send it may be so!"

"Amen," said Helen, more calmly. "But what is it that you fear?"

"Nothing—nothing; and now let us to bed, for you must be up early in the morning."

It was, as Mrs. Stewart had said, a fearful night; but Helen thought less of the heavy rain, which came driving against the casement, or the vivid lightning flash, than a certain wreath, laid out so temptingly against the morning, that she could not resist placing it, for a moment, amidst her jetty curls; smiling, as she did so, less in pride at her own beauty—of which she was by no means unconscious—than that he might well be proud of her. And then retiring to her simple bed, slept as soundly as most maidens do on the eve of their wedding day, rocked by the fierce tempest from without.

Towards morning, however, all grew bright and clear; and even had it not been so, Helen would have had no fears for her lover's safety, so well did he know every inch of ground which he had to pass over; it was only the darkness that she had dreaded. And now the white robes were donned, and the bridal wreath once again—and this time in sober earnestness—encircled her sunny brow; while her bridesmaids could not but praise and wonder at her rare beauty. And still they said among themselves they wished she would not laugh quite so much—that she were not quite so gay. But Helen was no hypocrite; hitherto courted and admired as she had been, her life for the most part was a lonely one, while henceforth as Willie Graham's wife, it would be one of love, and joy, and happiness. What marvel, then, that she should rejoice? For Helen had no home, or friends to grieve at quitting, but only him in the wide world!

It had been agreed that if Willie returned in time, he should call at the cottage of his aunt, and accompany the bridal procession to church; but otherwise he was to meet them there: and after waiting a brief period, Helen was the first to propose their starting without him. Mrs. Stewart, who looked unusually pale and grave, instantly acquiesced; and, two and two, in their white robes, and each carrying a bouquet of flowers, the bridal party quitted the cottage, and wound slowly up the green mountain paths which led to the ancient and time-hallowed kirk, passing as they did so Helen's future home, which she pointed joyously out to her companions. Just at that moment appeared another party approaching the same from an opposite direction, whose attention being

apparently arrested by the glad laughter of the bridal guests, they paused abruptly, and stood quite still at some distance, waiting until they should have passed on. But Mrs. Stewart's quick eye had already detected more than one familiar face amid that strangely silent group.

"What can they be doing?" said she in a hollow whisper.

"Hiding perhaps in sport, that we may be the first to reach the church," replied her light-hearted companion.

"No—no; and they are carrying something between them, on what looks like a bier. Heaven send no harm may have happened to my poor boy!"

"Let us go and meet them," said Helen, quickly, while she flew, rather than walked, by the side of her agitated companion; who already half repented her rashness. And then arose a wailing cry from the little party towards whom they were advancing.

"It is the bride—God help her!" But none attempted to stay her rapid progress; and in a few moments she stood, fixed and motionless, before the mangled and lifeless body of her lover! In his impatience to rejoin her, heedless of his promise, Willie Graham had attempted to cross the mountain during the last night's tempest, and, dazzled by the lightning, he lost his footing and fell headlong into a deep ravine, where he was found in the morning, stunned and senseless, with one leg broken, and his features scarcely distinguishable for wounds. The shrieking bridesmaids buried their faces in their hands, and even Mrs. Stewart turned shudderingly away from the changed form she had once so loved to look upon; but Helen neither shrank back nor wept, and her clear, joyous tones were the first to break the fearful silence of that awe-stricken group.

"He lives!" said she. "Away some of you instantly for a doctor, and the rest bear him gently home. And oh, hush those wild cries, lest you should frighten or disturb him."

"Poor child!—poor child!" exclaimed the widow, wringing her hands despairingly; "alas for thy vain hopes!"

But were they vain? The doctor, who was both a kind-hearted and clever man, smiled upon her as he shut himself in, alone with his patient and assistants; and Helen, kneeling down upon the threshold in her white, and now blood-stained garments, prayed fervently, trustingly, to Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death—that Heaven would spare him to her love, or in its mercy take her too! For such is ever the prayer of the young in their first great sorrow, and it is not until afterwards that we gain courage to say—"Father, it is thy will; I ask but strength and faith to submit me to its decrees!"

"Poor Willie!" said one among the crowd of kind and anxious neighbours who waited about the house for the doctor's re-appearance; "it seems almost cruel to pray that he may recover, for Helen will never consent to marry one so changed and disfigured."

"Ah, how proud she was of him!" exclaimed

another, "and well she might be, for there was not a handsomer man in the whole village."

"But that is past now," said a third; "bright and beautiful as she is, even Mrs. Stewart herself can hardly blame her for breaking off the engagement—but hush! it is the doctor." And all pressed eagerly round the worthy man, whose sanguine hopes of his patient's ultimate recovery—which depended, however, so much upon perfect quiet—served to dismiss them all in silence to their various abodes.

"Now Helen, now my child," said Mrs. Stewart, kindly, "let us go home."

"This is my home," replied the girl, "or would have been now, but for that fearful accident. At any rate, I will know no other henceforth."

"Nay, it would have been different were you indeed his wife."

"And am I not so in the sight of heaven?"

"Nay, come Helen, come with me. You are ill and excited."

"It is in vain," said her companion meekly, but firmly; "I will never leave him again in life!" And as she sat by the bedside, the cold fingers of her lover closed unconsciously upon hers, while a faint, ghastly smile stole over his face. Once again Mrs. Stewart shuddered to look upon it, while the devoted girl bent down and kissed those pale lips, whose salute she had hitherto half-playfully, half-bashfully repelled; but he was hers now, her very own, if it pleased heaven to spare him. Oh! the beauty in the countenance of one we love is most times of our own creating, and therefore bids defiance to all change, and even death itself.

After a time Mrs. Stewart forbore to urge her any longer, and returning alone to her cottage, sent from thence all she deemed necessary to the comfort of the young housekeeper and her patient. And it was thus that poor Helen took possession of her new home.

Weeks passed away, and Willie Graham still lay in the same unconscious state, while the cheek of his gentle and devoted nurse waxed paler and paler, as she maintained her lonely vigil by his bedside. Mrs. Stewart came often to console, but never, as of old, to reproach; while there was scarcely a person in the whole village but would have laid down their very lives for that brave-hearted young English girl, had she needed them—the consciences of not a few bitterly regretting all their former harsh and unjust suspicions, which they longed to atone for more substantially than in mere words; but Helen wanted nothing it was in their power to bestow, her only wish and prayer was that Willie might be spared.

Sometimes she would look around on all the arrangements for her comfort, made months before with such fond care, and forgetting what had intervened, fancy their bright dream of happiness realized at length; until a glance at that wan face, or a faint wail of agony dispersed the vision in a moment. And yet, even thus, it was something to be near to soothe, and watch over, and love him. What matter to her what the world might say of such devotion? He was her world! A wild and dangerous faith for the most part, but one for which even the widow herself could not find it

in her heart to chide; neither, therefore, will we.

It was a glad sunny noon when Willie Graham woke up at length from his long trance, like as we waken from a dream, and are puzzled just at first to remember the precise moment when we fell asleep, and so separate the actual from the ideal. But gradually the whole truth burst upon his mind, and he eagerly interrupted Mrs. Stewart's ejaculations of thankfulness by inquiring for Helen.

"Hush!" said the old woman, laying her finger upon her lips, "she sleeps at last, and bad enough the poor child wants rest, or I could almost find it in my heart to awaken her, if it were only to witness her joy."

"Has she been here often?" asked the sick man.

"She has never left you for a moment, unless, as now, worn out with weariness and exhaustion. Under heaven you owe your very life to her watchful care."

Willie closed his eyes, but the burning tears which would not be controlled forced their way down his faded cheeks. There was a long pause, and but for the changes which passed over his countenance the widow would have thought that he again dozed; and when he spoke at length, his voice was low and hollow.

"Aunt, I must see what I am like; bring me yonder glass."

"No, no, time enough, Willie; for the present be content to view yourself only in the eyes of those who love you." But presently, alarmed at his impatience, and half-fearful lest he should actually carry his threat of fetching it himself into execution, in spite of the agony every movement inflicted, the old woman was induced to comply with his request.

The invalid gave but one glance, removing, as he did so, the bandage from his deeply-scarred brow, and exposing the long tangled locks, turned prematurely grey in that one night of pain and anguish; and then burying his face in the pillow, spoke no more. While Mrs. Stewart remained equally silent; for what could she have said then that would not have seemed to him like mockery?

Presently Helen woke up cheerful and refreshed, while at the sound of her voice the invalid moaned restlessly, gazing at her through his long thin fingers; and never before had she seemed so radiantly beautiful—as most earthly things do when we are about to part from them.

"Still the same," said she, bending lightly over him; and then their eyes met, the melancholy gaze encountering one full of hope and joyful surprise. "Willie!" whispered the girl, "my own Willie!" While he—oh! doubting and incredulous heart of man! so slow to believe in that love which once thine must needs be thine for ever!—dared not to answer in return, and in the same spirit of faith—"My Helen! my own Helen!" But suffering rather than returning her caresses, he half wished in his impious despair that she had left him to die! Now, for the first time, the oft-repeated warnings of his aunt and others came back with fearful and, as it seemed, prophetic

distinctness, that the proud and beautiful English girl was no bride for him.

At length all three grew calmer, and Willie could thank his young nurse for her care and watchfulness, and half in bitterness for the rich gift of life, which, had earth indeed contained no ties to bind him to it, was granted him, he might have been sure, for some good purpose. And then he spoke long, and in a low voice, while Helen listened breathlessly, but still at first without comprehending a word. The sick man told her of his gratitude, and the term, sweet as it was, smote painfully on her ear; he might be grateful to heaven for his preservation, but all that she had done seemed but natural, and her bounden duty. Then of his own unselfish love yielding up all claim to hers, which he had won in so different a guise. Releasing her from her engagement with one so changed, so stricken, and exulting in the proud strength of his own mistaken heroism. No wonder Helen found it so difficult to understand his wild unconnected words.

And what did she do or say when the truth flashed upon her mind at last? Only smile, and strive to soothe away all excitement with low loving words, thinking, perhaps, that his poor head still wandered; anything indeed but what he had been taking so much pains to impress upon her mind, until the conviction that he was really in earnest became more and more vivid every moment, though she still feigns to think it sport. Then, kneeling down by the bedside, she tells him, half-playfully, but with many a burning blush, how she has been so long with him by night and day, in spite of the many warnings from his aunt and other grave elderly folks; and now what will become of her if he should refuse after all to make her his wife? glancing with arch entreaty towards Mrs. Stewart to confirm what was, after all, a mere maiden subterfuge. The sick man's gaze likewise wandered restlessly to the pale, tearful face of his aged and venerable relative, whose voice faltered slightly as she replied that she believed from her heart, if he refused to marry poor Helen, she would never be able to lift up her head again. And so Willie was won into consenting to what he persisted in calling a sacrifice; while Helen thought herself the proudest and happiest girl in the world. Darker and darker grew the gathering twilight in that little chamber, but the sick man saw it not for the smile upon the face of his betrothed.

Some weeks after this they were married, amid tears and blessings, in that little cottage which love had made a very paradise, Willie Graham being still too weak to rise; the bride so joyous and thankful for the privilege it afforded her of being still near him, the bridegroom not the less happy that he was silent and thoughtful, and Mrs. Stewart, never weary in the praise of her darling Helen, mingled with a thousand self-accusations for having doubted her, which all the girl's gentle caresses could not entirely soothe away. And what if Willie, even to this day, walks lame, and has a fearful gash across his broad open brow, which would not, we are sure, have remained so long had there been any real truth in the old nursery recipe

for kissing the place to make it well. What if his hair is that of an old man, so that the heart remain young! Helen remembers only that his life is spared: she loves him, and that is all-sufficient for happiness.

After all, it is but a common and everyday tale which we have been relating, and who does not know many such? If it were not so, alas! for earthly ties and affections, thus placed at the mercy of accident or disease, even of time itself. We verily believe that there are many Helens in the world, in seasons of joy as thoughtless and light-hearted, in trial, in suffering, as devoted and true, although the first is often misunderstood, and the last denied. Nor do we envy those whose experience hitherto renders them sceptics in our sweet faith.

"But the *luggies*!" methinks we hear some of our gentle readers exclaim, fancying that we have altogether forgotten All Hallow E'en, with its mystic spells, or tired, it may be, of so much moralizing. "It was strange about the *luggies*."

Aye, and no less strange than true, and we have known or heard of many a coincidence equally striking and inexplicable, which we will tell them some day when we are in the mood.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

Oh! ask not gayer measure
From the wand'ring minstrel lone;
Of lays of mirth and pleasure
Even memory is gone.
Seek ye for words of gladness
'Mid the mourner's bitter woe,
Ask ye a tale of love from him
Whose hopes have been laid low;
Kneel ye to call to earth again
The loved ones who are gone,
But ask no gayer measure
From the wand'ring minstrel lone.

As the soul-wearied pilgrim
Through a world of ceaseless care,
Watches at last fate's lowering clouds
Sweep by, without despair;—
So is it with the stricken heart
Whose dreams of joy are o'er,
Through its drear path of life deceived
By hope's mirage no more;—
So is it with the heart ye seek
To gladden as your own—
The sickening, unpitied heart
Of the wandering minstrel lone.

Would ye raise the fancied cup of bliss
To the pale and trembling lip,
And bid it dream it tastes the draught
It, waking, could not sip?
Would ye ask for tones of gladness
Whose echoes must be sighs?
Would ye seek for sunny smiles of joy
In wan and care-dimmed eyes?
Then ask not lays of pleasure
When their memory is gone;
Ye can list no gayer measure
From the wand'ring minstrel lone.

ROSE ACTON.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. * * * But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her own soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

I am always interested in the conversation of old persons. I love to hear the reminiscences of their youth, and provided the memory be faithful and retentive—as is often the case—I marvel greatly at the rich storehouse a septuagenarian's mind must be. Yet I can understand how they who have seen and survived so much, seem unconscious that their own race at last is nearly run. It must appear so common a thing for death to claim the younger and stronger, and leave them with the sands of life still unshaken. I can understand how they build houses, and plant trees, that shall never shelter their own grey hairs. Their contemporaries, nay, the children of their school-mates, have played their parts in the theatre of the world; they have been heroes, statesmen, bards, or on the lower and more sheltered rails of fortune's ladder, they have breathed away existence, each in the circle of his own individual world. "After life's fitful fever," they already "sleep well," while, perhaps, some aged friend or relative is left to point the moral to a story which has passed like an acted drama before him.

Such were my reflections one evening, while listening to the dear old lady, whom I will call aunt Jessy. It was chilly October, and the increasing darkness without was an excuse for idleness, while we drew round the cheerful fire, instead of ringing for candles.

"Tell us a story, aunt Jessy," exclaimed one of the party, and "do—pray do," was echoed by all. I wish I could remember her precise words, for if the following memoir prove not interesting, the fault must be mine in the telling. And yet I will set out by confessing, as she did, that the incidents are decidedly common-place, the situations anything but romantic, and the characters natural, because they are exactly of the class which composes two-thirds of society. The melo-dramatic writer chooses some amiable brigand or interesting pirate for his hero; the tragic muse lifts down a hero from the pedestal of history, and inducing him with life, speech and motion, makes him, it must be owned, often do things he never did, and say things he never said; the playwright generally prefers a sentimental youth of the poetic

temperament, with a great deal of discontent and a little unsound philosophy; the novel writer takes something of each, introducing, of course, fair ladies to correspond. But aunt Jessy's reminiscences are for the most part of a less distinguished class, those whose destiny has been shaped by domestic incidents, or the under current of the affections.

Catherine Danvers was an orphan, left when scarcely ten years old to the guardianship of her father's friend, Mr. Sibley; under whose roof she was henceforth domiciled, and educated with his only daughter, a girl of about the same age. When Catherine and Laura Sibley were about fourteen, they were sent to a "finishing" school, for private instruction was in those days less common than it is at present, and there it was that a youthful friendship was formed between aunt Jessy and themselves. She was a year or two their senior, and doubtless was at first looked up to with becoming deference and respect; but every month lessened the apparent difference in their age, and when all left school, a great intimacy between the families ensued, though aunt Jessy remembers *she* was always called "Catherine's friend."

How pretty a thing to mark is that same girlish friendship! How beautiful to watch are all youthful emotions! But alas! how often do they prove though "sweet not lasting!" A girl's first friendship partakes something of the character of her first love; there is the same blind devotion, the same enthusiasm, the same warping of different minds to a fancied point of resemblance, the same trusting faith that is often so bitterly requited. Yet as love is sometimes found to be—first, last, and only—and to exist elsewhere besides in the "turtle's nest," so is friendship sometimes found to be more than "a name."

Aunt Jessy married when little more than twenty, and left London to reside in Devonshire. It had been agreed that her bridesmaids, Catherine and Laura, should each pass three months with her, and it was settled that Laura should pay the visit first. Catherine was left at home with Mr. and Mrs. Sibley, to whom she was almost as dear as their own child, and it was immediately after the departure of the latter that she first saw Arthur Vane. In Catherine's letters to aunt Jessy, she named him at first in terms of high admiration as a most delightful acquisition to the circle of their acquaintances; gradually she ceased mentioning him, even in answer to the interrogations she had drawn on herself; then her letters became shorter, more confused, or laboured in style; and at last contained little else than the most commonplace topics, except strong expressions of regret at her separation from her dear Jessy. But it is time to describe both Catherine and Laura, for they were as dissimilar in mind as in person.

The portrait of Laura Sibley represents a tall, fine-looking girl, with bright dark eyes, and a profusion of raven tresses, arched brows, and finely chiselled nose, with lips that would have been beautiful if they had not contracted, as if in opposition to their natural form—a certain expression of indecision. I believe she was a coquette by nature, but many of her faults were those of education.

Though wavering and inconstant, she was for the time-being self-willed and obstinate, and above all intensely selfish. And yet there was something in her manner and conversation, that something which can only be expressed by the word *fascination*, that took hearts by storm; and though it must be owned they were often re-captured by a humbler beauty, she had always a troop of lovers at her feet.

I have seen a miniature of Catherine Danvers, the delicate and highly-finished painting of which seems the proper style in which to represent features cast in so truly feminine a mould. The hair is the rich brown of a chesnut, and the eyes of a deep violet blue, somewhat sunken, though beautiful in expression, and impressing one with an idea, perhaps, of reserve and timidity, but certainly of deep thought and feeling. It is a poet's ideal of a being to be loved, protected, and cherished:—

"A spirit, yet a woman too;"

not to be worshiped, because she is a "woman;" and if not to be obeyed, only because the "spirit" within is too wise and too gentle to command. And faithful interpreters both countenances were. Laura was already a petted and capricious spoiled child, unaccustomed to yield where it was possible to govern, when little Kate became the inmate of her father's house. As is too often the case, the generous simple-hearted child, with a mind more contemplative than acute, easily yielded to the shrewd, clever, worldly girl, whom she never dreamed of thwarting. It is not true that in the social intercourse of life, the superior mind always controls the weaker; the reverse is indeed a dreadful subjection, but it is a common one. Take, for example, the highest degrees—does not *genius* slowly struggle forward, while *talent*, or mere cleverness, gallops?

Indeed, it must be owned that as they grew up, Laura was the more generally admired, a homage which Kate seemed willingly to yield her as a matter of right. The one gloried in universal admiration, the other desired the entire devotion of a single heart; and oh, how rich a jewel would she have bartered in return! It may be argued that it is fair to use her own weapons with a coquette; but even she is a woman, and therefore, at some point, her heart is vulnerable: and to trifle with such a nature as that of Catherine Danvers, is a cruel sin, and he who does so deliberately is a destroyer of earthly peace, a wretch that should be shunned as a loathsome pestilence. I do not say that Arthur Vane so acted, for he was young and thoughtless, not vicious or unfeeling. Had Laura been at home, it is probable he would have joined her crowd of worshippers, and Kate, unsought, unwooed, would have remained still "fancy free." As it was, she loved as woman often loves. She had formed an idol by her own pure and rich imagination, and having found a living shrine, endowed it with the attributes of her self-created deity. For three months Arthur Vane seemed to live but in her presence; actions, looks, and manners proclaimed "I love you." Yet those words had never passed his lips; and thus, accord-

ing to his code of honour, there was no wrong in his fickleness.

Catherine came to pay her promised visit in Devonshire, and Laura Sibley returned to London. Her friends observed that Catherine was thinner and paler, though a hectic flush now and then lent an uncertain bloom to her fair complexion. The eye of affection soon detected that she was not happy, and aunt Jessy—herself a youthful bride—guessed nearly the truth. It was on a summer evening, when twilight was spread like a mantle round the earth, and had grown dark enough to hide her tears and blushes, that Kate leaned her head on her friend's shoulder, and poured forth the secret of her soul. When love is mutual—prosperous—smiled on by fortune—approved by friends—when all is drawn into one “knot of happiness,” it is too proud and joyous a thing to ask the sympathy of friendship. But with Kate, distrustful of herself, and looking up to her idol as a star above her, her mind torn asunder by hope and fear, to lay open to her dearest friend the wounds of her heart was to soothe if not to heal them. Alas! if she had possessed that fabled mirror which had power to shadow forth the absent, she would have beheld the following scene.

At that very moment Laura Sibley was the observed and admired of a ball-room. Her hand had been sought for the dance by many, though she seemed to pay exclusive attention to one only among them. She had adopted, on that occasion, a sentimental air, and was resting languidly in her chair, over the high back of which leaned Arthur Vane. A faint smile was on her lip, but her eyes were cast down, apparently observing the painting on her fan, which she was restlessly unfurling. The ears, however, sometimes remain open, though the eyes are busily engaged; and assuredly Laura lost not one word that was whispered, rather than spoken, by her new adorer. He quoted poetry, at which she sighed gently; for though she never read poetry herself, she felt instinctively that a sigh, accompanied by an exclamation of “beautiful!” or “how true!” was both a safe and an orthodox rejoinder. Altogether it was a scene very like those which are nightly witnessed in a modern ball-room, with this difference, that “Lalla Rookh” and the “*Beauties of Byron*,” are now text books which are usually preferred to the elder poets.

On Laura's arrival in London she had been introduced to Arthur Vane, but it piqued her vanity to find that he did not immediately join her train of admirers. With the pitiable weakness which was common to her character, she determined to bring him to her feet. Not that her heart was concerned in the triumph—no, her heart, or as much as she possessed of one, had already been given to another; but that other, one too who was in all points the inferior of Arthur Vane—that other had recently slighted her, and those who know anything of a coquette's nature will easily divine the workings of her mind. She had a double motive to will a conquest, and gifted with a witchery of manner, before alluded to, with her—to will was to achieve. Arthur Vane was dazzled and bewildered; he had thought himself interested in, almost in love with Kate, how could

he then account for his new sensations? The truth was, that like three-fourths of his sex, he was very accessible to flattery, provided of course that it was carefully prepared and judiciously administered. I would advise all bunglers in the art of flattery to refrain entirely from the exercise of it, for they only appear ridiculous, and themselves become dupes instead of rulers. But in the hands of the skillful it is as mighty a sceptre as a fairy's wand, and one, on the uses, abuses, and moral influence of which, a very instructive essay might be written. Laura had an intuitive knowledge of the science, which she had greatly enlarged by practice; and she would have underrated her own power, had she for a moment doubted of success.

No one can have passed a few years in society without remarking that persons like Laura are precisely those, who, in the conventional phrase, “make the best matches;” but I do not use *best* in its literal and real sense. I grant it must be difficult to discover the hidden qualities of heart and mind, which, like the richest gems, lie deepest—but like these they are worth the seeking. How different had been Arthur's intercourse with Kate Danvers! The words of praise or of encouragement trembled on her lips, or half of them were driven back unuttered; the very truth and strength of her love, and yet more, that innate modesty which it is marvellous to think is often mistaken for coldness, deprived her, like poor Cordelia, of the power of eloquent speech. It would, perhaps, be doing him injustice to say that he was aware, to the full extent, of the havoc he had caused, though, indeed, in two or three instances he had acted in a similar manner. If his mind reverted to them at all, it was only to consider his time as pleasantly and harmlessly spent; for he held himself perfectly blameless, and prated about “honour,” like a hundred others, who, in one sense at least, show a terrible ignorance of its meaning. On the night of the ball referred to, believing himself deeply in love with Laura Sibley, and his vanity being gratified by her seeming preference, he proposed to her in due form. The lady affected to be surprised and agitated, and demanded a week to deliberate. At that moment she intended to reject him; but she received intelligence in the course of the evening which altered her determination.

She had believed that the fact of Arthur Vane's offer, the tidings of which she intended pretty widely to circulate, would bring him, the really loved, to her feet. Not so—her coquetry had long since cured him, and when Laura carelessly asked of a mutual friend, who was the fair young creature with whom he was dancing—she was answered that it was one to whom his vows were already plighted. She did not faint, she did not scream, for feelings of anger mingling with an unconquerable pride, prevented anything so disagreeable as “a scene;” but assuming as much composure as was possible, she took her place in the set which was just forming. The figure was one in which partners were exchanged, and for a few moments her hand rested in that of her sometime lover. There was not on his part the slight-

est emotion, and he even addressed her on some common-place topic. She felt that she was scorned, and determined in her turn to enjoy a triumph. Arthur Vane was handsome, well born, and rich; it would be easy again to lead the conversation to the subject of his hopes—she resolved she would do so, and accept him at once. The next day it was buzzed about in the coterie to which all parties belonged, that Laura Sibley was engaged to Arthur Vane.

For once rumour's many tongues told truth. The consent of parents was asked and obtained, preliminaries arranged, and the period of further probation, after a little while, reduced to three months. Mrs. Sibley wrote to aunt Jessy, on whom devolved the task of breaking the intelligence to poor Kate; and the tears were in the dear old lady's eyes while she related the manner in which it was received. Not a word of reproach escaped the lips of Catherine Danvers; but she upbraided herself for what she called her unwomanly feelings, and sinking on her knees, as if she were some guilty thing, implored her friend to respect her secret. Aunt Jessy had sufficient strength of mind to feel, despite the prejudices of education, that Kate was a victim—not a culprit; and as the sincere are always the eloquent, she in some measure succeeded in moderating Kate's self-condemnation. The poor girl entreated to remain with aunt Jessy instead of returning to town, where she had been invited to be present at the wedding; but the canker wound of a blighted heart was beyond a cure, however much the voice of reason and friendship might eventually restore self-respect.

Meanwhile the courtship of the betrothed was not, at least to Arthur Vane, by any means so happy a period as he had anticipated. Even during that time of proverbial mental blindness, he had a glimmering of Laura's real character; as "charm by charm unwound, which robbed his idol," he perceived that she was vain and selfish; he more than suspected her acquirements to be superficial, and he felt certain that her temper was far from perfect. But he had asked her to be his wife—in the world's eye they were pledged; and though, if he could have purchased his freedom by the sacrifice of half his fortune, he would willingly have done so—he held it as a *point of honour* that he must fulfil his engagement.

From the experience of a long life, aunt Jessy is a firm believer in moral retribution, and she always maintained that the wretchedness of Arthur Vane's marriage was a just punishment for his conduct to Kate. If the happiest existence be that which is most calm and serene, so I should think the most miserable must be that which is made up of constant petty annoyances. There is generally a sort of dignity connected with great calamities, which, while it lifts the sufferer above common sympathy, places him in some measure beyond the need of it. Besides, such events usually come to chequer a life that has bright and happy days between; but the victim of domestic infelicity knows only one sombre and cheerless existence; and there is a kind of shame connected with his grievances, which shuts him out from the

solace of talking about them. I do believe that such an existence wears down health, spirits, and temper, just as the dropping of water will wear away a stone; and that it has hurried hundreds to a premature grave, who would have endured what are called great afflictions with courage and fortitude.

I cannot call to mind any clever pen that has yet delineated in language as far removed from affectation as from satire, the minute detail of the common every-day misery of an ill-assorted union; but, if I dared venture on such untrodden ground, the limit of these pages would not admit it. Enough that Arthur Vane and Laura very soon approached and passed the rubicon of indifference, and advanced with hasty strides to a feeling of positive mutual dislike. Once, a few months after their marriage, Kate Danvers summoned courage to accept their invitation, and she passed a week with them. But it was a trial to her own feelings, which she resolved never again to inflict on herself; and soon afterwards a new era opened in her life, and circumstances placed her for a time beyond the probability of their meeting.

On coming of age, it was found that the trustees who had had the charge of her moderate fortune, instead of improving, had made use of a great portion of it; and when the amount of her education was deducted, there remained only a few hundred pounds, instead of the competence she had been taught to expect. Kate Danvers, albeit so gentle and feminine a character, had too proud and independent a spirit to remain a burden on any of the kind friends who volunteered to assist or receive her; though happily, most happily, however much she afterwards endured, she was at that time too ignorant of the world to anticipate the crushed and blighted existence which generally awaits—the governess! And to undertake the task of tuition is the only alternative that remains for the well-born, well-educated woman, when thrown for support on her own resources.

What a strange and disgraceful anomaly is it in English society, that the very step which ought to entitle a gentlewoman to additional admiration and respect, on the contrary, entails on her the loss of caste. This is an incontrovertible fact, though one which is often reluctantly admitted. As a class, I believe, governesses may be considered extremely estimable and deserving, yet they are among the most oppressed. If the reader doubt this, I would call his attention to a startling evidence; namely, that in lunatic asylums an amazing proportion of the patients consists of this class. Again, I would ask him to look round the circle of his acquaintance, and comparing the governess with her more fortunate contemporaries, decide if her wrongs have not added, in health and personal appearance, the weight of many years: Nay, compare her with the actress, whose life is acknowledged to be of all the most wearing, and the result will be in a degree the same. But better days are coming, thanks to the generous and talented writers who have thrust the subject forward. Their advent is near, and there will be a time when the governess shall take her proper station in society; when she shall be treated as the

honoured and welcome guest, instead of the hired member of an establishment; when her days shall not all be passed either in solitude, with those among whom her presence seems tolerated rather than desired; or in the *constant* society of children, compelled to lower thoughts and conversation to their standard, or to pursue, even in the hours misnamed of relaxation, an unprofessed course of instruction, by raising *their* thoughts to *hers*. The first alternative is by comparison the brightest—the last, the most wearying and depressing. And above all, the days are coming when it will need no moral courage for the well-born, well-bred “gentleman” to hear it said, “his wife was a governess.”

I must ask the pardon of my readers for this long digression, but I wish them to sympathize with Kate Danvers, and to understand and appreciate her character. In her new position there must have been many temptations to regain her former station by marriage; and though Kate was never guilty of the meanness of boasting of her conquests, there can be no doubt that she had the opportunity of marrying more than once. However this might be, the friend who knew her best declared that she was true to the sentiment of her early love. She had loved, “not wisely, but too well;” and though some there be who would rail at a constancy that was indeed to be regretted, they should remember that the greatest of mankind—that those to whom the mysteries of the human heart have been unfolded like a scroll—that they it is, those master spirits of the earth, who have bequeathed to us, on the glowing pages of genius, the records of undying love. And if there be sceptics who would doubt such authority, on what soil of this great globe can they have lived, if they have not, in their own experience, met with some evidences at least of woman’s lasting love? There are many reasons why love is more absorbing in a woman’s nature than a man’s; indeed it should be so. Scarcely more distinct are the orbits of the planets, than the duties of the sexes; and the jarring elements of society warns us, as would the convulsions of nature, when they diverge from their allotted paths. And it would be wise for a high-minded woman to feel content with a love, deep, unswerving and sincere, and not to demand of the object of her adoration—yes, adoration is the proper word—not to ask that his heart, mind, and intellect should be, as her own are, saturated by the affections.

The heart, mind, and intellect of Kate Danvers had been thus saturated by her love for Arthur Vane, and perhaps it was only the necessity for exertion which aroused her in some measure from her mental sufferings. Gradually the intensity of her feelings ebbed like a tide away, leaving, indeed, a wreck behind, but restoring also some degree of tranquillity to her heart, and a mind made wiser by the experience of misery—which is indeed the dearly-bought knowledge of good and evil. Settled in the north of England, she passed several years without visiting London, though she heard occasionally from Laura, whose letters revealed the fact that she was anything but happy in her married life. Latterly Mrs. Vane had requested Kate to become the instructress of her only child,

but it was declined. Kate could now have been content to witness their happiness, but she would not inflict on herself the trial or temptation of beholding their mutual dissensions. Still she felt a strong interest in the unseen daughter, and the promise that she should become her pupil was an inducement for her to embark the money she possessed in forming a partnership with the proprietress of a school in the environs of town. This was in every respect a change for the better. It is true the arduous duties of tuition still remained, but these she had never considered as a trial, and she had now a freedom of will and action, and, above all, little Ellen Vane on whom to lavish her warmest affections. By degrees the child became attached to her, and began infinitely to prefer school to home; no wonder, for with parents who disagree, and among an ill-assorted household, children are always neglected, or at least ill-managed and unhappy.

Years passed on—but age seldom improves the temper, or makes the heart more sincere or generous. The Vanes were less united than ever. Ellen, however, was idolized by her father; and when he listened to her prattle, that told how good, and kind, and clever Miss Danvers was, memory perhaps flew back to days gone by, with sighs of regret for the choice he had made. As for his own character, the good that was in it had been slowly drawn forth, and he was now a far more estimable person than he had been in his youth. From many circumstances aunt Jessie was certain that he looked back on his conduct to Kate with the self-condemnation it deserved. Once when she was the subject of conversation, he spoke of her in the highest and most respectful terms; and though they met but seldom, he always treated her with a marked deference.

Ellen Vane was by this time a tall, graceful girl of fourteen, with mind informed, tastes refined and cultivated, and more than all, principles implanted, and the best feelings of her nature properly directed. Her doating father believed he saw in her the shadow of Kate’s character, and fancied even that the tone of her voice and the choice of her expressions resembled those of her instructress. Ellen, with a beauty of person equal to her mother’s, was indeed a being for that mother to love and cherish, to watch over and hope for. But Laura acted no such part; she was too innately selfish to endure that another should elicit admiration in her presence, even though that other were her daughter; and she felt supremely jealous of the child’s love for Kate. But it must have been the mingling of many bad passions which led to her last guilty act. If principles she had never had—if womanly feelings had all flown—how could she crown that pure, innocent creature with a garland of shame? how could she leave her beautiful, her only child, for ever?

Kate Danvers and her pupil were together. It was not during regular school hours, but they sat in one corner of a large drawing-room, where a French window opening on to the lawn, admitted the rich perfume of the garden flowers. Ellen was kneeling before a large folio which she had placed on a chair near her friend; with one hand

she held back the clustering ringlets which would have overshadowed the page, and with the other eagerly pointed out the beautiful specimens of plants it contained (for she had just begun the study of botany), looking up every now and then for information or explanation, and then with sparkling eyes and flushing cheek, exhausting her own little stock of knowledge. There is something sweet and holy in the contemplation of youth and innocence; it steals over the senses like the odour of flowers, the summer breeze, or the sound of music. It is a sweet picture, when simplicity is not folly, and beauty is unconscious of itself!

It was at that moment that a letter was delivered to Miss Danvers. On breaking the seal, she found an enclosure, beneath the superscription of which were the words—"To be read when you are alone." With a feeling of terror she withdrew to ascertain its contents. The letter was from Arthur Vane, to tell her that his wife had left her home—had eloped with almost a stranger, a young man half a dozen years her junior! He told her that the few hours which had elapsed had been sufficient time for him to determine that Ellen's heart should not be blighted by the knowledge of her mother's shame. To her she was henceforth dead; and he implored Kate to be guilty of one act of deception, and to break to his daughter the awful intelligence as if she were really so. He desired that she might immediately assume deep mourning, as he, for her sake, would do, and concluded by repeating his opinion that such a belief would be to Ellen, both now and hereafter, a lesser pang than the knowledge of the truth.

Kate felt stunned. It was one of those events which cannot be believed on the instant—which the reason is dull at comprehending. At last a flood of tears relieved her, and she sank sobbing on her couch. She was aroused by Ellen Vane kissing her forehead, and twining her arms round her neck; and then and there, pointing to the black seal of the letter Kate yet under some faint pretence withheld, Ellen was told that her only remaining parent would be with her in a few hours—that he would come to console her—that her mother was lost to her for ever—that she no longer lived. Surely if falsehood might ever be excused, this was pardonable.

Whether busy or idle, whether happy or sad, time still passes steadily on, yet every one can remember some epoch at which events succeeded one another so rapidly, as to leave over a certain space of time a crowded chronicle, seeming to stretch, on memory's scroll, far beyond its proper limits. Such a space of time was the next year in the life of Catherine Danvers.

Arthur Vane was too proud a man to desire a pecuniary recompence for his wife's dishonour, but still he had recourse to the only means by which he could obtain a divorce. Perhaps he felt pity for Laura, and was willing to afford her the opportunity of receiving the only reparation in her seducer's power; perhaps he had thought or hoped of forming another union himself, or possibly he was unconscious of the combined motives which influenced his conduct. But I must

pause for a moment, to follow the guilty woman.

Deceived and deserted, in a few months she was reduced to the most degraded and friendless condition. She did not apply to one of the many who had formerly courted or admired her, or to those who had mixed in the same giddy vortex as herself: she knew that such would shrink from her, as from a pestilence, even some among them who were but a few shades less guilty than herself. But she remembered that Kate Danvers had never, in the pride of her own excellence, spoken harshly or unfeelingly even of the most vicious; and on the desolate bed of sickness, in misery, and poverty that had almost deprived her of the necessities of life, she wrote to her early playmate, imploring that she might see her once more. Kate hastened on her charitable errand; but in the daily visits which followed, she did more than relieve those wants which her purse could remove. She led an erring fellow creature to repentance, and smoothed her passage to the grave.

It was on her return from one of these visits that she found Mr. Vane waiting to see her. She was glad of the circumstance, for she had been for some time seeking an opportunity to break to him the situation of Laura. It was the wish nearest her heart that she might be the messenger of forgiveness to the dying woman. But Arthur Vane had come on a very different mission. Free, by his country's laws, to make a second choice, and now loving Catherine Danvers with a stronger, deeper, truer passion than he had ever dreamed of in his youth, he felt unable to endure the suspense which silence imposed. He was determined to hear his doom from her own lips.

Absorbed in sorrow for Laura's shame and misery—accustomed for fifteen years to consider Arthur Vane as the husband of another, she had not noted many things which might have declared his sentiments to her. The memory even of her early and misplaced love had been kept like a buried treasure strewn over by the ashes of those youthful feelings which itself had kindled; but it could not be disinterred on the moment. She listened to his protestations like one stricken with astonishment, till, at last, mistaking her silence for coldness or indifference, he threw himself before her more like a raving boy than one whom years at least should have sobered—exclaiming, "Kate, you scorn me, and are avenged!"

But she made no gesture of triumph; a convulsive sob was her only rejoinder, and she did not instantly withdraw the hand he had clasped, but suffered him to press it to his heart, and to cover it with passionate kisses. Then seeming suddenly to regain her self-possession, and to awake to the consciousness of the truth, she raised her eyes to his, and said in a low firm voice, "We can be only friends while she lives!"

It is not worth while further to describe that most important interview. Enough, that though the unhappy Laura lingered several months, no word of love was again murmured to Kate until the grave had closed over the guilty wife. The gradual approach of death gave her time for repentance, and almost her last act was to join the hands of Kate and Arthur. She yearned to see

her child, and they told her the truth ; but selfishness, one of the greatest faults of her character, was destroyed, and she refused to open, to new anguish, the wound which was almost healed.

Aunt Jessy's sketch of the fortunes of her early friends is almost done. She acknowledges it would have been a more perfect love story, if Catherine Danvers had been suffered to die of a broken heart. But the question, whether a certain amount of grief will break a heart or not, chiefly depends on the constitution submitted to its influence, and Kate's happened to be a good one. Her marriage, at last, was true in itself and true to nature ; for a woman who loves is never slow to forgive offences directed only against herself ; and it was just that Arthur's devoted affection should at last rekindle a love which, though blighted by indifference, had never been destroyed.

It was from aunt Jessy's house that Kate was married. The dear old lady vividly described the bride's beauty, and even her dress, on the wedding morning ; and though some of the most youthful of her auditors smiled at the idea of an "interesting bride" of five-and-thirty, and the absurdity of an ardent lover of forty, aunt Jessy declared her belief that in their wedded life there was a more complete realization of the romance of love than in that of any pair she had ever known. Aunt Jessy has survived them ; but she remembers that, in the confidence of friendship, Arthur Vane often confessed he once bitterly mistook *the point of honour*.

THE RUSTIC LOVER.

No lad in any country town
Was half so smart as Roger Brown,
When on an evening, gaily dress'd
In everything he called his best,
He strolled the meadow crofts among,
Cheering the way with am'rous song.
At length the village clock struck eight,
Ten minutes would decide his fate ;
'Twas now high time he thought of what
Was right to say, and what was not :
The lily in his crimson vest
Did something neat and fair suggest ;
The setting sun and azure skies
Were much like Nancy's hair and eyes ;
He'd tell her so, 'twas very good,
And easy to be understood ;
Such eloquence he did not doubt
Would beat his rivals out and out,
And Nancy would not list again
To one who spoke in lower strain.
But now her footsteps strike his ear,
And poetry gives place to fear :
They meet, but with increased alarm
He offer'd, Nancy took his arm.
The studied speech in vain he tries,
Each syllable unutter'd dies ;
But Nancy, though unread in books,
Could easily read Roger's looks
And take the sense his eyes afford,
As well as if express'd by word ;
And thus it leaves me free to tell,
Dumbness succeeded wondrous well.

MARIE F.

THE BEREAVEMENT OF CONSTANCE. (MOTHER OF PRINCE ARTHUR.)

Talk not to me of patience ! for my heart
O'erflows with grief, and has no farther room
For that same tenant, Patience ! Oh, not mine
The calmness to endure ; my heart must rage—
Rage wildly, loudly—though the flower of life
Fall prostrate 'neath the violence o' the storm.
What would ye have of me ? the gentle sigh,
The stifled groan, the tear that silently
Rolls down the faded cheek ? Am I to bear
In such cold apathy such wrongs as mine ?
'Tis folly, madness, thus to moralize.
Ye are no mothers, or ye would forbear,
Nay more, would join me in my grief and woe ;
Would sometimes shed with me the burning
tear,
That not relieves, but seems to scorch the brain
Almost to frenzy—then would raise the voice
And rave with me ; rave of my lov'd, my lost,
My gracious Arthur ! Oh, my son ! my son !
Thy wretched mother lives to weep for thee !
Why was thy youth so lovely ? and thine heart
So form'd to twine the gentle cords of love
So closely round thy mother's, that she seem'd
To love thee, less because thou wert her son
Than that thou wert so worthy to be lov'd.
Oh, I could weep in agony, my boy,
Thinking on thee, and on my wretchedness.
What shall console me ? what assuage my grief ?
Woe, such as mine, lies far too deep for words—
'Tis buried in thy bleeding breast, my son—
Oh ! do I say it, in thy pierced heart.
My child ! my child ! why did thy courage
high,
Brave the fell pow'r of the usurper's wrath ?
Why—when the wretched fate of cruel war
Yielded thee captive to his ruthless hand—
Did'st thou not gently plead, and meet him there
With earnest pray'rs, and soft entreating voice ?
Oh ! can the lordly lion cowering stand
Thus, when surrounded by the hunter's toils ?
No ! he must face his foe, and turn to bay :
Thus, thus, my boy, thou met'st the oppressor's
hate ;
Thou royal sapling of a royal tree,
The mighty spirit of thy regal house
Glow'd in thy veins, and fashion'd thy reply.
And he, the arch-usurper, traitor foul
To his brave king and brother, gallant Richard,
Imprison'd thee—to keep thy free-born soul
Confin'd in dungeon walls—to stop the spread
Of valour, and of hardihood like thine.
Tyrant and villain ! was it not enough
That both my eagle and my dove were chain'd,
My two Plantagenets ? Oh, no ! he knew
The spirit of the race would not be cow'd
By dungeon gloom, or heavy galling chain,
But still would strive to soar ; and thus, my
son,
Whilst thy fair sister pin'd away her youth
In foul captivity, thy death alone
Could satiate his fury, and thy blood
Cement the tottering fabric of his throne ;
Meet thought for one so foul and horrible.

And his own hand, his fratricidal hand,
Struck at his brother in his brother's child,
Child of the dead—the dead one's purer self :
And the deep water of the flowing Seine,
Like the dark current of my bitter thoughts,
Flows hourly o'er thy grave. My child! my child!

Shall I for this be patient? shall I cease
To send through Christendom my tale of wrongs?
"I, Geoffrey's widow, Arthur's mother," I
Be silent, calm, lethargic? Gracious Heaven!
Could a wide world believe it—could a heart,
Deep fill'd with all a mother's yearning love,
Endure such grief in silence? Yet, alas,
What have I for my 'plaints, my bitter groans?
Can deep revenge, of fullest character,
Assuage my anguish—call my child to life?
Yield him again unto my aching breast?
Oh! vain, vain, vain—my brain turns wild with woe;

I know not what I say or do—my heart
Is overborne with agony, and seems
As some poor bird, that, struck with rapid death,
Losing the gallant wing that bore him up,
Falls dizzily to earth, 'wilder'd and stunn'd.
Thus doth my grief, my deep, my cureless grief,
Drag me to earth to weep, to wail—but now
I feel within me an awak'ning pow'r,
To read the retribution that shall fall
Upon that crafty head, that guileful heart—
The darksome source of all my misery.
Yes, Heav'n hath mercy not alone, its pow'r
Wields the dread sword of awful justice too;
Vengeance belongs to it, and carries now
For wiser purposes than I may deem
In my deep, human agony; but yet,
Man, tyrant, murderer—the hour shall come
Big with thy fate, thy dark, resistless fate.
Where did'st thou bury him, assassin, where?
Not in the bosom of his mother earth,
But 'neath the stealthy flow of waters calm
And smooth, and treach'rous as thine own false smile.

And there shall be thy doom; the foaming wave—
Oh! meet avenger of thy subtle arts—
Shall overwhelm thee, and thy guilty soul
Shall aid the vengeance of insulted Heav'n,
And add such terror to thy coward heart
As to appal thee quite, in that dread hour.
Then shall the foaming waters roar around
And speed thee on, from hurrying wave to wave,
Till, as in loathing thing so foul, so vile,
They spurn thee from them as in majesty,
And fling thy wretched carcass to the land:
Yet not to 'scape their vengeance—vain that hope;

There, worm-like, grov'ling on the sandy shore,
Arthur and Arthur's wrongs shall weigh thee down,
Bereaved Constance, captive Ellinor,
Press on thy soul and close environ thee;
Till, through thy frame the shudders quick and fast,

Betray thy mortal agony, and rend
Thy once all-callous heart with mighty pow'r,
Till Death shall seize thee, tyrant; in that hour
What shall avail the throne so dearly bought?

FLORENCE.

LITERATURE.

A GUIDE TO THE BLACKWATER. By J. R. O'Flanagan. (*How.*)—This is an elegant little volume, with claims to our consideration far beyond those of an ordinary guide-book: it is exquisitely illustrated, and the tastes of the historian, antiquary, and geologist, admirably catered for in its interesting pages. Unlike the usual run of such directors, satisfied with pointing out the road, and repeating the cut-and-dry details already upon record—*our* Guide indulges in the most charming gossip, at once so scholarly and gentlemanlike, that we feel we are in no common hands, and perceive that there is nothing of the professional about him but his accuracy. Lovely is the scenery through which he leads us, and dull indeed must be the heart of the tourist who does not partake of the author's enthusiasm, as he traces hand in hand with him the banks of the "broad-water:" rich in historical associations, every shattered castle and ruined abbey, has its romance; and the whole valley of the Avonmore teems not alone with local but international interest. Here Spenser wrote his "Fairy Queen," and Raleigh (his friend and patron) probably ruminated on the "History of the World," thereafter to be compiled within the precincts of his prison-room. But let our Guide speak for himself. Here is his description of the river:—

"During its entire course, a distance of seventy-five miles, the Blackwater runs through a country rife with historic recollections, and diversified so agreeably as to offer an abundant field to the lover of the picturesque. Whether he delights in the quiet landscape of wood and water—sunny slopes crowned by tasteful mansions, or prefers the bolder prospect of the rapid flood foaming round the base of the rock sustaining the solitary castle, the massive walls of which seem to mock time in their strength, and long destined to survive the names of those who reared them. At one place the banks are richly wooded; at another the river glides through a plain of corn and meadow-land—now beneath frowning mountains steep and barren, anon midst fertile, smiling valleys. Memorials of the piety or chivalry of by-gone years are frequent along the river, and add to the natural beauty of the scene; while populous towns or quiet hamlets mark the abodes of men."

The author's memory is replete with the wild legendary lore, that gives to every stream and valley, every rude cairn and mysterious cromleck throughout Ireland, some poetical reminiscence embalmed in song or story, and transmitted orally from generation to generation. Speaking of the Glen of Glendyne, he says:—

"In the valley of Glendyne, a rocky basin, not so perfect now as it was some years ago, is kept constantly full by a stream falling from a cliff above, the superfluous water dripping over the sides of the basin. Tradition states that there were sorcerers who could raise the shadows of futurity

on the surface of this fluid mirror; and it required but little exertion of the credulous imagination to give form and pressure to the varying shades which indistinctly appear on its dark waters. Similar legends are found attached to these natural rock basins in all parts of Europe, confirming Warburton's assertion, that hydromancy is one of the most widely spread forms of divination. He thinks, from the name of the place where the witch resided who invoked Samuel, "Endor," i. e. "perpetual fountain, that she intended to consult the shadows on one of these natural mirrors; and that this will explain her astonishment when a spirit appeared instead of a shade. An old man in Glendyne had some faint recollection of a tradition which described a fair lady going to discover in the rocky basin the fate of her lover, who had enlisted in the Irish brigade: she beheld him falling in battle, and soon after died of a broken heart. On the day of her funeral intelligence arrived of her lover having fallen in some skirmish, nearly at the time when she beheld the fatal vision."

But however our author may linger in the cave of Gurtmore-rock, while he recounts the story of "Donal na Rasca" (Daniel the outlaw) and the fair but false Margaret Kelly, or pauses at Aundaluaigh, to tell the gloomy legend of Mealane, it is evident that this is merely to oblige his sentimental readers; the pathetic, in spite of some natural touches of it, in the story of the "Old Follower," is not Mr. O'Flanagan's forte; but only listen to him in "Fion Macoul," "The Seprehann's Bottle," "The Enchanted Horse of Cloghleagh Castle," and better than all, "Brian Hegarty, the Haunted Huntsman."

In these, the rich humour, the gay, mercurial spirits of his country assert themselves, and the "Guide to the Blackwater" becomes an equally delightful companion by the banks of the Thames, or any other place in which we meet him.

We regret that want of space will not allow of our transcribing any of these capitally told stories; and to quote from them would convey about as fair an idea of their excellence as the *single brick* we have heard tell of, which some sapient architect produced as a sample of a building. And yet it is impossible to withhold the pleasure of making some one else laugh with us; therefore, without breaking into these distinct narrations, here is a sketch in the same character, and as exquisitely droll, as it is natural in its delineation. Captain Whackmans are daily becoming more scarce, but there are sufficient of them still left to bear witness to the genuineness of the specimen:—

"Some one spoke of the proposed fancy ball at Cork," on which the Captain observes, "there is great fun in a fancy ball." "Why?" asked some dandy of dragoons, peering at the vulgar monster through an eye-glass. "Pray were you?"—laying great emphasis on the words *were you*—"ever at a fancy ball?" "Oh, by this and that I was, faith!" Where, Whackman? let's have it." "With a heart and a-half, boys; wait till I 'plish the thimble: hand over the groceries. Oh, that's the real perfume," and he sipped his glass with complacency. "You see we were out

hunting this way, and sure enough, by the same token, I got a fall in the bogs beyant Wathergrass-hill, that mottled my new coat into a rale piebald; for when I was dhrawn out, one arm was a dark brown, and so was one skirt; whilst the rest was a bright scarlet—only the first day's wear—such a regular half-and-half you never saw, just like fair grog; and laughing enough the boys had with me when I sat down to dine at Brooke Brazier's. We finished a magnum of port, and a six-bottle coöper of claret, to say nothing of half-a-dozen tumblers of ould Tommy Walter; and I fell asleep when I got into the jaunting car that was sent to drive me home, for they knew where I was to dine; an' I used to get comfortable there. But Brian Hegarty (your huntsman to-day, as honest a boy as ever broke bread) I fancy got a little comfortable too; the night was dark, he said, for he turned his horse's head the wrong way; and, by Jove, when I awoke (near twelve o'clock), instead of finding myself at my own demesne wall going into Ballyhooly, where should I be but passing Glanmire, and just entering the streets of Cork. 'What place is this Briar?' says I; 'Why, then, what other but Ballyhooly, sir,' says he, 'Brian, you *omadawn*, do you call that Blackwather?' says I, pointing to the say. 'What else,' says he, 'if it isn't seeing double you are?' In the midst of this cross-fire a chaise drew up—'Are you going anywhere?' said a voice, familiar to me, continues the Captain: 'I am going home,' said I, innocently. 'Home to Gurteen, and your back to it?' Well, Whackman, that's a good one,' said my friend, Ned Roche, laughing long and loudly. The end of this meeting is, that Ned Roche insists on the Captain's accompanying him to the house of a lady on the South Mall, where he is invited to a ball—'Stay,' rejoins the other, 'there's a little obstacle to my going; I have no clothes but what's on me,' an' I up and told him how I was out hunting in my new scarlet coat, and fell into the bog under Wathergrass-hill, and got my coat piebald. 'Stop,' says he, 'till I have a look at you.' 'Who, in the name of the saints, is your purty travelling companion, Roche?' I asked, as the door opened, and a great brawny girl, with worsted stockings and big brogues, having a basket of oranges slung over her shoulder, jumped on the ground. She dropped me a nice curtsy, crying, 'Fine Cheney oranges—Cheney oranges, till the cry might be heard at Blackpool. 'Choke you!' says I; 'can't you silence that clatter of a tongue of yours,' as she again raised the echoes. 'I think I am not so bad, Whack, my boy,' said my friend, in his natural tone, or I would not have known him. 'Why, bless my soul, Roche, what's the fun of this?' 'The ball is a fancy ball, and I see you'll do famously,' said he, surveying me. 'I go as an orange-girl, and you can give them a tally-ho!' 'Here goes!' said I: 'yoicks! tally, tally forward, my honeys! hark forward!' and Roche, in his turn, had to cry silence.

"There was no need to ask the house; the shouts of merriment that burst from the crowd before the door, greeting each character, as well as

the lights blazing from cellar to garret, denoted it. Roche delayed for an instant, to write something on a card; he passed through the crowd with acclamations; I was greeted with great applause; and 'three cheers, boys, for Captain Whackman, from Ballyhooley,' announced my name in the drawing-room ere the servants could have seen me."

This is exquisitely Irish—but still more so is the cause of his being so universally recognized, for which, however, we refer the reader to the Guide itself; satisfied that without moving from his own fire-side, he will have much to repay him for the perusal of this graceful and interesting volume. But in the amusement we have derived from its pages, we have neglected the more important purpose of the work; a *motive* evident, as it is earnest, pervades it from the commencement to the end, and we feel that a higher aim is involved in its details than merely pointing out the beauties of the Blackwater. The desire to awaken an interest in the natural resources of his country, to point out how they may be made available for the purposes of commerce and improvement; in a word the promotion of inland *navigation* is his object, and forcibly and eloquently does he depict the blessings that would accrue from the undertaking.

"No measure more calculated to benefit the country and develope her vast natural resources can engage the attention of the patriot and philanthropist. The intercourse which it necessarily causes would do more to dispel erroneous notions and prejudices, and remove animosities, than centuries of legislation. By establishing lines of intercourse and promoting industrious pursuits, feelings of discontent would be dissipated, and crime, originating most commonly in poverty and idleness, receive a wholesome check by removing its main cause."

Mines of iron, copper, and lead exist in the valley of the Blackwater, that were formerly worked; but "which are now discontinued for want of fuel." "Unhappy Ireland!" exclaims our author, in a burst of sad and indignant feeling, "how long are your resources to lie dormant! how long is the disgraceful apathy of your landed proprietors to continue, driving your virtuous sons and daughters to seek as exiles, in distant regions, the means of subsistence so abundant in their native land!" In conclusion, we heartily recommend this little volume to the support it asks and merits.

"SONNETS;" by the Rev. W. Pulling.—(J. and H. Bohn.)—So much has already been said in praise of this volume, that little remains to us but the repetition of past eulogy. In their poetical symmetry the sonnets are faultless; and exhibit a complete triumph over the supposed difficulty of accommodating our language to the pure Italian model. In the masterly and interesting essay prefixed, and which is entirely devoted to the "origin, form, and character" of this species of composition, the author observes:—

"The Italian sonnet is a species of composition," says the author of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici,

"almost coeval with the language itself, and may be traced back to the period when the Latin tongue, corrupted by the vulgar pronunciation, and intermixed with the idioms of the different nations that from time to time overran Italy, degenerated into what was called the *lingua volgare*; which language, though at first rude and unpolished, was, by successive exertions, reduced to a regular and determinate standard, and obtained at length a superiority over the Latin, not only in common use, but in written compositions of the learned. The form of the sonnet confined to a certain versification, and a certain number of lines, was unknown to the Roman poets, who, adopting a legitimate measure, employed it as long as the subject required it; but was probably derived from the provincials, although instances of the regular stanza now used in their compositions may be traced amongst the Italians, as early as the thirteenth century. From that time to the present, the sonnet has retained its precise form, and has been the most favourite mode of composition in the Italian tongue." In order to avoid details, the author of this essay cannot avail himself of all the valuable observations of Mr. Roscoe on this subject, and will merely translate a note in which he cites a remark in Italian on the sonnet by Lorenzo, who was himself a writer of sonnets:—"The brevity of the sonnet admits not that one word should be in vain; and the true subject and material of the sonnet ought to be some pointed and noble sentiment, appropriately expressed, and confined to a few verses, and avoiding obscurity and harshness." After pointing out the general failure of the English poets in the true construction of this mode of composition, the author continues—"Both Shakspeare and Spenser, those transcendent luminaries, those mighty masters of the art of verse, were writers of sonnets; but to neither of them is any considerable degree of praise due for the composition of the sonnet;" and farther on he remarks, of the great, the true, and original poet Milton—"His sonnets, however, are decidedly of an inferior character, and it may be supposed that the mighty genius of the author of 'Paradise Lost,' when confined within the number of fourteen lines so artfully arranged, and so regularly divided as to form a sonnet on the Italian, the only true model, was like an eagle in a cage designed for a much smaller bird, or that nature, who is a kind mother and hath numberless children to provide for, gives not all talents to any individual." But whatever difficulties other poets have found in forming a compound of metaphor and metaphysics in the contracted shape of a sonnet, without overstepping the prescribed model, Mr. Pulling has fully evidenced the pliability of our language to all the purposes of sonnet writing; and the collection before us charms, not only by their artistical formation, but by the fine feeling, the tender seriousness and universal sympathy they evince. The language, euphonous, artless, and distinct, is exquisitely suited to the nature of the subjects, which, though greatly varied, preserve throughout two distinct tones, and either exalt the heart by their majesty, or soften it by their touching simplicity. It is almost impossible to select

where all are admirable, and indeed we have hardly an opportunity of quoting one that has not already been adduced (in other publications) as a specimen of the excellence of the entire; but we cannot close the book without extracting one of these pure and beautiful effusions.

"TO MEMORY.

"Oh, what a wondrous power thou mem'ry hast,
And wondrous is thy mansion in the brain;
Within what little space thou bindest fast
Forms numberless, in thy mysterious chain:
And at thy bidding thence can bring again,
What from the body's eye hath long since past;
Yea, what can wound the soul with sharpest pain,
Or o'er the brow the beam of pleasure cast.
Ah! subtle mistress of a power so strange,
At slightest touch to ope the secret cells;
And all thy shapes to act their parts arrange;
The man is blessed who with virtue dwells,
His rest thou canst not to disquiet change,
The more with thee his breast with rapture swells."

The present is the second edition of these sonnets, a proof that their excellence is understood and appreciated.

"LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS;" by S. S. S.—(*Smith, Fleet-street*).—This volume is evidently the production of a feeling heart; the principal poem, "Life", has many passages replete with reflection and sensibility; and the minor effusions, though mostly of a sombre character, are generally pleasing. We transcribe one of the sonnets, not as being the most favourable specimen, but because it is best adapted to our space.

"THE LIGHTHOUSE.

"What means that blaze of light amid the gloom,
Cheering my spirit though the tempest lower,
And the dark sea, with all its fury roar,
Beaming a hope of brighter hours to come?
In its soft ray I see my peaceful home,
A little cot upon yon quiet shore:
Welcome, glad beacon! welcome, orb of light!
Who doth not from afar thy glory hail
Amid the storm? the only star in sight,
A sweet beguiler that doth never fail,
But even asks the mariner to sail
Regardless of the waves that him afright,
Beneath the shelter it is thine to give,
Bidding him, like thyself, the storm outlive."

A GUIDE TO THE BALL ROOM, AND ILLUSTRATED POLKA LESSON BOOK.—(*Mitchell*).—If popularity and an extensive sale be the test of merit, then must this little book deserve all favour from those whose "dancing days" are coming or come. It is a complete compendium of the ball room, and has reached a sale of forty thousand.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS.—Although the first number of the work which under the above title will be issued in the course of a few weeks, is ostensibly intended, as the editors powerfully and judiciously

express it, for "the intellectual aristocracy of the middle and working classes," the intellectual of all degrees and denominations must hail such a publication, as another boon for which the British public owe a deep acknowledgment of gratitude. The Messrs. Chambers have long been recognized as public benefactors, and every day the debt of obligation is becoming more apparent. Rivals have entered the field with them, but they who were the first to have faith in the public—a belief that it would in the long run prefer healthy mental food to every other—have not been disappointed. They have never been tempted to swerve aside from the high moral purpose which has controlled them; from their wide connexions and multiplied resources, they have always been able to command the peculiar talent appropriate and desirable for every particular purpose, and they surely have a higher reward for their nobly-directed energies than mere publishers' success, in the consciousness of the high destiny it has been theirs to fulfil, and the guerdon of admiration and esteem in which they are held by the right-thinking of all classes. We make a brief extract from the prospectus which has recently appeared:—

"It is intended that the work shall be published periodically. Every Saturday there will be issued a *number*, consisting of a sheet of large double foolscap (32 pages), price one penny. In most instances, each number will present *one* distinct subject, forming a separate and independent publication: In other instances, a number will be divided into half-sheets, or into one half and two quarter-sheets, each of which portions will in like manner be complete in itself. There will more rarely be subjects occupying two numbers. There will thus be embraced in the series—

"TRACTS of 32 pages at *one penny*.

"TRACTS of 16 pages at *one halfpenny*.

"TRACTS of 8 pages at *one farthing*.

"And when the subject unavoidably extends to two weekly numbers, they will form

"TRACTS of 64 pages at *twopence*.

"The work will likewise be issued in sewed monthly parts, price *fivepence*; two of these forming a volume (256 pages), price *one shilling*, neatly done up in boards for the table or library. The annual cost of the work, therefore, will not exceed four shillings in numbers, five shillings in monthly parts, and six shillings in volumes—a degree of cheapness, the quantity of matter considered, which has no parallel.

"The type with which this series of publications will be printed is large, clear, and legible; and the numbers will contain, for the greater part, one or more WOOD ENGRAVINGS, from drawings by FRANKLIN and other eminent artists, designed either for embellishment or illustration of the text.

"The matter of the tracts will be a mixture of the useful and entertaining; the latter, however, predominating. Conducted on the same principles which have been found so acceptable in CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, the subjects will consist of *Tales, moral and humorous,*

Popular Poetical Pieces of a moral and elevating character, Favourite Ballads, Popular Historical Sketches, Biographies of Public and Private Persons, Illustrations of Moral and Social Economy, Hints on Gardening, Agriculture, Domestic Management, and Sanitary Regulations, Lessons in Science, Accounts of Cities and Countries, Wonders of Nature and Art, Abridged Translations of Interesting and Expensive Foreign Works, &c. Whether the articles be original, and written for the series, or republications, the whole will be of that wholesome and attractive kind of reading which is desirable for *Parish, School, and Cottage Libraries*; also for the *Libraries* now forming in all properly conducted *Prisons, Hospitals, Asylums, and Factories*, and in the *Army and Navy*."

MUSIC.

A WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME. Words by J. J. Reynolds. (*Prowse*.)—The poetry of this ballad (as our readers will perceive) is of a very different quality from the trifling, insipid rhymes, so frequently sheltered under the cloak of a graceful melody; the air is well adapted to the words, and the accompaniment simple and flowing. There is something seasonable in the sentiment too, for the "World of love at home" is seldom complete till summer wanderings and autumn visits, grouse shooting, &c., give place to the "merry fireside." We fancy it will find a place at the pianoforte of many a fair vocalist.

A WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

The earth hath treasures fair and bright,
Deep buried in her caves,
And ocean hideth many a gem,
With his blue curling waves.
Yet not within her bosom dark,
Or 'neath the dashing foam,
Lies there a treasure equalling
A world of love at home.

True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied;
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A merry fireside.
I envy not the man who dwells
In stately hall or dome,
If 'mid his splendour he hath not
A world of love at home.

The friends whom time hath proved sincere,
'Tis they alone can bring
A sure relief to hearts that droop
'Neath sorrow's heavy wing.
Though care and trouble may be mine,
As down life's path I roam,
I'll heed them not while still I have
A world of love at home.

FINE ARTS.

PERSIAN PAINTING.—This age is one which has so refined quackery as to bring it into a science; hence we always look with suspicion upon every new invention, and unless we ourselves test its value, never venture an opinion. Led by a very favourable report, we lately visited Mr. King's gallery, in Church-row, Islington, for the purpose of examining into the properties of a new style of art, called Persian Painting. We were in the first place very much pleased with an elegant display of water-colour drawings and pencil sketches, most elaborately and tastefully executed. The Persian Painting, however, chiefly attracted our attention. This new discovery is a style which, at the first glance, appears something between oil and water-colours, with the singular advantage of executing a drawing in four or five hours which in either of the former styles would require weeks. One admirable Swiss scene, quite in the manner of Brockedon, three or four feet square, executed in the most elegant and finished manner, had occupied Mr. King eight hours. We were also particularly struck by an admirable representation of St. Aubyn, and by a wild scene of Eastern origin. For ladies, indeed for all who wish to do something elegant and finished in a very short space of time, this is a most elegant accomplishment. It can be learnt in a few hours, and we believe on very moderate terms, which can be learned on application to Mr. King.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON THE RUINED CITIES AND THE ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF AMERICA.—A lecture was delivered on the 18th ultimo, at 73, Dean-street—the little theatre known as Miss Kelly's—on a subject which, owing to the researches of several enterprising travellers, has within these few years attracted much attention. Mr. Marshall's beautiful and effective scenery, by which the ruins of the ancient temples and monuments were brought, as it were, bodily before the spectator, are deserving of the highest praise. We wish, however, we could honestly give an equal share of commendation to the lecture itself. Mr. Shippard's mind may be, nay, we have no doubt is, thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of his subject, derived from much patient investigation, and were he to write the result of his studies, and condescend to read his lectures, it is more than likely that his audience would be both delighted and instructed. But his extemporaneous delivery is remarkable for a want of order, and constant repetitions, and on the occasion to which we refer it was deprived of all dignity by the frequent use of colloquial, not to say common-place vulgar phrases. The lecture was also injured by an unbecoming air of conceit and self-satisfaction. We make these remarks in no unfriendly spirit; on the contrary, we are inclined to think Mr. Shippard's reasoning and deductions very accurate, and we wish, for the sake of general information, that his method were one likely to make them more clearly understood and appreciated. His arguments tend to prove that the North American

Indians are a decayed race, deteriorated by suffering and oppression, but the remnants of a people who must have made great strides in art and civilization, when Europe was in a state of comparative barbarism. There are proofs still existing that they were right in their computation of time when Europe was wrong, and we are by no means sure that their perfectly different system of computation would appear more confused than ours, were it possible to find an intelligent individual equally ignorant of the division of the Julian year, and of their method of computing five days in a week, and eighteen months in a year.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The modern school, we are satisfied, would find it difficult to emulate the acting of Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner in the tragedy of *The Bridal*. This production of the antique school contains some exquisite and admirable poetry, and has a deep interest which appertains to few modern tragedies. The two last acts surpass, in our opinion, both in matter for interest and in acting, anything we have seen for years. Phelps, as the dishonoured, outraged, and maddened brother, was never more happy and effective. In the scene with his brother-in-law, where he listens to his wrongs, when, at the whisper of detraction against his sister, he draws his sword on his bosom friend, and then, by a reaction of feeling, casts it away and sacrifices every other emotion to that of friendship, was a finished specimen of the histrionic art. Mrs. Warner, too, as the fallen sister, suddenly, by the reproaches of her brother and of conscience, roused to a sense of shame, and a desire for revenge, looked, and spoke, and walked the stage, not Mrs. Warner, but *Evadne* herself. We never witnessed an audience more wrapt and spell-bound than the crowded house which filled Sadler's Wells on the occasion of the first representation of this play, and which has followed on every subsequent representation.

Hamlet, *The Rivals*, the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, have also been acted in the usual correct and able manner which characterizes this talented and efficient company. *King John*, and many other novelties, are announced for immediate appearance; and we are satisfied the season will prove at its close a most profitable speculation.

The great success which has attended the praiseworthy efforts of Mrs. Warner and Phelps, is a positive proof that a good company, sterling pieces, and moderate prices are the only ingredients required to ensure public support. That the people, and the humbler classes of them too, appreciate Shakspeare, and can be enthralled by the mighty charm of his genius, is proved by the crowded state of the pit and gallery, to witness the

continued representations of *Hamlet*. We have only further to say this month to Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps—"Go on and prosper."

SURREY THEATRE.

The opera company have ceased their efforts to charm the inhabitants of the opposite side of the water, and have, we believe, received a meed of encouragement which must tempt the management to an early renewal of their engagement. Most of the singers were old-established favourites, Leffler and Miss Romer in particular, but Donald W. King being a new appearance, merits some few words of introduction to our readers. His reception at the Surrey was most flattering, and we have every reason to believe that this talented *artiste* will attain to deserved eminence in his profession; his voice is sweet, liquid, and of very great compass—in some scena and ballads we are satisfied that no singer on the stage can surpass him. Moreover he is a good and correct actor, and looks well upon the stage. Placed at a very early age, by the interest of the late Duke of Sussex and the present Archbishop of Canterbury, in the choir of the Chapel Royal of St. James's, Mr. King remained there, received his musical education under Mr. W. Hawes, until his voice broke, which occurred when about fifteen years of age. After this he studied the pianoforte under Mr. Glover for two years, and very shortly afterwards took pupils, being favoured with very lofty patronage, which enabled him to form a very excellent connection. Being however, as will be seen, unwilling to waste his merits in private life, and very justly supposing himself possessed of some voice, he at length tried the stage, played as an amateur at Brighton with some success and much promise, and then with still greater *eclat* at the English Opera House, when under the management of Mr. Rayner. Encouraged by the flattering encomiums of the public press, he was determined to give up teaching, and make the stage his profession, and has since played with great success, and met everywhere with the highest praise in Bath, Edinburgh, and Dublin. In 1840 he married Miss M'Mahon, a fair singer of much promise, and Mr. and Mrs. King have together been even more successful and popular than before. Having now gone through the ordeal of the provinces, and a minor theatre, we may soon hope to see Mr. King in his right position on the boards of one of the larger houses, if indeed the voice of song be not for ever silenced within their walls.

Since the departure of the opera company Mr. Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris have drawn crowded houses, to witness the performance of some of those popular trifles in which they appear to so much advantage. Douglas Jerrold's admirable comedy of the *Rent Day* has also been revived with much success; and we can assure our readers that the visit to the Surrey will amply repay at any time the journey across the water.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré,
à Paris, September 24.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Unforeseen circumstances obliged us to return to Paris three days ago. My return just at this moment gives me an opportunity of sending you the earliest intelligence of the *modes*, as well as the newest costumes of the *demi-saison*. Those of summer still linger, and probably will for the next fortnight. Paris, though deprived of her own *beau monde*, is still far from being deserted by elegant foreigners, and the gentry from the provinces; and as both are eager to make purchases before their departure, the half-season costumes are now quite decided, and even some winter novelties may be regarded as positively settled. I shall, therefore, say nothing to you of our summer toilettes: in fact, the only novelty they present, is the recent introduction of some *chapeaux*, composed of alternate bands of rice straw and ribbon; the latter of a white ground beautifully figured in flowers of various hues. The effect is exceedingly pretty, and had they appeared earlier in the season, they would, I think, have been very much in vogue; the interior of the brim is decorated with puffs of the same ribbon, which, I should observe, is of the richest grenadine gauze; the exterior with marabouts shaded, to correspond, and arranged *en guirlande*.

The half-season *capotes* and *chapeaux* are composed of satin; the latter are, I think, somewhat smaller in the brim, and the crowns rather deeper than those of summer. I shall cite, as the prettiest, those of blue satin, of the same shade as the blue bell; the garniture is a bow of ribbon issuing from a *coquille* of lace. The effect is really novel. I may say the same of the garniture of those composed of green satin, and trimmed with ribbons of five different shades of green. I must not forget the white satin *capotes*—some of them are made with square brims, very much in the style of the English cottage bonnet; both brim and crown are ornamented with *rouleaux*, placed at some distance from each other; the remainder of the garniture is composed of a knot at the back and *brides* of white satin ribbon, and a bouquet composed of miniature branches of grapes, with their foliage placed very low on the left side. The brims of *chapeaux* are more open, not in a great degree, but so as to be, I think, more generally becoming. Some of those of pink satin are trimmed on the edge of the brim with three very narrow *bouillonnées* of *tulle*, to correspond; a similar trimming is placed on the brim close to the bottom of the crown; it is intermingled with a wreath of the flowers called *Reine des champs*. A good many pink satin *chapeaux* are entirely covered with black lace, the ends descending in the style of a *voilette* on each cheek; the trimming is black velvet ribbon striped with pink, disposed in a half wreath of *coques* ending in a knot on one side; the ends of the

knot fall low, and are lined with pink; they mingle with the black lace floating over the neck: the interior of the brim is trimmed with small red flowers of a deeper shade than the *chapeau*, or a lighter one according to the fancy of the wearer. Blonde lace begins to be a good deal adopted in the trimmings of satin *chapeaux*, particularly for the interior of the brims, where it is intermingled with small flowers or light *coques* of ribbon; and certainly nothing can be more becoming than blonde lace next the face: it must be a plain countenance indeed that would not be improved by the expression of softness which it gives to the features. When it is used for the exterior of a *chapeau*, it borders a piece of satin disposed in the style of a drapery, partly on the crown, and partly on the brim: the drapery is terminated low on one side by a *nœud en papillon* of ribbon to correspond, placed at the base of a feather or a sprig of velvet flowers. I have seen a few satin *chapeaux* of different colours, with a garniture composed entirely of the same material, intermingled in a novel, and I think tasteful manner with velvet ribbon; but I cannot say how far they are likely to become fashionable: satin *velours épinglé* and *velours d'Afrique* will be the fashionable materials for *chapeaux* and *capotes* during the autumn; but velvet will be introduced this season earlier than usual. Indeed some *chapeaux* composed of *velours* already prepared, and as they may perhaps make their appearance before the end of October, I shall describe them. Some are composed of iron-grey velvet, the brim lined and edged with rose-coloured satin; a kind of *fanchon* of the material of the *chapeau* is thrown over the crown; this ornament is so arranged as to form alternately hollow spaces. and full folds; the former are filled with rose-coloured flowers, and those of the season. Others of a small size and a singularly elegant style are of emerald-green velvet, trimmed with a wreath of *muguet*; it has a profusion of brilliant foliage; the wreath is surmounted by a full blown rose with buds and foliage. These latter *chapeaux* are intended for half-dress. I may cite also two of the prettiest *capotes* for the demi-toilette that I have seen for a long time; they have been ordered for two sisters distinguished as leaders of fashion: these *capotes* are composed of bands of white satin and white *velours épinglé* alternately. The exterior is decorated with a *guirlande* of white and rose-coloured shaded marabouts, and the interior with *mancinis* composed of small moss roses half-blown.

October is the month of triumph for the cashmere, and indeed its vogue promises to be even greater this year than it has been for some seasons past, and will, I think, be prolonged as far as the weather will permit in the winter. I cannot yet say what pattern or grounds will be most fashionable, but I have reason to believe that long shawls will be decidedly preferred. Scarfs are and will continue to be in very great request during the autumn. Those of black and coloured satin, made and trimmed like the model I have sent you, have already displaced lace and muslin ones. Velvet scarfs are already in request: they are variously trimmed; some are bordered with black lace, others

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back lace, at



Fashions for October 1844

with a new kind of *passementerie*, disposed in a light running pattern resembling embroidery. Cloth scarfs are expected to be a good deal in favour towards the end of the month; they are of an exceedingly fine and slight kind: some are trimmed with fringe of a new description, others are embroidered with silk of different shades of the colour of the scarf. I may venture to assure you that the *polonoise* will be quite as fashionable as it was last autumn and winter. I have already seen several satin ones, some are trimmed with swans-down, others with *passementerie lyrinthe*. Those pretty short cloaks called *mantès* have also appeared in satin; some are trimmed with swans-down, others with several rows of narrow velvet ribbon, and not a few with black lace. Speaking of lace, I must observe that its vogue is expected to continue during the ensuing season in every way in which it can be employed. The *dentille de velours* which I mentioned towards the close of last winter is revived: it really is a very pretty garniture, but it is yet quite too soon to say how far it may come into vogue.

Silk robes have almost entirely displaced those of muslin and *barege* in promenade dress. They are principally of the shot kind: a few, but very few autumnal silks have appeared; they are figured or striped in sober hues, but as yet there is nothing decided as to the new materials. There is, however, the greatest reason to believe that shot silks will maintain their vogue during the autumn. I know that a most splendid assortment of damasks, brocades, satins, velvets, &c., are prepared for the winter; but I must reserve the description of them for my next.

The majority of promenade dresses are of the *redingote* form, but those made *en robe* are equally fashionable. *Corsages* continue to be made high, but those laced in front are less in vogue, and are expected to go out of favour unless the dress is made in the habit style, and then the *corsage* is partially laced in front, the collar and sides being trimmed, as are also the bottoms of the sleeves and the jacket, with braiding: the jacket is now made deeper. Little alteration will take place in the forms of robes and *redingotes*. It is expected that an attempt will be made to bring in large sleeves, but its failure is confidently anticipated. The width of those *à la religieuse* is diminished, and consequently that of the under sleeve also. The latter are now made with very small *bouillonnées*, and narrow bands of work or lace. Tight sleeves, with a *mancheron* of the form given in the second figure of your first plate, are very much in vogue; indeed, the form and the trimming of that robe may be regarded as one of the most elegant models of the season. Narrow velvet ribbon is much in request for garnitures; it is disposed on *redingotes* in such a manner as to form a kind of embroidery, which, it is expected will replace the *soutache* that has been so long in vogue; it is employed for robes in the same style as your model.

Evening dress still preserves the lightness and simplicity that has characterized it during the summer. The robes are principally of muslin, *tarlatane*, and *barege*; but those of *taffetas* and *poult*

de soie, though not in a majority, are nearly as numerous. I have sent you some elegant models of these robes. Others have the *corsages à la grecque*, or else with *pelerines* draped and attached upon the shoulders: the trimming forms a *mancheron*. The *corsage* must be *à la vierge* for very young unmarried ladies, and the sleeves descend to the elbow; a *chemisette* rising a little above the *corsage* is generally added. A single very deep flounce is the garniture most in request for *barege*; it may be headed by a *bouillonnée* or a *chicorée ruche* of ribbon.

Caps are very much in vogue in dinner dress, particularly the *demi bonnet*; it is a close fitting caul, put very far back upon the head, and trimmed with a wreath or sprig of flowers; others are of *tulle bouillonnée*, either white, rose, or blue ornamented with a light half-wreath of flowers. A good many are composed of white lace trimmed with velvet ribbon arranged in knots and long ends, and several are of black lace; these latter have lappets falling far back, and are trimmed in front with *mancinis* of small flowers.

Caps are adopted in evening dress, but *coiffures en cheveux* are in a decided majority. I have given you the most elegant models of them. It is not yet decided whether ringlets or soft braids are to be the most in favour, but I think the former will triumph, particularly that style which we call *à la Sévigné*, I mean those full clusters of long ringlets in the fifth figure of your first plate. The new autumnal colours are Pomona-green, slate colour, and a new shade of grey. The light hues still in vogue will also be worn if the weather continues fine. Winter colours are not decided, but they are expected to be purple, *ponceau*, amethyst, sapphire-blue, different shades of green, *topaze*, that shade of plum colour called *prune de Monsieur*, and various full shades of red.

Adieu! Ma bien chère amie,
Toujours votre dévouée,
ADRIENNE DE M——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—*Poult de soie* robe, emerald green, shot with claret colour; *corsage* quite high at the back, but descending a little *en V* on the bosom. Long tight sleeve. White satin *chapeau*, a round shape, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a full bouquet of long white curled ostrich feathers. Black satin *mantelet écharpe*, lined with claret-coloured *poult de soie*; it is of a large size, made quite up to the throat, with a collar of two falls; a fulness let in at the back, surmounting the deep flounce that borders the hind part, and a robing of a new form on the front, have a novel effect. The garniture is composed of rows of narrow black velvet ribbon.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of *soie camilleon*; the *corsage*, high and tight to the shape, descends at the bottom in a rounded point, and is ornamented with a *pelerine* lappel, trimmed with three

rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. Long tight sleeve, and *mancheron* set on, of a round form, and moderately wide: it is trimmed, as is also the bottom of the sleeve, with velvet ribbon. Two deep flounces on the skirt are bordered and surmounted *en suite*. *Chapeau* of straw-coloured satin; a small round shape, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a sprig of foliage.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. EVENING DRESS.—Blue *poult de soie* robe; a low *corsage*, round at the top, and pointed at bottom. Short tight sleeve. *Berthe* and ruffles of Brussels lace; a single flounce of the same decorates the skirt. The hair is disposed in soft braids at the sides, and a round knot surmounted by a plaited braid at the back.

No. 4. MORNING DRESS.—Rose-coloured *barrege* robe; a low *corsage*, round at top and bottom, drawn in with a little fulness at the waist, and trimmed with a small cardinal pelerine, bordered with a *ruche*. Tight sleeve, rather more than a three-quarter length, trimmed at top and bottom with a *ruche*. Cambric under-sleeve. High *chemisette*, composed of alternate full bands of cambric and embroidered *entre deux*. Light green *taffetas capote*; a close shape, the edge of the brim bordered with a narrow *bouillonnée*, the exterior trimmed in a novel style of drapery, with the same material, and ribbon to correspond.

No. 5. EVENING DRESS.—Robe of striped and shaded *taffetas*; a low *corsage*, demi-pointed, and trimmed with a lappel, bordered by a fall of lace. Short tight sleeve, and lace cuff, *à l'enfant*. The hair is dressed in a profusion of ringlets at the sides, and a *nœud en serpente* at the back. The ringlets are looped at the sides by tufts of roses without foliage.

SECOND PLATE.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESSES. FIRST FIGURE.—Robe of striped *gros d'automne*, *corsage* a three-quarter height, and long tight sleeve. Black velvet pelisse, high *corsage* fitting close to the shape, and trimmed with a *revers* falling square behind, and forming a double *cour* in front; is bordered by *passementerie lyrinthe*, surmounted by fancy silk buttons. Loose sleeve, a three-quarter length, very full trimmed with *passementerie*; the skirt is rather more than a three-quarter length, open in front, and trimmed in the tunic style, with buttons and *passementerie*. Dark blue satin *chapeau*, a round and moderately open shape, the exterior ornamented with a band of black velvet ribbon, and one of the new fancy feathers; blue satin *brides* complete the garniture. Worked muslin collar.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dark fawn-coloured satin robe, *corsage à la Dubarry*, made tight to the shape, high at the back, and descending below the hips; it opens on the bosom in a broad lappel, and is closed from the lappel to the waist by brandebourgs: the top and bottom of the *corsage* is scalloped and edged with braiding; the sleeve a three-quarter length, easy but not wide, with a turned up cuff *à la chevalière*. Under sleeve of muslin *bouillonné*, the front of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, with braiding disposed in scallops;

there are two rows on each side, and the centre is ornamented with brandebourgs. *Capote* of white *velours épinglé*, a close shape, and rather short brim; the interior is trimmed on each side with a half wreath of close *coques* of rose ribbon; the exterior with white satin ribbon, and a tuft of exotics placed in the centre of a full *nœud* of ribbon. Autumnal scarf of French *cashmere*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. EVENING DRESS.—Apple green satin robe, low *corsage*, round at top, and very deeply pointed at bottom. Short tight sleeve covered by a fall of black lace. Black lace *berthe*. Round cap also of black lace; the caul is rather large, and crossed by *rouleaus* of pink satin ribbon, ends of the same are placed in the lace at the sides. A sprig of half-blown roses, and a knot of ribbon put far back on the left side, complete the trimming.

No. 4. MORNING DRESS.—Grey *taffetas* robe, the *corsage* a three-quarter height, and round at top and bottom, is trimmed at top with a *bouillonné* placed between two satin *rouleaus* of a corresponding colour; it is drawn in full at the waist, under a *ceinture* fastened by an ornamental buckle. *Manche à la religieuse* of moderate width, over one of cambric *bouillonné*; the silk sleeve is finished at the bottom to correspond with the *corsage*. Cambric *chemisette* made quite up to the throat, and frilled with Valenciennes lace. Dark fawn-coloured satin *capote*, a long and rather deep brim, the exterior is trimmed with satin *rouleaus*; a bouquet of roses *panachés* with their foliage, and a knot of ribbon with floating ends at the back.

No. 5. DEMI TOILETTE.—Blue *poult de soie* robe, a low *corsage*, descending a little *en revers* in the centre: it is deeply pointed at the bottom; the top is bordered with Honiton lace, and the centre of the *corsage* ornamented with silk buttons. Demi long sleeve tight to the arm; it is finished by a fall of lace, another is placed at the elbow, and a third disposed *en mancheron*. *Chemisette*, a three-quarter height, composed of bands of letting in lace, and full ones of *organdy*; it is finished by a row of lace standing up round the top. Head-dress of hair, disposed *à la Sevigné* in front, and in a round knot formed of a platted braid at the back.

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Fashions for October 1871

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W. P. A. A. A.

LEILA.

LEILA, the beautiful slave of Hassan, loved and was beloved by "the Giaour." On the discovery of her infidelity she underwent the usual penalty of her crime, and was thrown into the sea.

"Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell ;
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well :
As large, as languishingly dark,
But soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid."

Poets may call the harem the paradise of pleasure, or the guarded sanctuary of love ; but it is the dungeon of despair, the altar whose offerings are a living death. Can such voluptuous and secluded calm shed o'er the heart that coldness which the sacred cloister and all the majesty of pealing choirs have sometimes failed to breathe? And should awakened love give all that despots seize but cannot win, the master's glance is fate, and his decision death—a watery grave, a midnight, noiseless execution. Often does the stranger, wandering by these guarded bowers of pleasure,

"Hear nightly plunged amid the silent wave
The frequent corse."

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

The present edifice of the cathedral of Bristol is not a complete conventual church, since it has no nave with its aisles, no porch, no western entrance; though we can scarcely doubt that the original design included all those members. The church is irregularly arranged, and composed of parts that are separate from and unlike each other. At the western end is a transept, or open space, extending north and south beyond the choir and aisles. A wall encloses the whole western extremity, through which wall there are two small doorways, one to a closet and the other to a cloister. To the east, lofty and beautiful arches lead, through five openings, to the elder Lady chapel, to the north aisle, ante-choir, south aisle, and to a sort of second transept called the Newton chapel.

On the north side of the church, and separated from the transept by a pointed arch, is the apartment above alluded to, bearing the name of the elder Lady chapel, now useless. It has two communications to the aisle by open arches cut through a thick wall; in one of which is placed a large altartomb, for two persons of the Berkeley family. The remaining open part of the church is made up of a choir with two aisles, and a kind of chancel extending beyond the latter.

The choir itself, or part used for the cathedral service, extends from the organ screen to the steps of the altar, and is fitted up with stalls and seats on each side: the bishop's throne to the south, and the pulpit—a Gothic structure, with a pinnacled canopy—immediately opposite. A vestibule, of singular architectural character, and a vestry branch from the eastern end of the south aisle.

The chapter-room is entered from the cloister, at the extremity of the southern side of the transept. It has a portico or vestibule of entrance. Two sides only of the cloister remain, bounding the eastern and southern sides of the area. At the south end of the transept are stairs, which lead to an apartment over the vestibule to the chapter-house.

Concerning the architectural history of this edifice, Bishop Lyttleton says, it "appears to be one and the same style of building throughout, and no part older than Edward the First's time, though some writers suppose that the present fabric was begun in King Stephen's time; but not a single arch, pillar, or window agrees with the mode which prevailed at that time; indeed, the lower part of the Chapter-house walls, together with the doorway and columns at the entrance of the Chapter-house, I should pronounce of that age, or rather prior to King Stephen's reign, being true Saxon architecture."

The chapter-honse, the lower part of the abbey-gate-house, at the south-west angle of College-green, and some doorways of the palace, exhibit specimens of truly Norman architecture, in columns, capitals, windows, and string courses; and these we must refer to the original foundation of Robert Fitzharding, in 1142.

The Chapter-room, in architectural character and ornamental details, is far from uninteresting; indeed it possesses positive beauties. "A new boarded floor has been raised about two feet six inches above the original floor, whereby the stone seat, which extended round the room and united with the walls, is entirely covered. Large openings have been made in the south and east walls, in which common sash window-frames are introduced; and the whole interior surface is covered with repeated coats of white-wash. All these things not only greatly disfigure, but tend to destroy the true architectural character and effect of an ancient apartment, which, in its original state, must have been one of the most

interesting of the kind in the kingdom, and perhaps in Europe. Though it has been thus sadly barbarized, it may be easily restored, and thus rendered an object of admiration and delight to every lover of Christian architecture. Let us indulge the hope that this improvement may be speedily effected."

The cloister is imperfect, but what exists of it is beautiful. Upon this cloister, with the refectory, considerable sums of money must have been expended; and more particularly upon the highly decorated superstructure over the Norman gateway leading from the Upper to the Lower-green, the execution of which we should probably be right in placing between 1480 and 1520. This ornamental gateway has the effigies of abbots Newland and Elliot in niches, with their arms on the pedestals by which they are supported.

In 1629 a new west window was made, an organ was built, and other works were executed in the cathedral by means of voluntary contributions. During the protectorate of Cromwell, Walter Deyoe, the mayor of Bristol, evinced his intemperate zeal for the new government, by causing the lead to be stripped from the cathedral and cloisters; but other members of the corporation took measures to prevent further demolition, and orders were issued in January, 1655, for the sale of the lead, and for the application of the proceeds to repair the building. Eight years afterwards, as we learn from the annals of Bristol, the cathedral church was new mended, and flourished." In the year 1670, the sum of 1,300*l.* was laid out on the church and prebendal houses, and between the years 1681 and 1685 upwards of 300*l.* more in repairing the pavement, painting the east end of the choir, and otherwise ornamenting the church.

Of the interior of the church, besides what has been already remarked, it is particularly deserving of notice that the vaulting of the aisles is of equal height to that of the nave. This is a peculiarity, and, there is reason to believe, a unique example of construction. The aisles of churches are, almost always, much lower than the nave and choir, which are upheld by flying buttresses, extending from the side walls of the nave or choir to other large buttresses against the aisles; but in the choir and aisles of Bristol the principle of construction is entirely original—the arches between the choir and aisles rising as high as the central vaulting, and the side windows of the aisles corresponding in height.

The organ-screen seems to have been constructed at the time when the church was first appropriated to cathedral service. It exhibits the Tudor arms, with a dragon and greyhound for supporters, with the initials H. R., those of the prince of Wales, with E. P., and the letters T. W., on a shield; the last initials being those of Thomas Wright, who was appointed receiver-general for the chapter in 1541.

To the west of the organ-screen, in the ante-choir, is a stone pulpit of a massive and roomy character, the gift of bishop Wright. It was formerly the practice in this cathedral for the congregation, after divine service, to adjourn into this lower part of the church to hear the sermon; a becoming practice, marking the difference between prayer and preaching, and separating the two exercises. How many of these usages are there which have a fitness in themselves, and which it would be well to revive if men could be led to distinguish between their becomingness and their necessity. Religion consists not in such observances; but the right tone of worshippers is not a little aided by their being maintained, provided their use is explained, and in such a way as represents them as among things utterly subordinate.



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

THE NEW

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,

CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES,
AND POETRY.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP,

(*A Domestic Tale.*)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."
WORDSWORTH.

CHAP. XXII.

As Florence would not have any of the letters concerning the poems directed at home, it so chanced that she received one of the numerous rejections in the hours of teaching. The disappointment imprinted on her countenance attracted the attention of a benevolent old relation of her pupils, who frequently visited the school-room. He inquired the cause so feelingly that the poor girl's overburdened heart instantly opened, and she timidly and briefly imparted some particulars.

Mr. Wilson listened with much interest; then asking for pen and paper, he wrote very intently for a few minutes, and then placed a note, directed to one of the first publishers of the day, in her hand. "Take this, my good girl," he said kindly; "it will at least gain you attention. I wish I could do more; but you know we must be just before we are generous; and if I did all I might wish, I should be wronging my own. Do not look so speechlessly grateful, my child; use the note, and God speed you."

And, pressing her hand, he instantly departed; but his kind offices did not stop there. The day was unusually fine, and Mr. Wilson begged a holiday for his young relatives, ostensibly that he might give them a drive, but really that Florence might have the leisure to prosecute her mission at once; and she felt it such, for her heart swelled

in asking a blessing on the kind old man, though he would not return to her school-room to hear it.

Anxiously, yet hopefully, Florence threaded her way through the huge labyrinth of streets, to the parks, in the vicinity of which the publisher resided. The note gained her instant attention, and one glance sufficed for her to perceive that Mr. Morton was very different from many of his calling; entering at once into the business, he candidly stated that poetry, unless of the very first kind, was the most unsaleable sort of composition, but added kindly, "But of this you know we cannot judge till we have perused the MS.; have you it with you?"

She answered in the affirmative, placing as she did so the work before him. He saw that her hand trembled and her cheek paled, and said with a smile, "Why, were it not for my friend's note, I should say, Miss Leslie, that you yourself were the author; we seldom see a third person so deeply interested. You have not been playing us false, have you? and passing off as your brother's that which is your own?"

"Indeed, sir, I have not; but when I know and feel how completely the being of a beloved and suffering brother is bound up in his glorious talent, I cannot be otherwise than agitated; a very casual glance over those poems will convince you that no woman's work is there."

Surprised, yet prepossessed by her unaffected earnestness, Mr. Morton, after some further conversation, gave his whole attention for nearly half an hour to the MS. Florence tried to look at some beautiful prints which he had kindly placed before her; but a mist was before her eyes, she could not trace a figure.

"You are right," he said at length; "this is no common work. There is decided genius, not alone in the poems, but in the illustrations; still, in the present state of literature, even real genius has much to contend with. Can you call again in a few days? Be assured," he added kindly, "I do not give you that trouble because I will not say No at once. I wish to think how I can best serve your brother, and to do so requires a little time."

With every limb trembling, every accent of her voice quivering, Florence poured forth her acknowledgments, and assuring him the trouble was

nothing, the following Saturday was the day fixed. The intervening time seemed long, for Florence breathed to none the hope that would arise in her own breast. When she again sought Mr. Morton he told her that his opinion of her brother's genius had increased with every page he read; that there was not the smallest doubt as to its ultimate success. He candidly stated that the volume was intrinsically worth much more than he could well afford to pay, and he thought it would be better for the author to incur a little risk at first than do himself such injustice as to part with the copyright. To bring the work out as its merits demanded would cost one hundred and fifty pounds. He himself would risk the hundred, if Mr. Leslie would risk the fifty pounds; the profits of the first edition should be equally divided between them.

We will not linger on the emotion of poor Florence at this generous offer. Morton, indeed, needed little in reply; his benevolent nature was more gratified by her simple yet heartfelt acknowledgments than by the most eloquent words. He would call on her brother, he said, that their agreement might be fixed in black and white, smiling at her observation that sorely such a step could not be necessary.

"We men of business must have something more palpable than honour, my young friend; besides I wish to know this glorious-minded fellow. You tell me he is ill, so ill that he cannot leave his couch. What is the matter with him?" Florence's voice quivered painfully as she replied, but Mr. Morton's evident sympathy led her not only to relate Walter's sufferings, but her own secret and long entertained wish, that he should have better medical advice. A gentleman had entered some little time before, and, perceiving Morton was engaged, had begged him to continue his business with the young lady; and, apparently on very intimate terms with the family, threw himself on an easy chair and took up a book, to which however he did not give much attention.

"And this young man is a poet, and by your account, Morton, no common one. I am sorry for it," was the quaint observation which recalled his presence; and Florence timidly looked the question, "Why?"

"Because, young lady, too often the mind wears out the frame. The physician's skill is less effectual with poets than with any other race; they are like the pelican feeding their offspring with their own blood, and are then surprised that we can do nothing for them."

"Perhaps you will go with me, Sir Charles, and see if this young poet be as wilful as others of his craft," rejoined Mr. Morton, knowing well the character of his visitor, and encouraged by his nod of assent.

Florence listened bewildered; she could scarcely believe that her wildest wishes might be realized, and that the object of her secret longings, the great physician, who, she almost believed, had, under Providence, power to avert death itself, would indeed visit her brother, and might perhaps restore him to health, as he had so mercifully been permitted to restore others: and Mr. Morton had led her down stairs, had advised her not to tell her

brother that a physician would accompany him, fearing to excite him, and had parted from her with the greatest kindness, ere she could collect her scattered thoughts sufficiently to arrange and define them.

CHAP. XXIII.

It so happened that, just at this time, Mrs. Leslie was staying with a very aged relation in the country; and, for one reason, Florence rejoiced that she was absent. As soon as collected thought returned she began to consider how the necessary fifty pounds could be raised with the least inconvenience, and without calling on her mother. She recollected that, from teaching and work, she and Minnie had laid aside fifteen pounds for chance demands—debts they had none—and they expected in a few days a good price for some delicate fancy work; still this would not make up half the sum. The only valuable trinkets she possessed were Lady St. Maur's gifts, the cross and chain, the emeralds in which, she had often been told, were exceedingly rare and valuable; but how could she part with them?

She saw, after his first feelings of delight, that Walter, though he said nothing, shrunk painfully from the idea that it might be months before the small sum required from him could be paid. Had he been in health, and so enabled to work himself, these thoughts would have had no power; but with all the torturing weakness of disease they haunted him night and day. Florence saw this, and acted accordingly.

About a week after this arrangement with Mr. Morton, and before he called, she placed a pocket-book containing bank notes to the specified amount in her brother's hands.

"Florence," he exclaimed, starting up, the languor of suffering for the moment banished. "Florence, dearest! how have you done this? Oh! do not tell me you have sacrificed aught of comfort or of personal necessities—weak, selfish, tormenting as disease has made me, I could not bear such a thought—how have you obtained this!"

"Suppose I refused to tell you, Walter; I think I have some right to enjoy my secret; will you be satisfied if I solemnly assure you I have sacrificed nothing that was either of use or comfort? some useless trinkets—"

"Trinkets! useless trinkets! Ah, Florence, dearest, how can I bear the thought that you have parted with your few valuables for me!"

"You shall give me handsomer, Walter; I shall expect a casket of gems from the earnings of your first brilliant successful work; what need of them have I now? When you raise me to a higher grade, where ornaments are worn, you shall return them to me."

She spoke with a smile so fond, that her brother guessed not how, in parting with her only jewel of value, she felt as if even memory had become as powerless as hope, and every link between the past and present snapped for ever.

"My work may give you them, my darling sister, but not Walter," he answered faintly; "I

shall have gone to my long home are these things may be."

"Oh do not, do not say so, Walter; the reviving spring will soon be here, and relieved as your mind is of this engrossing wish—oh, you will live—you will be spared to bless us all."

He shook his head mournfully, but kissed her fondly, and changed the subject.

In a few days Mr. Morton and his friend came. The flush of excitement burned on Walter's cheek; his thin hand so trembled, he could hardly sign his name, and the perspiration streamed with the effort from his forehead. Florence had lingered to try to read Sir Charles's opinion on his countenance; but it would not change, and, unable to bear the deadly faintness of suspense, she glided from the apartment, satisfied that Minnie would supply her place.

"You are really premature, my good friend," Mr. Morton said, as after a lengthened conversation full of the deepest interest and comfort to Walter, he gave the pocket-book, and Morton looked on its contents with surprise. "There would have been time enough for this, when the book was in print, and circulating. You had better keep this money for little luxuries which an invalid like yourself must need."

Walter paused a moment, then saying "Minnie, dear, I wish you would look in my room for the book I wanted to show Mr. Morton. Florence will tell you where it is." He waited till she left the room, then laying his hand on Mr. Morton's arm, said impressively—"Mr. Morton, that hour I shall never see; let me, then, have the happiness, the relief of feeling that I die leaving no debt as a burden on my poor family; do not refuse it. My own, in truth, it is not, for my devoted sisters have compelled me to accept it for this purpose, simply to relieve my mind of the load that weighed upon it: take it, and I shall feel that I have not a individual care. Your assurance that in time it must succeed, removes all fear for my sisters; their generous love will be repaid."

Much affected, Morton pressed his hand, and entreated him to set his mind at rest, and not to dwell on such gloomy fancies—he was sure they had no foundation. If Florence had still been in the room, she would not have watched Sir Charles's expressive countenance in vain: a mournful interest first removed the unimpassioned calm; then strong emotion, and finally he rose from his seat and strode to the window. Recalled by Morton's question if he could not prescribe for Mr. Leslie, to prevent such a constant recurrence of excitement; he asked no question, but hastily wrote a prescription, saying, as he did so,

"This will calm, I wish I could say cure, young man; change your ardent temperament, your throbbing brain, for the matter of fact, the unimpassioned, and health may return."

"Change!" responded Walter, clasping his hands with strong emotion—"change!—become like the crowd—the hireling herd—that know no emotion but interest, no love but for gold—with no vision of beauty, of truth, of good! No, no; better twenty years of suffering body with mental joy, than seventy of such health and such existence. I would not change!"

But though Florence could not summon sufficient courage to remain while the interview lasted, suspense became so intolerable that she felt as if the most dreaded reality could be better borne. Hardly knowing her own intentions, she waited in a little sitting-room below, till they descended; then springing forward, she caught hold of Sir Charles's hand, and looked up in his face with cheeks and lips perfectly blanched, and every effort to speak died away in indistinct murmurs. Only too well accustomed to such painful scenes, the physician gently led her within the parlour and closed the door; the action recalled voice, and she gasped forth—

"Oh! is there not hope? will you not save him? Tell me he will not die!"

"My good young lady, life and death are not in the hands of man; yet it were cruel, unwisely cruel to give you hope. Your brother's mind has been his poison—I dare not tell you—he may live."

"But he will linger—he may be spared us many years yet," persisted Florence, in the wild accents of one determined against belief. "It cannot be that he will go now—so young—so— but forgive me," she added, when the hysterical sobs gave way, "tell me—I am better now—I can bear it—I ought to know, for my poor mother's sake, how long we may call him ours?"

The reply was given kindly and carefully; but what language, what gentleness may soften the bitter anguish of such words? Florence heard, and yet she sank not. She bade farewell to those kind friends; she saw them go, but still she stood as if thought, sense, life itself were frozen; and then she rushed up the stairs into her own room, secured the door, and sinking on her knees, buried her face in the bed-clothes, and her slight frame shook beneath its agony.

Another hour, and that suffering girl was seated by her brother's couch, holding his hand in hers, and with a marble cheek, but faint sweet smile, listening to, and sympathising in his lovely dreams of fame. And such is woman, her tears are with her God, her smile with man; the heart may break, and who shall know it?

Mr. Morton had suggested a frontispiece as an improvement to his book, and Walter's every energy now turned to the composition of a picture from which the print might be engraven. He had resolved not to put his name to the publication, and therefore felt that a group entitled "The Poet's Home," could convey no identity; and he commenced his task with an ardour and enjoyment, strangely at variance with the prostrating languor of disease. Who that has watched the workings of the mind and spirit, as the human frame decays, can doubt our immortality? How can the awful creed of materialism exist with the view of that bright light of mind shining purer and brighter, with every hour that brings death nearer? Life may afford matter for the sceptic and the materialist to weave their fearful theories upon, though we know not how it can; but let such look on the approach of sure yet lingering death, and how will they retain them then?

CHAP. XXIV.

"News! joyful news, Florence, I am so glad that you have come at length," was Minie Leslie's gleesome greeting to her sister, on her return from her daily duty about the middle of the month of April. "How tired you look! I do wish you would let me go for you sometimes;" and she insisted on removing Florence's bonnet and shawl, and forced her to sit down. Florence was indeed weary and dispirited, weighed down by the thought that every morning she left home might be her last to look upon her brother. How little did her employers know the burden that she bore, looking on her as an inanimate, harmless girl, well suited for her daily toil, and nothing more! But weary as she was, she met Minie's fond kiss with one as fond, and a smile as sweet.

"And what is this joyous news, Minie, dear? Do not play with my curiosity too long."

"Listen Flory, you shall have it in all the pompous language of the aristocratic *Morning Post*," and taking up the paper, she read in mock heroic tones—

"We are truly rejoiced to state that the Rt. Hon. Edmund Baron St. Maur, and his beautiful and accomplished lady, with their suite, are confidently expected to arrive in England the first week in May: the noble Lord's health, we understand, is so perfectly re-established, that no danger is apprehended from his permanent residence in his native country. We have heard it whispered that for his beneficial exertions in the courts of Italy and Paris, and other diplomatic services, an Earldom will be granted him, a dignity seldom so well deserved. For his lady we have only to state, that the extraordinary beauty of the lady Ida Villiers has not yet faded from the minds of her countrymen, and that the united testimony of the Italian and French Courts would inform us, if she have lost the charms of girlhood, she has acquired others more dazzling still."

"Now I should very much like to know who put that puff in. How Lady St. Maur would laugh at it herself! But is it not delightful she is coming home?"

Florence did not answer, she was leaning over her brother's couch, and thinking; oh, what a bright stream of thought came leaping and sparkling over her mind, carrying it back with the visions it brought. She felt her brother's arm thrown round her, and that simple action deprived her of all self-control; her head sunk on his bosom, and she burst into tears.

Minie was bewildered, her simple guilelessness could not enter into her sister's feelings, nor did Mrs. Leslie's gentle explanation succeed in convincing her that anything like loss of fortune and a lower station could or ought to affect friendship. In vain were all her mother's representations of the customs of society; its *convenances*, we should say, if a French word may be permitted; she persisted that in this case they had no weight, and ended by declaring, that if she were mistaken, and Lady St. Maur made no exertion to renew her kindness, she would

take care how she loved or trusted beyond the hallowed circle of her own home.

Walter continued to work at his cherished picture as perseveringly as his waning strength allowed. It represented the interior of a cottage room well remembered by Florence, as that of her dearly loved home in Devonshire: a glow as from a brilliantly setting sun, streamed through the large French window which opened on a view of hill and wood, and distant ocean; a couch, the draperies of which well harmonised with the lights and shadows of the back ground, stood as drawn forward, that the breeze of evening might play upon its occupant, in whose languid frame, and attenuated, but most striking features, Walter had thrown the characteristic likeness of himself: close at his side, employed in arranging flowers in a vase upon a table near them, he had placed Florence; near them, on her own arm-chair, with one hand laid fondly on the rich golden hair of her younger girl, was his mother—a beautiful likeness—for the son knew so well the character of his mother, no marvel the artist could not fail. Minie's guitar was in her lap, one hand carelessly sweeping its strings, while her head was thrown back, and her beaming countenance looked up in her mother's face with her own arch mischief-loving smile. The pencil of the artist lingered on these lovely forms, as if each day that whispered his own departure nearer, bound them closer to his heart, and he sought indelibly to join his form and face with theirs, leaving them one fond enduring trace, ere he passed away for ever.

May came with her sweet flowers and reviving breath; even the environs of the huge metropolis looked smiling in summer, and the air came heated with the flood of warmth and light from the cloudless sun. The season was unusually hot, and Florence, almost to her surprise, felt her daily walks far more wearisome and exhausting than they had been in the winter. With the heat, Walter's feverish restlessness increased, often bringing temporary delirium; but his fancies even then were full of poetry, and love, and hope; and in those hours of suffering, the presence of Florence seemed so to soothe him that even when his fancy wandered, he was still conscious of her presence. It was not very remarkable that her health began visibly to fail, though so great was her meek endurance, her silent energy, that still uncomplainingly she struggled on, only praying that while Walter needed her care she might not fail.

And those nights, though exhausting to the frame, were often thrice blessed in their communings with a spirit so soon about to seek that blissful bourne from whence no traveller returns: when not disabled by fever, his converse was all of heaven, as if its glory and its blessedness were already fully revealed, and as she listened to him, Florence felt as if those words were inspired to be her comfort hereafter.

"There was a time I feared to die, for your sakes, my beloved ones," he said in one of these communings; "but my God hath been so merciful, my Florence. His spirit hath come to remove these doubts, and lead me to put my whole trust in Him,

who my mother first taught me would provide. Oh! what a blessing has her religion been to me in this trial! Tell her this when I am gone; she cannot bear it now, but it will soothe her then; tell her the prayers she taught my infant lips return, when fever prevents all other, and I know that they are heard, they bring such peace."

"And have you no wish, my Walter?"

"I have no earthly wish, my Florence; my soul departs, my frame will crumble to its parent dust, but the aspirations of mind remain; my longing for the good, the beautiful, the infinite, will all be filled in heaven; and I have no wish, save to linger till my last fond task is done, and perhaps another—but it is such folly—"

"Tell it me, dear Walter."

"Let them lay me where grass and flowers may grow above me, Florence; do not let them cover my grave with the cold flag-stones that mark the city tombs—'tis an idle wish, yet it haunts me. I would rather that children's feet should press the turf, and tiny hands pluck the flowers, than stony walls surround me; and let them stamp upon the head-stone simple words, no laboured epitaph, only that I felt my father loved me, and so he called me to his throne."

And Florence promised; and though her heart was full of tears, she could not weep. Many scenes of life are holy—the early morn, the twilight hour, the starry night, the rolling storm, the hymn of thousands from the sacred fane, the marriage rite, or funeral dirge; but none more holy than the chamber of the dying, lingering beside a departing spirit, seeming as if already the angel shone above the mortal, waiting but the eternal summons to wing his flight on high.

One evening Walter's couch had been drawn near the open casement, which looked into the garden at the back of the house; and even the dusty green and scentless flowers, peculiar to the environs of London, were grateful to the poet. He was propped up with pillows, and his hand was yet busy on the canvas, giving the last touches to his picture.

All was completed but the figure of Minie, who was sitting in the required attitude; but it was well he had not waited till that moment to give that joyous expression he so much loved.

An hour passed, and no movement, no sound disturbed that little party: the hand of the artist moved languidly, but still it moved, and the concluding touches started into life beneath it. Sometimes his eyes would close, and then after a brief interval of rest, re-open to look upon his task.

Florence had not yet returned, having gone out of her way to purchase some fresh flowers, as was her custom every third day, in spite of Walter's remonstrances: the intense delight which they always gave him, was too visible to permit any cessation of the indulgence: that she deprived herself of many little necessities, and, exhausted and weary, never rode to her pupils, that she might save to purchase luxuries for him, he never knew. She often recalled Emily Melford's horror of exertion, and half smiled at the widely different meanings that word bore in their respective vocabularies: but a bitter feeling mingled with the smile at her

own credulity in Emily's profession of interest and regard: from the day she had sought her to the present moment, a full year, she had rested as silent and indifferent as before.

As Florence came within sight of the bay-windows of her house, she fancied that she could distinguish the figure of Walter, looking down the road, as if watching her return. She was surprised, because, since his increasing illness, they had changed their apartment from the front to the back sitting room, in order to give him more quiet and fresh air than the dusty road afforded. What he could be doing there she could not conceive, for even if he were anxious for her return and wished to watch for her, he surely had not sufficient strength to walk from one room to another, and there remain standing so that she could distinguish his full figure. Hope flashed on her heart that he was better. Some extraordinary change must have taken place, and he might yet live! Oh, what a sudden thrill came with that fond thought! and she hurried, almost ran the intervening space. Breathless she entered the house, and sprang up the staircase.

"What, settled again so soon at your drawing, dearest Walter, and only a minute ago I saw you beckoning me from the next room—how could you stand there so long?"

Mrs. Leslie put her finger on her lips—"You have been strangely deceived, my love, Walter has not quitted this room nor this posture for some hours. Come softly, I think he sleeps."

No word, no cry, passed the lips of Florence, although a pang, sharp as if every drop of blood were turned to ice, curdled through her frame. She knew she was not deceived. As surely as she now looked on him, she felt she had seen him smile, as if to bid her hasten home, not ten minutes before, and with a fleet and noiseless step she stood beside him. The pencil was still within his hand, but it moved no longer on the canvas—the eyes were closed, the lips were parted: she bent down her head and pressed her lips upon his brow—it was marbly cold.

"Walter!" she shrieked, for in that dread moment she knew not what she did. "Walter—my brother—speak to me—look on me again!"

For a moment she stood as if waiting for the look, the voice she called; then, pressing her hands wildly to her brow, sought to collect thought, energy, control, for her poor mother's sake—but all, all failed—and for the first time in her life, she sunk down in a deep and death-like swoon.

CHAP. XXV.

That same evening, nay the same hour, which shook from its mourning pinions such heavy sorrow on that lowly home, came radiant with sunshine and glee, and the voice of mirth and song and welcome, to Lord Edgemore's stately mansion in St. James's.

Lord and Lady St. Maur had that day arrived in England, and Lord Edgemore, with his usual

hospitality, had invited every relative or connection on either side, to give them welcome. There were very many to whom Lord and Lady St. Maur had to be introduced, for births and marriages had multiplied the circle; nor were their own three lovely children less objects of attraction than themselves.

Surely if there be real joy on earth, it is found in the hour of meeting—alloy, indeed, it must have, for few are the hearts on whom five years may pass and leave no trace; but to Lady St. Maur it was perfect as earth can make it. She had left England anxious and sorrowing; not knowing even if the beloved one, to whom she had pledged her maiden heart, might even then be spared to claim her as his own.

She returned a happy wife, a doting mother—not a death had snatched away one whom she had left behind, and the hour of meeting was not one to call up the cold doubt and dark mistrust as to the permanence and truth of the professions which it elicited. Single hearted, truthful, the very child of nature herself, Lady St. Maur felt only happiness, rejoicing in seeing again around her familiar faces, and yet more familiar things. The very pride, the very coldness for which she had been so often blamed, when her engagement had been the theme of every tongue, were now no longer visible; and some there were who could scarcely have recognized in the Baroness St. Maur the Lady Ida Villiers of former years.

"So, I am to be one of the family, though claiming not the tenth part of a Scotch cousinship with any one here present," was the bluff greeting of Sir Charles Brushleigh, as he entered. "Lord Edgemore, you are always kind, but to-night kinder than ever. Where's the young rebel whom I exiled five years ago? Baron St. Maur, stand forth! Hey, what, do you mean to impose yourself on me for my patient, young man? Pshaw! you are in far too good condition for me to claim acquaintance with you," he continued, laughing, as Lord St. Maur, his mother, and wife hastened from their respective circles and crowded round him.

"Indeed, Sir Charles, instead of rebellious, I claim a reward for submission, patience, and a whole host of saintly virtues," was the joyous reply. "Here have I been perfectly well for three full years, and yet in simple obedience to your command, remained in Italy, when my whole heart was in my own country."

"Ida is extremely obliged to you, Edmund," mischievously interposed Alfred Melford, "so much so," said Lady Ida, "that I will expose him. Sir Charles, give him no particle of credit for obedience; he has been quite as impatient, and rebellious, and disloyal as you can possibly fancy; it is only to me and Lady Helen that your praise is any way due."

"Is it so, fair lady? Your lord does look somewhat guilty, I must confess. However, as he has brought me back some pound or two more of flesh, and a proper shade of colour, we will be merciful, and pronounce that, voluntarily or not, he has kept the term of exile well. Lady Helen, Italy has been the elixir of life to you. If I want to grow young, I will go there too. Lady St. Maur,

by the way, I believe six or seven years ago you and I were sworn foes; are we friends now? Now, do not look so prettily bewildered; there was a time when a fair girl wanted to marry a dying man, and sacrifice her bloom and her joy in nursing him, and I, like a monster of cruelty, placed my ban upon it, and under Providence saved both. Am I forgiven? I do not think we ever shook hands at parting."

"Now I will return good for evil, Sir Charles, and pray you to forgive her," answered her husband fondly, as Lady St. Maur placed both hands in those of Sir Charles, and looked up in his face without speaking, save through her glistening eyes.

"If you knew how often she has repented her injustice, and spoken of your skill, as, under Heaven, the author of her joy."

"There then is the kiss of peace," replied Sir Charles, suiting the action to the word, and bending his lips to her brow, adding joyously, "You are a happy fellow, Edmund! but where are your children? Ah! Lady Helen is bringing them. How strange that grandmamas think of those things more than mamas!" And after playfully caressing them he continued, "Lady St. Maur, as your husband left his heart in England, though you were by his side, has the *dolce far niente*, of Italy, retained any part of yours?"

"Not the hundredth part of a particle, Sir Charles. I have been too happy not to love Italy; but give me England for a home."

"Well, if I could be transported to Italy without any trouble, its *dolce far niente* must be heaven upon earth," said Emily Melford, so gravely, and with so deep a sigh, as to cause a burst of laughter round her. Sir Charles Brushleigh singled her out on the instant, and greeted her by a mock heroic bow.

"The honourable Miss Emily Melford absolutely transplanted from the blue and buff *chaîsse longue* of Belgrave square! Young lady, I give you all the joy you will take the trouble to receive. What miracle has wrought this change?"

Lady St. Maur looked at him, surprised, and going to the sofa where her cousin sat, put her arm affectionately round her.

"Not very wonderful, Sir Charles, considering Emily has not seen me so long. I find nothing very remarkable about her, except——"

"Except that she is looking better and stouter than when you left," interrupted the physician slyly.

"Sir Charles, good looks are not always the criterion of good health," answered Emily, pettishly. "That you do not consider me worthy of your attention, is no proof I do not require medical care—you will do nothing for me."

"Because, my good young lady, you can do more for yourself, and I never take fees where I cannot cure. As for the *dolce far niente* of Italy, you need not go so far to find it, for I rather believe it is discoverable in a certain boudoir in Belgrave-square."

"Emily, how can you let Sir Charles laugh at you in this manner?" exclaimed her brother; "I would rather go work six hours in every twelve."

"Do you not know, Frederick, Emily is proverbially good natured, and would not interrupt any body's amusement, even at her own expense?"

"You should rather admire than blame me, Mary."

"So I do, my dear; I like every body to be happy in their own way."

"Happy! Do you mean to tell me I am happy, Mary?"

"Indeed, I know no person who ought to be happier than yourself, Emily. My dear Ida, you look as if you did not understand this at all, you will learn all in time."

"I hope I shall, Mary," she replied, laughing; "but what is the matter with Emily, and why is she the universal object of attack?"

"Because nobody chooses to believe I am ill, Ida; but never mind me for the present."

Lady St. Maur looked earnestly at her cousin; and that look recalled former years, when, in spite of many follies, Emily would have shrunk with horror from the selfishness, the indolence, of which she had now become the unresisting victim.

"What can keep Frank Howard so late?" observed Lord Edgemore, as a pause in the conversation around him permitted the remark. "Henry, did you tell him we expected him?"

His son replied in the affirmative, and Lord St. Maur inquired—

"By the way, Frank is in the house, is he not? Has he distinguished himself?"

"Truly, yes; an eloquent impassioned youngster, I understand, who carries all along with him."

"I am glad of it, he is so peculiarly situated from the misanthropy and cold selfishness of his father, that I have quite felt for him. It is hard upon a young man to have no friend, no relative interested in his public career."

"Friends, St. Maur! why he has gained as many as Lord Glenville's strange conduct lost."

"Is Glenville still as complete a cynic as he was in Paris?"

"If possible, more so; he seems to hold converse with none but his steward, except when he takes the fancy of holding a solemn dinner, which, defend me from ever attending again."

"And can any one explain the mystery about him, who was he?"

"In his youth, I believe, merely a private gentleman's son, and a great spendthrift, squandering money, and I fancy reputation, on the continent, till he became a disgrace to his name, and his father nearly ruined himself in changing it."

"How does he treat his son, kindly?"

"I really cannot tell; but I fancy, capriciously; sometimes a father, sometimes a tyrant, according to his mood. Frank does not want for money, or any of the appurtenances of his station, though Glenville is mean and miserly to himself; and as for uttering one word regarding his father, except in terms of the deepest respect, I believe he would rather die. Where Frank's warmth of heart and ingenuousness sprang from, I cannot fancy."

"Perhaps from his mother. Who was she?"

"One of the Duke of Beaumont's daughters; she died soon after Frank's birth. People have whispered of a broken heart, from discoveries made

by her husband when he was under the temporary delirium of fever."

Unwilling to make this conversation general, Lord St. Maur turned it into a more desultory channel; and not long afterwards, young Howard made his appearance, even more animated than usual.

"I suppose, Master Frank, as you saw us two years ago in Rome, you have made no manner of exertion to welcome us to England? I am half inclined not to speak to you," said Lady St. Maur, sportively, as after warmly greeting her husband, he eagerly advanced towards her. "You have not the shadow of an excuse; the House does not meet to-night; and even if it did, we arrived here early enough for you to have greeted us five hours ago. Do you deserve my mercy?"

"I will bear any sentence your ladyship may pronounce," replied the young man gaily, "if on hearing my tale you still deem it deserved. I would not gratify myself by seeing you, till I could bring my sovereign's greetings in addition to my own. I have been in and out the Herald's office the whole day, to the no small annoyance of its worthy functionaries; and only now obtained what I wanted. Here, Melford, read out for the good of the public," he added joyously, throwing the Gazette into Alfred Melford's outstretched hand; "and to you, my Lord," he said, giving a large sealed packet to Lord St. Maur, "my office is to present this. Never say that her Majesty knows not how to discern merit and reward it, but cry God bless the Queen, and long life to the Earl and Countess St. Maur."

CHAP. XXVI.

For several weeks a complete whirl of gaiety absorbed the time of the newly-created Earl and Countess. It was not only the very height of the London season, when levees and drawing-rooms continually recurring compelled their attendance, but their long absence from England occasioned a wider round of visiting than was customary even to the gayest of the aristocracy. Friends, relatives, family connections, all poured in upon them with hospitality and proffered kindness; and yet with all this the Earl found time to attend not only to his new office in the royal cabinet, but to literary pursuits, and yet have his children with him for two or three hours in the day as usual; and Lady St. Maur found leisure to read, as was her invariable custom, with her husband—that is to say, to read what he read, to make extracts from black-lettered folios, if he had not time, and withal attend to her children; delighting in giving her little girls those first instructions which many mothers leave to hirelings. She had time too to enter into the interests of all her friends, to perceive with real regret the state of nervous irritability into which Emily Melford had fallen; and more, still to think of and long to know something certain concerning the young girl who had so interested her just before she had quitted England. The belief that

Florence did not write that extraordinary letter, and that in consequence she had some secret enemy, had gained such powerful influence over Lady St. Maur's mind, that, though never spoken, she could not shake it off. But how to obtain this information? In the midst of her gaities, her domestic pleasures, her many claims, still she found herself repeatedly thinking of Florence, and turning over every scheme, practicable or impracticable, for discovering her, without however any prospect of success; till one morning, about two months after her arrival in England, Alfred Melford casually mentioned his having seen her former favourite, Florence Leslie, the year previously, but so altered!

"Altered!" repeated Lady St. Maur; "if you could only find her for me, Alfred, I should be very grateful."

"I wish I could, cousin mine; but I do not know how. I am sure she needed friends, poor girl! and Emily might have served her, if she had not thought so much of trouble."

"I really do not know what you mean, Alfred," replied his sister, languidly. "Would you have had me go about inquiring who among my friends wanted a governess, for one of whom, after all, I know so little?"

"A governess!" repeated the Countess, in painful surprise. "Emily, why did you not tell me this? I have more than once asked you lately if you knew anything of her, and you have always answered in the negative."

"Because I do not know anything of her now; it is ages ago since she called at our house to know if we would recommend her, as she was obliged to teach; and of course I thought you must know that."

"Know it! how?"

"Why, did she not correspond with you?"

"I told you I had not heard from her for some time; she never answered my letter to her on her father's death."

"Because she never received it," interposed Alfred. "Emily carelessly mislaid it for so long, that when it was found she destroyed it as useless. I advised her to tell you, which of course she never did. And would you believe it? she heard of a situation which would exactly have suited poor Florence, and which the simple exertion of taking a ten minutes' drive would have secured her, and yet she would not make the exertion to obtain it."

"Well, what can it signify? she has a situation, and what more could I have done for her? I told her I should be glad to see her whenever she liked to come; and as she never has come, I suppose she does not care enough about us."

"Nonsense, Emily! very likely a girl of Miss Leslie's sensitiveness should come forward to seek our acquaintance, with such an indefinite invitation;" angrily responded Melford.

"You have a wonderful knowledge of Miss Leslie's character, Alfred;" retorted Emily, maliciously. "Any one would suppose her pale face and pensive smile had made an extraordinary impression."

"Emily, you are a fool!" he began, but, softened

by the Countess's beseeching "Alfred!" added more quietly—"A face pale by evident anxiety and suffering, and a smile so changed from its joyousness, could not fail of making an impression."

"Is she indeed so altered?" inquired Lady St. Maur. "But do you know why she was obliged to go out? I knew Mr. Leslie was not rich, but I fancied his children provided for."

"So perhaps they might have been, but I believe some unfortunate law-suit, which Mr. Leslie did not live to complete, ruined them; but I must go. I wish you could convince Emily that, however she may think indolence no sin in itself, it occasions the commission of too many to be disregarded; and there is the first moral axiom my giddy brain ever threw into words. Fearing my next speech should counteract it, good-bye."

"He is exceedingly annoying; I wonder what has come over him?" observed his sister on his departure. "Any one would think he was turning saint."

"Why? because he happened to say the truth? Alfred has excellent feelings and high religious principles, though, happily for himself, he can conceal them from those who would laugh him out of them."

"Do you mean to say that he is right, then? I often console myself with the idea, that by not going out I escape from those fashionable follies which so many make the sum of their existence."

"You have tried the school of comparative solitude for the last two years, my dear Emily; but tell me, are you the same happy, mirthful being you were when I left England?"

For a few minutes Emily paused, touched by Ida's affectionate tone, and then with a sudden burst of natural feeling, she exclaimed—

"Ida, I will answer you, for I believe you are my truest friend; and perhaps if you had never left me, I should scarcely have sunk so low as I am now. I am miserable. I feel chained down by a dead weight which I cannot cast aside. I have no energy, no power, and must remain a useless burden for the remainder of my days."

"Do not say so, Emily; but tell me what first induced you to fly the world."

"Oh, it is not worth your hearing. Do you remember my telling you I meant to throw off all restraint, from having had thirteen years of school discipline, and seek only my own pleasure? I see you do, and also your own prophetic answer—for literally I am one of the most disagreeable, selfish beings in the universe. Well, I adhered to my words—I read nothing but the lightest and most frivolous novels; did nothing but make and receive visits. I thought the weeks horribly long, and insufferably dull, if one night passed without a party. I danced, flirted, waltzed, with little cessation through the season. I had many disagreeable entanglements, but still there was excitement in getting out of them; and then I fancied that I loved three or four times, and one, the last, heigho! if he had but been rich, I might have been a different being; for the poor fellow did love me, and I did not treat him well—but that has little to do with my story. I mingled only with the heartless, the cold, the worldly; all that appeared good

I believed hypocrisy. I do not know now what stopped me in this headlong career; perhaps it was hearing that the—the young man to whom I referred just now, and whom my coquetry and ill-usage had compelled to exchange his regiment for one going to India, was drowned on his passage; but I awoke as from a hideous dream—all my past excitement looked like grinning shadows. I seemed to be standing on a precipice, overhanging a gulf of perdition, into which but one step more would plunge me everlastingly, and I shuddered and turned back; but with a shock so violent that I inwardly vowed never to enter such scenes again. Of course the fever of excitement ended in bodily exhaustion, and its horrible void; for I was never very strong, and then I imagined myself ill, and it was a good excuse for changing my mode of life, and so I encouraged it till I really had no power to do otherwise. And now you know my whole story, and you must see that I have more excuse for indolence and solitude than most people have."

"You have indeed told me a sad story, Emily; but I cannot come to the same conclusion. Why to escape from faults of commission, do you run headlong into those of omission and neglect? Why not rather seek better and nobler sources of enjoyment and exertion?"

"Where can I find them? I do think unmarried women the most useless, miserable beings in existence! they have no call for exertion, nothing to interest them."

"Have you lost all the power of affection, Emily?"

"My dear Ida, surely now you do not speak with your usual wisdom. What can mamma or papa want with me? what can I do for them, or even feel for them, to fill up this craving void? And as for Georgiana, really she would laugh at the idea of my requiring her affection, or feeling any for her. Friend! there is no such thing in the London world."

"For heaven's sake, my dear Emily, do not make such sweeping assertions. If you are bereft of common feeling, of course my arguments can have little weight; but you might have made a friend—Florence."

"Do not speak of Florence, Ida—I would not have Alfred know it, because he torments me quite enough; but I will tell you that her note, though it simply thanked my intended kindness, and said she no longer needed it, caused such painful feelings that I destroyed it, for I could not bear to think of, or look at it."

"And you have no remembrance at all of her address?"

"No; but I think I kept the name and address of the lady with whom she said she was going to reside; for while the stinging self-reproach lasted, I thought if I heard of anything more advantageous I would write to her; but that idea of course only lasted till conscience was silenced, two days afterwards. How you, with all your new interests and affections, can have still time and inclination to bestow a thought on one whom you knew so short a time, I cannot understand; you certainly are an extraordinary person. I wish I were more like

you, but I was not so constituted; I cannot help my nature."

How many there are in the world like Emily Melford, who never fail to drown the still small voice of conscience by the consoling reflection, it is not themselves but their constitution at fault; that they cannot help themselves, and therefore make no exertion so to do!

For a wonder Emily kept her promise. The following morning came Mrs. Russell's direction, and the Countess wrote immediately, requesting to know if a young lady of the name of Florence Leslie still resided with Mrs. Russell, as governess; or if she had left, she would feel really obliged for any information concerning her which Mrs. Russell could bestow.

CHAP. XXVII.

Several days elapsed before Lady St. Maur received any answer to her note, and when the reply did come, it contained little satisfactory.

"Mrs. Russell's compliments to the Countess St. Maur, and begs to inform her ladyship that a young person of the name of Florence Leslie did reside with her a few months, as governess; but having discovered she had been grossly deceived, and that the person in question was very unfit for such a responsible situation, Mrs. Russell was compelled to dismiss her directly, and knows nothing more concerning her or her family."

This was such strong confirmation of previous reports, that Lady St. Maur's secret hopes fell; yet still she was not satisfied, and while sitting in painful perplexity, Lady Mary Villiers and Alfred Melford chanced to call in. "What is the matter, Ida? Anxiety in the upper house, ye clept the nursery? Any of the ladies or lords there not as well as their mamma thinks they ought to be?" was the former's lively greeting, which the Countess answered by putting Mrs. Russell's note into her hand, adding with a smile, "I am not at all the fanciful mamma you would make me, Mary; my children are all well, and I value the blessing rather too thankfully to alloy it by imagining them otherwise without just cause."

"And yet you worry yourself about such a trifle as this. My dear Ida, I shall hate the very name of Florence Leslie, if it is to annoy you in this manner! What can she be to you that you cannot dismiss her from your mind, believing her, as everybody else does, no longer worthy of your regard? This note does but confirm what you already know."

"What can you possibly mean?" exclaimed Melford indignantly. "Florence Leslie unworthy of Ida's regard! She is no more unworthy of it than I am, if as much. What can you mean?"

They told him, but he was only the more indignant. "It is all some specious lie—I beg your pardon, Ida, for the word—I have seen Miss Leslie later than either of you, and I would stake my reputation that no more sin or shame lies on that heart than on either of those I have the honour

of now addressing. Go yourself to this Mrs. Russell, Ida; I dare say she has invented this tale to excuse her dismissal of poor Florence, because she was too good for her."

"Strange then it should so exactly agree with the previous rumours," replied Lady Mary, who, without any malice or envy, had yet some secret jealousy that such an unknown person should have any part of her friend's interest or regard. "What good can Ida's taking so much trouble do, except to annoy her yet more?"

"Lady Mary, you are too prejudiced for me. My cousin Ida will not give up this poor girl without sufficient cause. Go to Mrs. Russell, Ida, make her tell you more particulars; or, if you do not like to do so, authorize me, and I will get out the truth, you may depend."

"Thank you, my good cousin, but I will go myself. My dear Mary, do not look so much annoyed; you know I told you, years ago, if I found Florence worthy of my regard, she should have it still."

"But she is not worthy, and that is what annoys me."

"How do I know that she is not? Rumour never weighs a breath with me; I must have positive proofs of guilt before I will believe it, and I care not what trouble it costs to discover the truth. Still not satisfied, Mary? You cannot be so altered as to envy that poor friendless girl the trifling happiness of my unchanged regard."

"I know I am very selfish, dearest Ida, but you must forgive me; I value your love so highly that I cannot bear to see it unworthily bestowed," said Lady Mary frankly, kissing the Countess affectionately as she spoke; "and, after hearing what we have heard, I think —"

"You think I might just as well be satisfied with the friends I have, and not seek others; is it not so? And so leave poor Florence to her fate, innocent or guilty. Such is not quite my idea of woman's friendship. No, Mary, to prove innocence and relieve suffering can never be the needless exertion you wish me to suppose it."

Still Lady Mary was not quite convinced. In fact, Alfred Melford was the only one who gave the Countess encouragement in her benevolence. The Earl himself, and Lady Helen, though generally the last to entertain anything approaching to prejudice, still imagined the fancy of two persons having manners so exactly similar, and moving in the same scenes, much too romantic to be entertained a moment. They did not indeed say much; but what is there more painfully chilling than to read doubt and want of sympathy in those whose approval we long for, as robbing our cherished plans with an importance which of themselves they never can attain.

It so happened, just about this time, that in inquiring amongst various jewellers for a rare stone, to replace one which had fallen from Lady St. Maur's bracelet, Alice had perceived, and instantly recognized the identical cross and chain which her lady had presented to Miss Leslie. Knowing how anxious the Countess was to discover some trace of Florence, she asked many questions as to how and where that trinket had

been obtained. Mr. Danvers could tell her little, except that he had purchased it some months ago of a young lady who was in mourning, and wore so thick a veil that he could not even discern her countenance; but, by the tone of her voice, he was sure she was a lady. Lady St. Maur without hesitation re-purchased it, satisfying herself it was the identical jewel by touching the spring (of whose existence the jeweller was unconscious), and the letters I. V. to F. L. were still distinctly visible, but the braid of hair was gone.

Lady Mary was indignant that Florence could ever have sold the trinket; she could not imagine any distress so great as to demand such a sacrifice, and if she really were so distressed, why did she not do as Ida had desired her, write and ask her promised influence; that she did not was a still stronger proof of her unworthiness; besides, how could they be sure that it was not individual imprudence instead of family distress which had compelled its sale? The Earl and Lady Helen said nothing; but Ida felt that their opinions sided with Lady Mary's, and though her own heart still defended Florence, she half shrunk from pursuing her inquiries, lest the truth should indeed be such as to demand the relinquishing of all her generous plans and kindly feelings. Alfred Melford, however, persisted in his assertion of Florence's entire innocence, and the visit to Mrs. Russell, which he so urgently advised, was in consequence no longer deferred.

(To be continued.)

CHARADE.

BY MRS. ARDY.

A gentle lady stands upon the shore,
Watching the vessel on its outward way:
High o'er the beach the dashing billows pour;
Her long fair locks are covered by the spray.
Yet sadly still she lingers, to deplore
The loss of one—her dearest earthly stay;
And feels as though her very heart would burst,
To trust him to the mercies of my *first*.

But she is widow'd, and a helpless band
Of children fill with anxious cares her breast:
Gold is their portion in a distant land;
But wicked men their lawful claim contest,
And much they lack some kind, protecting hand,
Their birthright from the spoiler's grasp to wrest.
She knows it all, yet sends, in shuddering fear,
My *second* on the perilous career.

Time passes on; again that lady pale
Stands on the shore; the vessel homeward
wends.
Fondly she flies her cherish'd one to hail;
She hears of wealth secur'd, of zealous friends,
Of the smooth voyage, and the favouring gale:
And meekly on her knees to Him she bends,
Whose power could thus the elements ex-nucl,
Through the revolving changes of my *whole*.

I'LL BE WAITING FOR THEE.

(SERENADE.)

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

When the stars in yon heaven their pure tears are weeping,
Distilling fresh balm on the love-breathing gale—

When the world, in its peace, all securely is sleeping,
And the moon from her throne sheds a smile o'er the vale—

When the bell from yon convent the hour is proclaiming,
As softly it sounds over mountain and sea,
And the ring-dove's soft note other music is shaming,
Remember, O love, I'll be waiting for thee.

When the barks silver-gleaming glide over the ocean,
Raising billows around them and curling the spray

(Reminding my heart of love's own wild emotion,
Which the storm-kings may shatter, but ne'er wash away)—

When the tinkling of fountains in soft music flowing,
Is blended with whispers from each forest tree,
And the rose, bathed in dew, with bright beauty is glowing,
Remember, 'tis then I'll be waiting for thee.

Where the night-flow'rs their perfume and fragrance are wreathing—

Where the night-air its softening influence throws,
And no sound can be heard, save the nightingale breathing

A last song of love ere he sinks to repose—
When thou hearest that strain by our own dancing waters,

When nought is abroad but the pure and the free,
Come forth—O thou fairest of Italy's daughters—
Giulia, for there I'll be waiting for thee!
Cambridge.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

Love and Beauty once agreed
That they would always dwell together—
Inseparable, firm allies,
As birds that own the self-same feather.

Love—the rogue—upon his part,
To her his faithful promise gave,
That all his skill he would employ
To gain her many a willing slave.

While Beauty plighted her fair troth
To live with him through weal and woe;
Declaring she on no one else
Her blissful favours would bestow.

Their souls together did unite,
Like flow'rets blooming on one stem;
And many pleasant hours they spent,
Since Happiness abode with them.

Each single shaft the blind-boy shot
Was guided by his partner's hand;
And Beauty yielded willingly
Herself to little Love's command.

Still Cupid frequently would stray,
To sport elsewhere in dalliance fond;
Which rais'd a frown on Beauty's face,
And woke a murmur 'gainst her bond.

At length they fairly disagreed—
Good truth, it was no wonder, too;
Since Beauty hath her fickle ways,
And Love, we know, is seldom true.

The urchin now, at others' will,
His silken cords will sometimes twine,
Leading poor mortal hearts astray,
To worship at another shrine.

So Beauty to her ancient vow
No longer stedfastly doth hold:
And thus the damsel oft we view,
Forsaking Love to follow Gold!

EXPRESSION AND BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.,

Author of "The Mind," &c.

It was one of those faces, so gifted with graces,
Such sweetness of thought, such expression was in it,
Your eyes were enchanted as if from their places;
Your heart—if you had one—was lost in a minute!
Yet it was not that Beauty reign'd paramount there,
That the lip and the cheek were to magic allied:
'Twas a softness of feature, so winningly fair,
Expression seem'd worth every beauty beside!

I care not for clever, vain creatures, that ever
Are dreaming of conquests, and captives o'er-thrown;
His heart is not *lost*, though awhile he may sever,
Who gets in exchange a good heart for his own!
And sweet is the feeling, enchanting the duty,
When hearts beat the same till existence is run.
And oh, by Expression, as often as Beauty,
The soul of the lover, the husband is won!

DROWNE'S WOODEN IMAGE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, AUTHOR OF "TWICE TOLD TALES," ETC.

One sunshiny morning, in the good old times of the town of Boston, a young carver in wood, well known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figure-head of a vessel. And while he discussed within his own mind what sort of shape or similitude it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of timber, there came into Drowne's workshop a certain Captain Hunnewell, owner and commander of the good brig called the *Cynosure*, which had just returned from her first voyage to Fayal.

"Ah! that will do, Drowne, that will do!" cried the jolly captain, tapping the log with his ratan. "I bespeak this very piece of oak for the figure-head of the *Cynosure*. She has shown herself the sweetest craft that ever floated, and I mean to decorate her prow with the handsomest image that the skill of man can cut out of timber. And, Drowne, you are the very fellow to execute it."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain Hunnewell," said the carver, modestly, yet as one conscious of eminence in his art. "But, for the sake of the good brig, I stand ready to do my best. And which of these designs would you prefer? Here," pointing to a staring, half-length figure, in a white wig and a scarlet coat, "here is an excellent model, the likeness of our gracious king. Here is the valiant Admiral Vernon; or, if you prefer a female figure, what say you to Britannia, with the trident?"

"All very fine, Drowne, all very fine," answered the mariner. "But as nothing like the brig ever swam the ocean, so I am determined she shall have such a figure-head as old Neptune never saw in his life. And what is more, as there is a secret in the matter, you must pledge your credit not to betray it."

"Certainly," said Drowne, marvelling, however, what possible mystery there could be in reference to an affair so open, of necessity, to the inspection of all the world, as the figure-head of a vessel. "You may depend, Captain, on my being as secret as the nature of the case will permit."

Captain Hunnewell then took Drowne by the button, and communicated his wishes in so low a tone, that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear. We shall, therefore, take the opportunity to give the reader a few desirable particulars about Drowne himself.

He was the first American who is known to have attempted—in a very humble line, it is true—that art in which we can now reckon so many names already distinguished, or rising to distinction. From his earliest boyhood he had exhibited a knack—for it would be too proud a word to call it genius—a knack, therefore, for the imitation of the human figure, in whatever material came most readily to hand. The snows of a New England winter had often supplied him with a species of marble as dazzlingly white, at least, as the Parian

or the Carrara; and if less durable, yet sufficiently so to correspond with any claims to permanent existence possessed by the boy's frozen statues. Yet they won admiration from maturer judges than his schoolfellows, and were, indeed, remarkably clever, though destitute of the native warmth that might have made the snow melt beneath his hand. As he advanced in life, the young man adopted pine and oak as eligible materials for the display of his skill, which now began to bring him a return of solid silver, as well as the empty praise that had been an apt reward enough for his productions of evanescent snow. He became noted for carving ornamental pump-heads, and wooden urns for gate-posts, and decorations, more grotesque than fanciful, for mantel-pieces. No apothecary would have deemed himself in the way of obtaining custom, without setting up a gilded mortar, if not a head of Galen or Hippocrates, from the skilful hand of Drowne. But the great scope of his business lay in the manufacture of figure-heads for vessels. Whether it were the monarch himself, or some famous British admiral or general, or the governor of the province, or perchance the favourite daughter of the ship-owner, there the image stood above the prow, decked out in gorgeous colours, magnificently gilded, and staring the whole world out of countenance, as if from an innate consciousness of its own superiority. These specimens of native sculpture had crossed the sea in all directions, and been not ignobly noticed among the crowded shipping of the Thames, and wherever else the hardy mariners of New England had pushed their adventures. It must be confessed that a family likeness pervaded these respectable progeny of Drowne's skill; that the benign countenance of the king resembled those of his subjects, and that Miss Peggy Hlobart, the merchant's daughter, bore a remarkable similitude to Britannia, Victory, and other ladies of the allegoric sisterhood; and, finally, that they all had a kind of wooden aspect, which proved an intimate relationship with the unshaped blocks of timber in the carver's workshop. But, at least, there was no inconsiderable skill of hand, nor a deficiency of any attribute to render them really works of art, except that deep quality, be it of soul or intellect, which bestows life upon the lifeless, and warmth upon the cold, and which, had it been present, would have made Drowne's wooden workmanship instinct with spirit.

The captain of the *Cynosure* had now finished his instructions.

"And Drowne," said he, impressively, "you must lay aside all other business, and set about this forthwith. And as to the price, only do the job in first-rate style, and you shall settle that point yourself."

"Very well, captain," answered the carver, who looked grave and somewhat perplexed, yet had a sort of smile upon his visage. "Depend upon it I'll do my utmost to satisfy you."

From that morning the men of taste about Long Wharf and the Tower Dock, who were wont to show their love for the arts by frequent visits to Drowne's workshop, and admiration of his wooden images, began to be sensible of a mystery in the carver's conduct. Often he was absent in the day

time. Sometimes, as might be judged by gleams of light from the shop windows, he was at work until a late hour of the evening; although neither knock nor voice, on such occasions, could gain admittance for a visitor, or elicit any word of response. Nothing remarkable, however, was observed in the shop at those hours when it was thrown open. A fine piece of timber, indeed, which Drowne was known to have reserved for some work of especial dignity, was seen to be gradually assuming shape; what shape it was destined ultimately to take, was a problem to his friends, and a point on which the carver himself preserved a rigid silence. But day after day, though Drowne was seldom noticed in the fact of working upon it, this rude form began to be developed, until it became evident to all observers, that a female figure was growing into mimic life. At each new visit they beheld a larger pile of wooden chips, and a nearer approximation to something beautiful. It seemed as if the hamadryad of the oak had sheltered itself from the unimaginative world within the heart of her native tree, and that it was only necessary to remove the strange shapelessness that had incrustured her, and reveal the grace and loveliness of a divinity. Imperfect as the design, the attitude, the costume, and especially the face of the image, still remained, there was already an effect that drew the eye from the wooden cleverness of Drowne's earlier productions, and fixed it upon the tantalizing mystery of this new project.

Copley, the celebrated painter, then a young man, and a resident of Boston, came one day to visit Drowne; for he had recognized so much of moderate ability in the carver, as to induce him, in the dearth of any professional sympathy, to cultivate his acquaintance. On entering the shop, the artist glanced at the inflexible images of king, commander, dame, and allegory, that stood around; on the best of which might have been bestowed the questionable praise, that it looked as if a living man had here been changed to wood, and that not only the physical, but the intellectual and spiritual part, partook of the stolid transformation. But in not a single instance did it seem as if the wood were imbibing the ethereal essence of humanity. What a wide distinction is here, and how far would the slightest portion of the latter merit have out-valued the utmost degree of the former!

"My friend Drowne," said Copley, smiling to himself, but alluding to the mechanical and wooden cleverness that so invariably distinguished the images, "you are really a remarkable person! I have seldom met with a man, in your line of business, that could do so much; for one other touch might make this figure of General Wolfe, for instance, a breathing and intelligent human creature."

"You would have me think that you are praising me highly, Mr. Copley," answered Drowne, turning his back upon Wolfe's image in apparent disgust. "But there has come a light into my mind. I know, what you know as well, that the one touch, which you speak of as deficient, is the only one that would be truly valuable; and that, without it, these works of mine are no better than worthless abortions. There is the same difference between them and the works of an inspired artist, as

between a sign-post daub and one of your best pictures."

"This is strange!" cried Copley, looking him in the face, which now, as the painter fancied, had a singular depth of intelligence, though hitherto it had not given him greatly the advantage over his own family of wooden images: "What has come over you? How is it that, possessing the idea which you have now uttered, you should produce only such works as these?"

The carver smiled, but made no reply. Copley turned again to the images, conceiving that the sense of deficiency, so rare in a merely mechanical character, must surely imply a genius, the tokens of which had been overlooked; but no, there was not a trace of it. He was about to withdraw, when his eyes chanced to fall upon a half-developed figure which lay in a corner of the workshop, surrounded by scattered chips of oak. It arrested him at once.

"What is here? Who has done this?" he broke out, after contemplating it in speechless astonishment for an instant. "Here is the divine, the life-giving touch! What inspired hand is beckoning this wood to arise and live! Whose work is this?"

"No man's work," replied Drowne. "The figure lies within that block of oak, and it is my business to find it."

"Drowne," said the true artist, grasping the carver fervently by the hand, "you are a man of genius!"

As Copley departed, happening to glance backward from the threshold, he beheld Drowne bending over the half-created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart; while, had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak.

"Strange enough!" said the artist to himself. "Who would have looked for a modern Pygmalion in the person of a Yankee mechanic!"

As yet, the image was but vague in its outward presentiment; so that, as in the cloud-shapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it. Day by day, however, the work assumed greater precision, and settled its irregular and misty outline into distincter grace and beauty. The general design was now obvious to the common eye. It was a female figure, in what appeared to be a foreign dress; the gown being laced over the bosom, and opening in front, so as to disclose a skirt or petticoat, the folds and inequalities of which were admirably represented in the oaken substance. She wore a hat of singular gracefulness, and abundantly laden with flowers, such as never grew in the rude soil of New England, but which, with all their fanciful luxuriance, had a natural truth that it seemed impossible for the most fertile imagination to have attained without copying from real prototypes. There were several little appendages to this dress, such as a fan, a pair of ear-rings, a chain about the neck, a watch in the bosom, and a ring upon the finger—all of which would have been deemed beneath the dignity of sculpture. They were put on, however, with as much taste as a lovely woman might have shown

in her attire, and could therefore have shocked none but a judgment spoiled by artistic rules.

The face was still imperfect; but gradually, by a magic touch, intelligence and sensibility brightened through the features, with all the effect of light gleaming forth from within the solid oak. The face became alive. It was a beautiful, though not precisely regular, and somewhat haughty aspect, but with a certain piquancy about the eyes and mouth, which, of all expressions, would have seemed the most impossible to throw over a wooden countenance. And now, so far as carving went, this wonderful production was complete.

"Drowne," said Copley, who had hardly missed a single day in his visits to the carver's workshop, "if this work were in marble, it would make you famous at once; nay, I would almost affirm that it would make an era in the art. It is as ideal as an antique statue, yet as real as any lovely woman whom one meets at a fireside or in the street. But I trust you do not mean to desecrate this exquisite creature with paint, like those staring kings and admirals yonder?"

"Not paint her?" exclaimed Captain Hunnewell, who stood by—"not paint the figure-head of the *Cynosure*! And what sort of a figure should I cut in a foreign port, with such an unpainted oaken stick as this over my prow? She must, and she shall, be painted to the life, from the topmost flower in her hat down to the silver spangles on her slippers."

"Mr. Copley," said Drowne, quietly, "I know nothing of marble statuary, and nothing of a sculptor's rules of art. But of this wooden image—this work of my hands—this creature of my heart"—and here his voice faltered and choked in a very singular manner—"of this—of her—I may say that I know something. A well-spring of inward wisdom gushed within me, as I wrought upon the oak with my whole strength, and soul, and faith! Let others do what they may with marble, and adopt what rules they choose. If I can produce my desired effect by painted wood, those rules are not for me, and I have a right to disregard them."

"The very spirit of genius!" murmured Copley to himself. "How otherwise should this carver feel himself entitled to transcend all rules, and make me ashamed of quoting them?"

He looked earnestly at Drowne, and again saw that expression of human love which, in a spiritual sense, as the artist could not help imagining, was the secret of the life that had been breathed into this block of wood.

The carver, still in the same secrecy that marked all his operations upon this mysterious image, proceeded to paint the habiliments in their proper colours, and the countenance with nature's red and white. When all was finished, he threw open his workshop, and admitted the townspeople to behold what he had done. Most persons, at their first entrance, felt impelled to remove their hats, and pay such reverence as was due to the richly dressed and beautiful young lady, who seemed to stand in a corner of the room, with oaken chips and shavings scattered at her feet. Then came a sensation of fear; as if, not being actually human, yet so like humanity, she must therefore be something

preternatural. There was, in truth, an indefinable air and expression that might reasonably induce the query—who and from what sphere this daughter of the oak should be. The strange rich flowers of Eden on her head; the complexion, so much deeper and more brilliant than those of our native beauties; the foreign, as it seemed, and fantastic garb, yet not too fantastic to be worn decorously in the street; the delicately wrought embroidery of the skirt; the broad gold chain about her neck; the curious ring upon her finger; the fan, so exquisitely sculptured in open work, and painted to resemble pearl and ebony—where could Drowne, in his sober walk of life, have beheld the vision here so matchlessly embodied? And then her face! In the dark eyes, and around the voluptuous mouth, there played a look made up of pride, coquetry, and a gleam of mirthfulness, which impressed Copley with the idea that the image was secretly enjoying the perplexed admiration of himself and all other beholders.

"And will you," said he to the carver, "permit this master-piece to become the figure-head of a vessel? Give the honest captain yonder figure of Britannia—it will answer his purpose far better—and send this fairy queen to England, where, for aught I know, it may bring you a thousand pounds."

"I have not wrought it for money," said Drowne.

"What sort of a fellow is this!" thought Copley. "A Yankee, and throw away the chance of making his fortune! He has gone mad; and thence has come this gleam of genius."

There was still further proof of Drowne's lunacy, if credit were due to the rumour that he had been seen kneeling at the feet of the oaken lady, and gazing with a lover's passionate ardour into the face that his own hands had created. The bigots of the day hinted that it would be no matter of surprise if an evil spirit were allowed to enter this beautiful form, and seduce the carver to destruction.

The fame of the image spread far and wide. The inhabitants visited it so universally, that, after a few days of exhibition, there was hardly an old man or a child who had not become minutely familiar with its aspect. Had the story of Drowne's wooden image ended here, its celebrity might have been prolonged for many years, by the reminiscences of those who looked upon it in their childhood, and saw nothing else so beautiful in after life. But the town was now to be astonished by an event, the narrative of which has formed itself into one of the most singular legends that are yet to be met with in the traditionary chimney-corners of the New England metropolis, where old men and women sit dreaming of the past, and wag their heads at the dreamers of the present and the future.

One fine morning, just before the departure of the *Cynosure*, on her second voyage to Fayal, the commander of that gallant vessel was seen to issue from his residence in Hanover-street. He was stylishly dressed in a blue broadcloth coat, with gold lace at the seams and button-holes, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, a triangular hat, with a

loop and broad binding of gold, and wore a silver-hilted hanger at his side. But the good captain might have been arrayed in the robes of a prince or the rags of a beggar, without in either case attracting notice, while obscured by such a companion as now leaned on his arm. The people in the street started, rubbed their eyes, and either leaped aside from their path, or stood as if transformed to wood or marble with astonishment.

"Do you see it?—do you see it?" cried one, with tremulous eagerness. "It is the very same!"

"The same?" answered another, who had arrived in town only the night before. "What do you mean? I see only a sea-captain in his shore-going clothes, and a young lady in a foreign habit, with a bunch of beautiful flowers in her hat. On my word, she is as fair and bright a damsel as my eyes have looked on this many a day!"

"Yes; the same!—the very same!" repeated the other. "Drowne's wooden image has come to life!"

Here was a miracle indeed! Yet, illumined by the sunshine, or darkened by the alternate shade of the houses, and with its garments fluttering lightly in the morning breeze, there passed the image along the street. It was exactly and minutely the shape, the garb, and the face, which the townspeople had so recently thronged to see and admire. Not a rich flower upon her head, not a single leaf, but had had its prototype in Drowne's wooden workmanship, although now their fragile grace had become flexible, and was shaken by every footstep that the wearer made. The broad gold chain upon the neck was identical with the one represented on the image, and glistened with the motion imparted by the rise and fall of the bosom which it decorated. A real diamond sparkled on her finger. In her right hand she bore a pearl and ebony fan, which she flourished with a fantastic and bewitching coquetry, that was likewise expressed in all her movements, as well as in the style of her beauty and the attire that so well harmonized with it. The face, with its brilliant depth of complexion, had the same piquancy of mirthful mischief that was fixed upon the countenance of the image, but which was here varied and continually shifting, yet always essentially the same, like the sunny gleam upon a bubbling fountain. On the whole, there was something so airy and yet so real in the figure, and withal so perfectly did it represent Drowne's image, that people knew not whether to suppose the magic wood etherialized into a spirit, or warmed and softened into an actual woman.

"One thing is certain," muttered a Puritan of the old stamp. "Drowne has sold himself to the devil; and doubtless this gay Captain Hunnewell is a party to the bargain."

"And I," said a young man who overheard him, "would almost consent to be the third victim, for the liberty of saluting those lovely lips."

"And so would I," said Copley, the painter, "for the privilege of taking her picture."

The image, or the apparition, whichever it might be, still escorted by the bold captain, proceeded from Hanover-street through some of the cross lanes that make this portion of the town so intricate, to Ann-street, thence into Dock-square, and so down-

ward to Drowne's shop, which stood just on the water's edge. The crowd still followed, gathering volume as it rolled along. Never had a modern miracle occurred in such broad daylight, nor in the presence of such a multitude of witnesses. The airy image, as if conscious that she was the object of the murmurs and disturbance that swelled behind her, appeared slightly vexed and flustered, yet still in a manner consistent with the light vivacity and sportive mischief that were written in her countenance. She was observed to flutter her fan with such vehement rapidity, that the elaborate delicacy of its workmanship gave way, and it remained broken in her hand.

Arriving at Drowne's door, while the captain threw it open, the marvellous apparition paused an instant on the threshold, assumed the very attitude of the image, and casting over the crowd that glance of sunny coquetry which all remembered on the face of the oaken lady. She and her cavalier then disappeared.

"Ah!" murmured the crowd, drawing a deep breath, as with one vast pair of lungs.

"The world looks darker, now that she has vanished," said some of the young men.

But the aged, whose recollections dated as far back as witch-times, shook their heads, and hinted that our forefathers would have thought it a pious deed to burn the daughter of the oak with fire.

"If she be other than a bubble of the elements," exclaimed Copley, "I must look upon her face again!"

He accordingly entered the shop; and there, in her usual corner, stood the image, gazing at him, as it might seem, with the very same expression of mirthful mischief that had been the farewell look of the apparition when, but a moment before, she turned her face towards the crowd. The carver stood beside his creation, mending the beautiful fan, which by some accident was broken in her hand. But there was no longer any motion in the life-like image, nor any real woman in the workshop, nor even the witchcraft of a sunny shadow, that might have deluded people's eyes as it flitted along the street. Captain Hunnewell, too, had vanished. His hoarse, sea-breezy tones, however, were audible on the other side of a door that opened upon the water.

"Sit down in the stern sheets, my lady," said the gallant captain. "Come, bear a hand, you lubbers, and set us on board in the turning of a minute-glass."

And then was heard the stroke of oars.

"Drowne," said Copley, with a smile of intelligence, "you have been a truly fortunate man. What painter or statuary ever had such a subject! No wonder that she inspired a genius into you, and first created the artist who afterwards created her image."

Drowne looked at him with a visage that bore the traces of tears, but from which the light of imagination and sensibility, so recently illuminating it, had departed. He was again the mechanical carver that he had been known to be all his lifetime.

"I hardly understand what you mean, Mr. Copley," said he, putting his hand to his brow.

"This image! Can it have been my work? Well—I have wrought it in a kind of dream; and now that I am broad-awake, I must set about finishing yonder figure of Admiral Vernon."

And forthwith he employed himself on the stolid countenance of one of his wooden progeny, and completed it in his own mechanical style, from which he was never known afterwards to deviate. He followed his business industriously for many years, acquired a competence, and, in the latter part of his life, attained to a dignified station in the church, being remembered in records and traditions as Deacon Drowne, the carver. One of his productions, an Indian chief, gilded all over, stood during the better part of a century on the cupola of the Province House, bedazzling the eyes of those who looked upward, like an angel of the sun. Another work of the good deacon's hand—a reduced likeness of his friend Captain Hunnewell, holding a telescope and quadrant—may be seen, to this day, at the corner of Broad and State streets, serving in the useful capacity of sign to the shop of a nautical instrument maker. We know not how to account for the inferiority of this quaint old figure as compared with the recorded excellence of the Oaken Lady, unless on the supposition, that in every human spirit there is imagination, sensibility, creative power, genius, which, according to circumstances, may either be developed in this world, or shrouded in a mask of dulness until another state of being. To our friend Drowne there came a brief season of excitement, kindled by love. It rendered him a genius for that one occasion, but, being quenched in disappointment, left him again the mechanical carver in wood, without the power even of appreciating the work that his own hands had wrought. Yet who can doubt, that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain, in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state, and that Drowne was more consistent with himself when he wrought the admirable figure of the mysterious lady, than when he perpetrated a whole progeny of blockheads?

There was a rumour in Boston, about this period, that a young Portuguese lady of rank, on some occasion of political or domestic disquietude, had fled from her home in Fayal, and put herself under the protection of Captain Hunnewell, on board of whose vessel, and at whose residence, she was sheltered until a change of affairs. This fair stranger must have been the original of Drowne's Wooden Image.

STANZAS.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

The radiant dawn, the year's fresh spring,
New leaves and opening flowers,
Are lovelier than the loveliest thing
That breathes of later hours.

How beautiful the first sweet light
To human features given;
For infant innocence is bright,
With glory brought from Heaven!

The golden locks, the smooth, fair face,
The round limbs sleek and small,
With witchery of unconscious grace,
The gazer's heart enthrall.

A lovely and a loving child,
That smiles in sinless glee,
Hath oft the sternest breast beguiled
To sweet idolatry.

When, like a cherub from above,
Thus smil'd my own glad boy,
My fond heart overflow'd with love,
And almost ach'd with joy.

And oh, his sister angels fair,
With all their winning ways,
Would make me quite forget that care
Could darken mortal days.

Those forms have passed beyond the seas,
And now no more I hear,
Light laughs, like happy harmonies,
From some diviner sphere.

In silent rooms my slow tread wakes—
Fit sounds for sorrow's mood—
Through my soul's cloud no sunbeam breaks,
And home's a solitude!

A DIRGE.

BY MISS POWER.

Weep for the Dead! ay, weep.
Not that they calmly sleep,
Should your tears flow;
But that, the spirit flown,
They are no more your own—
Death claims them now.

Weep, when at young Day's birth,
O'er all the smiling earth,
The sunbeams red
Smile down on waking eyes,
And bid the living rise—
But not the Dead!

Weep, when the Evening brings
Sad twilight on her wings;
And Memory
Tell how with us the Dead
Have watch'd those shadows spread
O'er earth and sea.

Weep, when the moonbeams wan
Shine coldly down upon
The grass-grown tomb,
In whose recesses deep
The lov'd and lost ones sleep,
Waiting their doom.

Weep; but send up a prayer,
That they who slumber there—
All sins forgiven—
May, at the final day,
When earth hath pass'd away,
Meet you in Heaven.

ROSA LEYTON, THE PROTEGEE.

BY P. P. C.

CHAP. I.

"Lassie, lassie, whar' are ye rinnin' till you gate, a' your hair flying like I dinna ken what. I'm ashamed o' ye."

"Losh mun, sic a gran secht! She'll no be lang—a' the fine horse sogers tramping up the street."

"What hae ye to do wi' sogers, you tawpee? Come back till yer wark."

But no; the one maid of all work ran on, heedless of her commands; too powerful was the temptation of the dragoons, whose fifes and drums filled the air with martial music.

"Jeanie's no that steady, mem," resumed the mistress, twisting her rigid features back to their customary grim smile, as she proceeded to serve a lady who at that moment entered the millinery establishment of Mrs. M'Dudgeon.

"She's new frae the Hiellands; she never saw thae fine troops, and their brass band afore. She dinna ken the fearfu' sinfulness o' the army; and I'm wae to tell sae young a creature o' the evils lying round about us." Here Mrs. M'Dudgeon groaned in spirit.

"Never mind," said the lady, yawning listlessly, "my father and brother are soldiers, and I never heard of their fearful sinfulness."

"Gude save us!" ejaculated the milliner. "I meant nae offence!" Here she broke off suddenly; her love of her art being excited at seeing the lady take up a cap and try it on at the small mirror which adorned the premises. "Och, mem, but ye've a real bonny taste. Yon cap's jist a conceit of a thing."

"You did not make up that, surely," said the lady. "Have you got a new forewoman?"

"Ay, she's a friend's child, a puir orphan, the Lord help her! A very leddy hersel', more's the pity. What's the use o' being young and beautiful and elegant, when thae sma' feet maun tread the sharp stones o' poverty and dependance?" And the good woman blew her nose, and muttered something of a cauld in her head.

The lady simpered to herself as she tried cap and bonnet and turban, each alike becoming to her handsome features. "She's a first-rate artiste; you may fairly rival the George-street shops. I shall always come to you now, Mrs. M'Dudgeon." And so saying, the lady chose a few of the most tasteful articles, and departed.

Just then Jeanie's round gawky figure bounced half way in and half way out again; for she was afraid of her mistress, and knew not how the essential oil of praise had mollified that high potentate's wrath.

"Come awa, hizzie," said Mrs. M'Dudgeon in an unusually chuckling tone, "tell us what fine speeches ye got frae the sogers, my beauty, with yer bonnie love-locks."

"Ou," said the handmaid, recovering her audacity, "ane said they'd serve brawly as feathers to deck the corpse."

"Heckle feathers, nae doot, lassie; they're quite red eneuch."

"Had he seen *yours*, I wonder what use he'd a found for a grey guse's auld pow!" retorted Jeanie, nettled by the contempt for her beloved ringlets.

Mrs. M'Dudgeon waxed irate, but the words on her lips were stopped there by a shower of kisses from a youth who leaped over the counter, and nearly choked the ancient spinster with his salutation. "Hurra, aunt!" he exclaimed, releasing her at last; "we have a holiday at Messrs. Ranken, Nankin, and Co.'s, and there's a review on Burtonfield Links of the Hussars. Where's Rosa? I've come for her. Tell her to be quick."

"Rosa's nae like to gang," answered Mrs. M'Dudgeon; "sic-like vanities are nae for her. I dinna think young folks are sae douce as in my day. There's too much gallivanting, and dancing, and icht wantonness. Oh, Angus, my dead sister's son, turn frae the error o' your ways; flee youthful vanities!"

"Flee the devil!" said the nephew impatiently.

"A' coorse," said the aunt, "but that's no a way to speak of him, my lad."

"I beg auld Clottie's pardon," said Angus, laughing; "but aunt, you don't mean to shut up poor Rosa like a nun?"

"Nun, indeed! I wish the Papishers saw as gude company. She gangs three times on Sunday to church," said the aunt, "and aye on lawful days, when there's a sermon or a prayer-meeting; that's nae being shut up. And she has to teach the children their catechics at St. Martin's once a week; and there she meets a' the ither teachers, and our gude minister himself. Ou, she's wales o' company."

"But I don't see her," grumbled the youth. "You know, aunt, you promised me to help me to marry Rosa Leyton. Why don't you give me opportunities to try and win her love?"

"Ye can see her at kirk, 'gin ye'll only gang there. Win her love indeed! I think shame o' yersel. When a decent respectable young man makes up to a decent respectable young woman, they suldna require sic foolery. Naeboddy ever talked of winning *my* love."

"But you never were married!"

"But I may hae been askit, Maister Angus Fullarton," retorted the spinster very tartly.

"Now, aunt, dear aunt," pleaded the young man affectionately, "pray go and ask Rosa to come with me. Remember, she's been very differently brought up—she must have time and kindness to make her love one so rude and rough as I am in comparison with her."

"Deed, laddie, ye're well eneuch," said Mrs. M'Dudgeon, who really loved him. "I'll try, but ye'll see she'll nae gang." She departed on her errand, and the youth was left to the company of the millinery and of Miss Jeanie, who put in her shock head, crying, "Is the ponnets for the Honourable Mrs. Deverell ready to gang? Losh me! there's a ghaist in the ponnets!" For Angus, in a boyish frolic, had leaped behind the counter, and, himself unseen, moved the doll's head, with a bonnet on it, to and fro with a solemn dance, like a head escaped from the guillotine basket.

No one who saw Angus Fullarton ever guessed that he was a draper's assistant, unless indeed it chanced that he was first espied, serving ribbons and silks at Messrs. Ranken, Nankin, and Co.'s shop in George-street. He really looked a gentleman, neat and tasteful in his holiday dress; no gilt chain, no bright stock, no flashing brocaded waistcoat, no sleek curls plastered over his temples. His manner was quick, frank, and cordial; his expression, if not deeply intellectual, shrewd and observant. He was the darling of Mrs. McDudgeon's age, who was always scolding him to himself, and praising him to others, especially to Rosa Leyton. After waiting a few minutes, Angus saw his aunt return alone.

"I tell't ye sae," she exclaimed, at his disappointed glance. "She's had mair than eneuch o' sogers, puir lassie. They'd maybe remind her o' her father. She sends you her kind thanks, but she's gay busy the day, and ye cauna see her. Oh, Angus, lad, she's busy on sic a gran dress for Baillie Gowan's leddy; a satin sae thick it can amais stand itsel', wi' fine puffings o' lace—to be sure it's no foreign lace—down the sides, a bias fold round —"

"Aunt, aunt!" said the young man, holding up his finger with an arch smile; "how can you, a serious-minded woman, encourage 'the vanities of the flesh'?"—deck out silly sinners to their ruin! I wonder at you."

"Hoot, laddie," interrupted the milliner, visibly disconcerted, "ye dinna understand these things. We're tell't to provide for our ain households, or be worse than infidels. Thae fashions are what I live by."

"But aunt, how can you *enjoy* making fantastic ball-dresses and turbans, when you think promiscuous dancing a deadly sin, and every young lady at the assembly-rooms as bad as Herodia's daughter?"

"Gang awa' to your play, laddie, and dinna claeer sae!" exclaimed the harassed *marchande des modes*; "ye're wasting a' the fine day."

Angus laughed mischievously. "Aunt, you're fairly beaten, and I'll tell Mr. Dingitdoon, when I see him next. Good bye; my love to Rosa."

CHAP. II.

Celina McDudgeon and Lizzy Murray were school-fellows in the village seminary of Lasswade, near Edinburgh: Lizzy was small and lovely; Celina tall, gaunt, and awkward. Lizzy was the favourite of the school, and petted on all sides; Celina, reserved and sour in manner, was the last person she would have sought for a friend. But the beauty fell one day into the mill-dam, and but for Celina's long, bony arm, ready at time of need, the small plump limbs might have brought "grist to the mill," in a way very unwelcome to the honest owner. From that time they were friends. Celina adored the affectionate, winning Lizzy, and Lizzy was ever mindful of her obligations. Marriage, that so often rends early friendship, threw their lots far apart. Lizzy was soon "snappit up,"

as Celina said, by Sergeant Leyton, of the —th Hussars. He, by good conduct, rose from the ranks, and one day saluted her as ensign's lady. No one coveted the slender Celina; she was too lank, and lean, and brown, like Coleridge's ancient mariner. She set herself up in a millinery shop in Leith Walk, and continued there till the advance of years hinted the propriety of brevet rank. So she became a "Mrs.," without either gold ring or husband to present it. As she grew old, she grew religious; the uglier her face the more rigid her discipline. She attached herself firmly to a certain Rev. Jonadab Dingitdoon, by whose devotion she hereafter compelled both herself and her household to comport themselves. She made no improvements in her tenement, as time went on, and changes appeared in the handsome new town of Edinburgh. She abhorred plate glass, mirrors lining the walls, French names, and other devices of Belial. Her Scotch was as broad, her shop as plain and old-fashioned, as when she first put up her little brass plate twenty years before; and she rightly judged that these signs of contumacy to the spreading spirit of innovation were more likely to attract than to repel a certain set of customers.

Mrs. McDudgeon had a good heart, though ultra Presbyterianism had done much to narrow its exercise, and to teach it to send all her neighbours, who lagged behind-hand in its tenets, to eternal perdition.

One day, as she and her nephew, Angus Fullarton, sat over their Finnan haddocks, a letter arrived per post. Rowland Hill's scheme was then a beautiful vision, that could have visited the dreams of none but a "man before his age." With many groans and much fumbling, Mrs. McDudgeon drew forth her red morocco purse, and after sundry mistakes, as to which was the right pocket for silver, and which for pence, she paid the postage, put on her spectacles, and with ill-concealed importance proceeded to break the seal. As she read, her features worked with unusual emotion; a film of tears came over her eyes; pence and thrift fled before the memories of the blessed early friendship, and she sobbed, "Puir Lizzy—puir sweet Lizzy Murray! my only friend! She's gane, the young, merry, bonny lassie that she was."

Angus looked on with interest; his aunt was seldom so greatly moved. She turned to him and said with solemnity, "Angus, my early friend's gane; the Lord has ta'en her from the evil to come! But oh! she's left a wee bit lassie, fair like herself—a creature brought up above her station. What fules they were to do sae—wae's me, she maun now sink down to mine, for she's penniless. Gae to her, my bairn. I'll gie ye money and a letter o' cradenshals. Bring her to me; she shall be as dear to my heart as puir Lizzy was, when we played in Lasswade thegither."

Angus went; he saw Rosa Leyton, and was astonished at her grace and refinement. How could she assimilate with his somewhat rough aunt, and her far-from-elegant associates. He treated her with deference and consideration. She saw his notice, and was grateful; and they jour-

neyed back in friendly communion. But unknown herself (for none thought less than Rosa of attracting the attentions of the other sex), with her sweet manner, her intellectual conversation, her ease and thousand charms of voice and movement, which to the well-educated, but homely Angus, were almost seraphic—with all these Rosa ruined his peace, and won his first passionate love. The poor girl's thoughts were far differently occupied, retracing her chequered life, and its too sudden nightfall. Born after her father's rise, with a sickly, consumptive mother, and with fervent aspirations after the beautiful, Rosa attracted the notice of Mrs. Longford, the Colonel's lady. At first she merely asked the fairy child as a playmate for her son, a year or two older. But, ere long, her gentle temper, natural grace, and apt talents, made her most valuable as a companion and a pupil. Mrs. Longford, herself accomplished, found great enjoyment in teaching the quick-witted child, and master Reynold insisted on learning nothing unless "pretty little Rosa" was to have the same lesson.

Mrs. Leyton was sickly and indolent; she had a sweet temper but a weak judgment, and could not see any danger to Rosa's future happiness in her present occupations. She therefore allowed her to be always with the Longfords, even on Sundays. Rosa's patroness was a Roman Catholic; and thus early associations and the impressions of those splendid rites on a warm heart and vivid imagination, gave Rosa a strong bias towards the Popish faith. Years flew on, and she grew a lovely girl of seventeen. At this time the regiment was at a seaport in Devonshire. Reynold, after two years' absence from them at college, had just entered the corps, and found Rosa a more agreeable companion than ever.

Leyton, now lieutenant and paymaster, looked ambitiously on their evident friendship; and poor Lizzy found her weary life brightened by romantic visions for her fair young daughter. What Mrs. Longford thought was never known; the colonel, proud and reserved, considered Rosa much in the same light as a favourite dog, or piano, or harp, belonging to his wife, and never troubled himself about her fascinations.

Those were delicious hours for the unconscious lovers; they sang together, and together roamed along the beautiful shore; and they thought not of the future.

One unhappy day, after the route for Ireland had arrived, Lieutenant Leyton, riding on a new, unbroken horse, was thrown, kicked on the head while lying on the ground, and taken home dead. The regiment moved on, and Lizzy was left in a dying state, from the effect of the terrible shock. Leyton had, with unpardonable carelessness, made no provision for his family, trusting to the pension for his wife, and the brilliant match he anticipated for his daughter.

Poor Lizzy felt her life ebbing away, and her child must be destitute as well as orphaned. In anguish she wrote to Mrs. Longford; alas! that excellent being had forestalled her in the path to death. Travelling more slowly than the corps, she was crossing the Irish channel in a different steamer a few days later than her husband and

son; a gale came on, the engines broke, the vessel foundered, and all on board were lost in the raging waters.

Lizzy, enfeebled and heart-broken, bowed her head meekly to this last blow. "God has seen fit to try you heavily, my child," she said. "You will have, like Adam, to labour with your hands. Oh, why were you so tenderly and delicately nurtured?" Feeling her strength diminishing, the day following she dictated an earnest appeal to the only friend she knew of on earth, Celina M'Dudgeon, praying her, in the depths of a mother's anguish, to take pity on her forlorn child; and, worn out by the exhaustion of such a mental exertion, she sank rapidly. The next evening she passed away in sighs, with her hand clasping that of her stupefied daughter. Her last words were—"Trust not to the Longfords; the colonel is too proud to let his son wed you, and Reynold is too young and giddy for a lasting affection. Oh! my child, learn to depend upon yourself; avoid the weakness which has been your mother's bane."

Rosa was alone in the world; her mother's dying warning floated ever in her ears, and she acknowledged to herself the now first-discovered truth that Reynold Longford was more to her than a brother. In the mean time she tried to support herself; she made fancy ornaments, painted fire-screens, embroidered scarfs, and got a compassionate bookseller to put up in his shop her written advertisement for the situation of a governess. Poor girl! Some families sent for her, and she had to go through the usual ordeal such unhappy candidates must experience. One lady objected to her beauty and elegant dress; though indeed it was only Rosa's graceful art of wearing her frugal mourning that was in fault. Another questioned her closely as to her religious tenets, and dismissed her with indignation when she found that Rosa had frequently attended mass. One gentleman objected to her extreme youth, another and his lady—very strict people they were—were of opinion that a young lady who had been travelling about with a regiment all her life could not be a sufficiently circumspect person to direct their children's moral improvement. She was utterly disheartened, and often abandoned herself to hopeless weeping. At this juncture Angus Fullarton arrived, and the proud and elegant creature, who a month previous would have disdained the acquaintance of a mercer's shopman, now welcomed him eagerly. She felt thankful for the humble home he was commissioned to offer, and returned with him to Edinburgh, resolved to follow her mother's advice, and to trust only to herself in life's difficult and mournful walk.

Mrs. M'Dudgeon received her warmly, though her manners were constrained and stiff, and as she imparted in confidence to her next-door neighbour, Mrs. Mackey, the dairy-woman, "She was half frightened for sic a gay and Frenchified lassie—she feared she would be a proud bargain."

But Rosa won quickly on her love, partly by her melancholy sweetness, partly by her inherent taste—never had such a revolution taken place as she soon effected in the style of Mrs. M'Dudgeon's wares. "She gave a pairfit new air to the

commonest auld bonnet in the shop. She was a hill treasure in trimming a gown."

Leith Walk saw and wondered, and customers increased daily; and the delighted Mrs. M'Dudgeon grew more and more attached to her interesting protégée.

Yes, a second time was Rosa Leyton a protégée—but in how changed a sphere! A milliner's assistant! She who had been a dear child in a refined and high-born family; for the Longfords were connected with nobility. She tried to persuade herself that she had overcome her affection for Reynold. She tried to encourage herself in indignation at his neglect; but she knew not her own character. It had all her mother's weakness, and however well-intentioned she was in this conquest over herself, she was in reality far from successful.

This she might have known, when she recoiled with repugnance from the addresses of Angus Fullarton, which were soon awkwardly exposed by his aunt's ill-managed patronage.

CHAP. III.

"Rosa, my bairn, ye hae been lang at your work—lay it by, dearie, and tak' a walk. It's chappit six, and this is sermon night at St. Martin's, ye ken. I'll finish yon silk goon, for it maun be hame the nicht. Gang out bye, my darling."

Rosa was sitting at work in her own room on the evening of the day on which our tale commences, the little window was half opened, and the sun and wind came in together; but with them came the noise of carriages, and the shouts of the little dirty boys playing in the street, familiarly termed in Edinburgh, "the blackguards." By the way, if we were not too much taken up with our tale, and if a greater than we had not already detailed their peculiarities in striking language, these "blackguards" are a curious class. Still more curious is their relative footing with the gentlemen's sons who attend the public schools—the high school, and the new academy. The youths of gentle blood affect high disdain for the ragged ones, which lofty scorn is not, however, strong enough to induce indifference to their elegant objurgations; and the exchange of Scottish politeness soon leads to the exchange of the stones of the street. These "bickers," or fights with stones, are still resorted to in Edinburgh, however uncongenial such a cruel and dangerous amusement might be thought to the douce learned inhabitants of "Modern Athens."

To return from our imperfect digression—for we fear we do not understand the graces of didactic writing—we must look into Rosa's face, and see her eyes heavy with tears, as she looked a quiet assent to Mrs. M'Dudgeon's injunctions.

"Preserve us! Ye hae been crying, lassie! Whatna's been vexing ye enoo?"

"Nothing, nothing, ma'am," said the girl hastily; "I was only thinking. Perhaps I should not think?"

"Think! anybody should think, lassie; all hae plenty to think o' our sins, Rosa, and the Bible, and the braw discourse we haid frae Mr. Diguidoon, the last Lord's day. Sae Rosa, my gude bairn, gang and hear anither as gude the nicht; I hae faulded doon yere Bible with a blank sheet, and ye can bring me fine notes, ye write sae quick and neat."

I said the evening was calm and bright. The free breezes of Edinburgh [every one knows it for the capital of the winds] played merrily on Rosa's hot brow, and danced into her still wet eyes as if they loved to wipe away the tears of the orphan. It is an advantage of provincial towns, that in their quiet streets a young woman may walk alone with perfect freedom and immunity from molestation; and those who have enjoyed that blessed liberty, may well pine in the restricted dullness of a London life. Rosa looked a lady, and passed for one, and many cast a gaze of respectful admiration on her as she climbed the steep ascent that leads to the terraced streets on the beautiful Calton hill. She walked very slowly to enjoy the panorama, which was truly magnificent, and changed in character as the road wound along the brow of the eminence; first, there was the port of Leith, with its long, bent pier, the churches and steeples, the ships and steamers. Beyond it lay the golden Firth, swelling out grandly to the German ocean; the curving bay of Musselburg next appeared, and the conical hill of Berwick Law, which guards its outward crescent horn. Between her and the sea lay houses, and gardens, and streets, equipages, and people—a gay and lovely show. Beyond the leaping waters rose the still and distant mountains of the north, girded with a crimson and purple mist. As the road went on, the rocky green banks of Arthur's Seat rose up before the eye, treeless and naked and stern; then the high basaltic cliffs or crags named from the town of Salisbury—wherefore tradition telleth not. And on her right hand, cold and blue with the pale moon at their side, lay the Pentland hills, looking down on the picturesque old town, and all its curious spires, its frowning castle, and its narrow, irregular streets. Under the shadow of Arthur's Seat was one building where Rosa loved to gaze—majestic Holyrood, the royal home of departed monarchy. At last she reluctantly descended, and turning from the brightness and glory of nature, entered a narrow, dirty lane, where stood the close, ill-savoured chapel to which she had been sent. As she reached it, a young man passed her, gave her a careless glance, and strode on a few paces. The figure reminded her of some one, she hardly remembered whom; involuntarily she looked after him, his face was turned behind him; at once they knew each other—the youth was Reynold Longford.

"Dear, dear Rosa Leyton," he exclaimed, and seized her hands eagerly with both of his, "how fortunate I am to find you thus! Who are you with? Where do you live? Oh, how lucky I looked back. I did not know you at first, but you look all the prettier for a little sadness, which I hope my rattling will soon drive away."

Rosa did not answer—joy, surprise, and an

indefinite shame confused her brain; she reeled, and caught hastily at the railing for support.

"Oh! Reynold," she gasped after a while, "all is changed since—since—" she could not go on.

He pressed her hand silently, and they both walked on unconsciously.

"But I am not changed, dear Rosa; we have had bitter trials, but they cannot alter our early friendship. My mother loved you," his voice grew sad and deep, "and her son will never change to the sister of his childhood."

"Ah! when you hear all," said poor Rosa, struggling to speak calmly, "when you know that I have sunk to—to— Reynold! I am pennyless. I work for my bread—I am a second-rate milliner's-assistant!" and she covered her face with her damp, cold hands.

The young officer started, and coloured with vexation and astonishment; but he spoke kindly and cheerfully.

"Never mind, Rosa; you cannot sink your nature. It makes no difference to me. Come and talk over old times."

"Oh! no," exclaimed the fearful girl; "I forgot—I must go to church—she will be angry."

"Nonsense," cried Reynold, "never care for her, whoever she is; she has not *bought* you, has she, that you must follow all her canting ministers? Besides, it is too late for your dear snuffing sermon. You can't go in now. They have just finished twanging the psalm. Oh! dear me, I wonder if these creatures fancy the musical taste in heaven is as depraved as their own; that such groans can be acceptable above! He laughed, and then said more gravely, "Rosa, do you ever go to mass here?"

"Mass!" exclaimed Rosa, with raised eyebrows. "Ah, no; Mrs. M'Dudgeon is a stern Calvinist, she would die of horror at the mere suspicion of such a delinquency."

"I wish," sighed Reynold, "all was as it used to be, when you and I, listening to my mother's explanations, walked hand in hand to that lovely chapel near Marienfield, and both wept childish tears at the magnificent anthems. I never go to chapel now without thinking of you."

Rosa's heart beat painfully; she had forgotten the necessity of going to Mr. Dingitdoon's sermon. They went on talking of happy days, old friends, and favourite scenes, till the present faded from their minds, and neither of those two unthinking creatures paused to reflect on the consequences that were sure to flow from that indulged intercourse. Reynold forgot that his father was proud and avaricious, and Rosa that she was dependant and destitute of station and of competence.

An hour after the time when Rosa was expected at home, Angus Fullarton, more moody than usual, sat by his aunt's fireside. He had apparently been in no amiable mood, for the milliner, who really grieved to see him distressed, was bustling about the little parlour, heaping on the table jam and jelly, marmalade and short-bread, and pressing her "dear laddie" to eat, and nae fash himself. "Take my word for it, Rosa disna ken the

toon yet, and she's just lost her way coming hame."

"But I tell you," said Angus, pushing away with a little peevishness, a huge pot of gooseberry jam, "that I have tired myself off my feet walking up and down before the very kirk door. I couldnt have missed her coming out, and, indeed, I hardly believe she was at church at all."

"Hoot, fie, and me sent her to tak' notes o' the sermon; she'll no hae been sae bad as that."

As she spoke Rosa opened the door—she looked flushed, with a radiant smile—but as she entered it faded to a dim paleness, and she saluted Angus with evident constraint.

"Rosa, here's Angus been waiting mair nor an hour for ye, and ye missed him after a'. What way hae ye been sae lang? the laddie's real cross about it."

"I am much obliged to Mr. Fullarton," said Rosa, with a mixture of kindness and distaste; "but I am very tired, ma'am, and with your permission will go to my room."

"Hoots, not so fast, tell us o' the sermon. Was it Mr. Dingitdoon himself? Gude, gude man; that he is."

"I did not go to church," said Rosa, a good deal embarrassed. "It was so lovely an evening, I ventured to take a walk instead, and lost my way on some road, which on inquiry, I found led to Portobello."

Gentle reader, do not suspect Rosa of falsehood; she and Reynold had in truth lost their way on that same road, so that all Rosa altered in the facts was that she had a companion.

"Now that beats all!" cried Mrs. M'Dudgeon with a dismayed look at Angus, who coloured with curiosity at Rosa's announcement. "Ye were right, laddie, she was na there."

The conscious girl saw his face redden, and, afraid he had seen her with Reynold, stammered out, "Why did Mr. Fullarton think I was not at service?"

"Because," said Angus, "I walked so long before the church door, you could not have come out without my seeing you."

"I do not thank you for acting a spy on my actions," replied Rosa, resentfully, and taking up a "tallow dip" that stood near the door, she left the room suddenly.

"Yere no blate, lassie! Ye daurna suspect my nevey o' sic meanness!" angrily cried Mrs. M'Dudgeon; but Rosa heeded her not.

The aunt and nephew looked at each other quite aghast at this ebullition of temper in one so meek and patient hitherto. The reader will not wonder, for if he considers that the meeting with Reynold awakened in Rosa's mind not only old associations and old loves, but also old pride and old prejudice, he will understand with what reluctance she returned to the homely milliner, how impatient she felt at the semblance of restraint, and how in such a mood the addresses of the mercer's apprentice seemed an insult to her fallen fortunes.

"Aweel aweel, Angus, it's nae use smoothing satin again the web; leave her to hersel', she'll come round the morn's morn. She may be ill, flyting yon gate's no natural to her."

"Ill!" exclaimed Angus, forgetting his momentary displeasure; "ill! oh, aunt, pray go up and see after her."

"Deed, no," said the aunt, obstinately, "leave her till herself, and dinna gang awa', my bairn, sae streckit like. Tak' heart, and tak' something to comfort ye. There's nae sin in that. Master Dingitdoon, worthy man, aye get his tumbler every nicht, for his ain Suzzy telt me, she tak's it up to him as regular as the clock chaps ten."

"It's the only thing I would imitate him in," said Angus, mixing himself a tumbler of hot whisky toddy. "Will you join me, aunt, just a very little, for good company?"

"Hoots, no, I'm thinking o' taking the pledge. Spirits are a sad temptation to a lone woman like me." She busied herself in replacing the various condiments of the supper in a small cupboard built into the wall. After a couple of journeys between the table and the "press" as she called it, she suddenly said, "Laddie, yon's far more nor a bit youthie like you should drink."

"Is it, aunt? Very well, I'll put part into another glass."

"Eh, sic wastrie!" sighed the good woman, journeying again to the cupboard with the shortbread relics; "ye suldna mak' more nor ye want."

"I dare say it will not be wasted. It will be quite a treat to Jeanie to taste highland Farintosh again."

"Jeanie, indeed," quoth Mrs. M'Dudgeon, setting down the plate she held, with a perilous haste; "gin I catch yon red-headed hielan' limmer makin' free wi' whiskey in a decent woman's hoose, I'll send her packing wi' a moonlight flitting. 'Deed, Angus, I'm thinking I'd better tak' up the wee drap myself. I'll be feared for you taking too much, and its real wastrie leaving gude spirits to be flung awa' like ends of auld ribbon."

"Quite right, aunty dear," said Angus, "sit down and be sociable." Mrs. M'Dudgeon complied, and animated by the generous cordial, grew so very social and confidential that she indulged her amused nephew with a long tale of her early love, and the description of the object thereof, a burly farm servant on an estate near Roslin.

"Eh, my bairn," sighed the now sentimental milliner, "glad were the days when, like twa silly sheep, we ran along the hill side, bleating out our midlent feelin's; when the water rinnin' doon Hawthornden was na half sae gleefu' as oursels; and the wee bit birdies flapped their wings at us, blythe to see human folk as merry as a mavis, and a' was bright as the sun at noonday. Wcary me, my laddie! noon is ane hour only in the day, and the night's no far off frae us. He was a wild lad yon. He listed for a soldier, and went awa' to Ingy. He never sent letter or message to me, and waes me sax year after he came back wee' a moolatty wife. Had it been a real black Inglin, I suldna hae been sae affronted, for folks say they're real bonny o' their kind, we grau black een as fine as black heart cherries—but, oh dear, a half caste moolatty! a chee chee, as her comrades aye called her. My dear laddie, you've heard o' people being disappointed o' love; tell me," continued the forlorn spinster, laying her hand with peculiar

solemnity on Angus's shoulder, "tell me if that was na eneuch to harden a woman's heart agin a' you fauce men? Aye, I've never allowed a lover since, and please Providence I'll gang an ancient maiden to my grave."

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

(On the visit of King Louis Philippe to England.)

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Not as a thing of pageantry and show,
Sparkling and hollow as the bubble light
A breath can blow, a breath dissolve from sight,
Look we, Great King, upon thy presence now;
But for a token-pledge of PEACE we know
Thy coming. (Though the minds whose 'tis by
right

To bind together Nations by the might
Of high intelligence, did never bow
With fear of aught beside.) King, good and wise,
Greater, how far! than that old Grecian sage,
To whom fond tongues do find some likeness lies,
Thou know'st a brighter line on history's page,
Shown not by tear-dewed laurels, Conqueror's
prize,
But faith in good—THE MIND BEFORE ITS
AGE!

Oct. 11th, 1844.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

No. XI.

ESTELLE.

I go to the festive hall,
Where gay lamps gleam around—
Where bright eyes flash through the dizzy ball,
And light feet press the ground—
Where mirth, like the red dawn over the sky,
Burns in each cheek, and beams in each eye;
And panting hearts, and bounding feet,
Dance to the tabor's measur'd beat!

I go to that scene of mirth,
With a smile upon my brow,
Like the flower that springs from the charnel-earth,
While death is busy below!
Oh, torture's worst can no pangs impart,
Like the smiles that come from an aching heart:
'Tis the plunge of a poniard, wreath'd in flow'rs,
In a breast whose love and whose truth is our's!

When I gaze on the festal throng,
And seek in the group for thee,
Shall the smile on my lip belong
To madness or revelry?
I will think, in the silence of my mood,
Of thee—in thy convent's solitude;
I will look on the crowd as a noisy dream—
A vision, beheld by Fancy's gleam!

A LEGEND OF THE SEA.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

Author of the "Blind Man and his Guide."

It was a fine autumnal morning, when an aged lady in deep mourning, and accompanied by a little bright-haired child, came and sat down on the sea-beach of a once fashionable watering-place, and drawing forth a small clasped book, began to read, while her companion amused herself by picking up shells and strange pebbles, and watching the waves chasing each other onwards to the shore as if in sport, at least she thought so then. At a little distance off lay a piece of pink sea-weed, a fairy tree! and do all they could, those waves could not reach it, although they seemed to try hard, and rolled up once almost close to it, retreating, as the child fancied, in disappointment, and scattering their white foam like snow flakes far and wide. So she sprang forward and put the pink sea-weed a very little nearer, and when the waves came again they took it away with them, while she clapped her hands for joy; but still those bright, unsatisfied waters came dashing onwards as before. The little town-bred child knew not what to make of it, and creeping up to the side of her companion, said softly—

"Grandmamma, are they never still?"

The old lady smiled, and lifting her eyes dreamily from the sacred volume resting on her knees, answered the eager questioner from its pages.

"Never! 'there is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet.'"

And when the girl turned her large eyes again half-wonderingly towards those ever restless waters, they were heavy with tears.

That evening she crept from her quiet bed, and looked out upon the dark waves to see if they slept, thinking her grandmamma might be mistaken; but no, there they were, tumbling one over the other, and moaning and wailing and sighing under the window all night long; while she fancied how glad they must be when morning came again. And when they went out to walk as usual upon the beach, somehow she did not laugh and skip about, and seem so happy as she had done the day before, for she had a kind heart, that little child, and the voice of the sea waves made it ache sadly. But then, who ever stood by the sea shore and felt not something of this? Presently, as she mused, for children do muse and dream, as well as those older and wiser, even as "little Ellie," in Miss Barrett's exquisite romaunt, dreamt of

"That swan's nest among the reeds,"

and recalled to mind all the wild tales she had heard of ships going down suddenly upon those dark waters; and how in their tempest-wrath they spared neither husband nor wife nor child nor treasure; of how much misery, and desolation, and bitter tears they were the cause. "No wonder," thought the child, "there should be sorrow on the sea, that it cannot be quiet."

The old lady guessing little what was passing in

that young heart, noticed only the pale and pensive countenance of her darling, and fancying that the sea air was too keen, bore her away to a more sheltered spot; and the melancholy music of the waves faded gradually even from her dreams.

Years rolled on, the bright-haired child passed into the bright-eyed woman, and lovingly linked arm in arm with another, she paced once again that solitary beach; while the old lady, who had grown strangely feeble, still sat apart and read, for she was seldom to be seen without that clasped book in her hand; indeed, we know not what she would have done, what we should any of us do, without that holy talisman. The girl was talking earnestly, ever and anon turning those star-like eyes towards the sea, as if it formed the principal subject of discourse; while her companion bent down, and listened, with a smile on his proud lip, to her juvenile reminiscences; and then they both laughed out joyously, and even the very waves seemed to laugh too, in the glad sunlight. Very learnedly, we ween, spake the lover, the philosopher, on the cause of that perpetual motion; and very patiently did she listen, because it was his voice, although we question her understanding a great deal about it. And it ended by her confessing herself very silly, being quite sure that the assertion would be contradicted, which it was of course.

One would have thought that dull watering-place was coming into fashion again, so rich a harvest did the old sailors reap that season by their pretty little boats, with snow-white sails, that went bounding over the waves like so many birds. But then it was such lovely weather for a sail, such brilliant mornings and glorious nights. It seems that she of whom we write, the young betrothed, had a strange horror of the water, but her lover laughed her out of it; and even the old lady was not afraid to trust herself in those frail vessels, saying, with a gentle smile, that she should not die until it pleased God, and whether on sea or land it mattered little. So the girl feared no longer, and once afloat it was pleasant enough; and the boatmen used to rest on their oars to hear her singing as they glided past. Of a truth it was marvellously sweet!

Well, one evening, just about sunset, a bright summer's evening, it happened—none could ever tell exactly how, for the boatman was an old practised hand, to whom no blame could possibly be attached—that a sudden gust of wind caught the sail of their little barque, and over she went in a moment! The old man was the only person who could swim, and seizing hold of her whose sweet and joyous voice had scarcely yet died away, was fortunate enough to reach the land in safety; but all the rest perished. Their bodies were washed ashore next day, and buried in the small quiet churchyard of —, where a monument may be seen bearing record to this sad event.

Henceforth the bereaved girl seemed almost to live upon that lonely beach, moving restlessly to and fro, or sitting with her large melancholy eyes fixed dreamily upon the glittering waves, and growing paler and paler, and thinner and thinner every day. She generally held in her hands a small clasped book, seldom opening it, or it would have

comforted her, as it had done many and many a time that aged relative who now slept so tranquilly beneath the green sward. And when little children, wondering to see her look so sad and white, crept up and gazed pityingly into her sweet face—or the brief sojourners in that quiet place ventured some kind remark—or the simple fisherman lifted his ragged cap as he passed her in the early morning, prophesying either a storm or a fine day, as the case might be—to each and all, she had but one strange, melancholy answer—an answer that haunted others even as it had once haunted her, and will come back to us for ever more, in the sad wailing music of those waves, hear them when and where we may—“*There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet!*”

SONGS OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

NO. IV.

THE HEATHER-BELL.

While others for their scented wreaths
Exotic blossoms cull,
There is a flower they scorn to wear,
Though passing beautiful.
It does not need a cloudless sky
Its simple charms to swell,
But flourishes 'neath sun or shower—
The purple heather-bell.

Upon the grey rocks, high and wild,
Where nought beside can bloom,
It groweth in its honest pride,
Breathing a mild perfume.
The wearied hunter, when he rests
At noon upon the fell,
Inhales its fragrance, and, refresh'd,
Blesses the heather-bell.

Oh, sweet it is, among the hills,
With vig'rous steps to stray,
When, springing from the heather's shade,
The lav'rock welcomes day;
Or, when the bitter'n's distant boom
Is sounding daylight's knell,
Upon the darkening sky to gaze,
Couch'd on the heather-bell.

Let others their rich garlands weave
Of foreign blossoms rare,
That perish if a tempest low'rs,
Or sharp winds chill the air.
To me far dearer is the flower
That of the north can tell;
And still I'll in my bonnet bind
The purple heather-bell.

NO. V.

Maid of the mountain, beautiful one!
Daylight is over, night has begun.
Home from the chase are the tired hunters coming;
The bee and the heath-bird have ended their
roaming;
The red stag has lain him down lowly to rest,
And the wild swan sleeps safe on yon mere's
glassy breast.
O'er all the grey landscape the queen-moon shines
bright—
Maid of the mountain, Love bids thee good-night!

Soft is the gale as the breath of thy sigh,
And clear heaven's blue vault as thine own laugh-
ing eye.

There comes not a sound the deep silence to break,
Save the low-voiced tone that the fountains make,
As they sparkle and flash in the pale cold beam,
That glistens in silver on each pure stream.
Hush'd alike are the weak, and the men of might—
Maid of the mountain, Love bids thee good-night!

Beautiful being! calm be thy sleep,
For thou hast as yet had no cause to weep;
Around thy pillow may sweet dreams flit,
Of realms for purified spirits fit;
Where flowers never-dying the green hills adorn,
And the rose always blossoms, but hideth no
thorn—

Scenes which ne'er gladden'd man's waking sight—
Maid of the mountain, Love bids thee good-night!

Peacefully over thy quiet bower,
The moonbeams fall in a silver shower,
Silently kissing thy cheeks and brow:
Angels are watching thy slumbers now;
And chase afar from the couch of thy rest,
Fairy and goblin, and sprite unblest.
Tranquil thy guiltless repose, and deep:
Sleep on, lovely and loved one, sleep,
Till the east groweth red with morning light—
Maid of the mountain, Love bids thee good-night!
Banks of the Yore.

SONNET.

(To the Rev. W. Pulling.)

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

Oft have I ponder'd on thy mellow song,
Rich in its varying sweetness—those pure lays,
Hymning in holy truth thy Saviour's praise,
And all th' affections which to earth belong;
Deep versed in Europe's lore, in Friendship
strong:
Well has it been with thee, thy voice to raise
In Christian melody. In after days
Thy words shall have the pow'r to warn from
wrong;
And many a devotee, with uprais'd eyes,
Shall low, before that blest Creator bend,
When golden stars gleam in the ebon skies;
And on the silent air this prayer will send
(Whilst feeling's tears in shadowy mists arise),
“Like unto him, let wisdom me attend.”

A SPIRIT OF BY-GONE YEARS.

BY J. GOSLIN.

"By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And by the moonbeam shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghost arise."

BURNS.

In the August number of this magazine there appeared a very clever article, by Leitch Ritchie, entitled "The Ghost;" in which, not only the power, but the reality of a person's re-appearance on this earth are questioned. Now, with the witch of Endor before our eyes, we will not attempt to say that such a thing has never been known; but we would observe that man is naturally so weak-minded that even the "pictures of the imagination," or of a disordered intellect, are often construed into flesh and blood; or, what is worse, the apparition of what were once so. This is an universal human weakness, and extends not only through all classes of society, from the throne to the cabin, but also through all places and ages, and is a doctrine handed down from generation to generation as carefully as if the belief therein were an article of salvation. That the mind, acting under its influence, is, as it were, loosed from all restraint, and liable to be carried off in the whirlwind of desperation, I will endeavour to show; but, first, I would preface the attempt by a few observations.

Perhaps there never were any two successive generations of Irishmen so totally dissimilar in many of their customs and habits of life as the present one and its predecessor. One was an ardent, fiery, unhesitating spirit, ever ready to run "where danger led the way;" in whose sight the "ups and downs" of life, though generally of some importance, appeared as mere molehills, easy to be passed over, and scarce worthy of observation. The other is a more thoughtful and sentimental being, endowed with the virtues, without many of the vices, of its predecessor. It passes on through life, leaning on the arm of temperance, and looking forward, with a sort of nervous uneasiness, at the obstacles which ever and anon start up in its path; picking its steps with the greatest care, as if fearful of being dirtied by the mire in which its fathers wallowed. Strange revolution! In truth, it appears as if all the boiling enthusiasm of man were compressed into the cylinder of the steam-engine, in lieu of a recompense for the invention; thus fulfilling the original law of nature, which ordains that the increase of one substance shall be equipoised by the deficiency of another. But still, the change seems hard to be borne, particularly by that venerable remnant who have "outlived their friends," and who sigh to think of the times of Curran and his contemporaries—those merry times—ere men's minds ran mad after steam and atmospheric projects, upsetting in their haste the bounds and landmarks wisely laid down by their fathers.

Jemmy Hawkins—could we awake him from his long sleep, to stand before us as he stood fifty years ago—would serve as a fair specimen of that comical, reckless, devil-may-care class, whose ill-luck would never allow to remain quiet for a single moment. He was about six feet two inches in height, "in his stockin' feet," as he himself used to boast, with a singularly droll and humorous countenance; fine blue eyes, and a mouth for ever expanding into a laugh. Give Jemmy a bottle of usquebaugh to deal with as he wished, and you would open a fountain of fun and wit that would pour unceasingly while one drop of the "creature" remained to give force to its expulsion. But withal, there were many noble traits in his character, which a more refined and cultivated mind could scarcely surpass. He was the first to give assistance to a friend, aye, or even to an enemy, when they needed it; and the cry of distress never struck on his ear without awaking an echo in his heart, which died away only when the source whence it had originated had been appeased.

But, with all his good and bad qualities, he was of a superstitious turn of mind, dreading above all things each and all of those innumerable hosts of supernatural beings—fairies, ghosts, fetches, witches, good and bad spirits, &c., &c.—which are said to hold intercourse with man. But to do justice to his memory, it is only fair to add that we consider this no disgrace. Man is naturally superstitious, and the stoutest heart that ever beat beneath shield or armour might quail with awe at the melancholy cry of the banshee, or the mysterious beatings of the death-watch. Even Burns, the immortal Burns, was not exempt from this; for we find him observing in his autobiography, it "had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors." Thus it is with many; they keep a "sharp look out," even where they dare not expect to see anything uncommon; and when they do call in philosophy's aid, are surprised to discover that they have been watching for what, above all other things, they would not wish to see.

One cold December night, a number of carmen were seated round a blazing fire in the kitchen of "Bulger's Inn," Kevin-street—the place where the carmen of Wicklow and Wexford usually "put up" when they came to Dublin with commodities for the market—Jemmy was one of the number; and, having transacted all his business, determined now to indulge himself during the few hours that remained, as early in the morning he should again face the "county of goat-suckers."* Volleys of fun and wit would now and then burst out, and the loud laugh silenced for the moment the hoarse voice of Boreas as he howled outside the window.

"Come, Bill," said Jemmy, to one of his companions, "show us the pistols that you've bought

* Goat-suckers; *soubriquet* of the county Wicklow people.

for the masher. I s'pose they're goold an' silver mounted?"

"Jist so, my darlint," replied Bill, pulling a brace of small duelling-pistols out of his capacious coat-pocket; "Jist so, ould boy. Did ye ever see such convaynient craytures in all yer life? Rale jewellin' pistols."

"Jewils did ye say, Bill? Tare-an-ouns, man alive, let us look at them."

Jemmy got the pistols in his hand; and, having never handled fire-arms before, took some time to examine them. Everything surprised him; and, having in vain endeavoured to think what the works could be intended for, handed them back to Bill, inquiring if the flint and the little thing (meaning the trigger) were any good. Bill then commenced a very grandiloquent lecture, in the course of which he described the whole process of loading and firing, and concluded by giving a "flash in the pan," which satisfied his audience as to the explosive powers of the weapons.

Twelve o'clock came and went, and they had almost all separated, except the more intimate friends of Bacchus, who were grappling with that gentleman under the table, when Jemmy, who had been watching his opportunity, observed Bill also quit his chair for a less elevated position. He crept noiselessly over, and putting his hand into an inside coat-pocket of the sleeping man, drew forth pistols, powder, and shot, with about half-a-dozen bullets, which he deposited safely in his own; and then, after giving a look round the room, to see that he had not been observed, left them alone in their glory.

With many mental promises of practice in the science of gunnery, he sought his bed-room, which, with some difficulty, he found; and, after fondly looking at his ill-gotten goods, threw himself into the arms of Somnus, and was soon lulled in the embrace of that god.

Some time or other in the night he awoke, and not feeling inclined to go to sleep in haste, commenced ruminating on the next day's anticipated good luck. The wind still blew with violence against the windows, and by an occasional gleam of moonlight he could perceive the shadows of the waving trees in the yard dance merrily on the opposite side of the apartment; and, as he gazed with superstitious dread—

"Fantastic figures grew

Like life, but not like mortal life, to view."

Feeling very uncomfortable, he turned away from these phantasmagorian scenes; but, alas! a far worse sight met his eyes; for, directly before him, there appeared, as if by magic, a face sufficiently frightful to cause every hair on Jemmy's head to make a perpendicular movement.

"Oh, milia murder!" he exclaimed, starting up, "what 'ill become o' me? Oh, boys jewel, will one o' yees gie me somethin', if it was only a dhrink o' wather, to hould the life in me?"

A grunt from his bed-fellow—for, be it known, that in order to save room, these carmen generally slept in one apartment, sometimes two or three in a bed—was the only answer he got to this touching appeal.

"Will any of yees save me?" he continued. "Bill Byrne, will ye waken? Terry Coogan, do ye remimber when I saved ye from the gauger and the sojers, that destroyed yer beautiful still? Ochone! ochone! will no one take part wid a poor man, the father o' sivin childher?"

Still this produced no effect on the sleepers; and Jemmy was about to make another attempt, when, perceiving some strange grimaces made by the object of his dread, he gave a shriek and dropped down, covering himself up with the bed-clothes. He did not faint, although he might have coveted that boon, but the drops of perspiration rolled over his face with comparatively as much violence as the winter torrents rush down his native mountains. After half an hour's shaking and trembling he again uncovered his head, and again encountered the same gaze, somewhat more distinctly. He strove to speak, but his tongue adhered to the roof of his mouth as closely as if they had never been separated, and he fancied he felt himself whirling round the room and lifted up in the bed without any effort on his part. Suddenly a thought struck him that made him bolder than before, and he immediately acted upon it. Putting his hand down by the side of the bed, he felt for the pistols in the pocket of his coat, and soon pulled up one, with the powder-horn and two bullets, and commenced loading. He went the powder, till the barrel was more than half full, then followed the bullets; and, finally, a piece of his shirt, as wadding; in all, making a charge that extended to the muzzle. Fully satisfied with his work, and confident that it could not fail, he determined to give his spiritual visitor, if such it was, a chance of escaping.

"Who an' what are ye?" he asked, "that's throublin' me this way. I niver robbed nor wronged man nor mortal, nor chayted a livin' bein' out of a fardin's worth of what belonged to him—barrin' the horse that I stole from the docthor, an' a few pigs an' sheep from one or other o' the naybours; but how will *you* ever know about that? So I call on ye to spake afore I fire—what's throublin' ye or keepin' ye from restin'?"

There was no answer; but he perceived the figure raise its arms, as if about to grasp him. He paused for an instant, then pulled the trigger; alas! there was no report, not even a "flash in the pan," such as Bill had given. What was to be done? Was the same power influencing the pistol that made his teeth chatter, and caused him to feel so warm on such a cold night? What would he have given to be away out of that, though it were on the top of Douce Mountain, or Lugnaquilla, where he would

"Think the rough wind
Less rude than the foe he'd leave frowning behind."

But he was doomed—there was no escape, not even a moment's rest; for, turn which way he would, some fascinating power compelled him to look again at the dreaded visage.

After another half hour's restlessness, he again became composed, and ventured to examine the

pistol, when he perceived he had forgotten the priming, and immediately set it to rights. He raised it with trembling hands and fired, and then flung it from him with all his might, determined to be balked no more. There was a tremendous crash, followed by a shriek of pain, but Jemmy heeded it not—the spirit was gone, and with a loud laugh he sunk down on the bed, and covered himself up with the clothes. The uproar that followed is indescribable—the doors of the various apartments were burst open, and out rushed the inmates to discover the cause of the noise which had startled them from their sleep at such an hour of the night; and when Jemmy ventured to peep out, his eye fell on a strange sight, though not so fearful as the ghost. There were twenty or thirty persons in the room, old and young, male and female, all dressed in the best manner their haste and terror would permit them; wondering, lamenting, or condemning the author of the disturbance.

"Oh, the villains!" exclaimed the widow Bulger, the landlady, "to make a target of my beautiful glass, that I paid my six guineas for only a fortnight ago!" and then followed a torrent of denunciations and threats.

Bill Byrne's first impulse was to try if his pockets had been picked; and missing the pistols, he seized his whip and went in search of the aggressor. The sight of a quantity of gunpowder on the floor beside Jemmy's bed, made him pause; and, fully satisfied that he had found the right person, he raised the whip, and with a loud whoop let it descend on the ghost-seer's side. Upjumped Jemmy, who as he did so received another blow across the shoulders that almost laid him prostrate. Explanations were unasked on either side. Bill handled the whip, while the other, armed with the powder-horn made a gallant defence, and seemed, by his superior strength and size, likely to gain the victory. Slash followed slash, and blow succeeded blow, with the rapidity of lightning; and in a few moments the spectators formed a ring round the combatants, and each began spurring on his respective favourite.

"Bravo Bill! that's it; across the shoulder. Now, Jemmy, mind yer eye, an' give him that in the lug. Hurra for the Byrnes! Who dar' say a word agin the Hawkins'. Now, Bill, once more for the goat-sucker, an' don't be afraid. Hurra! down goes the yalla-bellied jackdaw; he's kilt! hurra—a—a-a!"

Bill was not all out "kilt," but he was "flured," the blow had descended on the side of his head, which, though naturally a very tough part of his body, could not resist the giant force of the enraged, though guilty "goat-sucker;" and the victor stood over him, looking down with the utmost indifference, when the voice of Mrs. Bulger recalled him to his senses.

* The county of Wexford people were, and still are, called "Yellow-bellies; those of the town of Ferns, "Jackdaws," from the multitudes of that bird which formerly inhabited the ruins of the old castle.

"How dar' you, you villain, how dar' you strike a man down under my roof? An' see there, there's more o' your doin's, you thief o' the world—my beautiful lookin'-glass knocked into smithereens, an' I after payin' six guineas for it only th' other day."

Jemmy scratched his head, and then ventured to take a more accurate survey of the apartment, and of the mischief which he had committed. At his feet were scattered the fragments of a looking-glass, intermixed with portions of the gilt frame; at one side Bill lay prostrate, and in a far corner, three or four were dressing a man's head, which was bleeding profusely. In vain he pleaded for mercy, all his prayers and entreaties were laughed at; and when he began describing the appearance of the ghost, and the consequent proceedings, they laughed him to silence. The man, too, whose head was cut by the pistol when Jemmy flung it out of his hand, was not backward in his threats of vengeance; and it was only by the united efforts of the more pacific, who kindly promised him some pleasant months in Newgate, that his life was spared. But he defeated them all; for ere the sun rose the next morning, and when the household was again buried in repose, he opened the window, and dropping down into the yard, easily found his way from thence into the street. In half an hour, he had crossed the Circular-road, and with nothing but the stick in his hand, set off for his own sweet mountains, leaving behind his horse and cart, to find their way home as best they could; and when he again ventured to cross the threshold of "Bulger's Inn," he had the satisfaction of learning that he was forgiven, though not quite forgotten.

Dublin, August, 1844.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. WM. PULLING, M.A.

(Author of "Sonnetts," &c., &c.)

WRITTEN ON A DREADFUL STORM.

Heaven's sulphury flames diffuse their blasting glare

O'er the night-darken'd skies and deluged ground—

Loud pealing thunders roll along the air,

And down to earth transmit their deaf'ning sound.

Yet, gracious Lord, confiding in thy care,

Within my breast tranquillity is found:

To thy protecting power I raise my pray'r,
And hope thy mercy's arms will clasp me round.

No moment were I safe without thy shield;

My life might cease e'en with a zephyr's breath,

For it is frail as aught that paints the field;

But ne'er thine eye paternal slumbereth.

Then, though the tempest wrathful weapons wield,
Without thy word they cannot cause my death!

POWELL'S POEMS, &c.*

There is one who has said lately, and truly said, that "poetry, heart-stirring poetry, such as thirty years ago would have won fame and gold, is now considered not worth paper and print."

This sounds sadly. Yet, as we are ever advocates for regarding, if possible, the bright side of matters, we would fain dry up the tears of the "heavenly maid" (for are not music and poetry *one*?), which may be supposed to flow from the sighs of the present generation, and suggest some words of comfort. And, in the first place, if the mind be allowed to have taken a somewhat considerable march in these latter days, we are not of those who would separate the heart and fancy from the severer intellect of man; and we cannot help conceiving judgment and matured taste as having much to do with the present apparent indifference to the Muse. So much of sound truth has lately been eliminated in the revolution of the wheels of literature's chariot, that an ancient error has been practically brought to light—namely, that poetry is another name for romance, idealism, fiction—and she now stands forth in her true character, as intensest *Truth*! And it is as a truthful delineation of nature, whether in the description of character or scenery, that we should ever discuss the merits of a play or poem; and it is no small praise we give to the author of the plays and poems before us, when we say that we think he will stand the test of this ordeal.

"Marguerite," which is our favourite, and which consequently takes the lead here, is so true to nature (up to the closing scene, which we praise not), and it is so replete with sentiments breathing the sweetest charities and affections of life, that it is a semi-sacred drama, and would well become a purified stage, such as we must dream of, we fear, until the Millennial ages. And here we would enter our protest against the practice of making plays on sacred subjects, and then styling them "sacred dramas," spite of the monstrous subjects, handled with no fastidious pen, as in the case of such an one lately falling under our notice, from a clerical hand too; and detailing with disgusting minutiae the career and death of the unhappy Jezebel of sacred story. We call such little less than pious obscenities. Any subject may be sacredly handled; every poem, dramatic or otherwise, ought to be *pure*. Indeed, we think truth and purity are the snowy wings of poetry, which bear her just above the earth, in her visits from those heavenly seats so peculiarly her own. Here then is another test of poetry, and our author will be found to stand this ordeal likewise. How purely conceived is every character in Marguerite! even to the embodiment of the genius of evil, in the book—the spiteful Hortense, even though she preys upon and hates her kind, there is nothing revolting; but, alas! too natural is the malignant working of that woman's heart, too often seen and felt in real life.

* "Poems," "Marguerite," "True at Last," (Mitchell), "The Blind Wife" (*Pointer*), "The Shepherd's Well" (*Effingham Wilson*).

The plot is simple, and well introduced; the sentiments of the innocently injured Eugene are so noble that he gains our entire sympathy ere his first speech is ended; nor does that interest end but with his life. The following are fine lines; we wish we had written them:—

"Glory, farewell! thy love is but self-love
Painted with blood. Adversity has taught me
More in three years than I had learned before
In schools and daily life. A prosperous man
Has scarce a passing thought to waste on wisdom."

Here also—

"You've had that ugly dream they call suspicion,
Which is as wild a fancier by day
As crime and conscience in their sleeps at night;
Suspicion is a night-mare to the heart,
And loosens hell upon it."

Marguerite's explanation in the closing scene is *de trop*, and therefore weak; it is inconsistent with the mortal agony that otherwise might be allowed, without a question, to work its work of death on the faithful wife of two husbands—a tragedy should not creep at the end, but rush into its climax of woe. Nevertheless, Marguerite is a gem, and it is only for want of space that we do not enter as fully into the other plays before us—all of which, particularly the "Shepherd's Well" and the "Blind Wife" are high-toned and vigorous in poetical sentiment, and have considerable dramatic merit.

The winding up of "True at last" is not sufficiently satisfactory, as but two of the *dramatis personæ* are disposed of; this would materially mar its effect in representation.

We now turn with much pleasure to Mr. Powell's poems, which we have only to make speak for themselves to insure for them the praise of every true lover of poetry.

The following exquisite sonnet we must give entire, as a word lost would be a link of thought in a lovely chain:—

"THE PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"Oh! heart of man, that in the crowning thrill
Of thy delight heaves the unconscious sigh,
Right well thou feelest there is something still
Wanting to fill the soul's immensity:—
And thy now folded and immortal wings
Yearn for the silver stars that sing on high!
Be quiet for a while—for even here,
In the dim twilight of earth's atmosphere,
Thou hast most glorious and large domains,
And great pursuits; calm thoughts and conquer'd
pains,
And faithful ministers! The cherub, Love,
Whose wings are all besprent with silver dew,
Gather'd while ling'ring in the heavens above;
Faith, whose meek heart to her dear lord is true,
Albeit dwelling in a realm afar;
Bright Joy, who trembles with the song she sings,
And Poesy, the soul's serenest star."

And even at the risk of overpassing our limits we must give a mournful but exquisite specimen wherewith to conclude our notice of a small volume

indeed, but one which contains treasures of truth, purity, fervid imagination—allied to noble sentiment—grace of diction, and a power of wielding winged words rarely to be met with even now, and certainly not

“When Music, heavenly maid, was young,”

as is proved by the ingenious attempt of our authors to lighten to modern ears the quaint and heavy rhymes of Chaucer, who no doubt owed much of his celebrity to the fact that the “maiden” being “young,” was sure to please, whatever uncouth garb it might suit her fancy to wear.

“THE DIRGE.

“Death has kiss’d thee into rest,
Lady of the pulseless breast;
Holy is the calm that now
Mantles o’er thy star-pale brow.

“All the beauty of thy life,
Free from care and woe and strife,
Lies upon thy marble face
Left the music of its grace.

“What if those closed lips shall ne’er
Breathe again the spring-tide air,
When through thy intenser soul
The eternal glories roll?

“Too fair and pure a thing to strive
With human passion and survive;
Thou shuddering felt’st its stain of love,
And sought the holy joy above.

“For each thought and deed of thine,
Were cast in model more divine
Than others are; the tie to bind
Human to the angel kind.

“For, as a lamp by inner light
Is lighted up; so shined
Through thy features, pale, yet bright,
The radiance of thy mind.
Till at length the kindling flame
Blazed and burst the prison frame.

“As a young child from her sleep
Is waken’d by the song she sings,
As she lies in slumber deep;
So the music of thy heart
Charm’d thee from thy flesh apart;
And thy bright imaginings
Gave thy gentle spirit wings.

“When the cold world’s heavy clay
Is taken from the soul away,
By sudden wrench or slow decay,
The released captive flies
To childhood’s angel home—the skies.”

E. L.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

He who success in love would gain,
Must walk through shadows and through pain:
And who would win the highest good,
Must boldly strive through storm and flood.

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

THE POET'S FATE.

The poet's fate! oh, mourn it not;
Though cold neglect he often feels,
Whate'er may be his sadden'd lot,
To him all Nature lowly kneels.
Yes; though amid the sons of earth
His name and lineage scarce are known—
Though amid penury and dearth,
Nature, all Nature is his own.

To him she spreads her verdant field—
For him her leafy forests wave;
Sweet flow'rs their sweetest homage yield—
E'en Ocean's depths his notice crave.
The sun, the moon, to his keen glance
In brighter radiance seem to glow;
The stars from out their blue expanse
On him a purer light bestow.

The wealth of Afric's golden sands,
Remoter India's glitt'ring gem,
The deep sea's pearl and coral strauds,
Enrich his self-form'd diadem.
Nature's high-priest he stands enroll'd,
His temple is her spacious dome—
His arms her varied stores unfold,
Around his path her laurels bloom.

And richer treasures far than these
Await his high and wond'rous pow'r,
Which, like the gentle summer breeze,
Gathers the sweets of many a flow'r.
And as that zephyr floats along,
Shedding a perfume from its wing,
Will his rare gift of breathing song
On life's rough road a fragrance fling.

His the deep store of fertile thought,
Beauteous, ethereal, refin'd—
His the rich mine with treasure fraught,
The untold majesty of mind—
His is the radiant alchemy,
That turns all substances to gold,
And clothes in its own energy
Objects to others stern and cold.

True, he must feel Affliction's dart
Assail his breast with double pow'r—
Must writhe beneath the anguish'd smart
Of stern Misfortune's bitter hour:
Yet is that sorrow well repaid
By moments of unspoken bliss;
As griefs for absence swiftly fade
Beneath returning Love's warm kiss.

For “He who doeth all things well”
Tempers the gold with some alloy;
Else would the soul, enraptur'd, dwell
Below, nor seek eternal joy.
For none that know this fairy pow'r
Would strive to break the silver chain;
Or lose their high and priceless dow'r
For all earth's secret stores contain.

FLORENCE.

SKETCHES OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

BY MARY ANN YOUATT.

No. III. Lessing.

Gottfried Ephraim Lessing was born at Kamentz, in Upper Lusatia, on the 22nd Jan., 1729. His father, a clergyman, was himself an author, wrote a great deal, was a worshipper of talent, and always ambitious of the honour of showing hospitality to whatever men of genius chanced to visit Kamentz; and it was this early association with men of talent which doubtless first predisposed the son to seek literary distinction, and gave a bias to his mind which influenced it through life; for in his very earliest years he was passionately fond of reading. The first school to which young Lessing was sent was at Meissen, and there he continued until 1746, displaying extraordinary diligence in every branch of study, and outstripping all his competitors. While there he translated several of the odes of Anacreon, and at the request of his father, who wished to pay a compliment to Lieut. Col. Carlowitz, wrote a German poem celebrating the battle of Kesseldorf. He was entered at the university of Leipzig in his seventeenth year, but there, however, his attention to study became less regular; he mingled with the students, who laughed at his gravity and rusticity, and soon induced him, by their ridicule and persuasions, to learn to ride, dance, and fence, and also to frequent the theatre, for which amusement he speedily acquired a decided passion. So great was the alteration in his character that in a very short time he became the ringleader of all the libertines, scarcely studied at all, and affected a supreme contempt for all the professors. His favourite resort was the green-room—he sought the society of actors and actresses, and became the favoured admirer of Madame Neuber, the directress of the theatre—a very beautiful woman, and a talented performer. His parents vainly remonstrated with him, and entreated him to resume his studies; but he persisted in his wild career. Notwithstanding these excesses, however, he formed several advantageous literary connections and friendships.

In 1749, the term of his attendance at the university expired, and his father announced to him his expectations that he would immediately take orders, or go up for his diploma, nor longer be a burden to his friends. But Lessing did not believe in religion, his mind having been led astray by the wild and extravagant doctrines of a set of free-thinkers; and the study of medicine had ever been distasteful to him. The justly irritated father, on learning this, bade him provide for himself as best he could, and refused longer to impoverish the family by supporting him in his idleness and extravagance. The first step of the young man, on being thus thrown on his own resources, was to follow Madame Neuber and her company to Hamburgh, where he translated several French pieces for the theatre, and wrote an original one, entitled "*The Young Pedant*," which he submitted to his partial patroness. Madame Neuber approved of it very much, had it got up, and pro-

duced it at once—nor was she wrong in her judgment; the piece was most favourably received, and the name of the successful author announced in the next bills. The illness of his mother, however, recalled him from this scene; he became once more reconciled to his family, and on promising reformation, his father interested himself to get him re-admitted to the university for another year, and thus give him an opportunity of redeeming his mis-spent hours. But his good resolutions were evanescent; his distaste for serious study had become too deeply rooted to be shaken off; he returned to his old habits and companions, and finding that Madame Neuber had transferred her favours to a richer admirer, he consoled himself with the charms of a more youthful actress, and shortly set off with her to Berlin, where he is said to have tried his fortune on the stage, but evidently without success, for he soon afterwards wrote home in great distress for assistance; but his family were too poor to give him more than mere temporary aid, and thus compelled to look about for himself, he resolved to devote his talents to literature, and particularly to those paths least trodden by his countrymen, viz., poetry and the belles-lettres. His first productions consisted of one or two dramatic pieces, which appeared in a journal entitled "*Ermunterungen zum Vergnügen*."

In October, 1750, Lessing and his early school friend, Mylius, conjointly started a periodical publication, entitled "*Beiträge zur Historie und Aufnahme des Theaters*;" wherein it was their intention to have taken an historical and critical survey of the state of the drama throughout Europe, but the work only reached its fourth number. Lessing also published a volume of poems under the title of "*Kleinigkeiten*," which met with some success then, and are now well known. At the request of his father he came to Wittenberg at this time, where his brother was then studying, and they projected the translation of Klopstock's "*Messiah*" into Latin, but, hearing that a similar work had been commenced by the Danish chaplain at Madrid, abandoned the idea. Lessing studied Spanish, and undertook the translation of Xuaré's "*Examen de los Ingenios*," and in 1751 was elected an honorary fellow of the society of "*The Friends of Science*."

In 1753 Lessing quitted Wittenberg and returned again to Berlin, where he took the post formerly held by his friend Mylius, who had departed for America, namely, the editorship of the literary and scientific portion of the *Vossischen* newspaper; and here he became intimately acquainted with Moses Mendelssohn and Nicolai, and the friendship of this trio being based on sympathy of mind and disposition, and unity of purpose, proved highly beneficial to all three. One of the first-fruits of this triune plant of friendship's growth was a dissertation by Lessing and Mendelssohn, entitled "*Pope als Metaphysiker*," published in 1754, the object of which was to prove that this great English poet had no fixed philosophical principles. Lessing withdrew himself for a while from the busy capital, and retired to Potsdam, where he wrote "*Miss Sara Sampson*," his first dramatic work of any great note. This play

excited a wonderful sensation throughout Germany — was translated into several other languages, and became one of the most successful pieces that had ever been produced; in fact, it was almost the first actual specimen of domestic tragedy that German literature could lay claim to. In 1757 Lessing and his friends Mendelsohn and Nicolai conjointly undertook the production of the "Bibliothek der Schönen Wissenschaften," or "Library of Arts and Sciences;" a work which may with justice be said to be one of the best literary journals which Germany ever possessed, and one which may be referred to, even now, with advantage and pleasure, by such as are curious in literary researches, so great is the value and variety of the criticisms and information which it contains. Between the years 1753 and 60 he also wrote his "Fables;" a life of Sophocles, after the manner of Bayle; translated Diderot's dramatic works; and in conjunction with his friends published the "Literatur brieft."

In 1760 he accepted the post of secretary to the Governor of Breslau, Gen. Von Tauenzien, and removed to that place, where he became addicted to gaming. The faro-table became to him an all-powerful magnet of attraction; and although, so far as money was concerned, he was usually successful, the intense excitement induced by the fluctuating chances of this baneful, yet fascinating vice, had a prejudicial effect on his health. His friends believed him lost to the literary world; and even Mendelsohn was so convinced of the power of this infatuation over his mind that he thus alluded to him—

"When he nought hears, nought feels, nought
says,
Nought sees, what does he then? He plays."

Lessing himself, however, broke this chain, and in 1765 resigned his appointment, tore himself from his pernicious habits, and returned to Berlin, where he proved to his friends that he had not been so wholly engrossed by pleasure as they feared, by producing "Minna von Barnhelm," one of the most celebrated of his comedies, and shortly afterwards the "Laokoon," that treasure house of researches into antiquities, literary, poetical, and philosophical. This was followed in 1767 by his incomparable work, "Die Dramaturgie," the composition of which was induced by the office he had accepted of director of the theatre at Hamburg, but which he held only for a few years, in consequence of some disagreement that arose between him and the stage-manager. He subsequently became connected with a publisher in that city, and having entered into an argument with the talented Geheimrath Klotz, of Halle, was induced to publish his "Antequischen Briefe." The concern however failed, and Lessing found himself once more almost penniless.

The exertions of his friend Ebert procured for him in 1770 the office of librarian in the Wolfenbüttel Library, a celebrated and extensive collection, comprising about 10,000 manuscripts and 200,000 volumes; this opened to him a new field for his powers, and he once more devoted himself

with renewed energy and spirit to his literary labours. "Gespräche für Freimauer," "A treatise on some newly-discovered manuscripts of Berenger," "Emilia Galotti," "Wolfenbüttelschen Fragmenti," or an account of the Wolfenbüttel Library, and a work entitled "Über das Alter der Oelmalerei," or, "On the Antiquity of Oil-painting," rapidly succeeded each other. His last drama, and almost his last literary effusion—"Nathan der Weise," appeared in 1779. His health and spirits were then rapidly declining; study had prematurely exhausted all his powers, both of mind and body, and the sudden decease of his beloved wife gave the finishing stroke. He became subject to frequent fits of lethargy, from which nothing could rouse him; his once brilliant and active mental energies were entirely prostrated, and he died on the 15th of Feb., 1781, in the 53rd year of his age.

Such is the number of this author's works and the variety of their subjects that it would take a volume to give anything like a satisfactory account of them all; and besides, intrinsically valuable as many of them are, they would not be interesting to the general reader; we shall therefore content ourselves with reviewing his poetical and dramatic works, and merely glancing at the others.

"Der junge Gelehrte," or the Young Pedant, Lessing's first play, was published in 1747, when he was only in his 18th year. The plot turns upon the vanity of a talented and very self-conceited young man, who is, in his own opinion, from his learning and genius, the eighth wonder of the world. His father, a worldly-wise old gentleman, wishes to unite him to his cousin Juliana, who has just been discovered to be an heiress. Damis, who has no liking for her, is at first averse to the alliance, then indifferent, and finally acquiesces, as he says, to save himself from having his studies broken in upon, and his valuable time wasted by discussions on so trifling a subject. Juliana is however beloved by Valer, and he and her attendant plot together to deceive the old man into the belief that she actually is not entitled to the fortune which tempts him to seek her for a daughter-in-law, and he then desires his son to think no more of her, and gladly agrees to bestow her on Valer. Damis resigns his hopes of becoming a benedict as coolly as he assumed them, and returns to his studies; but his vanity receives some heavy blows, and he resolves to travel. An explanation ensues, and all ends happily for the lovers. The spirit of the piece is well kept up by the intrigues of the lively soubrette, and the servility and knavery of the valet.

In point of general execution this comedy greatly resembles some of the old rhymed French comedies. Damis, the hero, is sketched with no small degree of humour, and his pedantry, conceit, and folly, are cleverly hit off. Chrysander, too, the old father, who, not to be out-done by his talented son, interludes his worldly wisdom with Latin proverbs and quotations, is an amusing personage. The other characters are neither better nor worse than those which usually figure in light comedies of this nature.

"Der Misogyn," the Woman Hater, has a

son and daughter. The latter he is willing and eager to bestow on her lover, Leander, in order to get rid of her; but the former, who is desperately enamoured of Hilaria, in vain implores his father's consent to his marriage: the old man uses every argument in his power to dissuade him from matrimony, and from female society generally. Hilaria, who has assumed male attire, pretends to agree with him in all his opinions, and so wins upon the old gentleman that he says if her sister resembled her he might almost be induced to consent. She is introduced to him in her own dress, but he obstinately asserts that there is not the slightest resemblance between the two, and it is only when the deception practised on him is made palpable that he yields a reluctant consent to the wishes of his son. The under plot is kept up by Laura, Leander, and a soubrette; Laura is so charmed by the fascinating Lelio, Hilaria's *non de guerre*, that she slights her lover, nor will deign to look on him, until she discovers how she too has been deceived.

This comedy tells better on the stage than in the closet, the situations being amusing and effective, although the dialogue is often vapid. The characters possess little individuality, but fill their places respectably.

"Die Juden," The Jew.—A baron and his daughter, while travelling, are attacked by robbers, bearing the appearance of Jews, and are only rescued by the gallantry and bravery of a traveller and his servant who chance to pass. The old noble gratefully invites his preserver to his castle; and the young lady, as in duty bound, falls straightway in love with the hero. Many and violent are the philippics in which the baron indulges against the whole race of Jews, whom he stigmatizes as capable of every villany, and degraded below the level of human nature. They are anxious to discover who their guest and preserver is, and Lisette, a lively soubrette, is set to find out. She pumps the stranger's servant; but he tells her nothing, for the best of all reasons, he knows nothing. She tries the effect of bribes, and tempted by that, he invents a fine romance, making his master out to be of noble birth, and endowed with all the gifts of fortune. Circumstances enable the stranger to detect two of the robbers among the baron's most trusted servants, and the valuable stolen property is thus regained. The baron offers his daughter's hand to the man who has thus benefited him, and whose character and sentiments have won his esteem; the young lady blushing acquiesces; but the stranger hesitates, and confesses himself a Jew. The piece terminates abruptly, leaving us in doubt as to the ultimate conclusion which will be come to by all parties.

This comedy is by no means deficient in humour; the dialogue in some parts is piquant, and the situations effective. Like many of Lessing's works, its general bearing is an advocacy of tolerance, and the folly of violent prejudices for or against any particular sect is amusingly held up to view; but the end is vague and unsatisfactory.

"Der Freigeist," The Free-thinker.—The title develops the plot, which is unmarked by incident;

the dialogue is often heavy and vapid, and the whole is deficient in humour and effect.

"Der Schatz," The Treasure, is modernized from one of the comedies by Plautus; it comprises only male characters, having been written for the officers of a Prussian regiment quartered at Leipsig. The plot is common-place, but the dialogue is infinitely superior to that of any of Lessing's original comedies.

"Die Kleinigkeiten" consist chiefly of minor poems and epigrams; the latter are chiefly modernized from Plautus, and some few are composed in Latin. The former are graceful trifles, and by no means deficient in poetic merit.

"Miss Sara Sampson."—The heroine, who gives the name to this play, has fled from her home with Mellafont, and we find her residing with him at a small inn, sad, penitent, and anxiously awaiting the period when they shall be united; which has been deferred because he will forfeit some property bequeathed to him by an eccentric relative unless he weds the lady specified in her will, and Mellafont is endeavouring to get over this difficulty, as otherwise he will have nothing to support his wife with, having run through all his property. Marwood, formerly a mistress of Mellafont's, but who has latterly been cast off by him, discovers his hiding place, and not only follows him thither, but writes to Sir William Sampson, informing him where he may find his daughter; and the old baronet and his servant arrive at the inn. Marwood sends for Mellafont, endeavours by every art to win him back, and so simulates affection, generosity, and disinterested regard, that Mellafont almost gives way; she is aided too in her schemes by the artless love of her child for its father, a child which he had removed from her and provided for, but which she has again obtained possession of, and brought with her in hopes of thus more powerfully working on his feelings. But the recollection of Sara comes in time to preserve Mellafont from the spells of the sorceress, and he bids her adieu for ever. Finding all her arts vain, Marwood upbraids him with all the fury of a vengeful and wicked woman, and even goes so far as to attempt his life, but being disarmed, implores pardon for her violence, attributes it to her intense love for him, and promises compliance with his wishes, if he will only allow her once to see and speak to Sara—that she may know the rival for whom she is forsaken. Mellafont promises this, and introduces her to Sara as a near relative. Sara, who has been rendered happy by the receipt of an affectionate letter from her father, promising pardon to both her and Mellafont, receives her most courteously, is won by her specious manners, and confides to her all her bright hopes for the future. Mellafont is called away, and Marwood, maddened with rage to find that all her schemes have failed, begins to speak of him, to describe his early life, his extravagance, his excesses; and then alludes to herself, whom she describes in the most amiable colours, as an innocent, affectionate girl, seduced by him, and then basely deserted, together with her child. Sara defends her lover warmly, and the irritated Marwood declares herself. Sara faints, Marwood

assists her servant in recovering her, and then retires. Mellafont, who has been kept away by a stratagem, returns hastily and anxiously; he finds Sara recovering from her fainting fit, but very weak, and Betty eulogizing the kindness of the strange lady who would, with her own hands, administer the restoratives. Sir William enters, and a reconciliation takes place; but Sara grows worse and worse. A note is brought to Mellafont, it is from Marwood, stating that she is avenged, that she mingled poison with the cordial she mixed for Sara, and before those lines reach him will be beyond his reach; but that he is welcome to the child, as she wishes not to retain any memorial of him. Sara soothes the agony of her father and lover, destroys the note in order that no evidence may remain against her murderess, beseeches her father to protect the deserted child, and dies. Mellafont stabs himself with the dagger he took from Marwood.

The dialogue of this play is often heavy, and the speeches far too long and tedious; neither do the manners and customs very faithfully represent those of England. Mellafont both addresses Sara and speaks of her as "my Miss." There is evident lack of imaginative power, and yet the plot is well digested, and the interest carefully supported, and gradually worked up until it reaches the climax. The situations too are many of them good and effective, and the characters well individualized. It has been translated into French and Italian and played in those countries with great success. We should place it on a level with that English stock-piece which used to be periodically brought forward as a warning to wild youths, "George Barnwell."

"Philotas" comprises only one act. When this play commences, we find the young prince Philotas wounded and a prisoner, and grieving at the thought that his father's affection will lead him to ransom him by the sacrifice of some dearly-won conquest or territory. King Aridius comes to visit his captive, and thinks to console him by the information that his son has been taken by the father of Philotas, and therefore an exchange of prisoners can be amicably arranged. But the brave and patriotic boy is only the more grieved by this intelligence; he sees at a glance all the advantages which might have accrued to his father and country had it not been for his unfortunate capture. Aridius sends his follower and fellow-prisoner to him, in order that he may dispatch a message to his father, bringing about an arrangement; but the only message Philotas sends is an urgent entreaty that his father will take no step whatever in the matter until the following day. The king again visits his young captive, and won by the high spirit of the noble boy invites him to come to his royal tent, on parole, until all is arranged. Philotas declines this invitation on the plea that he could not possibly appear before all the generals and warriors unarmed, and the king bids his attendant Strato fetch one of his own swords, which he presents to the young prince, who eagerly grasps the offered treasure, apostrophizes it, and stabs himself; thus giving the advantage once more to his father.

The character of the boy prince is a fine, spirited delineation—that of the king merely common-place. Parmenio appears to us an almost superfluous personage; at any rate he is a mere duplicate of the fine old soldier, Strato. The style and sentiment is heroic.

We quote the concluding scene:—

SCENE VIII. *Aridius—Philotas—Strato.*

Strato.—I have brought one of thy swords.

Aridius.—Give it to me. Wilt thou accept it, Prince, in exchange for thine own?

Philotas.—Let us see. Ha! (*aside*) I thank ye, ye Gods! (*gazes long and earnestly at it*) A sword!

Stra.—Have I not chosen well, Prince?

Arid.—What dost thou find there worthy of such deep thought?

Phil.—That it is a sword! (*recollecting himself*) And a beautiful weapon. I shall not lose by such an exchange. A sword!

Arid.—You tremble, Prince.

Phil.—It is then with joy. This weapon is, methinks, somewhat short; but what matters that? we need but to approach a step nearer to the enemy. Dear sword! How beautiful a thing is a sword, either for show or use! I never had any other toy.

Arid. (to Strato)—How strangely is the child and hero here blended together!

Phil. (aside)—Beloved sword! Oh, would that I were alone with thee!

Arid.—Come, Prince, gird on thy weapon and follow me!

Phil.—Immediately! I've heard it said, one should be able to recognize his friend and sword at sight (*draws it from the sheath; Strato steps between him and the king*).

Stra.—I understand the steel better than the ornamental part; and trust me, Prince, the one you hold is good and true. Many a helm has our King cleft therewith in his youthful days.

Phil.—I shall ne'er become so strong. Approach not so closely, Strato.

Stra.—Why not?

Phil.—So! (*springs back, and makes passes through the air with his weapon*) Yes, yes, it will do.

Arid.—Spare thy wounded arm, Prince; thou wilt but agitate thyself.

Phil.—Ah, King! what is it thou dost recall to memory? My misfortune—my shame. Yes, I was wounded—am a prisoner! But never will I again be so. No, by this, my sword, I swear it—never! No, my father, no! This time fortune has placed in thy hands a ransom for thy son; death shall save thee all future trouble. His death whene'er again he finds himself surrounded—surrounded! Horror—I am so now! Companions, friends, brothers-at-arms, where art thou? All dead! none near me but enemies! Then must thou cut thy way through them, Philotas. Ha! dost dare impede my course? Take that—and thou that (*dealing blows around him with a wild and vacant air*).

Stra.—Prince, what ails thee? Collect thyself (*approaching him*).

Phil. (*drawing back*).—And thou too, Strato, thou! Oh, be generous! Kill me, but do not take me prisoner. But were ye all Stratos that did surround me, still would I defend myself against ye—against the world. Do your best then. How, ye will not slay me? Cruel! Ye would take me alive—make me a prisoner; but I laugh ye to scorn. Me, alive and a prisoner? Me! Sooner will I plunge this, my sword, in my heart thus—(*stabs himself*.)

Arid.—Oh, ye Gods!

Stra.—My king!

Phil.—Yes, far sooner! (*falls*.)

Arid.—Support him, Strato. Help! help! Prince, what madness nerved thine arm?

Phil.—Forgive me, King! I have played thee false. I have escaped. I die, and my country will reap the benefit of my death. *Thy son, oh! King, is a prisoner—the son of my father is free!*

Arid.—What do I hear?

Stra.—'Twas then thy purpose so to act, Prince? But as our prisoner, thou hadst no right over thyself.

Phil.—Say not so, Strato. Shall the blest privilege—to die—which under all the circumstances of life the Gods have left us—shall that be circumscribed by man?

Stra.—My King! Horror hath turned him to stone. My King!

Arid.—Who speaks?

Stra.—'Tis I, great King.

Arid.—Silence!

Strato.—The war is over.

Arid.—Over! Thou liest Strato! The war is not over. Prince, hear me, die—yes, die if thou wilt; but bear with thee this tormenting thought, the war is *not* over. Thou didst think, inexperienced boy as thou art, that all fathers were as tender and womanish as thine, but thou art mistaken; I am not so: What is my son to me? Thinkest thou that he, too, cannot die for his country's good? He die—oh, God!—That he cannot, by his death, save me from having to ransom him by heavy sacrifices? Strato, I am a childless man. Thou hast a son. Oh give him to me. Who would be childless? Happy Strato!

Phil.—Thy son yet lives, and will live, king. I know it.

Arid.—Yet lives! then must I have him again; aye, die! still will I have him again, or I will so mutilate, so dishonour thy corpse! I will—

Phil.—The dead body! Nay, king; before thou canst avenge thyself, thou must re-animate it.

Arid.—Alas! what will become of me?

Phil.—I pity thee! Strato, farewell! In that land where all the brave and virtuous are re-united, we shall meet again. Yes, in Elysium, king, even we shall see each other once more.

Arid.—And be reconciled, prince.

Phil.—Oh, receive my triumphant soul, ye Gods! Goddess of peace, accept my self-immolation!

Arid.—Hear me, prince.

Strato.—He is dead! Deem me not a traitor,

king, that thus I weep an enemy. I cannot withhold my tears. The brave, the noble boy!

Arid.—Yes, weep for him. I must also weep. But come—my son—I must regain my son. Blame me not, if at too high a price I ransom him. In vain has been this war, this bloodshed; there lies the victor! Give me my son but once again, and no longer will I be king. Ambition is dead within me! Give me but my son!

Lessing's fables, which constituted his next poetic publication, exhibit a simplicity of expression, a neatness of versification, and an exhaustless variety of invention, which we rarely see equalled. They have been very ably translated by Mr. Richardson.

"Minna von Barnhelm" was published in 1765. In the opening scenes of this comedy we find the heroine and her lively attendant just arrived at an inn. From their conversation we soon learn that she has been for some time engaged to a Major Tellheim, and not having heard anything of him lately, has conceived the romantic project of setting off in search of him. Her guardian had accompanied her, but an accident having happened to his carriage, she has come the last few stages without him. They learn that the rooms which are given to them have been for some time occupied by a half-pay officer; but, as he was not quite punctual in paying, the landlord considered himself justified in turning him out to make way for these new comers. Minna sends a courteous message to the stranger, expressing her regret at having been made the means of inconveniencing him; but he takes no notice. The landlord comes to endeavour to fish out the rank, names, and business of his new guests, and shows Minna a ring, which has been pledged to him by the said officer, in payment of his debt, and asks her opinion of its value; she, to her surprise, recognises it to be one of two exactly alike, which she and the major exchanged on their betrothal, and eagerly inquires where the officer now is, and gives the landlord more for it than he had advanced. He sends the officer's servant to the ladies, but the faithful Just, who does not understand the motive of Minna's curiosity, replies roughly and guardedly to her questions.

Tellheim, who is actually there, has lost his property through misfortunes, is unable to obtain the arrears of pay due to him; his honour, too, has been wrongfully aspersed, and he is suffering from all the evils of poverty and wounded sensibility. His delight at beholding Minna again is, therefore, checked by a recollection of his situation, and he states the whole truth to her, and releases her from her engagement. Minna finding him firm, and determined to act up to what he deems just, pretends to acquiesce, and to restore to him the ring he gave her, but actually gives him the one she has obtained from the landlord. When she is gone, her attendant utters some artful expressions which lead him to question her further, and she gradually suffers him to draw from her the feigned narrative of all the persecutions to which Minna has been subjected by her relatives to induce her to give him up, and, under the strictest promise of secrecy, informs him that her mistress is at the present mo-

ment poor, and an outcast from her family for his sake. Tellheim instantly flies to Minna's feet, and intreats her to forgive him, and share his fortune, hard as it is. But it is now her turn to refuse, to play the magnanimous, and she does so; urging all the arguments which he had previously made use of, and turning his own words against himself. He receives a dispatch from court, fully exonerating him from all suspicion and blame, and restoring him to rank and honour, and the enjoyment of affluence, and now he pleads yet more vehemently his suit. At length, feigning to be shaken in her resolution by his entreaties, Minna says that had she not returned the ring, she would still have been his. At this moment Just enters and informs his master that the landlord has parted with the ring they pledged to him, and that that lady was the purchaser of it. Tellheim, grieved and wounded as he is by Minna's pretended indifference, sees in this incident only a fresh proof of her determination to free herself from all engagement to him, and is about to leave her for ever, when the arrival of her uncle is announced. He returns to protect her from the persecutions of this, as he supposes, tyrannical relative; an explanation ensues, and all ends happily.

There is a lively under-current of jokes and love-making between Minna's attendant Fransiska, and Werner, a brave soldier, who formerly served under the major, and had followed him in his misfortunes to offer him his small but honest savings, while he again seeks active service.

This is a very lively and graceful comedy; the characters are all those of every-day life, yet clearly and vividly individualized, and the events and situations are well managed. We follow the generous, affectionate, true-hearted Minna through all her schemes and plots with no little interest, and are amused by the playful liveliness and coquetry of her merry-hearted, and attached maiden. The poor, but proud, brave, and noble major, and his simple, faithful servant Just, also delight us; nor is Werner without his share of interest, and the artful, cringing, rapacious, inquisitive landlord is a perfect picture.

"Emilia Galotti."—The prince of Guastalla has seen and admired Emilia, and, in the opening scenes we find him narrating his passion for this young maiden to Marinelli, his gentleman in waiting, and confident; from whom he learns that she is the daughter of a staunch old patriot, and on the eve of being married to the Count Appiani, a brave and influential nobleman. This has, however, no influence whatever on the prince, and he implores Marinelli to assist him in obtaining this object of his passionate desires. The marquis, who owes his great influence to his being an unscrupulous pander to all his master's evil propensities, promises to use his best endeavours, and commences by getting the count appointed to an honourable embassy, which, however, requires him to set off to his post without a moment's delay. Appiani declines the honour, stating it to be his intention to retire from public life to the enjoyment of domestic felicity, and the marquis retires to concert new schemes of villany. The heroine is first introduced to us as returning terrified and breath-

less from mass; she informs her mother how the prince followed her thither, knelt by her side, and breathed impassioned vows in her ear during the whole service; her mother soothes and calms her, exulting while she does so, in maternal pride, at the influence of her daughter's charms, persuades Emilia to forget it, and above all not to mention the affair to her father or the count; and the young girl, whose wish it was to have had no secrets from her husband, reluctantly acquiesces. The marriage takes place, and the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by the mother, set out for the count's castle. They are attacked by the emissaries of Marinelli disguised as bandits; the Count is slain in the conflict, and Emilia and her mother apparently rescued by the marquis, and conducted to a hunting castle in the immediate neighbourhood belonging to the prince; who, in compliance with a hint from his wily counsellor, is there to receive and bid them welcome, with every demonstration of astonishment and sympathy. They, deceived by his specious professions, and grateful for his courtesy and kindness, still look anxiously for the arrival of the count, whose death is as yet unknown to all save Marinelli. At this juncture, the countess Orsini, one of the prince's mistresses, but who has been neglected by him since he formed this new attachment, arrives; Marinelli receives her, and tries all his arts to get rid of her again; but her suspicions have been aroused by what she has heard respecting the encounter of the Count Appiani's people with banditti, her jealousy is excited, and she refuses to leave without seeing the prince. Odoardo, Emilia's father, also arrives full of anxiety, but still mistrusting nothing; Marinelli is forced to leave him and the countess together, and she communicates her suspicions to him with all the exaggerated colouring of jealousy. Odoardo conceals his horror, requests to see his family, and on his wife coming to him, intreats the countess to take her back to town in her own carriage. They depart, and he has an interview with his daughter; reveals to her the murder of her husband, the snare into which she has fallen, the stain already cast on her fair fame, and the shame and dishonour which await her. Emilia shrinks terrified from the frightful picture, and reminds her parent of the Roman father who slew his child to save her from dishonour. Odoardo hesitates, affection unnerves his hand, but he finally stabs her, and she dies blessing him. The prince enters, and Odoardo proclaims his deed, and delivers himself up to justice, while the royal libertine stands petrified with horror and remorse.

The first four acts of this play are very good, and contain many natural and effective situations and interesting incidents; but the fifth we cannot but regard as exaggerated, and the catastrophe far too tragic. Emilia is by no means a striking character, and perhaps for that reason the more natural; her simplicity and credulity are, however, occasionally carried too far. Her mother offers a true picture of maternal vanity and affection, and the Countess Orsini a painfully faithful representation of a depraved, jealous, and revengeful woman. The prince is not without his good points, and as a private individual would doubtless have

been amiable: his vices seem rather those of education and station than of the heart. Marinelli, his evil genius, who plans and advises each act of villany, and professes to be instigated solely by love and obedience to his master, is a graphic sketch; and Odoardo, with his high stern principles, his deep parental affection, and his Virginius-like determination, is perhaps the most marked character of the whole.

"Nathan der Weise."—In the opening scene we find Nathan, a rich Jewish merchant, just returned from a long journey. Daja, his housekeeper, a Christian woman, meets him, and relates how his house has been burned to the ground; and his child Recha only saved from perishing by the bravery of a young knight-templar, who rushed through the flames at the hazard of his life and bore her out in safety: how Recha is still almost delirious from the effects of the fright, and persists in believing her preserver to have been her guardian angel in human shape, and prays to him and worships him; and how she, in order to efface this mania, has been again and again to the young knight, imploring him to come and receive the thanks and blessings of the grateful girl, but has been repulsed with scorn and insult. Nathan determines himself to seek out this proud hero, and compel him to accept a father's thanks. He finds him, wins on the young man's regard, lulls all his prejudices to sleep, and causes him so completely to forget all distinctions of race or sect, as eagerly to accept his offered invitation. He comes, and the artless gratitude and ingenuous frankness of the lovely Jewess complete the work which the mildness, benevolence, and wisdom of the old man had commenced. The young knight falls passionately in love with Recha, in whose heart he already reigns; and eagerly seeks Nathan to plead his suit. The prudent merchant hesitates, and inquires the name, lineage, and history of his suitor, and is informed that he is by birth a German, of noble blood, was taken prisoner with several of his brother knights, and that his life was spared because Saladin fancied he traced some resemblance between him and a loved but lost brother. Nathan appears still to hesitate, and the impetuous youth at last ceases to urge his eager prayer, and quits him. Daja, who has furtively but anxiously watched the conference, follows the angry lover, learns from him the reception which his suit has met with, and then reveals to him that Recha is not Nathan's child, but the daughter of Christian parents, thrown in infancy on his bounty, and by him adopted and reared as his own. This information adds fresh fuel to the fire of his wrath, and in the violence of his feelings he almost denounces Nathan to the superior of a Christian monastery, as a Jew who has stolen a Christian child, and educated it in his own faith; but the fierce bigotry of the priest recalls him to himself in time, and he pretends that he did but invent such a case to learn what would be its punishment. The priest is not, however, so easily deceived, and commissions one of the lay-brothers to endeavour to discover who this Jew is. The monk he selects happens to be the very man who, years before, when he was squire to a warrior, was commissioned by his lord, on the eve of a

battle, to convey his child to Nathan; the orders of the superior recall this circumstance to his mind, and accordingly he goes straight to the Jew, inquires if that child yet lives, and gives into his hands a book containing the register of her birth, and that of all her family, which he found in his master's bosom after he was slain.

While all this has been developed, other scenes have introduced us to Saladin, who is in great distress for want of money to enable him to carry on operations, and what lies still closer to his heart, relieve his father. In vain he has tried to raise a loan, and at last, necessity overcomes his scruples, and he sends for Nathan, of whose riches he has heard, and resolves on forcing him to advance the required sum. But even when the man appears before him he cannot so far overcome his naturally generous character as thus to act the tyrant, and speaks first on indifferent topics, and then inquires what are Nathan's opinions respecting the relative value of the three religions, the Christian, Jewish, and Musselman. The wisdom, toleration, and piety of the old merchant's replies so win his esteem that he is now less than ever inclined to mention the motive for which he summoned him, nor has he any need to do so, for Nathan has guessed it, and offers the loan, which the prince gladly and gratefully accepts. Nathan then speaks of the young knight, and Saladin, thus reminded, sends for him, and is still more struck than before at the striking resemblance he bears to his brother Assad, as is Sittah the sultan's sister, who possesses a miniature of that brother. Saladin gives the young man his freedom, and offers him his friendship and protection; the knight gratefully accepts it, and won by the prince's kindness and affability relates the tale of his love. Sittah, with a view to set all right, sends for Recha, who comes overwhelmed with grief, for Daja has just communicated to her that she has not a child's claims on Nathan—that kind parent whom she so loved and respected. Sittah easily discovers that the artless girl loves her brave preserver, and Saladin is about to join their hands, when Nathan, entering, pronounces them to be brother and sister, children of the lost Assad, who quitted his country and kindred for love of a noble German lady. Saladin recognizes the proofs he brings forward in support of this assertion to be genuine, embraces his newly found relatives, and the piece ends.

This is the most original of all Lessing's dramatic works, and is regarded in Germany as a national classic. It is less of a play than a dramatic poem, and more calculated for the closet than the stage; an abridgment of it, however, by Schiller has been performed with great success. The dialogue, which is well adapted to the sentiments of the piece, is simple, expressive, and graceful; and the metaphors made use of are at once forcible and homely. There is also much of learning and research displayed throughout the whole composition, and the allusions, situations, and actions of the characters, are most carefully adapted to the period and locality in which the incidents are supposed to occur. It were well if the moral inculcated throughout this work were more generally disseminated. The characters are

graphically delineated, and each is in its way a picture. Mendelsohn, speaking of Lessing, says, "He left no descendants, but a far more surely enduring memorial. He wrote *Nathan der Weise*."

We cannot forbear extracting a portion of the interview between Saladin and Nathan, where the former questions the Jew as to which is, in his opinion, the true religion.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

An apartment in the Palace of the Sultan.

Saladin and Nathan.

Saladin.—So, the field is clear? I hope I have not returned to thee too soon? Thou hast had time to arrange thy ideas. Speak then—no soul hears us.

Nathan.—I would that the whole world might hear us.

Saladin.—Is Nathan then so confident? Yet, so should wisdom ever be—willing, nay, eager to promulgate truth; and for that good purpose to risk all—life, wealth, and blood.

Nathan.—Yes, yes; where such sacrifices are necessary and can do good. But, Sultan, before I do wholly confide in thee, wilt thou permit me to relate a tale?

Saladin.—Wherefore not? I have ever loved to listen to a good tale, especially when 'tis well narrated.

Nathan.—Well narrated—truly that I cannot answer for.

Saladin.—Again so proudly modest! Come, make haste, and let us hear this tale.

Nathan.—In ancient days there dwelt in the East a man, who from a dearly loved friend had received a ring of inestimable value. The stone was an opal, wherein a hundred colours played, and this gem was gifted with the magic power to make its owner beloved of God and men, so he did but wear it in perfect confidence. It was not therefore to be wondered at that this man did never suffer it to quit his finger, and so arranged that in his family it should ever remain. Thus ran his will:—To the best beloved of his sons he did bequeath the jewel, with strict injunctions that he again should leave it to the son he loved best, and so on throughout generations; and that not seniority of birth, but the possession of this ring should make that one the head of all the house. So passed it on from father unto son, until it came into the hands of one who had three sons, all of whom were equally good, equally obedient, and whom he consequently loved with equal love. Yet it would sometimes happen that when with one he found himself alone, his overflowing heart poured itself out on that child with undivided affection, and for the moment he did deem him worthier than the other two to possess the ring. Thus had it come to pass that at different times he to each son had promised the jewel. All went on well so long as it lasted; but when death came the good old father fell into perplexity. It grieved him that he must disappoint

two of his beloved children. What was to be done? He sent in secret for a skilful artist, and bade him make two more rings after the pattern of the one he showed him, and spare nor trouble nor expense to render them exactly similar. The artist did so well succeed that when he brought the work to the father, the man could not detect which was the original. Joyfully now did he summon each son separately, gave to each one his fervent blessing and a ring, and so he died. Dost hear me, Sultan?

Saladin.—I hear, I hear! only go on with your tale.

Nathan.—I am already at the end, for what follows might naturally have been expected. Scarcely was the father dead than each produced his ring, claiming to be made the head of the family. They examined, compared, quarrelled, and argued, but all in vain; the right ring could not by any means be distinguished (*pauses and awaits the Sultan's remarks, but finding him silent continues*).—It was as indistinguishable as is now the true faith.

Saladin.—How! And is this your reply to my question?

Nathan.—Forgive me if I do not venture to decide between those rings which the father purposely had made so much alike as not to be distinguished one from the other.

Saladin.—The rings—you trifle with me! Surely the religions I did name to thee are distinguishable apart, were it only from the dress, manners, and characteristics of their professors?

Nathan.—But not from their principles; since all profess to be founded on the histories which have been written or verbally handed down to us. And such histories can, I should conceive, be only accepted by faith. We receive them from our forefathers, from our parents—those who from our earliest childhood have given us incessant proofs of love, who seek but our benefit, who have ne'er deceived us, unless 'twas for our good. Why should I believe my father less than thou dost thine? or, on the other hand, how can I expect that thou shouldst brand thy parents liars, in order to justify the words of mine? The same, too, may be observed respecting Christians. Is it not so?

Saladin.—By the living God the man is right!

Nathan.—But let us return to our rings. The sons laid each complaint against the other; each swore to the judge that he received his ring from his father's own hand, who had long before promised it to him, and with it all the rights that ring entailed; and each spoke truly. Each declared his confidence in his father's words, and vowed that e'er he could believe so good a parent capable of deceit, he must, however much it grieved him so to do, accuse his brothers of foul play, and only hoped he might discover the traitor, and he would soon revenge the fraud.

Saladin.—And now the judge! I long to hear what thou wilt make the judge to say. Quick! continue.

Nathan.—Thus spoke the judge: 'Since you cannot summon your father here before me to explain the mystery, I dismiss the case. Think you,

I sit here to solve riddles? Or do you expect that the right ring will be endowed with voice to speak and claim its superiority? Yet stay! Did I not hear you say that the right ring is gifted with the magic power to make its possessor beloved by God and man? That must decide the point, for most assuredly the two false rings cannot possess this wondrous charm. Now, whom love two of you the most? Quick, speak! What, all silent? Then are you all three deceived or deceivers, your rings all false! The right ring most probably has been lost, and to repair the evil, did your father have one made for each of you.'

Saladin.—Excellent! excellent!

Nathan.—'And so,' continued the judge, 'if you will not receive my advice, instead of my judgment, go at once. My advice, however, runs thus: you have each received a ring from your father, and each of you believes his to be the true one. 'Tis possible that your father was unwilling to suffer one ring longer to tyrannize over all his family; and, having loved you all alike, was not inclined to make two subservient to the other one. Well then, let each one strive to subdue all prejudices, to give each virtue full play, and by his own merits to establish the validity of his ring. Bring only to the struggle meekness, charity, brotherly-love, constancy in well-doing, and fervent piety, and the virtues of the stone shall be manifest even in your children's children. I invite them before this judgment-seat after the lapse of a thousand years again to appear. Then, perhaps, will a wiser man sit here to decide. Go!' So spoke the modest judge.

Saladin.—God! God!

Nathan.—If thou, Saladin, feelest thyself to be this promised wiser man—

Saladin.—(Starting up and clasping his hands.) I—a mere worm! Dust—an atom! Oh, heaven!

Nathan.—What ails thee, Sultan?

Saladin.—Nathan, dear Nathan! The thousand years spoken of by thy judge are not yet passed. His judgment-seat is not mine! Go!—go! But be my friend!"

Lessing left several unfinished dramatic works, some of which display no inconsiderable portion of humour and talent, and lead us to regret that they were never completed. Among these is a sketch of the principal scenes and events for a drama to be called Faust, and one or two whole dialogues. This, doubtless, formed the ground-work and furnished Goethe with the first idea of his beautiful dramatic poem, which appeared under that name.

Although Lessing cannot be considered as a thoroughly cultivated writer, or one entitled to rank among the most distinguished authors of any nation; yet few have written so carefully as he did, and the style he adopted had a most beneficial effect on German literature. It is brief, nervous, and vivid; quiet, yet defined; and eloquent without verbosity. As a critic, a philosopher, and a talented reasoner, he was distinguished; but as a poet he both was, and considered himself, deficient. He possessed, however, a rare felicity of expression, and his plays are mostly free from exaggeration, and possess a graceful, easy, poetic life. They are not gorgeous paintings, but may

rather be compared to drawings in crayon, gentle and subdued in hue, yet clearly defined.

His prose works may be regarded as classic models, and his countrymen owe him a deep debt of gratitude on this score; for, under his auspices a new epoch dawned to theology, philosophy, and the drama; a wide field of literature was thrown open, adorned with all that fertility of graceful diction, and those flowers of æsthetic eloquence, which Germany had before so much needed. His "Dramaturgie" was the first work which made Shakspeare known to his countrymen. His "Laokoon" threw deep glances into the philosophy of arts, and his dialogues of the "Freemasons" and "Antiquarian Letters" are replete with valuable information.

Nor was his private character inferior to his genius; as a friend, brother, and husband, he was ever kind, manly, and conscientious. To dry the tears of the sorrowing, and soothe the trials of the afflicted was to him ever a consolation and delight; and even those who condemned that freedom and boldness of thought which he brought to bear on religious subjects, could not deny that in all the most essential points he was a sincere christian. In society, his wit, varied information, and eloquence rendered him a brilliant ornament; and on the whole, it is seldom that we find so much talent united with all those gentler qualities which entitle a man to love and respect.

TRUE BEAUTY.

Let others prize the outward form,

The blushing rose, the lily fair:

Give me a heart that's tender, warm;

I care not for the auburn hair.

Let others seek the snow-white skin,

The taper finger, rosy cheek:

Give me the heart that beats within,

If it be constant, kind, and meek.

The cheek may be of palest hue;

The hair not auburn; coarse, not fine—

What care I if the heart be true?

The shadow gone, the substance mine.

The rose's blush will quickly flee,

The lily fair as soon will die;

Then mental beauty give to me,

Which blooms to all eternity.

W.

EPIGRAM.

Some say—"In this world nothing certain can be:"

But this I can safely dispute:

For if such is the case, then that certain must be;

And who dare my logic confute?

J. J. R.

"JUST AS I SAID" FOLKS.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

"Tush, man! mortal men, mortal men!"
FIRST PART KING HENRY IV.

Most people have their peculiarities; in fact, it is useless denying it, we all have. With some they are sage ones; with others, ridiculous: with some, comic; and with others, truly absurd: while there are three distinct kinds, under which every peculiarity may be classed—namely, those of action, thought, and speech. It is to a branch of these latter I now wish to draw the reader's attention.

I have named its members by the rather irregular title figuring at the head of this page, from the frequent use each makes of those four monosyllabic words in course of conversation. Still they possess other marked peculiarities, in number not a few; for instance, they are very wise according to their own idea of things, as well as very deliberative and chary in their speech—on the principle, it may be presumed, of "deep waters flowing silently." Leading, for the most part, retired lives, they are looked upon by a certain knot of intimates as oracles—people whose opinions are worth having, and are therefore often sought.

When one is consulted on some matter of private importance, he will in the first place, by a series of cunningly devised questions, and with much apparent candour, sift his opinion-seeker's mind on the subject thoroughly, and then "with hesitation admirably slow," and many preliminary hums and haes, pronounce a dubious judgment; always leaning to the side the other takes—unless the case be as clear as noonday—and taking especial care to frame a "loophole" of escape, should that view of things prove an incorrect one. When, in the fulness of time, the event is communicated to him, if it coincides with his doubtfully expressed opinion, he becomes as positive as before wavering; winding up with a significant "Ha! ha! you see, sir, right as usual; just as I said—just as I said." If it ends otherwise, he will avail himself of his loophole, and argue out, in a most logical manner, that it is just as he said, and from the first expected.

They will never

"To the fascination of a name,
Surrender judgment hoodwinked,"

or be dazzled by first appearances. A facility in "seeing through these things" (as they themselves express it), is what they pride themselves on; it is "the immediate jewel of their souls."

Such an extraordinary amount of wisdom which "just as I said" folks lay claim to, could not, of course, be concentrated in a youthful brain, precocious though its owner might be. A long acquaintance with the world and its manifold wants, can alone give it. No man, therefore, should attempt to set himself up as one of these Sir Oracles until forty-five summers, at the least, have flown over his head; otherwise he will be scouted the

body, and exalt himself only to be abased. When the "tale-telling grey threads" intermingle with youth's bright locks, when the wrinkle deepens round the eye—then, if a person has an ambition this way, he may satiate it, with little chance of discomfiture. Plenty of shrewdness, a little perspicacity, and a dash of impudence, will carry him through well; and, if he possess these qualifications, it will be his own fault if he do not earn fame and honourable distinction among "just as I said" folks.

Half-pay officers, retired tradesmen, bald-headed gentlemen with small independencies and gaiters, à la Pickwick, are the individuals who form the majority of the class. All these evince a remarkable attachment to newspapers: the daily press is the ever-bubbling spring whence they imbibe their ideas on foreign and domestic affairs, "the mould in which they form every opinion on past, present, and coming events." Does any political revolution occur abroad, they do not express any surprise, as other uninitiated creatures would; no, no—it happens exactly as they prognosticated long ago (when, by the bye, is best known to themselves). Does any popular commotion take place at home, "it is as they predicted to the letter;" if questioned closely on it, they only become the more positive in the assertion. How useless combatting with their word! Doth not the poet say that

"A noisy man is always in the right?"

In short, nothing takes them aback. If all Europe were to declare war immediately against our devoted island, I firmly believe none of the class would display the least astonishment; one and all would describe it as a storm which had long been brewing around us, which they had often hinted at, and which, in fact, falls out just as they said.

A person would imagine, from their talk, that they are "infallible," and set them down as such, did he not recollect that they are but dull, helpless sons of clay at last; and, consequently, fallible beings like their fellows.

I have remarked above that "just as I said" folks have other peculiarities beside the prevailing one—among the rest is a remarkably knowing way of shaking the head. Those who have read Sheridan's laughable farce of "The Critic," may remember, that one of the characters in the rehearsal of Mr. Puff's tragedy, walks slowly to a chair, demeans himself very sedately, and after a little while, much to the surprise of the lookers on, comes forward, shakes his head, and exits. On being asked what the mummery means, Puff explains to his friends, how that the individual represents Lord Burleigh; that a vast deal was implied by the shake of his head, and that his part was to think, and not to talk; it being, as Puff says, a likely thing indeed that a minister, in his situation, should have any time to talk. Just so with our friends; they also give people to understand a "pretty considerable deal" by a single motion of the head—as much as to say, "Interrupt us if you dare: don't you see we are in deep thought?"

There are those who call these folks "foolish old dotards," "ridiculous twaddlers," and other

epithets, more plain than genteel. Whether they are too harsh, or the description I have here given be correct, I leave every reader to determine—and now humbly make my bow.

THE POET AND THE SWALLOW.

(*A Lay for September.*)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

POET.

Oh, fly not yet, sweet bird!
The Summer ling'eth still;
His loving voice is heard
From flow'r, and breeze, and rill.
Still full of leaf the tree;
Still glows the sun on high;
And flow'rets, rife with glee,
Smile 'neath the deep blue sky.

Has the light breeze a tone
Which mortals may not hear—
To tell thee joy hath flown,
And chilling days are near?
Are the deep forests stirr'd
With moanings of decay,
That thou wilt fly, sweet bird,
E'en from our love away?

SWALLOW.

Poet, yea; fair Summer flies
Silently from sky and earth,
Passing swift from mortal eyes,
In a flood of sunlit mirth.
Beautiful may be the flowers,
Bidding still the earth rejoice;
But no scent breathes from their bow'rs,
Hush'd and mute that spirit-voice.

Full of leaf the forest is,
Robed in raiment rich and gay,
Blushing 'neath pale autumn's kiss,
Fraught with death and dull decay.
Miss ye not the twilight hour,
When sweet spirits walk abroad,
Sending thoughts of thrilling power
Softly o'er each household board?

These were Summer's—they are gone;
Darkness nears for earth and sky:
Wherefore should we linger lone,
When such fair things fade and die?
No; we follow Summer's track,
Wheresoe'er his path may be:
Vainly wouldst thou call us back—
Vainly tempt to dwell with thee!

Over earth and over seas,
Up amidst yon sunny sky,
Onwards, through the rushing breeze
And the gathering clouds, we fly.
Poet, make our pathway thine;
Upward wing thy soaring flight,
Till thy rich aspirings shine,
Touch'd by Heaven's own azure light.

SONG OF THE RAMBLER.

BY B. D. BUTLER.

Wouldst thou stay the blithe lark
As it soars to the sky,
Or the full-flapping barque
When soft breezes blow by?
Why, then, *me* wouldst thou stay,
When, like them, I'd away,
Through this wide world of wonders to fly?

The alluring gay town
Other hearts may content,
And the city's foul frown
May have charms to present;
But a rambler I'd be,
O'er the land and the sea,
If on errands of enterprise bent.

From the bonds of town life
I would bound like the fawn,
To some mountain wild rise
At the bursting of dawn.
O, I'd fain chase that car
Which the sea-god glides, far
O'er the ocean, by blue dolphin's drawn!

Where the echoes shout glee,
And the regions spurn care,
Would I chaunt cherrily
In the free fav'ring air,
Down some fantastic dell,
Where the mountain gods dwell,
Oh, what rapture, methinks, would be
there!

Like the wild birds I'd roam,
Until age forge a chain,
Or my youth meets its tomb,
Where no cry could complain:
Then to meet those I love,
In that *best* land above,
Where the tear never trickles to pain!

Schiller was a man of rare genius, and of perfect sincerity: these two qualities ought to be inseparable, at least in a man of letters. Thought can be only placed on an equality with action when it awakes in us the image of truth. Falsehood is still more disgusting in writings than in conduct. Actions, though deceitful, still remain actions; and one knows what method to take to judge or to hate them: but words are only a tiresome pile of vain words, when they spring not from a sincere conviction.

Cold and egotistical men find a particular pleasure in mocking ardent attachments, and would wish to make all which they do not feel themselves to pass for fictitious. * * * Love, genius, talent, and even grief, all these sacred things are exposed to irony; and one cannot even calculate how far the empire of this irony may extend.

COURT NEWS DURING THE PROTECTORATE.

BY THE LATE MISS JEWSBURY.*

I fell in the other day with a collection of newspapers, published during the troublesome times prior to the Restoration. To increase their quaintness, there were bound up with these old-fashioned chronicles sundry wood-cuts, illustrative, or more properly speaking, caricaturive of the persons and places treated of.

Old Oliver himself figures in a variety of attitudes, and appears equally ugly in all; but as King Charles is drawn quite as ill-favoured, the artist has at least the merit of being impartial. Here too appears the effigy of "the right worshipful Sir John Hotham," with his horse's tail streaming like a meteor over Hull and Lumber. A little farther on is depicted another "right worshipful," brandishing a battle-axe; whilst his steed, with all the grace of a cow rampant, prances in four-footed glory. "The illustrious and high-born Prince Rupert" only wants the Geneva cloak to be mistaken for a preacher; the gallant Montrose resembles an armed kangaroo; and the "right valiant and expert commander, Sir William Waller, knt.," looks like a little boy on a great rocking-horse. Places are not more favoured. "The exact ground plot of the City of Worcester, as it stood fortified in 1651" would supply materials for a dozen pictures; as it is, it resembles a Turkey carpet. The Severn foams in front, a tolerable mimicry of the ocean; the city with the houses lying "heads and thraws" occupies the centre; a fearful delineation of the battle, with trumpets like bed-posts, and banners like blankets, engrosses the corners; whilst corn-fields and coats of arms divide the distance between them. Charles the Second concludes the series, in a peruke that resembles two horses' tails tied together in the centre.

Laughable studies in perspective these said wood-cuts; but the newspapers are not to be lightly spoken of. Change the names and the dates, alter the spelling, add a few flowers of rhetoric, take away a few common-place repetitions, and some of them might now issue from the press as leading journals. That tendency in human nature to exult in and exalt the present, to consider the events and persons with which we are conversant supremely important to posterity as well as to ourselves, is seen in as full force in the "perfect diurnals" of the seventeenth century as in this the nineteenth, and sometimes with more reason. Then the trifling news resembles ours in spirit—processions and reviews; civic dinners and

knightings; state coaches and gold lace; how great men dressed, how little men flattered them; how great men and little men all died—verily, there *is* nothing new under the sun, and old newspapers prove it. Excepting the religious pretence or reality (whichever it might be), might not the following have transpired in France, when Napoleon put an end to all its three hundred and sixty-five constitutions, and kindly offered HIMSELF as a substitute?

Dec. 12, 1653. The late Parliament having upon their dissolution delivered up the power which they received from his excellency the Lord General Cromwell, his excellency thereupon advised with a council of officers how this great burthen of governing England, Scotland, and Ireland, the armies therein, and the navies at sea, should be borne, and by whom. After several days of seeking God and advising therein, it was resolved, that a council of godly, able, and discreet persons should be named, consisting of twenty-one, and that his excellency should be chosen Lord Protector of the three nations.

Dec. 16. This day his excellency the Lord General Cromwell, about one of the clock in the afternoon, passed from Whitehall to Westminster in his coach, foot soldiers being on both sides the streets all the way along; and in the palace at Westminster were many soldiers, both horse and foot. His excellency was attended by the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, the Judges and Barons in their robes, and after them the Council of the Commonwealth, and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London in their scarlet gowns, with the Recorder and Town Clerk, all in their coaches; last of all came his Excellency in a black suit and cloak, and many of the chief officers of the army with their cloaks and swords, and hats on. In this equipage his Excellency and attendants came to Westminster-hall, where, in the High Court of Chancery, was a chair placed, in which, when the rules for the new government had been read and subscribed, the Lords Commissioners invited his Excellency to sit down as Lord Protector of the three kingdoms, the which he did with his head covered, all the court remaining bare. Then, after further ceremonies significant of delivering up the government to his Highness, the Court rose, and departing from Westminster-hall-gate, returned to Whitehall in their former state and order; the purse and seals, and the four maces of the City, the Chancery, the Council, and the Parliament being borne before his Highness, and the Lord Mayor of London riding in the boot of the coach holding the city sword. There were great acclamations and shoutings all along the streets as they passed; and his Highness, on reaching Whitehall, went with his attendants to the banqueting house, where they heard an exhortation by Mr. Lockier, chaplain to his Highness; which being ended, they were dismissed with three volleys of shot by the soldiers between four and five at night. There is more than ordinary joy in and about London for this happy day.

Dec. 29. The Portugal ambassador came to Whitehall, to congratulate the Lord Protector;

* The editress has received the kind permission to reprint this, and several other papers, which originally appeared in a publication of very limited circulation, from an intimate and valued literary friend of the lamented Miss Jewsbury.

the ambassador's brother is committed prisoner to the Tower. This day his Highness with the officers of the army kept a day of fast and humiliation.

March 4. This day the Lords Ambassadors of the seven united provinces of Holland, &c., had audience of his Highness in the banqueting room, which was hung with extraordinary rich hangings, divers lords, knights, officers, and gentlemen, besides thousands of people, being in the said room present, and in the galleries round. At the upper end of the banqueting house were set, first, a chair of state, very rich, for his Highness; and by it, on the right hand, three rich high stools for the Lords Ambassadors, and a place railed in, covered with carpets, wherein the chair and stools were set. So soon as the ambassadors were come into the room, a lane was made for them to come up from one end to the other; and they having put off their hats to salute his Highness the Lord Protector, his Highness the Lord Protector did the like to them; and so again a second and a third time as they came nearer to the place, wherein were the chair, the stools, and the carpet; then after a low salute made by the noble parties to each other, the Lord Protector put on his hat, and the Lords Ambassadors put on their hats also. Then the Lord Yongstall made a speech to his Highness, and presently his Highness made another speech to the ambassadors, both he and they oftentimes putting off their hats in the course of the speeches, when any words occurred declaring the affection of the one commonwealth for the other, and of their mutual desire of peace and alliance. When both speeches were ended, the ambassadors returned, three times turning back to salute his Highness, and his Highness, staying also for that purpose, three times saluted them, and afterwards with his council departed by the door through which he had entered.

Can anything be more modish than the following bit of party spleen and party flattery?

Dublin, March 18, 1654. Since the Lord Henry Cromwell's departure for England, we have nothing further of news, but that about 1,200 Tories are shipped away from Limerick, and 1,700 more are ready for transportation, which renders the whole nation more free than in times of the greatest peace this land hath enjoyed. A notorious obstinate cavalier that had a journey to go from London, who so soon as he heard of the late fast for rain, appointed by the Lord Protector, he sent presently to have his horse ready, and called for his boots, for he would away into the country whither he was to go. And being asked why he made such haste, his answer was, that he knew there would be great rain, and the ways would be dirty, because whatsoever this present power prayed for, they had; and therefore he would be gone before the rain came.

It may be very impolite, but I cannot help fancying, that some of his Majesty's lieges may have been as ignorant as myself with regard to the change which the Protectorship wrought in Oliver Cromwell's outer man. Up to the present period I had always fancied him a strong-minded, coarse-bodied, ill-dressing, elderly gentleman; great there-

fore has been my astonishment, at the incidental notices in these newspapers, of his Highness "in a musk-colour suit and cloak very richly embroidered with gold"—"his Highness's led horse very rich"—his Highness's life guard, their coats and their trimmings, and a continual assumption of state, that proves a hankering after the trappings as well as the power of royalty. Witness the following:—

March 29. This day the Lord Ambassador Bourdeaux, from the king of France, was brought in great state through the cities of London and Westminster. In the first coach, which was the Lord Protector's rich coach, was the Lord Ambassador Bourdeaux, and five or six of his chief gentlemen; next went the French ambassador's own rich coach, with others of his gentlemen; then went the chief coach of the Lord Ambassador of the king of Portugal, the coachman and postilion riding in crimson velvet coats, laid thick with rich silver lace. After them followed about twenty coaches more with six horses apiece, the foremost of which was the Lord Protector's second coach; and then about twelve more with four horses apiece; and last of all, some twenty more with two horses apiece, forming altogether a well ordered commonwealth of coaches. There had like, however, to have been a fatal mistake, ending in battle and bloodshed, for some of the French gentlemen thinking that their Lord Ambassador's second coach should have gone before the Portuguese Ambassador's first coach, this mistake did occasion drawing of swords; but the soldiers stepping in, disarmed the combatants on both sides, and so harmony being restored, and the precedence of the coaches settled, the procession passed on in friendly order, and safely sat down the Lord Bourdeaux, to make his congés to the Lord Protector.

April 1. The Lord Henry Cromwell is returned from Ireland, and is (blessed be God) safely arrived at the cock-pit.

April 20. A declaration and petition from the Corporation of Guildford was on Tuesday last brought by the Mayor and four Aldermen to Whitehall. They were received by a gentleman of very great and exceeding becoming civility, who conducted them where his Highness stood, and some of his heroes and divers other gentlemen of quality attending on him in a handsome and somewhat awful posture, fairly pointing towards that which of necessity, for the honour of the English nation, must be observed towards him that is Protector. And the Mayor of Guildford and his company, by what they then observed, do declare and say, that they are confident "his Highness is pleased with those phylacteries and fringes of state."

"His Highness the Lord Protector kept a fast this day privately with his own family at Whitehall."

A private fast publicly notified!

Monday, May 1, was more observed by people going a Maying than for divers years past, and indeed much sin was committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers and the like. Great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich

coaches, and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair. Some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation; but his Highness the Lord Protector went not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Council, but were busy about the great affairs of the commonwealth.

Advertisement. "Whereas several persons have presumed, without any authority or declaration of the state, to set the commonwealth of England's arms on a piece of pewter, of the weight of about a quarter of an ounce, and do daily vend these unauthorized pewter farthings to the great deceit and damage of this nation; these are to give notice, that if there be not a sudden stop to the making and vending of these pewter farthings, the Commonwealth will be greatly deceived by the mixing the pewter with lead, and also every tinker and other base person will get moulds and make the said pewter farthings in every corner. Therefore all people ought to take notice that no farthings are to pass, but such as shall be authorized by his Highness and the Council."

Query. Were the monasteries or these pewter farthings suppressed with most pomp and circumstance? Now for a little private news.

March 27, 1656. A notable highwayman having been apprehended according to order, by some of the messengers of the Council, was this morning examined before his Highness. His name is William Francis, and he is said to have been chief of that company which robbed the carrier of York of 1,500*l.*; and it is reported that he and his companions have, in a little more than a twelve-month's time, robbed to the amounts of 11,000*l.* So great sums of money at a time, that instead of counting it, they shared it by the quart-pot. He was apprehended this morning at an alehouse in Old-street, just as he was ready to pull on his boots and take horse to go out on some new design, and he now stands committed to the prison of Newgate. The Lord Ambassador of France had also private audience of his Highness.

What a splendid thief! What an Arabian-night style of doing business! When will a magistrate now-a-days have such "a notable highwayman" brought before him, measuring the money "by the quart-pot!" apprehended by order of the Council! examined before "his Highness!" and his examination followed by the audience of "the Lord Ambassador of France!" What a magnificent rogue! By comparison the Lord Ambassador appears of very inferior consequence! The "alehouse in Old-street" subtracts a little from the ideality of William Francis and his deeds; but then, the just "ready to pull on his boots, and take horse to go out upon some new design," carries one back to Poins and Prince Hal—gives an air of chivalry to cheating—places a feather in the cap of crime—and, for a moment, puts poor honesty out of countenance, as a rusty old gentleman admitted on sufferance! But, alas! the climax of "stands committed to the prison of Newgate!"—there is no gainsaying *that* homily.

June 15. The Duke of Crequi, first gentleman of the bed-chamber to the King of France, and Monsieur Mancini, nephew of the most eminent Cardinal Mazarin, accompanied by divers of the

nobility of France, landed at the Tower, where entering his Highness's coach, and other coaches being prepared for their company, and being followed by a large train of coaches with six horses, they were very honourably conducted to Brook House, in Holborn; and this afternoon they were conducted to the audience which his Highness gave them, standing under a cloth of estate. They also expressed their great respect to her Highness, and in like manner they made addresses to the illustrious ladies (her daughters), the lady Mary and the lady Frances.

But in the midst of these successes and dignities, this enjoying of kingliness without the title of king, there came another ambassador to solicit an audience with his Highness, and this ambassador was DEATH, whose demands, after a struggle of fourteen days, poor Oliver was constrained to admit; and on the third of September, the day of his most signal successes, he departed this life, and was in effigy laid out in Somerset House in all the trappings of royalty, which, if we are to believe the newspapers, were bedewed with more tears than ever royalty inspired or deserved. To toil through "the particular and exact relation how Somerset House was prepared for the reception of his late Highness," would baffle any one but a master of the ceremonies in league with an upholsterer. The roof of the state room ceiled with velvet—the effigy itself apparelled in a rich suit of uncut velvet—the kirtle robe of purple velvet laced with gold—the royal large robe of the like purple velvet, laced and furred with ermine—a rich embroidered belt—a fair sword richly gilt—the golden sceptre—the globe—the cap of royalty—the rich suit of complete armour representing generalship—the bed of state encompassed with rails covered with velvet—the pillars at the corners supporting crowned banners—the eight great candlesticks, five feet high, bearing tapers three feet long—the four great standards—the guidons, the banners, and banrolls, all gilt and painted—a majesty scutcheon here, a majesty scutcheon there—scutcheons on the velvet hangings, and every where over the room—who amidst all this tissue and taffety, this feather and finery, can realize Death? The funeral corresponded in magnificence, and the narrator having exhausted all terms of eulogy, at once on the hearse and its plumes, the multitudes of coaches, and multitudes of mourners—the canopy of state, and the Knight Marshall's "black truncheon tipped at both ends with gold"—the noble worth of his serene Highness Oliver, deceased, and the noble worth of his serene Highness Richard, yet living—ends by consigning all their descendants, to the remotest generation, to universal honour and the government of Great Britain.

Unfortunately a few contradictory documents on hand remain to be noticed. Thus, ten months after the preceding narrative, we come to the following ominous passages:—

Whitehall, July 4, 1659. It is referred to the Council of State to receive from Colonel Henry Cromwell, an account of the affairs of Ireland, and after such account given, he hath liberty to retire into the country, whither he shall think fit, upon

his own occasions. Resolved, that the Parliament doth exempt Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell, from all arrests of debt whatsoever for six months. It is referred to a committee to examine what is due for mourning for the late Lord General, and to consider how it may be paid for without prejudice or charge to the Commonwealth.

Considerate!

Information being given that there were several of his Majesty's goods at a fruiterer's warehouse, kept as the goods of Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, wife to Oliver Cromwell, deceased, sometimes called Protector, and it being not very improbable that the said Mrs. Cromwell might convey away some such goods, the Council ordered persons to view the same.

Candid!

The Council ordered that the galleries and other alterations in the chapel at Whitehall, made by Oliver Cromwell, should be pulled down.

Measure for Measure!

May 29. His Majesty (Charles II), was conducted to his royal palace at Whitehall, and the solemnity of this day was concluded by an infinite number of bonfires. There were almost as many fires in the streets as houses. Among the rest, in Westminster a very costly one was made, where the effigy of the old Oliver Cromwell was set upon a high post with the arms of the Commonwealth, which having been exposed awhile to the public gaze, were burnt together.

Cool!

June 14. This afternoon there was exposed to public view, out of one of the windows of Whitehall, the effigy—which was made and shewn with so much pomp at Somerset-house—of Oliver Cromwell, lately so well known by the name of the Protector, with a cord about his neck, which was tied unto one of the bars of the windows.

Consistent!

January 26. This day, in pursuance of an order of Parliament, the odious body of that horrid regicide, Oliver Cromwell, was dugged up out of its grave, and in a cart dragged to Tyburn, where it hung till the sun went down; after which the head was cut off, and the trunk thrown into a deep hole beneath the gallows. And now we cannot forget, how at Cambridge, when Cromwell first set up for a rebel, he, riding under the gallows, his horse curveting, threw his cursed Highness out of the saddle just under the gallows, where he is now again thrown (never more to be digged up); and there we leave him.

Complete!

Farewell then to his "most serene and renowned Highness Oliver," a man flattered, feared, conspired against—brave, yet suspicious, honoured, and yet hated—splendid in action, sagacious in council, sordid in speech—an example to kings, and a warning to subjects—achieving greatness by evil means, but employing greatness worthily—successful, because he put aside his conscience, yet wretched withal, because he could not forget it—not wholly a knave or wholly a hypocrite, yet knavish and hypocritical both—a character so strangely compounded in its natural elements, and

so coloured and wrought upon by the circumstances of the times in which he lived, that He who is a Spirit can alone pass judgment on a man who

"Seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Of him, as of Richelieu, La Bruyère's remark is just: he belonged to those who have "ni aïeux ni descendants; ils composent seuls toute leur race."

One word more touching the newspapers. We blame modern tergiversation, but we see times past had their tergiversations too; the prosperous treason was a most wholesome and delectable condition—the unsuccessful treason was an emanation from the pit of darkness. The more we blame human nature generally, the more charitable shall we grow towards individuals; and in all cases of controverted character, "he who is most charitable is commonly least unjust." We all remember Waller's bon mot, and we need remember it, when we find in that poet's works, harmoniously reposing page by page, "A Panegyric to my Lord Protector," and a congratulatory address "To the King, on his Majesty's happy return!" Here, we have the poet flattering the Protector:

"With such a chief, the meanest nation blest
Might hope to lift her head above the rest;
What may be thought impossible to do
By us—embraced by the sea and you?"

"As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil oppress,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest."

"Still, as you rise, the state exalted too
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene, when without noise
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys."

And here we have the poet flattering the King:

"Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late
In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours—who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would sink;
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain,
This giant Isle has got her eye again."

So the long and the short of the matter is, we must forgive the newspapers published during the Protectorate, and the newspapers published after the Restoration.

Through life one rarely succeeds in penetrating men's secret sentiments: affectation, falsehood, coldness, and modesty, exaggerate, alter, repress, or veil that which passes in the depths of the heart. A great actor displays symptoms of truth in his sentiments and his character, and gives us sure tokens of our true feelings and inclinations.

A TOUR IN SIKKIM.

[Sikkim is a mountainous territory, separated from Chinese Tartary on the north by a portion of the Himalaya range, and bounded elsewhere by Nepal, Bootan, and Bengal. Darjeeling, formerly one of its most important strongholds, is now more interesting as the grand sanatorium to which invalids resort from Calcutta; the mean temperature being 24° below that of the city of palaces. The inhabitants are of the Lepcha tribe, who professing for the most part the Lama religion, have none of the Brahminical prejudices, but eat all sorts of food, and drink ardent spirits.]

Dec. 28th.—Having procured supplies from Darjeeling, after the previous bad weather, we proceeded down the great Runjeet towards the Teesta, from the junction of the small Runjeet with the greater river of the same name, where we had been detained ten or twelve days by rain which fell at Darjeeling as snow, and other causes. Pass over the end of the Tuckvor ridge, which we find steep and difficult. The hill men travelling with loads have a staff formed of a piece of small bamboo, two cubits in length, with the lower end sharpened to a point, or double point rather; and this, from the stick being hollow, holds on admirably, so that an accident is a matter of very rare occurrence among these people from slipping on the precipitous faces of the hills.

To-day, about noon, we came on a deer at bay, in the river, whither it had been driven by the wild dogs. The deer was first seen by a sipahi, who also saw the wild dogs about him; but they stole off into the jungle, on becoming aware of the approach of the party. An attempt was made to shoot the deer, who remained in his position, but without success. B. entrusted the matter to two sipahis, assuming they must be very cognoscent in such matters; one fired one of B.'s guns at the animal, the other shot an arrow; but the effect was only to alarm him, and he quickly made for the forest.

Halting a little after mid-day by the river, where a second spur from Tuckvor abuts on it. Here I found a fossil bone of the size of the leg-bone of a deer, the specimen seemed silicified; it was a drift bone, and its original *locale* is, of course, uncertain. The curiosity, now in two pieces, is in the possession of Dr. Campbell. I searched long for other specimens of this kind, but to no effect. I had abundance of leisure for my examination of the ground, which I industriously availed myself of, for my companion had gone after the deer, and did not return for an hour or two. Encamp for the night on a third spur from the Tuckvor ridge. This day's march was short, because of the incident of the deer.

Dec. 29th.—Move to the Rungoong, the torrent which divides the Leebong or Ging-ridge from the ridge of Sinchul; the route lay over the north end of Ging, which we found difficult to travel along, from its precipitous nature. To-day the Sirdar Lepcha, while sitting with me in the bed of the Runjeet, had a feast on a sort of bug, which he called Nop, and which abounds in such localities at this season, it being merely necessary to turn

over the stone to find numbers of the animal. He described the taste as resembling that of pepper. The bug-like smell is on the head, which he plucked off, and threw away. Now query, is this bad odour in many insects an *offensively defensive* effluvium to protect them from pursuers? Flying bugs have a very acrid humour about them, as any one who has had the mishap to get one in his eye knows, and perhaps this is attractive to birds, &c., and the bad savour of a section of their frame may be a means of protection to them, seeing they are weak animals, and of rather slow motion.

Dec. 30th.—Cross the Rumooing by a bamboo bridge, a short way above its junction with the Runjeet, near which we encamped. We then crossed, about half a mile or a mile further, on the great Runjeet by a ratan bridge. This we measured by means of a fishing line, and made it to be eighty-two yards in length. The measuring was by no means an easy matter, the bridge being in a rather ruinous state. These bridges are the same in principle as our iron suspension bridges. The parts that correspond to the main chains are of ratans, well tied together, sometimes by a hitch in the ratan itself, sometimes by its being bent back and the bending well lashed to the ratans, of which it is part, by slips of bamboo. Strong slips of bamboo attached to each ratan are hung from these chains, corresponding to the suspending rods and road frame in one of our bridges, and a couple of pieces of bamboo, for as many lengths as are needed, are laid in the bight which these bamboo slips form, and constitute the road-way. The ratan chains are kept apart by booms of bamboo, suspended under the bridge, and attached to the ratans by slips of bamboo, which form strong ties capable of supporting a great strain or weight.

Near this point of the Runjeet, firs or pines are met with, but chiefly on the hill to the north of the river. Encamp in the north side of the river near Puter, having crossed in the course of the day two brooks, coming from the north, named Moongbroo and Rumbroong.

To-day, while proceeding down the bed of the river, in which our road lay for the time, we met two Booteas, who quickly made for the wood, on seeing the strength of the party, suspicious lest we should seize them for slaves. It is one of the worst traits of the people of these hills, that they make slaves of the members of other tribes. The Lepchas are not very willing to acknowledge that they practise such a custom, but the fact of the Booteas running from the party, which was chiefly of this tribe, is a proof they did not choose to trust themselves within the power of our people. The sirdar, Sano by name, of our party, afterwards treated B. and myself to an account of the mode adopted to catch slaves; and the description was given so graphically, that it struck us that he must himself have acted occasionally in expeditions of this nature. Two men, he said, only, went on a trip of this kind: two were enough, more could not easily be concealed. They hang on the skirts of paths, and when a stranger passes

they throw themselves on him, overpower him, tie him and cram him into a basket, put it on the shoulders of one of them, and keep marching as fast as they can; relieving each other by turns till they reached a place where they are able to dispose of the fruits of their enterprise. In order to silence the prisoner in case of his calling out, they employ the simple expedient of beating him over the mouth with the end of their sticks. It seems to be no uncommon practice for a party of travellers to walk into a house in an unfrequented part of the country, and to take away children of the family, to sell them for slaves.

Dec. 31st.—Proceed to the junction of the Runjeet and Teesta, crossing the Runjeet on a bamiboo raft at Singboom Ferry, a short way from our camp. Although the term ferry is used here, it is not to be supposed, that Mullahur dandies live at the place to guide the raft across the river. The raft is attached by bends formed of slips of bamiboo, tied together to each side of the river, and a party wishing to make use of the conveyance put themselves over by means of them. These structures in general carry about the weight of two men, or of a man and his load. With more they are apt to sink, so that the water comes over the flooring of the contrivance. Go down the right bank over very rocky ground. To-day we met a Lepcha lady, with her hair dressed in a comely manner; it was divided into two portions, brought forward and passed through a ring, or band of cloth upon the forehead, then turned and knotted on the back of the head: a short red mantilla also formed a portion of the dame's dress. She had several attendants, male and female, but seemed the chief person of the party.

The distance from the junction of the small Runjeet with the great Runjeet to the Teesta cannot at the most moderate computation be under twenty miles. Thus, call the first march four miles, the second and third six each, or twelve, and the last four. The course of the river is pretty nearly east. Between the small Runjeet and the Rumoong the course is more winding than between the Rumoong and the Teesta, it being the first mentioned portion of its course, more put out of its way by the protrusion northward of the Tukvor and Ging spurs; from the Rumoong to the Teesta the river becomes narrow and very rapid.

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Jan. 2nd, 1843.—Move about three miles down the Teesta to a ferry, between Bootea and Sikkim; here we find a man watching the place to prevent Booteas from crossing, having had orders to this effect from Sikkim. It seems the Bootea authorities are annoyed at their ryats taking refuge in the British and Sikkim territories, and are to send an envoy to remonstrate on the point; and if the refugees are not forthwith ordered back, the inhabitants of Darjeeling must look to themselves, or they shall be all murdered! A reference has already been made to the Sikkim Rajah, who, it is said, has consented to the stipulations!!

In regard to our party, the rumour is, that we have come to look for roads, and on our having

ascertained how they lie, the sipalis will be brought to take the country!

Jan. 4th.—Having resolved to make our way to the plains, by the valley of the Teesta, but being short of provisions, the country being less peopled than we expected, and not affording us necessities, having also failed to obtain supplies from the Bootea side of the river, we to-day moved towards a valley nearer Darjeeling than our previous position, hoping to obtain food from the inhabitants of that glen, and also with a view of drawing provisions from the station, if we should find this a requisite measure. Our intention was to pitch our tent under Sircoom peak; but by taking a wrong turn, we found ourselves at Mungra, a clearance on the south-west edge of a valley, of which Pursokeblew forms the left or north-east side. Here we managed to procure some small supply of eggs, rice, fowls, &c., by paying well, for presents of articles of this description made us by some of the people; and this liberality seemed to open the hearts of other natives, and induced them to part with what they would have otherwise scrupled to give away. As they scarcely raise more food than is needed for domestic use, something above a bare remunerating price is needed to induce them to furnish strangers with supplies. Our march to-day was three or four miles in a northerly direction.

Jan. 7th.—Go along under the east side of Sircoom, a high peak, a little back from the rest, and halt on Sideongbloco, a high ridge, overlooking that river, say six miles down the river from the ferry at which we halted on the 2nd.

Jan. 8th.—Halt at Konjere, passing on our way the Rungbo, a tributary of the Teesta, about mid-day; our progress to-day was, say six miles, our march having been shortened by the necessity of halting near water, which even here was only found with difficulty and by digging. These hills are in nothing more remarkable than for the little water that is to be found upon them; the ridges are steep, and the water from the clouds quickly runs off the sides; nor, but for the pretty constant supply of moisture from the atmosphere, does it seem that vegetation would be supported, far less that such magnificent trees as are found in great numbers on all parts of the mountains should obtain nourishment. This dryness of the ground may also serve to account for the healthiness of the country, whether on the hill tops or in the valleys; the higher portion of the mountains remain salubrious throughout the year, and it is only in the rains that fever is known in the deepest glens resorted to by the inhabitants, and into which the love of fishing leads them.

Jan. 9th.—To the Rieng, perhaps three miles beyond Konjere: as we approached it we obtained a view of its junction with the Teesta from the Bootan side, near the same place. We had also a view of the course of the Teesta for a considerable way in the valley below us; it seemed narrow and rapid, as we had found it higher up, and quite unsuited for the purposes of traffic, and though sending down an immense volume of water, more perhaps than any European river can equal; the scene was a very noble one, and far

beyond my power to describe. Halted at the junction of the Rieng and Rungeo, about a couple of miles from the Teesta. The Rungeo comes from the north-east of the Rieng, having a course from the north-west previous to the junction, after which the united waters proceed about due east to the Teesta. The waters on the east side of Sincul are remarkable for being translucent, even among the streams of Sikkim, which at this season are all very clear. Tigers were said to abound in this place, and B— was warned against moving about alone, for fear of accidents. It may be remarked that the Lepchas are shy of travelling one by one in places frequented by ferocious animals; but they do not fear to traverse the forests in couples, however infested by the fierce denizens of the woods. Wild animals, it is alledged, get alarmed at the voice of men in conversation, suspicious, it is supposed, of being outwitted by the superior cunning of the lords of the creation, of whom the fear and the dread remains among them predominant.

From the Rieng to Subbok Gola the country has been surveyed and mapped; and here I close the present extract with remarking, that the distance from the junction of the Runjeet and Teesta to the junction of the Rieng and Teesta is farther than the distance of the junction of the Rieng and Teesta to Subbok Gola, and this I infer from the time taken to travel the distance between each of the points mentioned. Beyond a few cotton fields on the Rieng, we met with no cultivated ground from Sikkim to Subbok Gola, nor for a march beyond Subbok into the plain; and it may be worth noting that the cotton plant thrives well on the aluminous soils on these mountains, and the plains in their vicinity, and give a good out-turn in quantity and quality.

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Feb. 19th.—This day we left Kursiong to proceed by the sources of the Mahanunda to Darjeeling; walked up the made road to near Dhobee-doora, below which we struck to the right into an old Lepcha path, which we followed till it led us to the east edge of the hill, when we left it, and made our way down the face of the precipice towards the river; the trees and bushes met with on the ground enabled us to descend without much risk, though stones lying loose on the hill's face made it necessary to proceed with caution, lest by moving them the further advanced of the party should be injured by their falling on them. After proceeding a little way we got into the bed of a tributary of the Mahanunda, down which we descended; and after passing a remarkably large stone or rock, which projected over the brook, and a waterfall reminding one of the famed grey mare's tail near St. Mary's on Yarrow, we encamped on the right bank of the stream, on rough and rocky ground, hardly affording a level space large enough for pitching our small tent. On the upper part of the mountains we found the thick ratans in great abundance, sufficient to supply the Calcutta upholsterers with material for chairs and couch bottoms for years, if indeed it is of a kind suited for such purposes, which, however, to

the eyes of the uninitiated in such craft, it seems to be.

Feb. 20th.—This morning we had a specimen of the skill of the Lepchas in snaring partridges by imitating their call. In this way they brought one to the very door of the tent, and a good many were taken by them through this means in their nooses, on the present march from Kursiong to Darjeeling. In the course of the day we came on slate, the previous march from Kursiong having been over gneiss. We also came on a palm, the centre of which is edible, and several of which the people cut down to feast on. The edible portion is white, and in taste resembles the inside of a cocoa-nut. I am inclined to think this palm is only found on the slate soils in these hills, but do not venture to affirm this positively. There is below the falls under Kursiong, on the forest of the Ruktee, a palm of this kind, but whether on slate or not I don't know; but if this point were ascertained it would go some length in settling the question. The ground continued difficult to travel over, there being no path whatever, and our only guide being the stream down which we proceeded; nor had any of our people been here previously. At one place the men had to unload and readjust their burdens, so that they might be able to pass a difficulty occasioned by a rocky piece of ground; and this was effected by one man going ahead in light order, and giving his hand to aid his loaded companion over the face of the precipice. Encamp again on the right bank of the stream and on its bed:

Feb. 21st.—Proceed down the same tributary of the Mahanunda, viz., the Selim, which is joined in its course by various other streams. Met to-day traces of fishermen having been pursuing their calling on those waters; came also on elephant tracks, and saw marks of deer and tiger. Encamp on the left side of the river on its bed.

Feb. 22nd.—Reach the Munna—find a large party of Mechis here assembled on a fishing excursion; they had apparently fished the Selim and Munna here about completely out or nearly so, and were preparing poison to take to some other point of the river. They must have exceeded a hundred or even two hundred in number, and were grouped up and down the river banks and among the rocks like the Southsea Islanders, as represented in illustrated accounts of voyages. The poison employed in taking fish is procured from the root of a shrub or tree; the smallest pieces are beaten or bruised with mallets or billets of wood, the larger peeled and chipped, bark and wood being both used; after undergoing which processes, the stuff is fit to be employed. The fish, however, in the very deepest pools appear to escape from its effects, for B. took by the fly about a score of fish of from 1 lb to 2 lb. from a deep pond, at the junction of the Selim and Munna. At the junction of the Munna and Selim there is abundance of sandstone; and on the last day's march to this point, it was seen super-imposed on slate.

The history, progress, and future object of the Mechis expedition, we were not able to learn, from not having any medium of communication with the people, our Limboos and Lepchas being alike

ignorant of the language, and the Mechis on their part, knowing nothing of Oordoo, so a conversation could not be got up with them. The present Munna is about a coss below the junction of the Selim and Munna, but it is not kept at one spot year after year.

The plains were said to be a good day's march from the junction of the Selim and Munna; and this point cannot be less than 18 or 20 miles from the Mahalderam range; thus say we descended the hill three miles the first day, marched six miles the second, and five miles the third day, and completed only four or five on the fourth day, we should have made this much progress.

This morning the Mechis go off on their own errand down the river. We proceed upwards; pass two deserted golas a little after starting. A little further on, the river divides into two branches; take up the stream to the right a short way, and encamp. The march was short, for there being no water to be met with along way a-head, we were compelled to remain by the river.

Feb. 24th.—Leave the Munna and go up Suttoong, turn its highest point a little after noon, and go down towards the Rieng—pass some fine bamboos and measure one at the ground where we halted, and find it 99 feet in length, not by any means the finest we had seen; but in cutting the specimen we had to consult the convenience of having our people with us with their knives, which was not the case in the place where the finest bamboos occurred.

Feb. 25th.—Descend the hill to the Rieng, which we cross; meet with bamboos in clumps, as if planted, they being at apparently regular intervals, and of nearly equal size, both stock and shoots. This occurs on the left bank of the river. Though the land seems good, we were told it did not answer for rice, the crop being obnoxious to the attack of a fly as we understood.

Feb. 26th.—Halt near Mungpo clearance, the only cultivated land we have seen since leaving Kursiong.

Feb. 27th.—Descend to the Rungeo, and pass it about noon; then ascend Rieschup to Rieng-hienyonlot, on the top of which is a Lama's tomb, or cenotaph rather, buried beneath which (as we were told) is a pot, containing money, grain, a skull, &c. The erection seems quite recent, as judging from its appearance, not many years can have elapsed since it was built. Pass also what we were told was a Kazi's house, now in ruins, and built on the plan of the dilapidated stone-house on Darjeeling-hill.

Feb. 28th.—This morning pass another ruined Kazi's house, larger than the former, and near it. They were deserted, and the country became waste some years ago, on account of a revolt of a Kaze against the Raja. The country in the vicinity has formerly been well cultivated, and would form a good locality for a farm, from which Darjeeling might be supplied. The hills are prettily varied, and a good view is got down to the Teesta.

Go up over the shoulder of Sinchul and down to Singenboom, opposite Ging, from which the Rumoong divides it. We had a fair path from the junction of the Munna and Selim to the ridge

of Sinchul, after which we found the track partially grown up, but still passable enough. From Dhoobedone to the Munna there was no path but what we contrived to cut for ourselves.

The Mechis whom we met on the Munna and elsewhere have a stronger dash of the Bengalee in them than the other hill tribes, who indeed bear no trace of any cross with the people of the plains. The Mechi nose has scarcely a perceptible bridge, but the physique of the tribe is an improvement on the Bengalee. They are less good looking, but show a better muscular development, and a larger frame of body than their low country neighbours. The habits too of the Mechis are, I apprehend, more like the Bengalee habits than those of the Booteas, Lepchas, and Limboos. This I infer from their showing dislike to a dog approaching their cooking pots or places where they were preparing food, as if afraid of defilement; they did not, however, seem to care for our going near them when cooking, and in this they exhibited a superiority to the people of the plains, who reject food when approached by others than of their own or of a supposed superior caste.

In this excursion one of our Lepchas was taken ill of small pox, and so far from there being any disposition exhibited to abandon him in the jungle or to destroy him as we had heard alledged to be the custom of these hill tribes, in their excessive dread of the disease, they made up a chair, and had the patient carried on the back of a man, who had had the disease, and no longer had cause to dread its ill-effects. They also took the precaution to have him kept separate from that portion of the people who had cause to fear the effects of the complaint if seized with it; but the regard for the man was undoubted and unaffected, and the step of making a chair for him taken as a measure of course, and not as if with the desire of exhibiting any extraordinary feelings of humanity. The treatment was the hot bath, and hot water to drink; and these simple observances are said to be wonderfully efficacious, combined with abstinence from strong food, so long as food can be taken. The Lepchas say they are more successful in bringing their patients through this ailment than the Booteas are, who are not observant of any regimen: the inhabitants of that country being a gross feeding people, generally the disease appears among them with great violence. On its breaking out in a Lepcha village, those obnoxious to an attack leave it, and place the sick people in charge of an individual who has had the disease; and the patients, on recovery, are by custom bound to give him large presents for his trouble. Property to the amount of 100 Rs., a large sum in these regions, is thus made over to the person who has discharged the office of doctor, or nurse, in a season when small pox has prevailed.

The favourable points of the Lepcha character are good humour and fondness for fun. These may in some degree be owing to the good climate, and consequent good digestion which they enjoy; but there must be something constitutional or hereditary also in their good nature, for the Booteas, who dwell in the same country, are rather stern and cross. The Lepchas drink a beer made from

murroa, and also a kind of spirit which they dislike; but they are not sottish or guilty of general excesses. Their indulgences are occasional, not habitual. They are also eminently social, and not selfish in their intercourse with one another: thus they share tobacco freely when they have it, yet it is a much-valued luxury, and a party having been met with make over a portion of their acquisition to a party whom they may have accidentally met, and who may not have had the luck to be so fortunate. It is alleged the Lepchas are fond of money, erroneously I think. They like to amass a small purse of 12 or 18 rupees; but when that is gathered they return home and spend it, and are then willing to take service again. Their avarice is thus confined within a small limit, if indeed this limited desire of money can properly be called avarice.

The Lepchas are not ferocious or false, but on the contrary, of mild temper, and on the whole, trustful by nature.

Regarded as mere animals, they are perhaps as happy as any people that exist. They are of the style of Epicurus truly, and their intellectual enjoyments are not many, but they have no want of the necessities of life.

Wrestling, leaping, putting the stone, quoits, feasting, fishing, which may be classed as animal pleasures, are followed by the Lepchas with considerable keenness. They have music, songs, and extemporize eclogues in dialogue like true Arcadians. They have also stories to while away the time, and their great men play chess and such like games. These may be reckoned their intellectual amusements or pleasures of the fancy and understanding.

They are humane, as witness our party having caused a sick man to be carried by one of their number, nine or ten days; and in comparison with the Booteas, or indeed, with any other people, they are an amicable race.

* * * * *

D. L.

STANZAS:

BY GEORGE BAYLEY.

Ask me not why grief should borrow
In the world so gay a tone:
Smiles may visit scenes of sorrow—
Not the festive halls alone.
’Twere not well, that we should ever
In the eye trace rooted care—
Feelings only known to heaven,
Only breath’d in secret prayer.

Though the eye may wear the token
Of a gay and thoughtless breast—
Vows of faith, too lightly spoken,
May have robb’d the heart of rest—
’Tis not always eyes that languish
Tales of deepest grief impart:
Smiles may sometimes hide the anguish
Of a lone and aching heart!

LINES.

(On reading a Poem by Eliza Cook, entitled “*Old Companions.*”)

And can it, sister, really be,
That “old companions” change so soon?
And must I float o’er life’s dull sea,
With nought to cheer the passing gloom?
Of all the friends I once held dear,
In days of happiness gone by,
Is there not one to chase the tear,
Or echo back the deep-drawn sigh?
Is friendship, then, a name alone
To still the aching of the breast
(When *all* except that *name* is gone)
An empty bauble at the best?
Should pleasure for a time beguile,
And bear me with her votaries on,
Sister, must I unheeded smile,
Unmarked, pursue my joys alone?
And when youth’s evanescent joys
Have faded on time’s ruthless wing,
When sorrow the bright past destroys,
And nought is left for care to bring,
When fairy dreams of changeless bliss
No longer cause my heart to glow,
In midst of misery like this,
Unheeded must the tear-drop flow?
No, sister; while thy heart command
Its mortal tenement of clay,
I ne’er shall want a kindly hand
To brush the starting tear away;
Whate’er the world beside may be,
Through chance and change, in good or ill,
I know I e’er shall find in thee
An “old companion, changeless still!”
Together we have wander’d o’er
Life’s varied path of thorns and flowers,
And we, perchance, may never more
Recall the freedom of those hours.
But tho’ thy smile no more I greet,
Or trace the scenes in childhood trod;
Sister, our souls in prayer may meet
Before the footstool of our God.
’Thine let us, sister, daily pray,
That tho’ our earthly fate be riven,
We thus may trace our onward way,
To blest companionship in Heaven.

MARY.

Werner believes that there is predestination in love; and that those beings who are created for each other ought to know each other at the first sight. It is a very agreeable doctrine, metaphysical and “madrigalique!”

Ah! how beautiful talent is, when it has never been profaned—when it has served only to reveal to men, under the attractive form of the fine arts, the generous sentiments and religious hopes hidden in the depths of the heart!

"NOT SURE ABOUT THAT SAME."

"AN OWER TRUE TALE."

By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Author of the "*Sinless Child*," &c.

"And so you had two wives, Robert, they tell me, and you are a very young man still."

This was said by way of parenthesis to Robert Kennie, the gardener, who had a year before married a pretty sempstress, very much to his own happiness and the discomfort of certain families in the neighbourhood, who from that time forth despaired of having "gaging," "side stitch," or "over and over," ever again done to their liking. And now Jeannie was slightly ill, began to look shy, and her blushes were brighter than ever; and many were the old baskets and "budget bags" examined in her behalf.

"Two wives did you say, ma'am?"

"Yes, Robert," and the last parcel was thrust into the basket in the same breath with the response. Strange enough, Robert set the basket upon the floor, and the smile of honest pride and pleasure at the interest we all took in the affairs of little Jeannie passed from his face, and he replied, in a thoughtful, musing manner—

"I am not sure about that same, ma'am. 'Twould be a great easing to my mind, ma'am, if you would explain things a bit to me."

"Certainly, Robert, I will aid you in any way I can, to the best of my judgment; but will not Jeannie be expecting you home?"

"No—Kate Randell is staying with her; and I think I might be made a happier man by telling a bit about poor Mary."

He had taken a small rake, unawares it would seem, into the room; and now having respectfully taken the chair I pointed out, he leaned his two hands upon the handle of the implement, and to my astonishment I beheld the large tears dropping from his eyes upon the floor. I did not interrupt his grief, for it was too late to tell him he had no right to call little Jeane his wife, if the memory of Mary was still so painfully dear to him. Besides, he was a poor unlettered youth, and while so many of his betters sanction all sorts of inconsistency in matters of sentiment, it seemed idle cruelty to attempt to set him right.

"So many of his betters!" But Robert shall tell his own story, and then we shall see if the unlearned and simple-hearted do not live nearest to the Temple of Truth.

"I am thinking, ma'am, I committed a great wrong in the matter of poor Mary, and my mind is never quite easy about it. I didn't think so much about it till the day she died, poor thing!"

Here Robert was silent, for his voice was fairly choked by his emotion. I, too, half arose from my seat, and nervously re-arranged the geranium stand, with that instinctive selfishness natural to persons of quick sensibilities, who dread to have their sympathies painfully awakened. The movement aroused the professional jealousy of Robert, whose habits of forethought in the taste of these little arrangements seemed to be impeached by my

interference. It gave him, too, a more defined current of thought.

"I am thinking, ma'am, that some women folks are just like these flowers. They must have just the right kind of soil, and the right light, and the right heat, and everything suited to their natures, or they will die. 'Tisn't so with all plants, for some will seem to get along and grow, and flower, and look well, under any treatment, and so it is with most of women. But poor Mary was like one of these geraniums; and when she withered away, it seemed a kind of cruelty, just as it always looks to me to see a geranium dying out of place."

This professional illustration of the point in hand seemed to linger upon the fancy of Robert, as if by dwelling upon it his taste and his sentiment were both alike gratified.

"Why, Robert, you are certainly indulging a sickly fancy in talking in this wise of Mary; and as to any self-reproach, it ought to be out of the question, for I am sure you have too good a heart to neglect any one. And then too, Robert, I shall speak frankly, for I have heard that Mary was a sickly, complaining, melancholy creature, likely to make both herself and you miserable. Now, Jeane —"

"God bless her," interrupted the gardener, rising to an attitude of respectful earnestness; "but indeed, ma'am, that is why I wish to tell of Mary, because she was blamed when I was the one to bear the blame. God forbid that I should ever have neglected Mary. No, no. I cared for her night and day, but it wasn't the right kind of care, nor from the right one, and she grew sickly, pined, and died. She didn't love me, ma'am, as a woman should love to become a wife."

"Robert, have you ever been to your priest, and told him of this matter? Did you ask counsel of him?"

"In part, ma'am; but he doesn't seem rightly to understand me, and things are not clear to my own mind; only I believe but for me Mary Duncan might at this day be fresh and blooming, and singing like a bird, as she always did, poor thing! You see, when I first came to this country, ma'am, I was employed by old Mr. Brewster upon his grounds, and Mary was a bit of a lass doing small work for the ladies of the family. At first she was always smiling like, and singing. Then she began to grow pale, and mute; and I—I, a fool of a boy, must needs think she was pining for me. Then I began to think how wondrous lovely, and meek, and good she was. One day I did something tender-like to her, and she burst out a crying as if her little heart would break. I put her head on my shoulder, and comforted her, and she seemed like a dear child to me. You must know that Mary talked the whole matter over before she died, and she seemed more like the holy Virgin in spirit than anything else."

"I never talked love to that child, ma'am, never; and yet I began to talk about going to the priest's. Mary was fearful in her nature, and she did not tell me all about herself. She was an orphan, with neither kith nor kin; and, like one of these plants made to cling to something else or they cannot grow. She had a lover, to whom she

had been attached-like ever since they were little children. She did not tell me this till I began to regard her so much mine that it would have been terrible to part with her. He was to come out at a certain period, and she was to keep her faith till that time. If he did not come, she might suppose he was dead or changed.

"Poor little Mary!—this was the time I first began to notice her. She moved about heavy-like, and grew pale, and the smallest thing set her crying. She sometimes thought he had forgotten her; and then came the fear that he might be dead. My sympathy—for I thought maybe the child is ailing for home—helped to turn her away from gloom; and we sat hours talking about auld Ireland, and the places and people we had known there. Then, when I began to go with her wherever she went, never talking about it—for somehow I did not, yet I could never bear to see anybody else near her, and even was angry when Mary did not look to me for protection—then Mary told me of the absent lover. She was gentle and loving in her nature, and had regarded me as a brother whom she might love and trust with no thought as to the future.

"Ma'am, I was nigh on't wild when I heard of this; and I made Mary promise, that if Dermott did not come within two weeks after the time appointed, she would be my wife. You may think she was unhappy, ma'am. No; she was so like a sweet child, that when she saw all smiling and happy about her, she couldn't be miserable herself, even though things were not quite to her liking. But I remember now, and, ma'am, I shall never forget how tearful her eyes looked sometimes, and how she tried to smile, and it came faint-like, and her hands grew icy cold, and her voice stopped its singing. But I wouldn't regard these things then; and God forgive me, often and often I wished Dermott would never come—for I was selfish, and full of a blind love for the meek, innocent creature."

Robert was for many moments silent, as if a perplexing and painful current of thought oppressed him. He resumed—

"Well, the time came, and no lover came with it; the two weeks were over, and the bridal made ready. We had a few of our own people, and the priest made Mary mine; and she seemed quite gentle and content, and I thought more beautiful, and lovable than ever. I don't know why it is, ma'am, that a sorrowful face should go so nigh to the heart; but so it is.

"We were to have a fine treat; and while the females prepared that in one room, the younger folks were making merry in the other. We heard a knock at the door, and then some one spoke. Mary sprang for the door, and I, ma'am, yes I, held the poor child back with a grasp that left the prints upon her arm. I held that child from the heart that—"

Robert's eyes were distended as if with horror at the recollection, and then suddenly drawing in his breath, he sank like a stricken child upon his knees, and scarcely above a whisper, uttered—

"Tell me truly, ma'am, was it not my duty

then at that moment to have given her to her lover?"

"Most assuredly, Robert. God forgive you that you did not."

"Amen!"

The voice was so sepulchral, that I started and looked around to see from where it could have come.

"I did not. Ah! she was so beautiful, so lovable, and the priest had bound her to me. She was mine. I could not, would not resign her to another. The very peril of losing her made me more fiend than human."

"What did Mary say, Robert?"

"Poor girl! She only looked into my face, so still, so sorrowful, her blue eyes without a tear, and her dear cheek white, and the light curls all away from one side of her face, just as they had fallen when I thrust her back. I thought she had stopped breathing. Then the door opened, and closed softly, and the room was hushed as if for the dead.

"My mother whispered how Dermott was there, and how she had told him all; and that he was sitting by the door with no power to move. And then she turned to Mary, and said—'He only asks one kiss of ye, Mary, and then he will never trouble ye again.' 'One, Robert, only one,' said poor Mary, rising to go. 'Ye are my wife, Mary, and James Dermott shall never, never kiss your cheek!' and I held her with a strong hand. Mary neither spoke nor moved."

"Robert, Robert, you may well pray God to forgive you—" I stayed my speech, for the man was crushed at his own recollections.

"Mary never uttered his name from that time forth. She strove to smile. She was gentle and good; and oh! so quiet, that I would have given worlds to have met an angry glance. I would have given worlds to have had her reproach me; but night and day I watched over her. I was doomed to early lose the being I had wronged, and whose patient misery was a perpetual reproach to me. I neglected every thing to meet her slightest wishes; while she, as she never reproached me, so did she forbear always to call upon me for the slightest attention. She had a forlorn aspect, as a plant will have that has been left to the mercy of a storm."

"Did she live long, Robert?"

The man started with a sharp expression of pain.

"One day my mother came in and told us that Dermott was dead. It was not a year from that fatal night. The third day Mary was in her grave; a blossom of beauty, and a bud never unfolded to the light. My mother—for women feel differently about these things from what we do—my mother bade me bury Mary beside of Dermott, and I obeyed."

"Robert," I said, "you are ill. This is so unlike you, that I cannot believe it to be a real truth you have told me."

"Aye, ma'am, it seems like a terrible dream to me. I have tried to think it over—I have tried to find an excuse for my cruelty. But poor dead Mary—it is too, too true! It was not love that I

bore her—it was the love of power, the tenderness of a brother; but I could never bear opposition. I could not sacrifice my own will for the happiness of any creature, till this great grief changed my whole nature.”

“But where is Jeane all this time? Did you conceal this strange story from her?”

“God forbid. I told it her when I first found what it meant to love another. And to-night she bade me talk with you, thinking you might see it in a different light from what I did.”

“No, Robert, no; do not hide your great fault from your own eyes. Dare to look it in the face, and repent manfully therefore. Mary was no wife of yours in the sight of God, and you should have yielded her to the lover, the betrothed lover, whom you defrauded by a miserable quibble—for days and weeks are not to be named in the calendar of vows between true hearts.”

Robert bowed his head in silence. At length he resumed, in a tone trembling from anxiety—

“Jeane is not in the least like poor Mary; and yet now when she is moving in the very room where poor Mary used to sit so quietly, and she is silently making this small work, I have more than once shuddered to see just such a look pass over her face as Mary had. I sometimes fear I am to be punished in a still greater manner—that the four years of agony is not atonement enough!”

And the tears gushed from the eyes of the darkened man, and he grasped the chair convulsively.

Little can be said upon subjects like these. They are viewed according to the enlightenment of sentiment and conscience; and only to the Great Comforter can the weary heart carry its burden.

Robert's presentiments of evil, however, were unrealized. Jeane is as blooming, and more cheerful than ever—for a house is ever prosperous where love presides at the altar; and the smiles of infancy will of themselves chase away all the spirits of evil.

There is most sensibility in English poetry, and most imagination in German poetry. The domestic affections exercise a great empire over the hearts of the English, and their poetry savours of the delicacy and the constancy of those affections.

Writers endeavour, above all things, to transmit to others that which they themselves feel: they would willingly say to poetry, as *Heloise* said to her lover—“If there were a word still more true, more tender, more earnest to express what I feel, it is that word I would wish to choose.”

He who first called God our Father, knew more of the human heart than the most profound thinkers of the age.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

Leopold de Meyer was born at Vienna, on the 20th of December, 1816. His father was state counsellor at the Austrian court. From an early age until he reached his seventeenth year he prosecuted his studies at the university of Vienna, but his father dying about that time, and other misfortunes befalling him, he was compelled to leave his studies at the university, and follow some profession which would bring him immediate and honourable support. Certain circumstances combined to render music, of all professions, the one which would guide his choice. He was an excellent amateur player on the pianoforte, and had played in several private *salons* and at concerts with the greatest enthusiasm. His Majesty the emperor of Austria, having heard that a young man, whose father was attached to the crown, had obtained, as an amateur, an extraordinary success in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy of Vienna, expressed a desire to hear him, and from this time and circumstance we may date the brilliant career of the future great artist. For nearly two years he applied himself to study and practice with the most indefatigable zeal and industry under *François Schubert*, *Tischof*, Professor of the Conservatoire of Vienna, and *Czerny*; and before he was nineteen years of age he determined to travel, and endeavour to make amends for disappointment at home by successes in other lands. His first journey was made to Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, where his eldest brother was physician to the reigning prince. In this city he gave two concerts, and the success he obtained was a fair beginning to all his future greatness. These concerts were given under the immediate patronage of the prince, who had already heard him at Vienna. From Bucharest he proceeded to Jassy, the capital of Moldavia. He was bearer of a letter to the prince of this place, who received him into his favour, and patronised two concerts which the young pianist gave. In the December of this year, 1835, M. de Meyer went to Odessa. On the day of his arrival at this place, at the request of Prince *Nicolas Galitzni*, he played at a concert given for the benefit of the poor, to which Madame the Countess *Woronzow*, wife of the governor-general of Little Russia, lent her valuable assistance. The reception which M. de Meyer met with at this concert determined him to give one at the theatre; and no sooner had he announced his determination than every seat in the house was taken. The receipts resulting from this performance amounted to no less a sum than five thousand rubles. He gave a second concert in the hall of the Bourse with the like success. It was during his sojourn here he became acquainted with the Count de Witte, general-in-chief of the Russian cavalry, with whom he undertook his next and most important journey from Odessa to St. Petersburg. This acquisition was of great service to the youthful artist in the Russian capital. Some days after his arrival at St. Petersburg, the Count de Witte, having the honour to dine with their Imperial Majesties, related that he had journeyed from Odessa with a young pianist of extraordinary

merit, whereupon the empress instantly despatched one of her coaches for M. de Meyer, determined on hearing him that same evening at the court. He played his fantasias from *Sonnambulu* and *Anna Bolena*, which produced the most lively effect. The empress, after hearing the first *morceau*, rose from her seat, and approaching the piano, remained standing behind the chair during the whole performance, uttering aloud frequent demonstrations of surprise and delight. A short time afterwards he gave a grand concert at the theatre royal, which realized thirteen thousand rubles. The whole of the royal family were present, together with the prince royal of Prussia, and the *élite* of the Russian nobility. During the concert his Majesty sent for M. de Meyer, and engaged to lend him his assistance at a concert which was to be held a few days afterwards in honour of the prince royal of Prussia. After this concert M. de Meyer received from their royal highnesses, the emperor and empress, testimonials the most flattering for an *artiste*; for at the same time that he was presented with a diamond ring, he received the nomination of pianiste to the Russian court, and was made honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg. He was also engaged, in conjunction with the celebrated violinist, Polonais Lipinski, to play at the festival about to be held on the occasion of the grand military encampment which the emperor ordered at Vosnesensk. After his success here he departed for Moscow, where his reputation preceded him, and where the enthusiasm he excited was no wit less than at St. Petersburg. He travelled still some time in Russia before he resolved to visit Turkey. He proceeded to Wallachia once more, and from thence, in company with the prince, and under his protection, he set out for Constantinople. Here he remained for the space of three months at the house of his Excellency the English Ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, who procured him the honour of an introduction to the sultan. The sultan left him covered with splendid marks of his munificence, among which we may mention a superb snuff-box set in brilliants. From Constantinople M. de Meyer returned to his native town, giving concerts *en route*, at which he received the most flattering applauses from all classes. Arrived at Vienna, he gave seven concerts, at the greater number of which the court were present, and his reception at each was of the most enthusiastic kind. It was while remaining here he was appointed pianiste to the emperor of Austria, and made honorary member of the Conservatoire of Vienna. He has since appeared in other parts of the continent, and this year visited England for the first time. It is a task of supererogation to offer his eulogium here. His success in London, where he has met the first pianists in the world, has been as great as either in Petersburg or Vienna. As a performer he ranks among the very first; as a composer his works have the merit of being at the same time musician-like and attractive. M. Leopold de Meyer will be a most welcome visitant to London next season.—*Musical Examiner*.

A WORD OVER A CUP OF TEA.

We do not consider it our province to enter into the great commercial and fiscal questions which agitate the City; but there is one of them all-important to the ladies, on which we propose offering a hint: this is, the price of TEA! Most good housewives are rather confounded, than informed, by the bulletins of the grocers, in which new and old tariffs, abolition of the hong, and other cabalistic terms, are used with alarming abundance. They look to the table of prices—congou so much, souchong so much, and so forth; and when they find the same description charged at one place 5s. which at another is marked 6s., they come to the very shrewd decision, though one not of much practical use, that the former is either a very cheap shop, or deals in an inferior article. A very little information, however, will enable them to form some judgment for themselves of the grocer's rates; and we beg our matron friends in the first place to glance at the following prices of tea, as sold *before* the duty is paid. We received them from a city friend, on whom we can rely, and who assures us that they are the present prices, and that no alteration of any importance is likely to take place soon:—

Pouchong . . .	5d., 6½d., to 1s. 4d.
Common Congou . . .	10½d. to 1s.
Medium Congou . . .	1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d.
Fine Congou . . .	1s. 9d. to 2s. 6d.
Souchong . . .	1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d.
Scented Caper . . .	2s. 8d.
Orange Pekoe . . .	1s. 5d. to 1s. 8d.
Scented Orange Pekoe, 2s. 10½d., 2s. 10½d., and 3s. 1d.	
Flowery Pekoe . . .	2s. 3d. to 3s. 6d.
Twankay . . .	1s. to 1s. 7d.
Twankay, Hy. kd. . .	2s. 2d. to 2s. 4d.
Hyson . . .	2s. 9d. to 4s. 6d.
Young Hyson . . .	2s. to 3s. 1d.
Imperial . . .	2s. 9d. to 3s. 3d.
Gunpowder . . .	3s. 3d. to 4s. 6d.

Now it is the case with tea as with many other things in this wise and humane country, that the very poorest of the people pay as heavy a tax to Government as the very richest. The tax on tea is 2s. 1d. per pound on *all descriptions*, and 5 per cent. additional on the value. But although the poor pay only the same sum in money to the treasury as the rich, they pay vastly more in proportion to the value of the article they consume. For example, pouchong, the cheapest, and of course worst description in the above list, costing only 5d. a pound, is charged 500l. per cent. duty, the tax bringing the price up to 2s. 6d., not including the additional 5 per cent.; while the luxurious hyson or gunpowder, at 4s. 6d. a pound, gets off with little more than 50 per cent. We will not go into this question, however, which is but too well calculated to raise indignant feelings in the breast, even of a British gentlewoman. It is the uniformity of the tax, although cruel and unjust in itself, which enables us to check the grocer's prices; for we have only to add 2s. 1d. to the rates in the above list, with something for the ad-

ditional 5l. per cent., and a little more for a reasonable profit to the retailer, to know what we actually ought to pay for our tea. For example; the finest quality of congou or souchong (which are of the same value) costs 2s. 6d., and this is brought up, by these additions—allowing 10 per cent. to the shopkeepers—to about 5s. 2d. per pound. If, therefore, you are charged only 5s. for these teas, you are now aware that it cannot be quite the finest quality you get; while, if you are charged more than 5s. 6d., you are now aware that you pay a great deal too much. This calculation, however, it is hardly necessary to add, refers only to ready money transactions; for those who take credit have other considerations to study; still, a grocer's credit does not, in ordinary cases, extend beyond a month, which ought to come into the category of ready money business.

We would just add, before concluding, that although we have supposed the poorer classes to pay 2s. 6d. for their tea, it hardly ever happens, in reality, that they pay less than 4s.; and this latter sum we have no doubt whatever, they pay for the most inferior articles in the list. It is impossible, otherwise, to account for the vast quantities of the common sorts, which we can assure our readers are constantly sold in the wholesale tea market from 5d. to 1s. a pound. Thus a poor family, in addition to paying four or five hundred per cent. to Government on the tea they drink, put into the till of the shopkeeper who supplies them, in all probability, from a shilling to fifteen-pence a pound beyond a fair and honest profit.

GIVE ME THE PAST.

BY AUGUSTUS PECQUEUR, ESQ.

What is that time, which hath the power
To bring both joy and grief—
Which gives to some the budding flower,
To some the faded leaf?
It is the Present, so replete
With hopes and joys amass'd:
Whate'er it be, 'tis nought to me;
I better love the Past.

Expectant hearts and sanguine minds
The Present never know;
The dreary future always blinds
Their thoughts to care or woe.
But be it sad, or be it glad
In Pleasure's best array,
Its gilded name will ne'er reclaim
The Past—to me so gay.

I love the Past, endear'd to me
By joys long past away:
The future must the present be—
The Past will ne'er decay.
Give me the Past: I'll ne'er erase
From memory its name—
Give me the Past, its happy days,
More dear than wealth or fame.

Society develops the mind, but it is contemplation alone that forms the genius.

LITERATURE.

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK. By Jonathan Slick, Esq., 2 vols. (*How*)—This is an exceedingly national production, both in incident and expression, though but for the glossary appended, it would to our fair readers at least, be very frequently unintelligible. When, however, this difficulty is got over, the reader has little to do but laugh from the commencement of the book to its close, unless, indeed, the tears forced by the exertion once or twice become natural; and there are a few passages that, without any apparent intention on the author's part of their being pathetic, are irresistibly so.

Mr. Slick arrives at New York, very strong in Connecticut prejudices, and immediately sets off to discover his cousin John Beebe, who "kept store away down Pearl-street, eenamest to the battery." "It seems that John has gone into partnership with a Mr. Co.," observes Jonathan in his first letter to his par, "for that feller's name is on the sign arter his'n as large as life: I knew that he and John Wheeler went into company together, but I suppose they wanted more chink than either on 'em could raise, and so engaged this Mr. Co. to help them." Cousin Beebe is not at the store, but "there was a chap standing by one of the desks, with the edge of his dickey turned over his stock, like an old-fashioned baby's bib, put on wrong side afore, and with his hair curled and frizzled like a gals," with whom in the absence of his cousin, Mr. Slick felt inclined to "scrape acquaintance." "Tough times with you now, aint they?" sez I, a looking over the top of the paper. 'Very, sez he, a mending his pen; 'its as much as we can do to make both ends meet afore the banks shut up days. Mr. Beebes out a shinning now.' 'A what?' sez I. 'A shinning,' says he, 'borrowing money to take up his own notes with, and if he don't get it, I don't know what we shall du.' 'Oh!' sez I to myself, 'this is the new partner, Mr. Co.; he must have a good chance of money in the consarn, or he wouldn't feel so oneasy.' 'We was doing a beautiful business,' sez he, shaking his head, 'till the Philadelphia banks stopped specie payments. I wish they'd a been sunk.' 'No,' sez I, 'that aint fair; but its human natur, I s'pose to give banks, as well as people a helping kick, when they're going down hill. I don't understand much of these things, Mr. Co.' 'My name isn't Co.' sez he, a staring, 'its Smith.' 'What,' sez I, 'have they got another in the company?' 'No,' sez he, kinder coloring up, 'I'm the assistant book-keeper.' I couldn't but jest keep from giving a long whistle right out. The stuck-up varmint! 'Wal,' sez I, arter a minit, 'Mr. Smith, let me give you one piece of advice, don't be so ready to say *we*, and to talk over your employer's business with strangers next time. Such things do no good any way, but they may do a good deal of harm. Its the duty of a clark among us to attend to that he's paid for; and if he attends to much else, we purty generally find out that he aint good for much in the long run,'" this advice is as good in London as in New York.

Jonathan appears to hold blacks in particular abhorrence. Upon calling at cousin Beebe's house, where he is invited to dine, he is annoyed by finding one waiting in the hall, and upon entering the dining room, "there stood that eternal nigger close by the table, as large as life. I didn't know what to make on it, but sez I to myself, 'If cousin John's got to be an abolitionist, and expects me to eat with a nigger, he'll find himself mistaken, I'll be darned to darnation if he don't!' But I needn't a got so wrathly, the critter didn't offer to set down, he only stood there to get any thing that we wanted. 'Do you take verminisily, Mr. Slick?' says Miss Beebe, biting off her words, as if she was afraid they'd burn her. With that she took the kiver off one of the dishes, and begun to ladle out some soup with a great silver dipper, as bright as a new fifty cent piece. 'No, thank you,' sez I, 'but I'll take some of that are soup instead, if you've no objection.' The critter was jest beginning to pucker up her mouth again, as if she'd found something to poke fun at, but cousin John looked at her so eternal cross, that she was glad to choke in. 'She meant verminisily soup, cousin Slick. Let her help you to some, I'm sartin you'll like it.' 'Wal,' sez I, 'I don't care if I do;' so I took up a queer looking spoon that lay by my plate, and tried to eat; but all that I could do, the soup would keep a running through the spoon into the dish again. I tried and tried to get one good mouthful, but I might as well have determined to dip up Connecticut river with a sieve, and the most that I could get was two or three sprangles of little white things, that I stirred up from the bottom of the plate, that didn't taste bad; but to save my life, I couldn't make out what they were made of. Arter I'd been a fishing and a diving ever so long, a trying to git one good spoonful so that I could tell what it was, I looked up, and there was the nigger showing his teeth, and rolling about his eyes like a black cat in the dark. It made me wrathly, for I surmized he was a larfin to see me a working to git a mouthful of something to eat."

The description of cousin Beebe's soirée is full of broad humour, and his own toilette exquisitely ludicrous. "I rather guess you couldn't have found a better looking chap of my size anywhere about than I was, when I put on my yaller gloves, and fixed my new red silk hankercher in my coat pocket, so as to let one eend hang out a leetle, arter I'd put a few of the peppermint drops on it;" a perfume that he invariably patronizes. He, however, shows excellent discernment in more important matters, and there is a refinement of heart about him, that more than counterbalances for the occasional coarseness of his mode of expression. Before he has been any time introduced to "High Life in New York," he recognizes by instinct "a rale genuine lady," from "your stickup, finified, humbug critters;" and his notions of female dress, however opposed to fashion, appear to us in good taste. "The girl's furbelows did'n't look so bad considering she was so young, yet it always seems to me as if heaps of jimcracks and finery piled on to a purty young critter looked kinder unnatural. Wimmen are a

good deal like flowers, to my notion; and the harnsomest posies that grow in the woods never have but one colour besides their leaves. I've seen gals in the country with nothing but pink sun bonnets, and calico frocks on, that looked as fresh and sweet as full-blown roses—gals that could pull an even yoke with any of your York tippies in the way of beauty, and arter all, if I ever get a wife, I don't think I shall search for her among brick houses, and stun side-walks."

By Jonathan's account, the sewing girls of New York are very much in the condition of our own, and there is much truth and feeling in his observations with regard to them. "I never see one of them harnsome young critters going along home, arter working hard all day, to arn something to live on, and mebbly to feed their pars and mars with, but I get to thinking how much a genuine chap ought to prize them for keeping honest, and industrious, and vartuous, when they aint much to encourage them to do right, and generally have a great deal to tempt them to do wrong, instead of turning up their noses at em afore folks, or a trying to tempt them into sin and wickedness behind people's backs."

There is not only truth, but philosophy in many of Jonathan's remarks; his heart is evidently in the right place, and one rises up from the perusal of his letters, not only the merrier, but the wiser for it.

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS GUIDE. By the Editor of the Grandfather. 3 vols. (*Newby*.)—The first thing that strikes us, upon opening these volumes, is the suppression of the author's name; a circumstance the more remarkable, as Miss Youatt is neither an unknown nor unappreciated writer; her numerous periodical contributions, many of them replete with beauty of a high order, and all of them feminine and graceful (independent of her winning story, the "Price of Fame"), must surely have created for her a superior interest to any she can have gained from editing Miss Pickering's posthumous work, "The Grandfather," of which it is but justice to observe, *en passant*, that the greater part was supplied by our author. "The Blind Man and his Guide" is a story of much interest, told with Miss Youatt's usual tenderness and power of picturesque delineation. She has chosen for its groundwork the period of the insurrection and separation of Switzerland from the yoke of Austria, and has interwoven with the actors and events of the time a love story, pure and beautiful, as all her creations invariably are. Jacqueline is a perfect embodiment of womanly faith, affection, and that strength of mind joined to lightness of spirit, that is found in many a living prototype. Liese too, in her spiritualité and feebleness, is a purely feminine conception, and contrasts well with her firmer and more strongly depicted companion. Then we have a variety of historical personages, that, however often we may have met with them before, assume a freshness from the manner of their description. The legitimate hero of the story (for the prominent character of John of Swabia, frequently struggles for the superior interest) is Arnold Ander Halden, of Metchthar, one of the three founders of Swiss

freedom; then we have Tell and Gessler, Albert and the Empress Elizabeth, Prince Leopold, the fierce Conrad de Tegerfeld, the beautiful Countess of Steinburg, Von Warth, the other conspirators Eschenbach and Rudolph de Balm, with a host of subordinate characters who either figured in the real events of the period, or serve to develop while they increase the interest of the story. As may be expected from the associations connected with the above names, scenes of great interest are scattered through the work, and they are constantly shifting from the valleys of the Cantons to the city and court of Vienna, so that incident succeeds incident, and we are imperceptibly led on from chapter to chapter, till the three volumes are completed; and a very short three volumes they appear to be.

There is a scene between the empress and her husband that may afford some idea of the author's style.

"It was evening, and Albert had retired to his favourite apartment, gladly relinquishing for a few hours the cares of government for the enjoyment of domestic privacy. His eyes, at all times weak, and of late more than usually troublesome, were carefully shaded from the soft and subdued light which a small silver lamp cast over his still unwrinkled brow, and his head rested gloomily upon his hands. Beside him, at the same table, sat the empress Elizabeth, busily employed in turning over the contents of a small richly inlaid and jewelled casket. It has been beautifully said, 'that the eye of a woman advanced in age is like the epitaph on a tombstone, painfully reminding the passer by of what has been,' only that we would leave out the word 'painfully.' Those of Elizabeth told their own bright tale of past loveliness; joy, long since quenched in tears—passion subdued or at least controlled, and the pride of the queen merged into the gentleness of the woman. Her forehead was pale and thoughtful, and her hair slightly silvered by age; but her white and exquisitely shaped hands and arms still retained all that roundness and symmetry which had been so praised years ago. It may be that she was a little proud of them; for women, and even queens, have been known to be guilty of a similar weakness; and so she wore her dark velvet robe of regal purple, with sleeves reaching only to the elbow, where they were terminated by ruffles of the finest lace, through which those beautiful arms gleamed out like snow wreaths.

Her task was at length completed, and the casket entirely emptied of its miscellaneous contents; it was a splendid piece of workmanship, and the inscription engraved on the lid showing it to have been the gift of his father, gave it additional value. Elizabeth's glance, however, wandered with a woman's quickness, from the writing to a small emerald knob, which to a casual observer might only have appeared to be one of the numerous ornaments that adorned it, but which led her to suspect the existence of some secret recess, and the event proved her right, for on pressing it lightly with her finger, a portion of the inside gave way, and discovered a small drawer, apparently filled

with letters, on the top of which lay a long tress of black shining hair.

"'Whose silken ringlet is this treasured so carefully?' asked the empress with some quickness.

"'Yours, I suppose,' replied Albert, abstractedly, and without looking up. Elizabeth smiled sadly as she placed it beside her pale and silvery tresses.

"'No, no,' said she, 'this is black as the raven's wing.'

"Albert took the curl with a slight start, but his face was still averted and shaded by his hands, and she saw not the momentary agitation which passed over the countenance of the monarch as he gazed on this memorial of his best and earliest affections. His present marriage, like most of the alliances of royalty, had been entirely one of policy, and arranged without consulting the wishes or happiness of either; but still he had never had cause to regret it; and now, as the mother of his children, the empress possessed a dearer claim on his heart. Her conduct had been uniformly gentle and conciliating, and for that reason, perhaps, more in unison with his feelings, and better calculated to ensure the peace of both, than a deeper or more passionate attachment would have been, which demanding some return, and some sacrifice of his selfish abstraction, would have been perpetually incurring and inflicting annoyance and disappointment. Whether the disposition of Elizabeth was not naturally of a warmer temperament, or had been early subdued by circumstances, and all its best energies destroyed, we have no means of ascertaining; but certain it is that the habitual coldness of her character saved her from many mortifications which would have weighed heavily on one of keener sensibility. The discovery of Albert's prior attachment to some unknown rival, or the knowledge that his first love with all its purity and freshness had never been hers, but gave her little uneasiness, except by awakening a long slumbering echo in her own heart which she had thought was at rest for ever. And with a view of diverting her thoughts from straying into such forbidden and dangerous ground, she endeavoured to gratify her woman's curiosity by following up the discovery she had made.

"'Was she handsome?' asked the empress abruptly. Albert looked up like one awakened from a dream, and inquired of whom she spoke. Elizabeth smiled, and pointed to the bright curl which he still continued unconsciously twisting around his fingers.

"'She was most beautiful!' said the emperor, with momentary enthusiasm.

"'And you loved her?'

"'I did. But this is no tale for the ears of my wife.'

"'Nay,' replied Elizabeth with some bitterness, 'I am not authorized to call you to account for what happened before we met.' The event, however, to which she referred, was of more recent date. 'Our affections can never be under our own control, although, by severe discipline, our actions may be rendered so. But tell me about this lady, and why you did not marry her?'

"'I dared not,' replied the emperor gloomily, 'at least not legally. But I deceived her by a false union, and thus gained a whole year of pleasure, on which to dream throughout the rest of my life!'

"'You were happy then?' said Elizabeth sadly.

"'Most blest!' replied her husband, forgetting in the excitement of the moment who was his auditor. 'And I gladly abandoned the turmoils and intrigues of a court life for the luxury of loving and being beloved as few men I believe ever were. Mina was a creature of passion and enthusiasm, all confidence and trusting affection; but she had a spirit, from the violence of which, when anything offended her, I have seen even men shrink back appalled: it could not bear the slightest reproach, uttered ever so mildly, except indeed from me; and the consciousness of deserving, by her credulity, the shame and scorn that pursued her to the grave, destroyed her.'

"'She is dead, then!' said the empress, breathing more freely than she had done during his passionate eulogy.'

"'Years ago,' replied Albert mournfully. 'Her reason gave way first, and then the broken heart, and wrecked brain, found shelter in the grave!'

"'Poor girl!' said the empress compassionately. 'And those are all her letters; may I read them?'

"'No,' said Albert quickly, taking them from her hand, and casting them, together with the lock of hair, into the flames. 'Your feelings have been already sufficiently outraged; let the past be forgotten and forgiven.'

"Elizabeth placed her hand in his, with a cold but gentle smile, and together they sat and watched the papers as they slowly consumed away."

But Mina is not dead; by a fearful retribution she is made to take the place of the peasant girl of history, and on her lap the murdered emperor breathes forth his last. There is a very stirring description of the midnight meeting of the confederates at Grütli or Rütli, that far-famed meadow, the Runnymede of Switzerland, that is said, even now, to be conspicuous among the surrounding woods for the intense brightness of its verdure. The Duke John, of Swabia, is the occasion of a series of misconceptions between Von Melchthal and Jacqueline, which for a time bid fair to destroy the affection that has from childhood subsisted between them, or if not the affection, a happy completion of it. In the mean time, while ploughing his field near Schild, Arnold is interrupted by a messenger sent from the bailiff Sandenberg to seize his yoke of oxen. Enraged by the insolence of the servant, and the injustice of the demand, he not only refuses to submit to it, but in his anger strikes the messenger; and then, fearing the vengeance of the tyrant, escapes over the mountains into Uri. But the revenge of Berenger Von Sanderberg is not thus to be defeated, and he retorts the breaking of his servant's finger by putting out the eyes of the elder Halden. Then it is that Jacqueline, in the hope of winning back the affections of Arnold, and proving the truth of her own, attaches herself to the blind old man, and waits with patience the time, that she feels

will come, when the innocence of her conduct and the pure and high motives that led to it will be recognized and rewarded. We cannot close these volumes without extracting the portrait of the paricide John, as he was called after the assassination of the emperor, whose injustice in withholding from him his paternal inheritance, and cruelty in making his diminutive size, and other personal peculiarities, the subject of coarse remark and unfeeling satire, doubtlessly goaded the miserable youth to a desire for vengeance, and made him the more readily enter into the plans of the disaffected noblemen, for ridding themselves of Albert. The emperor is on his way to join the empress at Rheinfelden, and pauses to dine at the castle of Baden. Duke John of Swabia, and the rest of the conspirators, are amongst his suite, and the last spark of reluctance in the breast of the duke is extinguished, by not only the refusal of his claims, but the mockery of them, in the presence of the whole court; the duke, maddened by the ill-timed insult, retires to his apartment and waits the coming of those noblemen who have sworn to assist him in the destruction of the emperor.

"'How long they tarry,' continued John again. 'Surely they will come! They who witnessed my shame and degradation cannot fear that I shall now shrink.' He opened the door, and strode impatiently up and down the long marble corridor, pausing at intervals to listen, but no sound reached his ear. 'They have deserted me!' he exclaimed at length, returning once again to his apartment, and burying his face in the silken pillows of the couch. 'It was ever thus with me—curses on them all!' And as he sat thus with his slight and splendidly attired figure, his delicately chiselled features, and high, polished brow, over which the dark curls fell, according to the fashion of the times, in wild luxuriance; as the eye wandered from all this to the womanly beauty of the small, white, and jewelled hands, that hung down listlessly by his side, the fearful deed which he was even then contemplating seemed most strange and unnatural."

But we cannot follow this scene to its close; every one knows its termination, and the fearful vengeance exacted for it by the children of the murdered emperor. A thousand victims are said to have expiated with their lives a crime of which they were perfectly innocent; and it is remarkable that, with the exception of Wart, who did not raise his hand against him, all the murderers escaped. In conclusion, we refer our readers to the work itself for a full enjoyment of its interest, assuring them that the "shreds and patches" we have stolen from it are but imperfect specimens of its merit or its beauty.

SONGS AND BALLADS. By J. E. Carpenter. —(Clarke & Co.)—We find this little volume as deserving of praise as it is modest in its pretensions. Of the hundred and eighty-four songs and ballads it contains, the greater number have been set to music by composers of acknowledged talent, and in an individual form have become not only familiar, but especial favourites of ours, and of every lover of music, blended with sweet words.

Many, indeed, of the songs in the collection are poems in humble guise; take, for instance, the "Song of the blind," and many others, replete with all the materials for a higher style of poetry. We transcribe one, not in proof of this assertion—albeit it may bear us out—but because its length is better adapted for our purpose than a more elaborate composition:—

"THE CONSCRIPT DRUM.

"Hark! it is the conscript drum!
Yet how sad and slow they come.
Where are all the young and brave
Who rush'd to meet them?—ask the grave!
Where are the bravest in the land?—
Ask that battle wasted band—
Ask the wreck of Moscow's fire—
Ask the northern storm-king's ire!
Few may greet them now they come,
With their solemn conscript drum.

"Fathers' curses—mothers' tears,
Hearths and altars wreck'd for years,
Not a young man at the plough—
These the scenes that greet them now;
Yet the tide of blood must flow,
All their strength and nerve must go—
The last drop of the land be spilt
To garnish, or to crown her guilt.
Harbingers of death they come,
With their solemn conscript drum."

AINSWORTH'S REVELATIONS OF LONDON.—It is not our business to notice other periodicals; but Mr. Ainsworth's works of fiction are too remarkable to be trammelled by the ordinary rules of editorship, and the magazine which bears his name must, in the present case, receive the honours of a library book. It is true, the "Revelations of London" only commenced in last number, and must continue to be published piecemeal to the end; but it is easy to predicate, even from a few pages, the character of a work, by an author of such standing and experience. Already the "Revelations" fascinate our attention, while we can have only a dreamy guess of the nature of the communication; and we feel ourselves, without knowing how or why, to be under the same mystic thrall in which the wedding guest was held by the Ancient Mariner.

The work commences with a prologue, dated 1599, in which Dr. Lamb, the alchemist, is presented in his study, engaged in labours well worthy of the popular reputation he enjoyed. Here the hero appears wounded apparently to death; and while lying half-fainting on the ground, has an opportunity of observing the philosopher engaged in the final part of a chemical process which is about to result in the production of the elixir of long life. The change in the forms of the strange things that fill the apartment, as they seem to undulate in the many-coloured lights of the fires, at first strike him with horror; but when he learns, from the exclamations of the alchemist, that the great work is accomplished, the natural daring of his character reawakens, and on pretence of assisting Dr. Lamb, who is seized with mortal spasms when about to drink, he drains off the

elixir himself. This is the substance of the prologue; but the first chapter of the tale opens in 1830, when one who promises to be *the same youth* makes his reappearance, after an interval of 230 years! It will thus be seen that there is much promise of romantic and mystical interest in the work; and certainly the author has never been more eloquent in description than in the portion now before us, or more successful in acting upon the imagination of his readers.

THE NEW PHANTASUS. By Henry Morley. (*Sherwood*).—A choice little budget of prose and verse. "Lisette" is a fairy tale of no ordinary merit, which illustrates an unhackneyed though admirable moral. The poems are also far above the average of unpretending effusions.

THE ART OF MAKING VALENCIENNES LACE. Edited by Madame de Conde. (*Parker*).—This is an instructive and interesting little book, written in a clear and comprehensive manner, on a new accomplishment which has lately made its appearance in the fashionable world. The accomplished editress, who gave lessons in the art of which she treats all last season, brings to bear much experience in this not only fascinating art, but very economical employment, since we find ladies are enabled to manufacture, for amusement, beautiful lace at a very trifling expense.

METROPOLITAN DRAPERS' ASSOCIATION.

What may be called a monster meeting was convened at Exeter Hall, on the 9th of October, by this association. This assemblage of upwards of four thousand individuals consisted of persons of both sexes, and we believe of all ages and degrees; and we candidly confess we do not envy any one who could have remained an unmoved listener and spectator, on such an occasion. The subject, however, of the misery and injustice of the late-hour system has been brought forward in these pages more than once, and we can but remind our readers of the facts with which they are already familiar, namely, that this association, assisted and promoted by clergymen, members of parliament, and a large body of the most respectable employers, is formed chiefly by the most energetic and deserving of the body of Metropolitan Drapers' Assistants—a body amounting to no smaller a number than twenty thousand—with the view of procuring, solely through the power of moral influence and public opinion, the amelioration in their condition which would result from the earlier closing of shops. Not the least interesting part of their exertions is, that they desire to include in these benefits that, if possible, yet more afflicted class, the sempstresses and dress-makers, as well as the servants connected with other trades; for to all the evil clings, the evil of inordinate toil, which is proved beyond dispute to be the fruitful cause of early death, and those lingering diseases which embitter the life they may yet spare for a few years. Nor is this all, for with the cruelly jaded body, the mind must rust and corrupt; in short, this vast body of our youth are calling for an act

of justice; no more. They ask only for the few, very few hours which remain after a day of toil, to recruit the exhausted body, and provide that share of mental instruction and recreation, and of social intercourse, which may raise them beyond the brute condition they are *not* content to occupy.

We would earnestly beseech those who may consider such a scheme as Utopian, to attend, whenever they may have an opportunity, such a meeting as that to which we refer. They will then have all their doubts most satisfactorily removed, and find that purchasers, that is to say, the public, would share with employers the advantages for which the *assistants* ask. Meanwhile, each individual will be doing a good deed, pleasant to look back on, who exerts his or her influence, in however small a circle, in preventing the late shopping, for so long as people will buy, sellers will be found. Let them remember, business is not done even when the shop closes; and let them ask, if twelve hours' incessant toil out of the four-and-twenty be not enough for poor humanity.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

DRURY LANE.

Alfred Bunn, *regius* professor of Drury Lane, has lately dared the perils of a patent theatre, and opened with an operatic, dramatic, and balletic company of very great ability. Of course, for reasons best known to themselves, certain parties have attacked the talented manager, and found fault with his non-production of Shakspeare and the legitimate drama. No word has been more desecrated than this same word legitimate. The opening of a theatre must always be a speculation, as the law stands, and a manager must produce that which will pay. Tragedy, comedy, and plays require to be produced at Drury Lane with a company so powerful and so expensive, that it cannot remunerate the lessee, for despite of every assertion to the contrary, the legitimate drama at *high-priced* theatres does not produce a constancy of full houses. Mr. Bunn, therefore, has thought fit to try operas, dramas, and ballets, and, in our opinion, very judiciously, and has shown his disposition to support native talent, by engaging some of our first English vocalists, Misses Rainsforth and Romer, Messrs. Harrison and Stretton, and by introducing a new and most talented singer, Donald King, to say nothing of Miss Delcy, who has been eminently successful. In the ballet department, despite the superior popularity of Adele Dumilatre, Clara Webster is native, and fully equal to many whose foreign names constitute their chief attraction. Adele Dumilatre, however, is a most elegant and graceful *danseuse*.

The *Bohemian Girl*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Brides of Venice*, and *The Syren* have been produced with much success, and we have little doubt a very prosperous season will show the wisdom of the manager's policy. We still hope, however, that Covent Garden will be opened on the return of

Macready, and an experiment again made in favour of the legitimate.

Of the *Bohemian Girl*, which ran so very many nights last season, it is unnecessary to say anything, and the same will hold good of the *Brides of Venice* and *Acis and Galatea*, though several of the characters were differently sustained. The *Bohemian Girl* has been by far the most successful of the revivals, drawing, on every night of its representation, most crowded houses. The *Corsair*, also, has been the ballet, which has made a hit, and deservedly, for though it sometimes hangs heavy, yet upon the whole it is a most spirited and happily conceived affair, doing much credit to Monsieur Albert, its inventor. The *pas de divers gens*, in which Messrs. Delferier, Webster, and Mademoiselle A. Delbes appear, are very good, while the *pas de deux*, executed by Monsieur Montessu and Miss Clara Webster, gained the utmost applause. The dancing of Adele Dumilatre however, is the grand feature of the ballet, to which is added a very singular and elegantly conceived series of tableaux—"The Corsair's dream."

About ten days since, the manager produced the first operatic novelty of the season, in the shape of *The Syren*, with the most complete and unqualified success. It is a comic opera by Auber, with a libretto for the English stage furnished by Mr. G. Soane. It is full of the able composer's variety of conception, rich fancy, and correct musical taste, with brilliant and charming airs, and very effective concerted pieces. In the first act is a quartet "Oh, nymph too shy and fearful," beautiful, rich, and expressive, which was very loudly applauded. The plot of the opera was so exceedingly intricate that we gladly avail ourselves of an unravelment, since we ourselves had some difficulty in making it out; the interest which should attach to the *Syren* being too much centred on *Scopetto*, the captain of a band of smugglers and banditti, on the Abruzzi.

The piece commences with a scene in a solitary vicarage, in the mountains, where two travellers meet by chance. *Scipio*, the commander of the Neapolitan gun brig Etna, and *Bolbaya*, the manager of the theatre at Naples, in search of a *prima donna*. The conversation turns upon the daring actions of *Marco Tempesta*, a notorious smuggler and bandit, who is said to be invulnerable, and who has succeeded his father in his illegal profession. Much, however, as *Bolbaya* dreads the terrible *Marco*, his fears are mastered by his curiosity to discover a mysterious being called the *Syren*, who is said to possess a marvellously sweet voice, and has frequently been heard singing in the mountains. Could he but engage this ravishing vocalist as his *prima donna*, his fortune would be made. While they speak, the *Syren* is heard warbling her wild notes outside the window, at the moment *Scopetto* (who, by the way, is the real *Marco Tempesta*), enters to take shelter from the rain, which has begun to descend in torrents. The frank bearing of the young naval officer takes *Scopetto's* fancy, and he even goes so far as to offer him his sister *Zerlina's* hand in marriage. This proof of the stranger's partiality to him is modestly declined by *Scipio*, and he then informs him that

his heart is already engaged, and that he is then on his route to Naples to report the capture of a smuggling vessel, in which *Marco Tempesta* had embarked a cargo worth fifty thousand piastres. The communication of this disagreeable intelligence to the smuggler fills him with rage, and he is about drawing his poignard upon *Scipio*, when the invisible *Syren* is again heard singing. *Scipio*, thinking he recognizes the tones of the voice, and *Bolbaya*, anxious to secure the mysterious vocalist, rush off in the direction from whence the voice proceeds. A new visitor now enters—this is the *Duke de Popoli*, Governor of the Abruzzi, who has been accosted by a female mask whom he had met the preceding evening at a ball, and who had appointed to meet him at the lone vicarage in the mountains. The duke recognizes *Scopetto* as a former servant of his, and instantly bestows on him his full confidence by relating to him the cause that induced him to visit the mountains. The masked lady does not, however, make her appearance, but a letter is conveyed instead to the duke from the *Syren*, informing him that she is in possession of certain papers which establish the existence of a legitimate child of his elder brother, whose recognition would deprive the duke of his title and estates. This document she offers to place in his hands in exchange for fifty thousand piastres, the value of the cargo belonging to *Marco Tempesta*, seized by *Scipio*, and now in the duke's possession. The duke plans with *Scopetto* to inveigle the *Syren* into some place where he shall have a party of troops in ambush, under pretence of acceding to her terms, and thus secure the paper and the *Syren* herself at a cheap rate. *Scopetto*, or *Marco*, who has also his own game to play, steals a description of himself which the police have transmitted to the duke, and substitutes for it a close description of *Scipio*, who is consequently seized by the gens d'armes who have come into the Abruzzi to capture the smuggler chief. In the second act the scene is laid in an inn, which, being open in front, and backed by the overhanging mountains, through whose winding and precipitous paths persons are seen ascending and descending, produces a very picturesque and novel stage effect. This inn is the rendezvous of the smugglers; and here *Bolbaya* and *Scipio* enter, after an unsuccessful pursuit of the *Syren* through the mountains. The life of *Scipio*, whom the contrabandists recognize as the commander of the Etna, is on the point of being sacrificed by the enraged band, when *Scopetto* fortunately arrives in time to save him from their daggers. The duke, who has also been disappointed in meeting the *Syren* at the appointed place with the paper, next arrives at the inn, where *Scopetto* introduces the smugglers to him as the operatic company of the Court Theatre, with their manager, *Bolbaya*, who had been seized and stripped in the mountains by *Marco Tempesta* and his troop. The duke, who has a grand fête on the following day, instantly engages, also, by the advice of *Scopetto*, the whole corps, and they depart forthwith for the duke's palace of Popoli. It need scarcely be added that the impostor corps rifle the palace during the festivities, and that *Zerlina*, the *Syren*, who is *Scopetto's* sister, sings

an aria, which irresistibly draws from their posts the guards, who were placed at the different entrances to prevent the escape of *Marco Tempesta*. As the finale terminates, all the guests and guards are grouped around the fascinating songstress; and while they are applauding her last roulade, *Scopetto*, or, as he should now be called, *Marco Tempesta*, leaps from the terrace into the sea, and escapes, and thus the opera terminates.

Miss Rainforth, who undertook the part of *Zerlina*, the *Syren*, sang with all that exquisite grace and elegance, as well as judgment, which have raised her to so high a place in public estimation. Harrison, as the bandit chief, was unusually successful and happy, both in voice and acting; while Donald King, as *Scipio*, was most correct and effective in his personation of the part, while his singing was graceful, elegant, and tasteful, fully bearing out the high opinion we have previously had occasion to express of him.

The scenery was magnificent, the choral department and orchestra on a scale of effectiveness and power to be found at no other theatre, doing much credit both to the spirited manager, as well as Messrs. Benedict and Tully. In fine, the opera in every department, musical, dramatic, and scenic, was completely successful, and will doubtless attain to a very great degree of popularity, which it certainly deserves, were it only for the prodigious efforts made by the manager to produce it with all necessary brilliance and effect.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The *Syren*, and *Don César de Bazan*, with Mademoiselle Nau for a *prima donna*, and Wallack, as a hero in the play, have been completely successful. The latter is full of humour, incident, and intrigue, with something of the objectionable character, which too often is manifest in plays of French origin; however, it has been completely successful, and is performed nightly amid the most enthusiastic applause. This house, supported as it is by a most talented company, Mademoiselle Nau, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Clifford, Mr. Wallack and others, has commenced a season which gives every promise of being eminently successful.

HAYMARKET.

Few managers have been so fortunate as Mr. Webster, and this by catering to the public taste in a legitimate and praiseworthy manner. Comedy of the higher school, light and elegant pieces, clever farces, are the dramatic efforts which characterize this house. Vanbrugh's comedy of the *Confederacy* has been revived, first produced at the old Haymarket in 1705, and being now supported by Farren, Strickland, Charles Mathews, Madame Vestris, Miss P. Horton, and Miss Julia Bennett, has met with the most singular success. A farce, entitled *Thimble-rig*, founded on a clever tale in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, "Ten Pounds," has been very happily adapted and played by Buckstone, and a new version of *Don César de Bazan*, called a *Match for a King*, serves to bring the peculiar talents of Mr. Charles Mathews forward very effectively. Miss Julia Bennett, a clever and rising actress, was an admirable *Maritana*. The house fills every night.

ADELPHI.

Don Cesar de Bazan, with Webster for the hero, has also been produced at this house, with complete success, and since that a new and original, eccentric, mythological, and musical burlesque, called *Telemachus*, or *The Island of Calypso*, from the fertile pen of Stirling Coyne; it is one of those amusing absurdities which excite a laugh, and therefore deserves to be praised, since a hearty laugh is an excellent thing.

Webster's *Don Cesar* at this house is a most finished and admirable piece of acting, even superior to Wallack's, and does great credit to the extraordinary versatility of this very clever manager and actor.

SADLER'S WELLS.

King John has been produced at this establishment on a scale of magnificence which does great credit to the management. Phelps, as the *King*, played with all that vigour, power, and energy, which have placed him deservedly so high in his profession; he looked, spoke, and walked the boards *King John* himself. Mrs. Warner, as *Constance*, was truly sublime; never was grief more passionately true, more admirably vehement, and yet so true to nature: there were moments when she absolutely electrified the house by the intensity and splendour of her sorrow; the finishing despair of a broken heart was truly as fine a piece of acting as ever was presented on the English stage. Marston, as *Fauconbridge*, was respectable, and no more.

The scenery, appointments, and whole "getting up" of the play, reflect the highest credit on the management, and have helped much to ensure that complete success which this house so richly deserves; boxes, pit, and gallery, have been nightly crowded to suffocation. *Hamlet* and *The Bridal* have also been acted with equal applause; and various interesting novelties and revivals are, we hear, in preparation.

FINE ARTS.

PERSIAN PAINTING.

Since our former slight allusion to this elegant and pleasing style of painting—which, for young ladies especially, from the ease with which it is learnt, and the tasteful appearance of a picture finished in this style is peculiarly suitable—Mr. King has submitted to our notice several most finished and vigorous scenes, in Geneva, the salt mines in Africa, and Liding in Switzerland. A view of Caen Cathedral, however, is one of the most elaborate and exquisite architectural landscapes we have for a long time had an opportunity of examining; the massive pile, silent yet speaking, heavy yet sublime, as we have seen it many a time and oft, peculiarly fascinated us. There is a charm in beholding once again, even upon canvas, long lost scenes, and such was our feeling when our eye caught sight of this very clever production. Mr. King,

who, by-the-way, is a pupil of Richard Westall, R.A., has also a very considerable gallery of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings, amongst which Milan Cathedral, Rouen Cathedral, Romney Lock, with a view of Windsor Castle, are most conspicuous. Several elaborate pencil landscapes, and an admirable Madonna and Ecce Homo, size of life, further testify to the versatility of this very clever artist's style.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré,
à Paris, October 24.

Our season promises to be a very brilliant one; indeed, the luxury of dress goes on increasing so rapidly, that we shall soon want sumptuary laws to put a stop to it. I could fill a good part of the space you allot me, with an account only of the different materials that have appeared for robes, &c., &c., but I shall content myself with selecting from the mass such as I am certain will be fashionable, and, at the same time, likely to suit the taste of your fair readers. First then, I must observe, that woollen materials, which have latterly been but little in vogue, are this year likely to be very much adopted in promenade dress, and some of a peculiarly elegant kind will be fashionable in half-dress. Plain merinos of darker or full colours, satin striped merinos, *satins de Laine*, *Cachemeres d'Ecosse* of a more substantial fabric than the *mouselines de Laine*, and printed in the same style in a great variety of patterns, printed *Alpagas*, and *Pekins de duvet Thibet*—these materials are all intended for promenade dress, or *negligé de matin*. Promenade silks are the *levantines glacées*, plain satins, and a variety of shaded and figured silks. There are several new fancy materials for half-dress. The *velours Cachemere*, *velours damasses*, and *Pekins veloutés* are the most elegant. The evening silks are really superb; some are of rich Arabian patterns, others in running patterns of flowers; the *Pekins gothiques* striped in broad stripes, thickly strewn with ogives and architectural fragments: these last are exceedingly novel, and have a rich effect in silver grey, *bleu Nemours*, or black; for I should observe that many of our richest figured silks are of that hue, it being now very much in vogue. Plain velvets and satins of the richest kind; satin striped with velvet; brocades and damasks; the two latter, *à la renaissance*, are intended for *grand parure*; and the brocades and damasks for court dress, have an intermixture of gold in the silk.

The vogue of furs, which has been gradually increasing during some winters past, seems now to have reached its height; at present sable and ermine are the only fashionable furs, the former may be adopted in carriage and promenade dress, or for the trimming of robes; the latter is a dress fur *par excellence*, it is never seen in the promenade. Some fancy furs are expected to come into favour; and it is said that *gerbe*, which was very

fashionable a few years ago, will be revived, but that is not yet certain. Fur camails, so fashionable last winter, have reappeared, under the name of *mantelets*: they are of a large size, and made with sleeves; they are also *fichu mantelets* with long scarf ends, the back is of the *fichu* form. The *Victorines* are of a similar shape, but the scarf ends do not reach much more than half-way to the knee. Muffs have not increased in size. Cashmere shawls at present divide the vogue with cloaks, though as the cold increases, they must be laid aside till the spring. The most novel, and I think the most beautiful, are the *châles Mogador*: I have sent you a model of one. There is more variety in the form of cloaks than I ever remembered to have seen; some that will be very much in vogue, composed of black velvet or satin, well wadded, and lined with *gras de Naples*, they are of rather more than a three-quarter length, and though not quite in the *camail* form, have a strong resemblance to it. Those composed of satin are either trimmed with velvet, or with a new and rich kind of cord laid on in different patterns; if the mantle is velvet, it is either trimmed with sable fur, or with *passementerie*. The *manteau russe*, always composed of velvet, has a tight *corsage* descending below the hips, and a sable or ermine pelerine attached to it of the heart form, but terminating in bands, which encircle the bottom of the *corsage*; long sleeves of moderate width, with fur cuffs. The mantle part falls in easy folds, from the shoulders, and is considerably shorter than the dress; it is always bordered with fur. Some of the most elegant *pardessus*, for carriage dress, are of the *redingote* form: they are composed of either velvet or satin, and made a little larger than the robe, so as to go on easily over it. They are lined with silk or satin, wadded, and always open in front. The trimming may be composed of fur, of embroidery in chenille, or of *passementerie*. There are several new kinds of the latter garniture. Another envelope that seems very likely to be fashionable is the *paletot Grec*; it is certainly a decided improvement upon the original form of that unbecoming wrap; they may be composed of velvet, satin, or Cashmere; the *corsage*, formerly so shapeless, now sits close to the figure at the back; the fronts are as before—loose, and in a single piece only on each side. Wide sleeves, particularly so at the bottom, they are cleft half way up the forearm, and laced with silk cord. The skirt, of a half length only, has an opening at each side, laced in a similar manner. The garniture of the entire is always embroidery either in braiding or chenille.

Little change has as yet taken place in the forms of *chapeaux* and *capotes*; the brims of the former are something wider but not deeper, they remain of the same length, and are rounded at the corners; the crowns are a little, but very little, raised. Velvet, *velours épinglé*, and satin are the materials at present employed, but the latter is less extensively seen than the two former. Some fancy materials have appeared, but their vogue is as yet uncertain; a good many morning bonnets, and some half-dress ones are of satin, drawn in large runners; the first are trimmed with ribbon generally

arranged in *chicrée* wreaths; violet and green are favourite colours for these bonnets: a good many are lined with white satin. Those for half-dress are usually of light hues, as straw colour, pink, and blue; some have the exterior trimmed with velvet flowers, *panachés*, and the interior decorated with knots of velvet ribbon, shaded in the colours of the flowers; others are decorated with willow plumes, ostrich, and fancy feathers, of which we have this season a very great variety. Velvet *capotes*, with *demi-voiles* of black lace, retained by a long ostrich feather, are much in request in *négligé*; and those composed entirely of black lace, trimmed with ribbons, striped or figured in black and rose colour, are among the prettiest half-dress *coiffures* for the *spectacle*. White satin *capotes* lined with pink, the interior trimmed with small flowers of a deeper shade of red, intermixed with blonde lace, and the exterior decorated with a wreath of white and rose-coloured shaded *têtes de plumes*, will also be in great request in half-dress. An attempt is making, but I think it will be an unsuccessful one, to bring velvet into favour for drawn bonnets; several of the *velours épinglé chapeaux* are trimmed at the edge of the brim, with a satin *biais*, and a satin *bouillonnée* on the left side of the crown; the right is decorated with a bouquet composed of apple blossoms intermixed with wild flowers and foliage; others of straw-coloured *velours épinglé*, are trimmed with knots of satin ribbon of the same hue, intermingled with a fullness of black lace. Black, ponceau, green, and violet, seem likely to be the favourite colours for velvet *chapeaux*. I have seen also several of light brown velvet decorated in the interior of the brim with a *plissé* of ponceau satin ribbon, and the exterior with a *plume dentelée*, shaded in white and ponceau. Shaded feathers and black and white lace have lost nothing of their vogue in the trimmings of *chapeaux*, shaded ribbons corresponding with the plumes generally accompany them. Black lace, though fashionable in half-dress, is also employed for the promenade, but white is seen only in *demi toilette*. A new style of trimming for the interior of the brim is composed of *tulle*, arranged in a novel kind of *bouillonnée*.

The majority of robes, both for the promenade and *demi toilette*, are of the *redingote* form, close *corsages* are gaining ground, and even those made open in front are much less so than they have been for some time past; thus there is but little of the *chemisette* seen, but that little is beautifully embroidered, as is also the collar of the *chemisette*. There is, as you will perceive by the models I send you, a good deal of variety in sleeves; those of the *demi Espagnole* form, I mean slashed at the bottom, are, I think, the most novel. There are likewise a good many made of a three-quarter length, or rather better; they are of the same width from the bottom to the top, but are cleft at the lower part. A good many sleeves of a three-quarter length are quite tight to the arm, they are always made with mancherons and cuffs trimmed with *bouillonnée* embroidery in braiding, and velvet ribbon or *ruches*. If a sleeve is quite tight, there is nearly always some kind of trimming adopted. Velvet ribbon is in very great request. I have



sent you one of the most fashionable models: it is also employed for *robes pyrandinides*, so called because of the style of the trimming, which is composed of pyramids formed of velvet ribbon arranged in circles; they increase gradually in size as they mount upon the skirt, which they do to nearly two-thirds of its length.

High *corsages* seem likely to retain their ground in half-dress, particularly those terminated at the bottom with a point on each side of the front similar to the model I have given you. Those à *la vierge* will be still more extensively seen. The *corsages* of evening robes will be cut low round the top, but as yet they are by no means indelicately so. Short sleeves have been very much increased in length, so that neither the arms nor the bust will be so much exposed as they have been for several winters past. Sleeves will also be more voluminous; several of those of silk or satin robes will be partially covered by a full one of lace or *tulle* looped by a flower, a knot of ribbon, or a jewelled ornament. Crape, lace, and gauze of different kinds will divide the vogue with silks, satins, and velvets in evening dress. Black figured net trimmed with black lace flounces, and worn over satin robes of rich full hues is expected to be very fashionable. I have recently seen some white lace robes trimmed in a novel style with a scarf of the same lace; it is attached on each shoulder by a *naud* of ribbon or a tuft of flowers, which also loops a very full lace sleeve, displaying the satin one of the under dress. The scarf passes in drapery fold on the front of the *corsage*, and crosses in the centre of the breast, the ends falling nearly to the waist; a bouquet of flowers, or a full *chou* of ribbon, is laid on the lace in the centre of the breast. Bugle fringes, *dentille de velours*, and various kinds of *passenterie* have appeared for trimming evening robes, but I have reason to believe that lace, both black and white, will be more in request than any other kind of garniture for silk and velvet dresses. A very pretty trimming for crape or gauze dresses is a kind of embroidery in intermingled silk and straw; the effect is exceedingly light and tasteful. This trimming is expected to be in great vogue for ball robes. Fringes of a light but very rich kind, composed of an intermixture of silk with gold or silver, will be adopted in full dress, and for grand balls. A less showy but extremely elegant style of trimming for the same purpose is composed of pearl beads of the smallest size, it is a network of points. Where either of these two last garnitures are employed, a *berthe* to correspond must always accompany it.

Caps continue to be made small and of a simple form, but there is great variety in their trimmings: a very novel one is a *guirlande chicarée* formed of ribbon in five different shades of the same colour. Others are trimmed with *guirlandes* of oakleaves; these *guirlandes* form a half wreath on one side, and droop in a single branch on the other. Several *coiffures*, of a very elegant kind, are composed of a velvet foundation with a *papillon* of gold net, terminated on each side by gold fringe. The turban *Algérienne* is likely to be a favourite,

both in *grand parure* and simple evening dress. It should be made for the first, of a gold or silver gauze scarf, and decorated either with plumes frosted with silver, or with diamond *epis*. Those of a more simple kind are composed of a plain gauze or *tulle* scarf, sometimes a blonde lace one is employed. The trimming is merely a rose with buds and foliage placed on one side. *Coiffures historiques* are much talked of; the prettiest that I have yet seen is the *toque à l'Isabelle* of violet velvet trimmed with gold cords and tassels. A head-dress has just appeared under the title of *coiffure Mogador*; it is composed entirely of ribbon arranged in *coques* and ends; there are five or six different shades of the same colour, so that it goes from *ponceau* to pink, from dark green to pea green, &c. &c. The new colours are those I mentioned in my last; I may add also pearl grey, olive brown, some new shades of orange and red, and some fancy colours.

ADRIENNE DE M——.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—*Pelisse* robe, composed of puce-coloured velvet; the *corsage en amazone*, is made very open on the bosom, with a deep collar and lappels, and terminated by a jacket. The lower part of the *corsage* is closed by fancy silk buttons, and the entire lightly embroidered in braiding. Tight sleeve, rather more than a three-quarter length, over one of muslin *bouillonné*; cuff à *la chevalière*, embroidered to correspond with the *corsage*. High cambric *chemisette*, plaited *en chemise d'homme*. White satin *capote*, a round open shape; the interior of the edge of the brim is trimmed with lace, and the exterior ornamented with ribbon and a veil of Honiton lace. Ermine muff.

MORNING DRESS.—Dark blue satin robe, the *corsage* high and close, descending at the bottom in a sharp point on each side, and trimmed down the front *en militaire*, with velvet bands and silk buttons. Long tight sleeve, the *mancheron* and cuff trimmed with velvet bands. A succession of bands decorate more than two-thirds of the skirt; they diminish in width as they ascend. *Chapeau* of pink *velours épinglé*, a long brim, the interior trimmed with half-wreaths of white blossoms; the exterior with ribbon and an *oiseau*, corresponding with the colour of the *chapeau*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. DEMI-TOILETTE.—Robe of *Eua de Danube*, *velours Cachemire*; the *corsage* is made quite high and close, deeply pointed at bottom, and disposed in front in folds, which form a *cœur*. Tight sleeve, a three-quarter length, with a cleft *mancheron* and cuff, both bordered with *bouillonné*. Cambric under-sleeve, made full, and terminated by an embroidered wristband. Embroidered

cambric collar. Brown velvet *chapeau*, lined with pink satin; the brim rather shallow, and of an oval form, has the interior of the edge trimmed with folds, and the sides next the face with damask roses without foliage; the exterior is trimmed with ribbon, and a full bouquet of shaded plumes *étagés*.

No. 4. CARRIAGE CHAPEAU AND SHAWL.—The *chapeau* is composed of green velvet, a round and rather close shape; the garniture is a wreath of oak-leaves, in velvet of a lighter shade; the wreath encircles the bottom of the crown, and descends in a loose branch on one side, a little below the extremity of the brim. Cashmere shawl, very large, square, and of the new pattern, for which we refer to our plate; it is called *Châle Mogador*.

No. 5. MORNING HOME-DRESS.—Fawn-coloured Cashmere robe; the *corsage* high behind, moderately open on the bosom, and tight to the shape, is trimmed down the front with satin *rouleaux* to correspond, disposed in lozenges on a straight lappel. Tight sleeve, trimmed at the top with an armet ornamented with lozenges: a deep cuff is decorated to correspond. Embroidered cambric collar and ruffles. Brussels *tulle* cap, a round shape, a very small caul, and deep head-piece, trimmed with three rows of lace, set on plain at a distance from each other, and each surmounted by a band of orange gauze ribbon; a full knot and ends at the back of the caul complete the garniture.

SECOND PLATE.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—French grey satin robe, the *corsage* made high, close and tight to the shape; long tight sleeve, with a cleft *mancheron*, and corresponding cuffs. White satin drawn bonnet; a round and rather shallow brim; the crown, somewhat higher than usual, is trimmed with a band of satin, edged with lace, and descending in a long end on one side. Aventurine satin mantle; a three-quarter length, and lined with white *gros de Naples*; the pelerine very deep, and square at the bottom, is disposed *en cœur* at the top; a broad robing goes down each side of the front of the mantle; the bottom of the robings, and also that of the cloak, are trimmed with a deep fall of *dentelle de velours*; a double one encircles the bottom of the pelerine, and the round of the top is trimmed with a single fall much narrower.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Slate-coloured *satin de Laine* robe; a high *corsage*, and sleeve rather more than a three-quarter length of equal width from bottom to top, sloped *en V* at the bottom, and bordered with a trimming *à la vielle*; muslin under sleeve, made full, and drawn in by a band at the wrist, from whence a double fold falls in the ruffle style over the hand. *Chapeau* of pink *velours épinglé*; a round and rather wide brim, and crown more raised than they have been lately; the edge of the brim is trimmed with folds; the interior with *coques* and *brides* of satin ribbon to correspond; a bouquet of short pink ostrich feathers attached, and divided by a knot of ribbon, is placed on one side of the crown, and partly droops upon the brim; bands and a knot at the back complete the garniture. Cashmere scarf, of a new winter pattern.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. MORNING DRESS.—Cambric *robe peignoir*, made quite up to the throat; the *corsage* is frilled at the top with Valenciennes lace; long and moderately wide sleeve, terminated by a *bouillon* and a lace ruffle. Black satin *polonaise polka*; the *corsage* fits the shape tightly, is high at the back, partially open before, and trimmed round with a deep pelerine lappel of black velvet; sleeve, a three-quarter length, of an easy width; velvet cuff; the skirt, of the usual length, consists of five separate pieces, each smaller at bottom than top, and bound with a broad velvet band. The hair is disposed in loose ringlets at the sides, and a round knot formed of plaited braids at the sides.

No. 4. MORNING VISITING DRESS.—High robe of one of the new winter silks. Pelisse cloak of green velvet lined with satin of a darker shade, the *corsage* part, drawn in full to the waist, is partially concealed by a large pelerine, which falls in long pointed ends rather more than half way to the knee; long loose sleeve, with a turkish *mancheron* of a large size, and nearly the same length; it is looped at the bend of the arm: the entire of the *mantle* is bordered with a new kind of rich silk cord. Lilac satin *capote*; a long brim, drawn in large runners; the interior is trimmed on each side with a knot of rose ribbon; the exterior with ribbon, and a bouquet of velvet *roses panaches*.

No. 5. SOCIAL PARTY DINNER DRESS.—Emerald green satin robe, *corsage en amazone*, with a falling collar and deep lappels; they are trimmed with three rows of dark green velvet ribbon; the lappel closes half way to the waist, but the *corsage* is very open on the upper part, and displays a richly embroidered *chemisette*, made high, and trimmed round the top with lace; short sleeve, of the bell form, bordered with velvet; long one of muslin, full in down the front of the arm to a row of embroidery. The front of the skirt is decorated with velvet bands, arranged in the style of a broken cone. *Bonnet à la Fontaine*, a round shape, composed of Brussels net, and trimmed with *point d'Alençon* and deep rose-coloured ribbon.

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THE LADY OF THE LAKES

THE LADY OF THE LAKES, A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES.

L A U R A.

'Twas some years ago
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
A certain lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word—
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time return'd the compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so that, dress'd,
She looked extremely well where'er she went;
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent;
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seemed to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD.

The principal interest belonging to the cathedral of Oxford arises out of the circumstances, that it is part both of an ancient monastic foundation, and of a modern protestant establishment—that it is a chapel to a noble college, and connected with many distinguished personages and events. Cardinal college, Henry the Eighth's college, and Christ-church—the several names which this church has held, grew out of two dissolved monasteries of black canons—the abbey of Oseney and the priory of St. Frideswide.

In 1523 Cardinal Wolsey, either from ambition or a spirit of munificence, or from the union of both motives, resolved to found and endow a college at Oxford, in which the sciences, theology, canon and civil law, should be studied, as well as arts, medicine, and polite learning generally, as well as for the celebration of divine service. The cardinal obtained permission to appropriate the proceeds of twenty priories and nunneries to the establishment of a school or college at this place. The revenues of these were estimated at 2,000*l*. Two bulls were obtained from pope Clement VII. in favour of the undertaking; and Wolsey was permitted to build his new college on the site of the dissolved priory of St. Frideswide. The name then given to it was "Cardinal college," the denomination of the clergy being "the dean and canons secular of the cardinal of York." This foundation was to consist of a dean, sub-dean, a hundred canons, thirteen chaplains, professors of divinity, law, medicine, and the liberal arts, and other persons, to the number of one hundred and eighty-six. The college was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, the virgin Mary, St. Frideswide, and All Saints.

This grand foundation remained in its original state until 1529, when the fall of Wolsey interrupted its prosperity, though only for a brief period. Henry listened to his entreaties that it might be upheld, but, by giving his own name to the establishment, virtually transferred to himself the honour of its foundation. Accordingly, in 1532, the society was refounded by the king, under the title of "King Henry the Eighth's college, in Oxford." The year 1545 witnessed the surrender of its charter, by the dean and canons to the king, who dismissed them with yearly pensions until they should be otherwise provided. The king then changed the college into a cathedral church, translating the episcopal see from Oseney, where it had been established in 1542, and also made a new annual endowment to the amount of 2,000*l*.

The cathedral of Oxford consists of a nave with its aisles; a transept to the north, with a western aisle; a shorter transept on the south, with an aisle to the east; a choir; two other aisles, north of the same; a chapter-house, south of the church, with an intermediate aisle, and three sides of a cloister.

One of the most striking features of the precincts of this cathedral is the entrance door-way from the cloister to the chapter-house. Possibly it may be more correct to call the style of its architecture the first Norman style than Saxon; but rarely can we see anything more beautiful in the class of the projecting zig-zag, than this door-way exhibits; and it is to be regretted that the spot is so ill calculated to set off its beauty, as the door-way cannot be seen from any distance. Its details may be inspected by those who stand in the cloister immediately before the chapter-house entrance; but it has not the advantage of an approach.

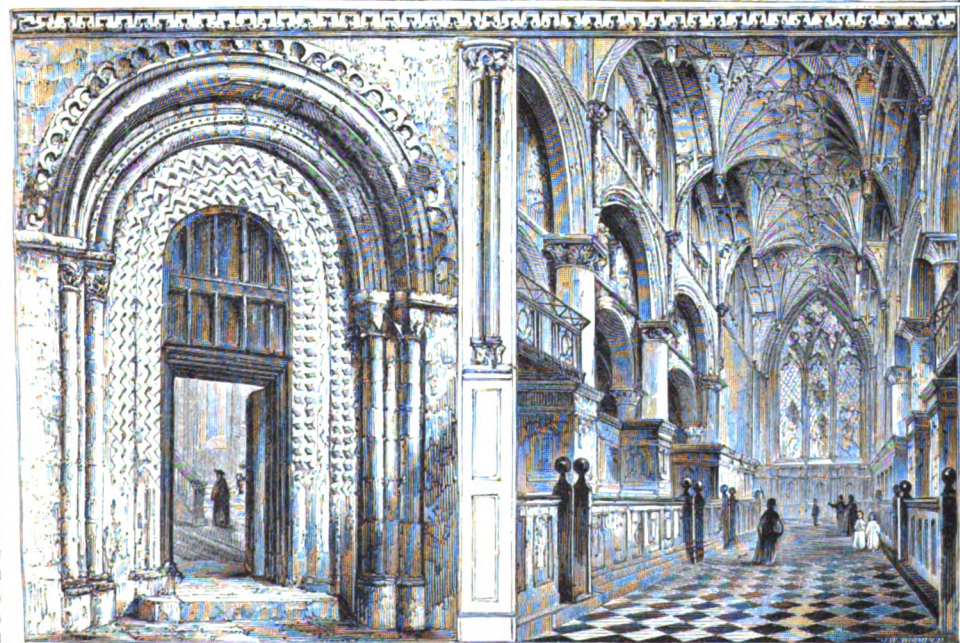
The chapter-house is a peculiarly interesting room; the style of its architecture being that of the early pointed, with detached and clustered columns, bold bases, and highly enriched foliated capitals. The interior of this church is solemn and impressive; but it presents rather a heavy appearance.

The nave is used for the preaching of the university sermon, whenever the appointment to that duty falls upon any member of Christ-church. The dean and canons invariably preach in the cathedral, and the masters of arts when they take the turn of any member of the chapter; but when they preach as graduates of the college, it is usual for them to proceed to St. Mary's.

In the nave are many monuments, of strong interest to those who revere the piety and learning of by-gone days. There are none, indeed, in the cathedral very ancient or very fine, nor are they very numerous: those of Bishop King, Prior Philip, Lady Montacute, and that ascribed to Frideswide, constitute the sum of what could interest the antiquarian. But none can look upon that of Pocock, the orientalist, or of Peter Elmsley, the Greek critic—without sensations of deep respect. Nor can any who were their contemporaries read the epitaphs of Bishop Lloyd, or of Alexander Nicoll, the late professor of Hebrew, without sighing over the premature departure of eminently able men. And every one who visits this cathedral will leave it impressed with the pathos of the sitting statue of Cyril Jackson, the far-famed dean of Christ-church, whose presiding attitude is an apt emblem of the successful manner in which he superintended the interests and raised the character of this great college for many years. The monuments which have been enumerated are all in the nave; but the visitor who passes on into the transept on the left side of the choir, will come to another monument, of unique interest, raised to the memory of the author of a book of a rare and almost indescribable character, possessing perhaps much more to interest the curious than any other class of inquirers—the tablet (with effigy) of Burton, author of the "*Anatomy of Melancholy*." On the left of this transept is a chapel or aisle, in which the regius professor of divinity (a canon of Christ-church by virtue of his occupancy of that chair) delivers, every spring, his lectures to those young men who, having taken the degree of B.A., intend to offer themselves for holy orders; the certificate of the regius professor, of having attended his lectures, being usually deemed indispensable by the bishop to whom he offers himself as a candidate.

Soon after the death of Wolsey—though the plan of levelling the existing edifice to make room for a new, more spacious, and splendid church was relinquished—it would appear that the roof of the present choir was constructed, and the church adapted for the cathedral of the service of the then new see. The roof is very beautiful, with rich tracery and pendants, and may be said to form the principal object of interest to the beholder. There is, besides the ordinary stalls of the dean and canons, a small unpretending throne for the bishop, who rarely attends the cathedral except at the two seasons of ordination. The stalls, pavement, and fitting-up of the choir appear to have been executed about the year 1630; and soon afterwards most of the windows were repaired, and ornamented with painted glass, the work of Van Linge. One of these contains the story of Jonah; another represents the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; a third, in the divinity chapel, describes Christ disputing with the doctors. The principal east window, from a design by Sir James Thornhill, was painted in 1696.

A small window in the north aisle has been spoken of by a late antiquarian as a "singular curiosity," having been painted by a man named Isaac Oliver, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. At the north end of the choir is another window, with a full-length painting of Bishop King, of which Chalmers is the supposed author.



OXFORD CATHEDRAL.

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THE NEW

MONTHLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

DECEMBER, 1844.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,

CONSISTING OF TALES, ROMANCES, ANECDOTES
AND POETRY.

FLORENCE; OR, WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP,

(*A Domestic Tale.*)

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

—
“To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.”

WORDSWORTH.

—
CHAP. XXVIII.

“Well, what news, fair cousin?” exclaimed young Melford, galloping up to Lady St. Maur's carriage, half way between Norwood and London, and checking his horse to a speaking pace.

“Bad!” replied Lady Mary, mischievously. “Ida has only had reports confirmed.”

“Of course, that I expected, from Mrs. Russell's note; but are *you* satisfied, Ida?”

“Not at all, I am as far from the truth as ever; except that Florence positively denied the charge.”

“Hurrah then, victory!” exclaimed Melford, joyously. “And Mrs. Russell—”

“Is much too prejudiced a person for her assertions to have any weight, even I acknowledge,” said Lady Mary, frankly.

“But what did she say?”

“Only what we already know,” replied the Countess. “She went on a visit to her friends in Hampshire, was of course questioned as to her new governess, heard all the reports, and without deigning a single question as to whether or not Florence was the person supposed, dismissed her on the instant. Of course her story to me was very precise, and very plausible; but I give you its interpretation.”

“Have you any clue to Miss Leslie's present residence?”

“I fear none. Mrs. Russell thought she lived at Peckham or Camberwell, but could not pretend

to say; the less she had to do with such a person, she thought, the better.”

“I will find her, if I call at every house in both those places;” muttered Melford.

“To prove her innocence, or deny my penetration a triumph, Mr. Melford?” demanded Lady Mary, archly.

“To prove,” he replied, so gravely, almost reproachfully, that Lady Mary unconsciously felt rebuked, “how much more kindly and justly woman is judged by man than by her own sex.”

“You forget Ida and the Earl,” replied Lady Mary, rallying.

“Ida is incapable of so petty a feeling as prejudice. Even if she had not known Florence, her judgment would be the same as it is now. The Earl never knew Miss Leslie, and is annoyed that the very shadow of a doubt should rest on any one in whom his wife is interested.”

“You are a barrister, Mr. Melford, and will of course make your client's cause good,” answered Lady Mary, jestingly; but if the truth must be written, she was not quite pleased, having just that sort of lurking inclination towards young Melford which made her feel annoyed that any other woman should so occupy his thoughts.

Melford kept his word. Every hour he could snatch from his studies he devoted to his cousin's service, and at length succeeded in discovering the lodging at Camberwell which Mrs. Leslie had occupied, but, to his great disappointment, it was then untenanted. From the landlady, however, he heard much to deepen his interest in the search. Mrs. Everett had become so attached to her lodgers, that, with the garrulity of her class, she poured forth all they had encountered from sickness and privation; and how the young ladies had worked to pay her rent, and prevent bills running on; and how the young gentleman had painted the beautifullest pictures, and wrote such fine poetry, that she used to listen and listen, and the words were so grandlike, yet so simple, they made her feel as her Bible did. “Poor young gentleman,” she continued, “he was almost an angel before he died; and I am sure he is one now!” and she put her apron to her eyes.

“Died!” repeated young Melford. “Has there been a death lately in the family, then?”

“Bless your kind heart, yes sir; and that was

for why the poor lady, his mother, and her daughter, left me. Natural like, they could not bear to remain where everything reminded them of him; for I never saw such love as existed between 'em all. I am sure the poor young man killed himself. Why bless you, he used at one time to sit up half the night writing those fine poems; and then he got ill. Miss Leslie was out as a governess then, and never knew how ill her poor brother was till he was a little better, and she came home suddenly, and when she got a little over her own misfortunes—for between you and me, sir, I think that good-for-nothing hard woman with whom she lived had said something very shameful about her character, almost taking it from her, when, bless you, she was innocent as a lamb, so good and religious, and devoted to her family. She could no more have acted as they said she did than I could, and it was so cruel to say she was a bad girl, and so deprive her of bread."

"I knew it was a lie;" Melford burst forth at this point, to Mrs. Everett's great surprise.

"La, sir! you startle me. Howsomdever, perhaps it was all the happier for her to be at home, when her poor brother was so weak and ill; but she used to go and teach every day nearly two miles off, trudged through hail and rain, cold and snow, when she would shake again from weakness, and perhaps sitting up the greater part of the night; and when I have begged her not, she used to say, with such a sweet smile, it made my heart ache—"Who is to pay your rent, dear Mrs. Everett, if I do not work; and how can we be unjust to you, when you are so kind?"

"But she had a sister, had she not?" here interposed Melford; "did she do nothing?"

"Nothing! bless you sir, she worked at her needle as hard as any of them; but she was too young, too pretty to go out as Miss Florence did: she wanted to do it, and cried often enough that she was not like other girls. Ah, sir, Mr. Leslie was quite right; though she was too pretty to go out alone, or be dependent, you never saw such a lovely face, or heard such a voice—it was like an angel's. I have come and listened to her singing on a Sunday night, and felt myself in heaven; for then she only sung words from the Bible, but such beautiful solemn tunes; and to have seen how her mother and sister and Mr. Walter listened and looked at her, it would have been a good lesson to some families who don't know what family love is. Ah, sir, it is very, very hard when gentlefolks like them becomes so poor, and obliged to work like slaves, much harder than for folks in my station. We are born to it, and can work without feeling it. Well, sir, the poor young gentleman wrote and wrote, and painted even when he could not walk, and at last finished a book, which, natural like, he wanted printed. Oh, sir, how his poor sister worked to gratify him; up earlier than ever, often out almost before the light, and not home till so late, and at last she got a gentleman to agree, and pay nearly all the expenses; and what do you think she did to make up the money? why, without telling him, sold all her jewels. She had not many; but one she loved so much, a beautiful cross and chain, some dear friend had given her,

and oh! how cut up she was in parting with it; but she did not hesitate, for she never thought of herself or her own sufferings, and so it was sold; and after all, her poor brother is gone to a better world, and what will the book be to him?"

"And how long ago was this?" inquired Melford.

"Some time last May, sir; but poor Miss Leslie knew he must die weeks before. Oh! what an hour that was! but she bore up for her brother's sake, and her poor mother's, and only sank when he did not need her any more. I thought she would have never recovered from the swoon she had when she came home, and found he was dead—had died, sir, in the very act of finishing a beautiful picture. She was very, very ill, and I think that kept poor Mrs. Leslie up; but I fear me she will not last long, and those two poor young ladies will be left without a single friend." And the good woman actually sobbed.

Melford respected the feeling, and so kindly assured her that they had friends, that he had, in fact, come on the part of one most anxious to discover them, that she soon recovered herself.

"Bless you, sir, for such good news! Well, as soon as poor Miss Leslie could be moved, they went to an old relation somewhere in Berkshire; and Miss Minnie, sweet soul! I wrote to me often to tell me how her poor sister was, and grieving that they must change their lodgings. I haven't heard where they are now; for Miss Minnie wrote the last time all in the bustle of moving and settling, and forgot to put the direction, but said she would come and see me very soon. And bless your heart, sir, she will be sure to come, for she is a true lady, as they all are; not a bit of pride about 'em."

Alfred Melford was an eloquent narrator; and so simply and touchingly did he repeat Mrs. Everett's communications, that not one of his auditors, even the prejudiced Lady Mary or the stagnant Emily, could listen to him unmoved.

"Ida, dearest Ida! I have indeed been too prejudiced; but I know if you find this poor girl you will forgive me, and let me aid your labour of kindness," exclaimed Lady Mary, warmly, as she knelt down playfully on the cushion at the Countess's feet. "What are you thinking about so sorrowfully? We shall find her, depend upon it."

"I was thinking, Mary, why she should never have written to me in her brother's behalf; her own sufferings I know she would never have revealed. But why she should never have appealed to my promised influence, for him whom it might have so beneficially served, perplexes me more than ever."

"Her letter may have been lost, miscafried, or even changed."

"Changed!" repeated Lady St. Maur, eagerly interrupting him. "Alfred, if such a thing were really possible, you have given me the clue to all the apparent mystery of Florence's conduct. You not only aid me by active service, but by your ready judgment; how can I thank you?"

"Do not thank me at all, cousin mine," he answered, laughing; "thank your own persevering benevolence, without which, this poor girl must

ever have remained a victim to these lying reports. Frank Howard, most honourable member! I hope your exertions last night have not robbed you of eloquence this morning," he continued, gaily, as young Howard and Sir Charles Brashleigh at that moment entered. "What senatorial mission can bring you here?"

"Surely I may pay my homage to the Countess St. Maur as well as yourself?" replied the young man, in the same tone.

"I did not know you had time to spare for such frivolity, my eloquent friend; and now I believe, in spite of that chivalric speech, your business is more with the Earl than with Ida."

"You are quite mistaken, for I parted with the Earl not half an hour ago, at Morton's, the publisher, where you should have been with me, Melford."

"To look over some musty pamphlets of parliamentary debates, of the time of Caractacus? Not I; I have enough to do with Blackstone."

"No," replied Howard, laughing. "I was waiting in Morton's private parlour till he should be disengaged, when I heard some one singing in the adjoining room; I never heard anything so beautiful in my life! It was that sublime air of Handel's—'Comfort ye my people,' poured forth with such liquid sweetness, such thrilling power, it held me entranced as if my very breath were chained. It ceased at length, to my great grief, and was followed by one of Morton's daughters taking her lesson, filling me with astonishment who this gifted instructress could be. Morton came at length full of apology at the delay; and looking most mysteriously annoyed when I told him if that delicious music had continued, I would willingly have waited all day. At last he owned the cause of his vexation. It appears that the singer is a very young and most beautiful girl, compelled thus to seek her livelihood; that her mother and sister have done all they could to prevent her going out, but the necessity becoming imperative, Morton obtained her pupils in a few quiet families, on whom he thought he could depend. She has, however, already excited notice and adulation; some frivolous idlers watch her in and out, and beset her with heartless and cruel attentions. Morton has stopped this as much as he can; but he cannot always be near her, and she has unhappily neither father nor brother to protect her."

"Poor girl! and who is she?" inquired Lady St. Maur, who had been conversing with Sir Charles, but attracted by Howard's tale, had paused to listen.

"I cannot tell you; for Morton seemed so annoyed, that I promised him I would not ask any thing more about her, or even mention what I had heard, except to those likely to assist him in his benevolence rather than to annoy its object."

"And you refused to see her, satisfied only to hear? Frank, you have more forbearance than I have," exclaimed Melford; "and not even to ask her name! Have you heard this paragon, Sir Charles? Morton is patronised by you; perhaps you can tell us who she is."

"I have a very bad memory for names, Mel-

ford, as you know," replied the old physician, musingly; "but I believe this beautiful girl is the sister of a young poet in whom Morton has been deeply interested lately. Poor fellow! I was quite shocked to hear that he died two or three months ago. I knew he could not live, for his heart was broken; but I did not think it would have been so soon."

"This is worse and worse, Sir Charles," said Lady Mary; "here you are giving a most interesting addition to Frank's adventure, and mystifying us as much as he did. Did you attend him?"

"I saw him but once, for I could do him no good. Poverty had compelled a drudgery wholly at variance with either health or inclination; and his rich gifts lay upon his mind and crushed him. In all my practice I never saw such devoted attachment to each other in the members of one family as in—"

"Was his name Leslie?" exclaimed Melford, bounding over chairs and tables till he reached Sir Charles's side, and speaking in a tone that completely electrified his hearers. "It must be, I am sure it is—a poet!—a thrilling voice!—why here is the very commentary of Mrs. Everett's tale. How blind and deaf I was not to trace it before! Sir Charles, in pity speak! was not the name Leslie? and did you not go to Camberwell? and was not one of the poet's sisters named Florence? and—"

"My good fellow, if you take away my breath in this manner, you will get no answer at all. I recollect now, it was Leslie, and there was a Florence too. Why, Lady St. Maur, you look as relieved as this mad boy; do explain."

But till Melford's noisy joy was over, all attempt at explanation was vain. And before the conversation could be connectedly resumed, Lord St. Maur entered the room.

"I have news for you, Ida," he said. "Morton has been telling me such a tale of affliction and genius and worth, that I only wish we had known it before. You are right, as in matters of feeling you always are, and we have all been harsh and wrong; but you know it already," he added, half-disappointed, as he met her animated glance.

"Not all, dearest Edmund; only tell me, will you blame my anxiety now?"

"No, my own kind love; but let me eat my luncheon, for, unromantic as it is, I am very hungry; and we will compare notes meanwhile. On one point you may be quite easy, I have Mrs. Leslie's address, and you can go to her or send for Florence whenever you please."

CHAP. XXIX.

Mrs. Everett's garrulous detail was more exact than usual. Florence had been extremely ill: the succession of fainting fits which had followed the awful discovery that the loved one had departed, only too plainly demonstrated the exhaustion to which she was reduced; and the stupifying lethargy of a nervous fever which ensued spared her the agony of attending her brother's funeral. Nor was it till Mr. Morton's kindness had installed them

in small but comfortable apartments at Brompton that she could in any way rouse herself from the stupor of still overpowering languor, and endeavour to resume her duties. Her former pupils she had of course been compelled to give up, both from her illness and change of residence; and now, though scarcely strong enough to walk the length of the street, she was tormented with the anxious desire to regain employment. In vain Mrs. Leslie sought to convince her of the impossibility, and to persuade her it was not needed. Florence knew that the continued illness of her beloved Walter had fearfully drained their little finances. She looked on her mother, and shuddered at the very thought of want for her. But how could she proceed? And in this emergency she applied to their friend, Mr. Morton. He heard her with a parental smile, but told her she was too late; Minie had been before her, and he had procured her pupils for singing in five highly respectable families, in addition to his own. And Minie, clasping her arms about her sister's neck, implored her in bitter tears not to disapprove of the plan; she was in perfect health, and had never known what illness was.

Florence looked on that sweet face, and the thought of Walter, of his love, his care, his terrors for that lovely girl, mingled with the agonized conviction that his protection could never more surround her, that temptation and trial must henceforth be endured alone; and she could only fold Minie closer and closer to her bosom, and weep; but she did not deny her wishes. Perhaps she felt her own utter incapacity for exertion; but her consent was only given for a limited time, till she was strong enough again to work. Mr. Morton promised that Minie should receive all the care he could bestow; but even in the few weeks of her new occupation the poor girl learned to know the truth of Walter's fears.

Nor did the task Florence imposed on herself, of arranging Walter's papers, tend to aid the recovery of mental calm. Morton, indeed, offered to do this for her; but mournfully she refused: painful as it would be, there was yet a sort of melancholy consolation in guarding from a stranger's eye repositories of thought which Walter had perhaps conveyed to no human ear; and ere her task was completed she rejoiced in her decision. Amongst fugitive papers, containing alike original and selected poetry, manuscript volumes of prose sketches, and often the private journal of his thoughts and feelings, over which his sister's tears fell thick and unrestrainedly, there was one secret revealed that had never passed those lips, not even to his treasured Florence—a portrait of a fair and lovely girl, which he had sketched from memory, and which a few subjoined lines declared the object of his love. Yes, wedded as he had seemed to his glorious gifts, Walter had loved; and innumerable lines of his latter poems returned to his sister's recollection to confirm this, and reveal the secret magic which had kindled his wondrous gift to life. But whom that portrait represented Florence knew not; the simple word, "Lucy," was all it bore, and never, to her recollection, had Walter breathed the name. And there were pas-

sages alike in prose and verse, in which, as if for relief, he had thrown his own burdened soul; and by them it seemed to Florence that his love was as unknown to its object as to every other. Poverty, station, appeared the impassable barriers, and then she understood the wild yearnings to see his work in print, that it might reach *her* hand, and call forth responses from her heart.

"Yes," one paper ran, "yes, beloved and lovely one, thine eyes may glisten with sweet tears as thou lookest on my page, and thou wilt not know how deeply, how indivisibly thine image inspired the poem thou redest. Will any sweet spirit whisper, 'tis the voice of one that loved thee, would have died for thee? Thou wilt mingle with the wealthy and the gay; thy smile will beam on some dearer one. Thou wilt, thou must be loved—and I—oh! to pass away from the world that holds thee, without one regretting tear, one sigh—better, better this, than live on, and know I can be nought to thee? Why does poverty fling his links of ice around my soul—chaining me down to earth? Why is wealth so unequally divided, that some must droop and die in penury and woe, and others—God—God of mercy! pardon thou my murmuring—lift up this bruised soul to thee."

And the paper was stained and blotted as by burning tears. And then again she read—

"Death! is it so? Yes. I know that I must die—and wherefore do I shudder and quail? Can it be that I have hoped that talent might do its work, and make me in time even worthy to be loved by *her*—that poesy should bring the poet forward, and even the rich, the noble would court Walter? Down with the delusive hope! I may not live—oh! why does submission fly me, when I thought myself resigned—thought that I loved my God! Earth, earth, when thou holdest love, how may we turn from thee—without grief?"

Another paper, of a later date, bore words such as these—

"It is over—day by day draws me nearer the final goal—and, blessed be my Father, I can die without a pang. She will look upon my work, and love perchance its author—ay, even drop a tear that he hath gone so soon. I shall be with her in her private hours, none other shall divide her thoughts with me. Perchance her lip may give new music to my words, her voice breathe them in song, her heart retain and love them. Oh! that the freed spirit might hover round thee, beloved one, in those moments, till poetry may have more than earthly power. Perchance it will. Oh, the deep, voiceless bliss, if such may be!"

There were many other similar papers, and Florence felt till that moment she had never before known the fullness of his woe. At all times it needs composure to look over the records of the dead; they seem to speak in spiritual tones, to print themselves upon the heart. Every paper is sanctified, every line is holy; and often and often they tell of suffering and of worth, which we knew not until then; and we mourn that the feelings they excite must lie withering on our own hearts, for those round whom they yearn to twine have passed away for ever.

Florence trusted neither her own nor Mrs.

Leslie's composure sufficiently to impart the secret of those papers; she could only throw herself on her mother's neck, and sob forth, "Walter—some future time—his papers are in that chest." And Mrs. Leslie grasped her hand convulsively without the utterance of a single word. She had never shed a tear from the hour her boy departed.

Nor did Minie's buoyant spirit rally; she seemed oppressed as by some heavy gloom, even more than by her brother's death; her child-like trust in Lady St. Maur's continued regard was failing; she had seen the Countess's arrival announced, the new honours bestowed; read day after day her name at some *fête* or drawing-room, and at length her guileless spirit began to incline to her sister's and brother's belief, that all was indeed at an end between them. Oh! how bitterly painful is the first clouding over of youth's sweet visions, the first crushing blight of confidence and love, the first consciousness that life is not so fair and bright, nor friends so true as we have pictured!

Many thoughts were busy in the heart of Florence, though she spoke them not; strength was gradually returning, but the disinclination for all exertion, the almost loathing with which, in her weakened frame and aching heart, she thought of resuming the tasteless toil of teaching, it seemed as if she could not overcome. How was she, where was she to seek employment? The voice of duty, so peculiarly powerful in her heart, repeatedly prompted, "Write to Lady St. Maur; she has influence, and will aid you." But she felt as if to do so was impossible; she shrunk in agony from appealing for herself, where the appeal for her brother had been so utterly disregarded; yet she thought it pride, and condemned it severely. In the state of physical suffering to which she was reduced she felt as if the very support of self-esteem had departed from her; that to meet or have any intercourse with Lady St. Maur, now that their social position was so widely severed, she could not endure; shrinking more and more into herself, affliction might have painfully tarnished the beautiful character of Florence, had she not been once more roused by the call of affection, a call never heard by her in vain.

Notwithstanding all Morton's benevolent care and exertion, it became more and more evident that Minie's vernal beauty and extraordinary voice were exposing her to increased annoyance, the more widely she became known: that she was poor and unprotected only gave license to the gay, frivolous idlers, who thronged her path to the houses she visited. Address her they did not, but even her guileless nature could not remain insensible to their openly avowed admiration; and she was too painfully annoyed to conceal it as effectually as she wished from her sister.

It was one lovely afternoon in the beginning of August that Florence sat watching her mother's couch, wrapt in thought too painful, too intense, to admit of her reading as she had intended. Mrs. Leslie had been more than usually unwell, and, to satisfy her daughters, had promised to remain quietly in her room. How long Florence thus sat she knew not; but, fearful lest her resolution should fail, she rose, and moving softly and lightly

so as not to disturb her mother, procured writing materials, and sat down to her task. But she could go no farther, the pen rested on the paper, and her brain felt dull and heavy with its press of thought. How even to address the Countess St. Maur she knew not; every term she thought of was too familiar or too formal. Her vivid fancy transported her back to days when the very thought of communicating to Lady Ida all her girlish joys and feelings was such happiness—why, why was she so changed? And dropping the pen, she leaned her brow on her hands, and wept bitterly. At that moment she felt Minie's arm thrown round, endeavouring to unclasp her hands with such a joyous whisper, that she looked up startled.

"Go down stairs, Florence; you are wanted in the parlour. Hush! not a question, or we shall disturb Mamma—you must go—indeed you are wanted. I will stay here. Go, there's a good girl."

In vain Florence looked the entreaties why she was wanted; Minie was inexorable, and hastily bathing her eyes, she descended to their little sitting-room. A lady was looking intently on poor Walter's last work, "The Poet's Home," which was framed and hung up opposite the door, so that her face, as Florence entered, was turned from her. She knew not why, but power deserted her for the moment, and a gust of wind impelled the door from her trembling hold, and closed it with sufficient noise to make the stranger turn.

"Florence! my dear Florence! I am so glad that I have found you," were the kindly words that greeted her; but she scarcely knew their sense, she only heard the voice, which even more than features has power to stir the inmost soul with memory; and felt that the arm of Lady St. Maur was thrown, as in former days, caressingly around her—her kiss was on her cheek.

CHAP. XXX.

It was several minutes before Florence could regain composure. Pale, attenuated, and careworn, Lady St. Maur could barely recognize the laughing, animated girl whom she had last seen; and well could she understand how her unexpected appearance would recall the magic of the past, and so render the present still more sad. As Florence sought to excuse her emotion, by allusion to her late illness and the weakness it had left, there was a slight constraint in her manner, almost unknown to herself, but perceptible to the Countess, whose ready mind at once suspected its cause. "Do not apologize for natural feeling, dearest Florence," she replied; "I am not so changed as to shrink from its display, or to wish for more restraint from you than when we parted: you had then only joy to feel and impart; believe me, I can feel for and sympathize with you equally in sorrow." Florence looked up eagerly, but the words she sought to speak died on her lips. "Florence!" continued the Countess, taking both her hands, and speaking very earnestly, "there is something wrong between us—some mystery—some miscon-

ception, which I am here solely to remove. You are changed, for you are doubting me: I am not; for, though appearances have been strong against you, I will not believe them till confirmed by your own lips."

"Appearances against me!" gasped Florence, her cheek blanching, and her lip quivering; "what can you mean?"

"Why have you not written to me, Florence, in the heavy cares and sorrows which you have been enduring the last eighteen months? Why did you not obey my last often-repeated injunction—that if my influence could ever serve you, to write to me directly? I know enough of your sad history to be convinced that you have needed that influence more painfully than when I desired you to claim it I imagined possible; yet you have never written. Was this just to me or to yourself? Have you not permitted sensitiveness and pride to come between your heart and my friendship? Even though you did not receive my letter to you on your heavy loss, was that enough for you to lose all confidence, as never to write in still increasing sorrow? Surely, surely affection must have been failing as well as confidence: you did not love me well enough to ask my sympathy!"

Vainly did Florence endeavour to reply; a mist seemed to have so folded round her faculties, that both past suffering and present sensation were like the distorted imagination of a fever dream. Had she not written—had she not appealed to that friendship and influence—had she not endured, not only the misery of hope deferred, but of unanswered confidence? And then, with these reproachful, but still kindly words, came the thought that she had indeed failed in affection; for, why had she not so trusted as to write again? She pressed her hands on her burning forehead as in sudden pain.

"Florence, dearest Florence! I did not mean to pain you thus," exclaimed Lady St. Maur, anxiously. "I have been hurt and annoyed at your silence; but perhaps, after all, you have had equal cause to be pained with me. Have you ever written to me? Your answer may remove all this misconception; for, if you have asked my influence and friendship, and received no answer, I can no longer wonder at either your silence or constraint. Am I right now, dearest? Only speak, for I cannot bear to see you thus."

And Florence did speak; for the mist seemed melting from her brain; and she told her she had thought and thought, and at length written, and trusted and hoped; even when weeks dwindled into months, and months into a year, how she had felt that she could write again; but that now it did indeed seem all pride and doubt which had withheld her. Why, why did she not write again?

"Because you could not believe that important letter should be the only one to miscarry, and imagined that I had changed. I was wrong to reproach you, dearest Florence: you had not known or proved me long enough, to dismiss such too natural suspicion then, as I hope you will henceforward. Do not grieve thus, love, nor think, as I know you do, that had that letter been

received, or you had written again, that your heaviest trial might have been averted. Let us only rejoice that we may love each other still." The voice of sympathy and consolation so long unheard, had its effect, and after a brief pause Lady St. Maur continued—"I am going to ask you some strange questions, Florence, but you will forgive them when you know their reason. Is there, or was there, ever a person bearing your own name?"

Florence looked surprised, and answered in the negative.

"Not a Flora or Florence Leslie?"

"Flora Leslie?—yes."

"A relation of Mrs. Rivers, and an inmate of Woodlands?"

"Yes," replied Florence, more and more surprised.

"Did you know her?"

"Intimately. My visits to Woodlands were nominally as her companion."

"And why, in your letters to me from Woodlands, did you never mention her?"

"Because we had so very little in common, nor was she at all a person I thought likely to interest you."

"Why, what sort of a person was she, then?"

Florence hesitated. "Tell me her whole story, my dear Florence; I wish most particularly to know it. Have no scruples; you will do her no injury with me."

Thus entreated, Florence obeyed, avoiding as much as she could any censorious observations, but revealing concisely and simply the whole system of deceit, coquetry, and intrigue formerly carried on by Flora—her elopement, and the effect it had on Mrs. Rivers, and her own consequent detention at Woodlands.

"Had you any reason to believe that she bore you any personal ill-will?" inquired Lady St. Maur, who had listened to the recital with an interest Florence could not define.

"Only from my compelled agency in the circumstance I have related to you. She professed the contrary, though then I could not believe in such professions; but I did her wrong, I believe, for I have not experienced any unkindness from her."

Lady St. Maur put her arm involuntarily round her young companion at these words, her eyes glistening as she thought how that gentle, unsuspecting nature had been deceived.

"She has done you injury, my Florence, by her very similarity of name."

"But that she could not help," replied Florence, simply.

"She could help the shameful falsehood of signing Florence instead of Flora Leslie, as I know she has done to more than one individual—a deceit which no doubt originated the annoyance and pain of your unjust expulsion from Mrs. Russell's family."

"Mrs. Russell?" repeated Florence, in extreme astonishment.

"Mrs. Russell, dearest. How do you think I could have found you, if I had not made inquiries? One more question—are there any other points of re-

semblance between Mrs. Major Hardwicke (thank heaven she can do you no more injury as Flora Leslie) and yourself, besides name?"

"We are very unlike," answered Florence, simply.

"I have not the smallest doubt of it, my love. And it will be a direct contradiction to the theory of handwriting disclosing character, if what I suspect be true. Is your handwriting alike?"

"So much so, with a very trifling effort on either her part or mine, that even mamma has scarcely recognized the one from the other; nay, I have been puzzled once or twice myself. Why do you ask, dearest Lady St. Maur? tell me, pray tell me! It cannot be that she has sought to injure me with you," exclaimed Florence, a light flashing on her mind; and she looked up in the Countess's face pale with terror.

"She has not injured you with me, love; I am still your friend, as I trust you will find me; but that she has done you a cruel injury is, I fear, too true. Painful as the discovery will be to you, my Florence, I believe it had better be revealed. You tell me you wrote to me from Woodlands on the 24th July, and could not imagine why that most important letter should be the only one to miscarry; it would not have miscarried (Florence started and gasped for breath), for its substitute reached me in perfect safety. This was the letter I received. I will not do you such injustice as even to ask you if it be yours."

Almost choked with strong emotion, Florence grasped the offered letter, opened it, and read; and dropping it, gazed wildly into the face of Lady St. Maur, faintly murmuring—"Walter! Walter! you were the victim!" threw herself on the Countess's neck and burst into passionate tears.

Lady St. Maur permitted her to weep, even while she sought with earnest tenderness to remove the agonized impression that, had her own letter been received, Walter's fate might have been averted. It was no difficulty for her to use the language of that spiritual consolation which alone can soothe; for religion was to her the very breath of her existence—not in word, but in deed; not in form, but in thought; impossible to be described, but so infusing her simplest word and most trifling action, that the most heedless *felt* its influence, though its origin was invisible. It was easy for such a mind and heart truly to console, and lead the bruised spirit to its only resting-place. And as Florence gradually recovered, Lady St. Maur entered more particularly into the reason of her questionings; narrating all that had passed both in Italy and England, to mislead and mystify her; avoiding all which could give unnecessary pain, by exalting her own merits in not doubting her when every one else did, but simply stating facts—the combination of circumstances which had prevented her applying by letter for the meaning of an epistle which from the first she had doubted as coming from Florence. So that even while deeply wounded, as she could not fail to be, at the discovery of such cruel injury, she was inexpressibly soothed by the conviction of the confidence and affection felt towards her by the friend she had so long loved.

Lady St. Maur did not leave without seeing Mrs. Leslie, and she was shocked and grieved at the change she beheld, too forcibly impressing the conviction, that all of sorrow for the sisters was not yet past. The widow was painfully agitated. "The strong man and the beautiful alike are gone," she said, after a pause, and in a tone that thrilled through her hearers; "and I, the weak, the suffering, the useless, am still spared. Yet who may question the decrees of the Eternal? My husband and my child are with Him, and He will take me to them when He deems it best."

The young Countess listened reverentially, her whole manner betraying how completely she felt that sorrow and suffering had sanctified and raised the widow, much higher in the scale of immortal being than rank or wealth. And hundreds might have envied the feelings of pure and blissful satisfaction with which, after a very lengthened visit, Lady St. Maur returned to her own lordly home, finding an increase of individual happiness in her unceasing thoughts and care for the happiness of others.

CHAP. XXXI.

In less than three months, the position of the Leslie family, both domestic and social, was so changed, that had it not been for one sad thought, their past sufferings would have seemed a passing dream. But who, however sanctified and spiritualized by true piety, can yet entirely subdue the anguish of bereavement, or realize what they at some time most deeply feel, that the fate of the beloved departed is such undying felicity, it would indeed be selfish love to call them back once more. But Mrs. Leslie was not one to undervalue present blessings because they had come too late for him to whom they would indeed have ministered such joy. Minnie had no more need to leave the safety of her lowly home; and Florence, her noble Florence, was sought for, loved, cherished, as her gentle virtues claimed.

The Countess St. Maur's friendship, like her benevolence, was of no *passive* nature. Convinced herself that not a shadow of suspicion could attach itself to the conduct of Florence, she proved her innocence to Lady Mary, the Earl, and his mother, by bringing her and Capt. Camden (who had returned from Malta with his regiment) unexpectedly together, a manœuvre insisted upon by Alfred Melford, who introduced the captain for the purpose, and declared that the manner of their meeting must confirm or deny Miss Leslie's identity with the coquette of Winchester far more completely than anything else. The gallant captain certainly started and coloured at the name, but recovered himself the instant that he glanced at its unknown bearer; and Florence's calm and unconcerned bow when he was presented to her, with some degree of *empressement* by Melford, must have convinced the most suspicious that she had never seen him before, much less carried on the correspondence of which she was accused.

Lady Mary was highly indignant that the

Countess should have thought any such proof necessary; she had already met Florence with extended hand and cordial smile, her prejudice having completely vanished from the time Melford had so eloquently repeated Mrs. Everett's narrative. Whether his eloquence had anything to do with it, we will not pretend to say; completely a creature of impulse, she was now as warm in the cause, as she had before been cool. Minie's excessive loveliness had irresistibly attracted her, and innumerable plans for her making a proper use of that beauty and splendid voice, by an introduction to the highest circles, which she would take care to bring about, and so making a match of such *éclat*, as to excite the envy of the whole fashionable world; plans, we need scarcely say, completely shattered by the positive disapproval of the Countess St. Maur, who insisted that her mother's roof was the best place for one so lovely. It required no small portion of dispassionate arguments, on the part of the Countess, to bring her friend to reason, and convince her, that she could materially add to the happiness of her beautiful favourite, without bringing her so unduly forward. It was strange, perhaps, that with her secret feelings towards Melford, she did not *fear* to bring Minie so forward; but Lady Mary had not such an unworthy emotion in her nature. She was becoming more and more conscious of very strong regard, and a most earnest longing in the very midst of her badinage and constant quarrellings, that Alfred Melford would find something in her to approve and respect, as much as he did in his cousin Ida; whether he did or not, she could not feel quite sure, yet she would no more have descended to the petty meanness of decrying, or concealing the beauty and worth of another, than she could have betrayed, by the faintest sign or word, her secret love.

To very many persons, situated as was Lady St. Maur, the means of effectually serving Florence would have been sufficiently difficult as to prevent the exertion required. To provide employment in their own establishment would be impossible, because it would be very disagreeable to treat as an inferior one with whom they had once associated almost upon equality; yet if they occupied the position of companion or governess, it would be difficult to do otherwise?

That Lady St. Maur's notions were, by a certain set, considered very nearly akin to insanity, and only endured, because of that indescribable something, which, when in her presence, none could resist, was a matter of very little importance either to herself or her family; but never did she value her rank and influence so much, as when she felt how completely they raised her above such opinions, leading others often to do good deeds, not for their own worth, but because so did the Countess St. Maur.

Her first care was to endeavour to restore the elasticity of health, which Florence had not felt for many long months, and in some of the pleasant drives, *tête-à-tête*, which, combining pure air and mental recreation, were gratefully beneficial, she drew from Florence her own wishes and plans.

"But, my dear girl, Minie appears much more fitted than yourself for the arduous toil of instruction," the Countess one day said; "she has stronger health and better spirits, and may be sure of a sufficiency of pupils, why not change your respective duties?"

"Because, Lady St. Maur, I pledged myself years ago never to let Minie leave her mother."

"But are you not making an unnecessary sacrifice, Florence? Minie does not dislike the life she leads."

"Only because it allows me to remain at home. But when I remember how Walter shrunk in agony from such a life for Minie, how my father's heart would have broken, could he have seen his darling exposed to the rude world as she is now, I cannot let her continue. Besides it is unjust; when I found myself, in conjunction with my brother, as representatives of our lamented father, I knew that all our own little fortune must be sacrificed; but Minie and my mother were spared this. How then can I remain idle, when I, in fact, am the only one called upon to work?"

"And can nothing change this resolution, Florence? Do duty and inclination both point the same way."

"They will, I hope, in time. I dare not answer that they do now; many, many feelings must rise up to cause a strife between them."

"Amongst which, not the least painful is, that as dependant, chained to one employment day after day, how can the Countess St. Maur be to Florence Leslie as she is now? and it is hard that circumstances should again throw a barrier between her and the little unselfish heart which, through years of apparent unkindness and neglect, has loved her so truly. Am I very conceited, Florence, or do I read aright?"

Florence looked up, her eyes swelling in large tears, but she did not attempt reply.

"Now, suppose independence could be made your own, removing all necessity for you to leave your mother, would you accept it?"

"Not while I have health and power to labour," replied Florence, firmly; "unless it came from a near and dear relative. Such a one I have not in the wide world. No—however I might love the friend who would do this, that love would become a weight instead of joy. I should be depressed and burdened, lowered in my own estimation, and surely in that of others. I would retain my own integrity and independence, and I should feel as if both were compromised in accepting such an obligation. If this be too much pride, forgive it, dear Lady St. Maur. I could not retain your esteem and regard, did I feel otherwise."

"It is I who must ask forgiveness, dearest Florence. I have been trying you too severely, but I wished to convince my reason before I acted on my feelings. Now listen to my plans, and perhaps duty and inclination may be more closely connected than you fancy."

And she proceeded to state her wishes that Florence should become an inmate of her family. Not as a useless member, she added with a smile, for that she saw Florence was much too proud to be; but to be useful in a multitude of ways, partly as

Lady Helen's companion; for since their arrival in London, that lady, not wishing to enter into the vortex of fashionable life, so incumbent on her son and daughter, was in consequence obliged at times to be left alone; and partly to superintend the education of Constance St. Maur, the little girl, it may be remembered, left by the last Baron St. Maur, under the guardianship of his heir and Lady Ida. From what she had seen of this child, the Countess said she was being completely ruined by the foolish fondness of an old relative, and the superficial education of a professed fashionable establishment, that she had not intended to have taken her so young from school, but on consideration had determined on performing her promise to the child's father to the utmost, by giving her at once the advantages of a residence under her own roof. The mere drudgery of teaching she had resolved should not devolve on Florence, who, she was convinced, had not physical strength for it; but she wished her to superintend her education, to instruct the *heart* more than the *head*, to train the will and temper yet more than the mind; to do this for Constance now, and in one or two years more for her own darlings Helen and Ida, whom she and the Earl would trust with Florence as confidently and securely as with herself; and in addition to all this, she laughingly pursued, resolved on checking the strong emotion with which her companion sought to reply, to be still the Countess's friend, and in that character, to be called upon for services in her large establishment far too numerous to name. Would these momentous duties render her a sufficiently useful member of the family, to receive whatever salary the Countess might choose, without compromise of her own proud independence.

"That depends," replied Florence, with a smile almost as arch as those of former years.

"Indeed I well then, Miss Leslie, you are to please to remember that firstly, I have engaged you, not for one, but for a variety of duties. Secondly, that in my establishment you will incur personal expenses, which you would not incur at home; and, lastly, which combines all the rest, my will is law, and being in these matters incomparably wiser than yourself, you will abide by my decision. Have you not yet found out, Florence," she continued in her own tone, "that I have a will of my own, and, in consequence, hold the world's supreme authority, on some things, in most supreme contempt, on nothing more than the manner in which it regards those invaluable friends to whom we entrust the moral and mental training of our children."

Lady St. Maur was not, however, content with securing Florence's personal comfort alone. At her request, Sir Charles Brashleigh visited Mrs. Leslie, and on giving his opinion that though fearfully shattered by anxiety and trial, and the victim of a disease in itself quite incurable, the pure air and repose of the country would be far more beneficial than a residence in London. A beautiful little cottage on their estate in Warwickshire was offered to Mrs. Leslie by the Earl, to occupy either as a yearly tenant, or on lease, whichever she might prefer. Its greatest attraction, he declared, being

its close vicinity to Florence, who, for at least six or eight months in the year, would be living at Amersley Hall, not ten minutes' walk from the cottage.

"The tie which has bound you so closely in years of suffering, must not be severed in joy," he said, with feeling. "There is to me an actual sanctity in family love, which I wish my children taught by example as well as precept; and I know not where they would see it more forcibly before them than in your family."

Lord and Lady St. Maur knew well how to secure gratitude, for Mrs. Leslie and her daughters felt raised, not lowered, by the appreciating kindness they received.

On the night after their taking possession of their little cottage (Minie's delight not a little increased by the plentiful supply of ancient and modern music sent down expressly for her use) Mrs. Leslie thought long and painfully before she retired to rest. Again her fearful secret weighed upon her, filling her with reproach and dread. "Associated with the noblest and the best—weave round her yet more strongly Lady St. Maur's regard. Is it indeed wrong to permit this, and still be silent?" So ran her mysterious communings. "Yet is not my child worthy?—oh, how nobly worthy!—and shall the dark truth blight all of returning happiness? But why not to the Countess alone?—would she, too, look on my poor child as the outcast—the victim? How may I risk it? Why did I teach those infant lips to call me by so sweet a name, which is in truth not mine? It is vain—vain! I cannot recall it now. If concealment be sin—oh, let its punishment fall on me; but spare, Father of Mercy! spare my child!"

CHAP. XXXII.

"All women love, have loved, or are capable of loving," wrote an elegant delineator of the female heart; and though Florence had arrived at the age of two-and-twenty, and we have not once written the magic word in conjunction with herself, it was not that she was incapable of the emotion, but that she had never associated with any one at all likely to call it forth. Her life, as we have seen, had passed in comparative obscurity. The precarious health of her mother and brother, and many anxieties and cares, had prevented all society. Day after day, often from ten till six passed in the mechanical act of teaching, could be little productive of any feeling save that of exhausting weariness, which years only for rest and quietness, seeming to shrink even from the idea of happiness, if to obtain it demanded exertion. No reality, therefore, could take possession of her heart; but fancy had not been idle.

Minie had very often wondered what there could be in long political details to interest her sister, and, perhaps, Florence sometimes wondered herself; but there was a spell in the youthful eloquence of Francis Howard, even in its tame repetition by the press, that was acknowledged by all England. Was it wonder, then, that Florence, with a heart and mind so peculiarly awake to

beauty and truth, should find pleasure in its perusal? It had been only the last session that young Howard had actually been in the House, and even then, by a most unprecedented triumph of public favour, for he had barely completed his twenty-first year; but his great talents, his truth seeking and truth proclaiming mind, had through various striking pamphlets already made him known, and it was long extracts from these which had so often riveted the attention and admiration of Florence.

In the happy memories of Lady Ida's ball, Francis Howard had always stood forth conspicuous. Florence's intuitive perception of mental nobility had even then distinguished him as different to any other of her partners; and delighting in his conversation and in the zest with which, like herself, he entered into the enjoyments of the evening, had danced with him more often than with any one else, not thinking a moment of his attention to herself, but simply that it was a pleasure to talk to so intelligent a person.

During his week's sojourn at St. John's she had met him often, but had regarded him with no softer feeling than that of pleasant companionship. The many cares and sorrows which afterwards ensued had as it were riveted these memories with a sweetness, which might not have been the case had she been more happily situated in after life. The name of Francis Howard had attracted her, and she read the various notices about him simply from the memory of the past. The more she read, the more she felt how congenial would be his mind and Walter's; that Howard would indeed have given her brother's glorious gift its due; and perhaps this longing had added to the bitterness of disappointment at Lady St. Maur's silence.

Our readers will perhaps remember that young Howard had been with Melford the day that Florence had called on the Viscountess, when anxious to obtain her influence in procuring a situation, and that they had accompanied her to the stage on her way home. Melford had indeed been the principal spokesman on that occasion, but the countenance of Howard, the few words, but most respectful manner, filling up the image which his eloquence had created even more than the memory of the past, had lingered strangely, and at first almost engrossingly, on the vivid imagination of Florence, adding increase of eagerness to read in his writings the reflection of his mind. How many, many hours of solitude at Mrs. Russell's heightened this illusion in exact conformity with the truth-breathing sentence which we quoted at the commencement of this chapter. Florence neither loved, nor had loved, but the vast capabilities in her heart for that emotion, occasioned the creation of an *image* to satisfy its yearnings. The trials which followed her departure from Mrs. Russell's, though they rendered such thoughts less engrossing, could not banish them entirely. She was herself perfectly unconscious of their nature or their power; rather rejoicing that circumstances had prevented her from ever experiencing that emotion, whose power and intensity she had so instinctively dreaded in her youth.

We are no believers in what is termed love at first sight, but we do believe that some faces have the power of attraction, and are the magnet as it were to the needle of the mind, so holding the fancy chained. For this infatuation, intimate association is as often the *cure* as the *confirmer*. Still, even when the latter is *not love*, but simply a species of animal magnetism, chaining the mind to one object, love itself never comes till the yearning is swallowed up in the truth, the worth, the affection of the being with whom the invisible chain hath bound us, making two *one* ere either was aware.

The months of September and October were pleasant months at Amersley. The intimate friends of Lord and Lady St. Maur were constantly staying with them, occasioning a series of domestic enjoyments, peculiarly pleasurable to Florence. From actual gaiety her heart, still filled with the memories of Walter, would painfully have shrunk; but this was not *gaiety*, it was *employment*. That her young charge often occasioned her disappointment, demanding extreme forbearance and control, to obtain dominion over a proud, sullen spirit and uncomplying temper, were difficulties in her task which Florence not only determined to overcome, but met willingly, satisfied that in patiently seeking to subdue the faults of Constance, she was really forwarding the wishes of her friends, and proving also her own earnest desire to evince herself worthy of the important trust she held. Mornings of even ungrateful employment would have been more than recompensed by the enjoyment of the afternoon and evening. Neither pomp nor fashion found entrance within the hospitable halls of Amersley. It was truly an *English Home*, like which, seek the world over, and there is no other. Affection, intellect, refinement, inspired and guided employment and recreation. From Lady Helen to little Cecil (Lord St. Maur's youngest child), from the Earl himself to his lowliest retainer, all seemed infused with a spirit of happiness, as innocent as it was roving, and overflowing in uncounted channels of benevolence for many miles around. In this home enjoyment of the Earl and Countess, of course, none but congenial spirits found admission, and by all these was Florence universally regarded with that cordial and heartfelt appreciation so reviving to one whom trial and care had so long claimed that she had often felt as if she had not one loveable quality remaining. Lady Helen, who was never easily pleased, soon learned to love her dearly, and no longer wonder at the friendship towards her which her daughter-in-law had so unchangeably retained.

And what was the secret of this universal kindness? The utter absence of pretension, which so characterized her conduct that she never for one moment forgot her real position, or presumed in the smallest degree on the notice she received. Her own self-respect had always taught her the respect due to others; and perhaps it was this part of her character which had so strongly attracted the regard and approbation of the Earl, who in his heart of hearts had once perhaps feared that his wife, energetic as she was, would

scarcely be able to carry out her plans, and that the footing on which she resolved on placing Florence in her establishment would engender too much familiarity between them. He did not know the character of Florence. Lady St. Maur had told him, and she did, and that made all the difference.

Emily and Alfred Melford were often amongst the visitors at Amersley. The exertions of Lady St. Maur had all failed with regard to the former. She had been too long the victim of inertness with fancied ill-health, to overcome it; but still at Amersley she was conscious of more happiness, or rather less ennui than any where else. Alfred had found out that he was not quite as indifferent to a certain Lady Mary as he fancied himself, and therefore when she was at Amersley, there too was he.

Frank Howard's political duties never allowed him a very long sojourn at the hall, but he made up by the number for the shortness of his visits. Peculiarly and painfully situated by the morose character and anchorite habits of his father, he had endeavoured to forget the gloomy sadness of his domestic roof by embarking all his energies in following a brilliant public career. His heart, however, was naturally much too full of all the kindly home affections for such a life entirely to satisfy him; and he turned to Lord St. Maur's happy circle with an earnest longing for such a home himself. Feeling deeply for his isolated domestic position, and greatly admiring his talents, more particularly as she saw that her husband was his model of manly worth, Frank was an especial favourite of the Countess, who often spoke of him to Florence, revealing many little traits of his boyhood, which increased the interest he had unconsciously inspired.

The reported riches of his strange father, all of which he would inherit, had made him so courted and flattered by match-making mothers, that his manner towards women became as reserved and cold as to be almost a proverb, and even at Amersley this peculiarity did not quite leave him; but to Florence no one could be kinder or more respectful; nothing, indeed, to cause remark, but seeming to make her feel how truly he respected her as Florence Leslie, how fully he could appreciate her domestic worth and unpretending usefulness.

Minie Leslie's susceptibility of enjoyment was actually infectious. Constituted superintendent of Lady St. Maur's village schools—the right hand of the venerable clergyman amongst his poor—as happy the sole companion of her mother as in the halls of Amersley, Minie's life was one flood of sunshine. Even the fond recollection of Walter could not cloud this light; for if she were so happy on earth, she felt, what must he be in heaven?

Florence had often longed to introduce her sister to Howard, but by a curious combination of circumstances, it appeared as if fate had determined that they should not meet. It seemed as if the happiness of both sisters needed little of increase, but yet another of the seeds sown in sorrow was now to burst forth in joy.

(To be continued.)

THE POET'S DREAM.

(A Vision of Three.)

BY W. ROBSON.

The poet's dream! the poet's dream! On earth Nought is so heavenly as the poet's dream. It is the brightest ray of that great flame Which animates creation, and partakes Most largely of the essence whence it came; And therefore, in that tongue which hath bequeathed

Such mighty stores of action and of thought To ages past, now passing, and to come, Creator justly is the poet named.

It is a fire unquenchable, and when Once the pure spark hath kindled in the breast This fire celestial, evermore it burns, Undimmed by time, by worldly chance unchanged.

If in the boy's bright eye it flashes forth, When some great wonder of a world all new Breaks on his view, it will in ripper youth Flush his rich brow, and give to passion's heat A holier impulse and a purer aim: 'Twill breathe through manhood's bearing such a glow

Of noble pride as shall bespeak the soul Which dwells within; and when old age shall thin

Looks once so lovely, and when that fell power, Aye waiting but so sure, at last shall still The poet's pulse, his parting glance shall tell How far his views of heavenly bliss transcend All that the priest e'er preached or dullard thought.

VISION I.

Mark yon pale boy, amidst St. Mary's aisles, Poring for that for which his spirit thirsts; Each nerve in tremor, and his eager heart Panting with ardent hope! See, now 'tis found, And forth he rushes with his long-sought prize, Breathes his own fire amidst the antique line, And gives the world, the wondering world, a tale Half fraud, half truth, but yet with genius bright.

And when, alas! his poet's heart hath fell Chilled, crushed, and sickened by neglect and scorn,

E'en then this spirit, unsubdued, still burns, And, with the poisoned chalice in his grasp, Not for one instant would his lofty soul Exchange identity with one of those Whose fair, false smiles have lured him on to ruin.

VISION II.

But turn we now to nobler, happier themes.

See yon mean chamber; view a youth whose cheek

Just wears the stamp of manhood; his fair front, Broadly expansive, shows the abode of thought: His couch, disordered, tells how ill has sped The guest who there had wooed or sleep or rest. His hands are clenched, his bursting brain's on fire!

The bard of nature, of all time, of man, This day has first seen an enacted play!

"'Tis mine! 'tis mine!" he cries; "this world
I've seen

Is mine for ever: o'er its varied scenes,
Or high or low, or simple or sublime,
My reign I'll fix: I will a race create
Living and lasting as the mighty source
From whence I'll draw them! Mother! Nature!
thou,

Thou guid'st me on—we'll live and die together!
The couch, the chamber, all too close become;
He casts the casement open, to inhale
The breeze refreshing—and, behold, the Heavens,
Bright, clear, and glittering with the countless stars,
Break on him full. Now through his frenzied
frame

Breathes a mild spirit, holy, soothing, sweet.
He sees before him Nature and her God!
And he, who loved *her* as no son of earth
E'er loved before him, felt her soft peace creep
Into his inmost heart! Tears, gushing tears,
Relieve the throbbing of his aching brow;
And, as that master in divinest sounds
Of heavenly music was still wont to raise
His aspirations by devoutest prayer,
So bowed the youth before that Nature's God
Whose worship lived within him—and he prayed!
Powers! who can guess what thoughts sublime
were born,

When Shakspeare poured his full heart out in
prayer!

Soothed, calmed, refreshed, he to his pallet
turns,

Courting the "healer of hurt minds," and sleeps
Happy as if his beating head was laid
On that fair breast, with mole cinque-spotted,
which

Enshrined the heart of her, the fairest she
That he or Nature formed—and then his brain,
His seething brain, such visions bright enjoyed
As ne'er before o'er mortal slumbers played.

VISION III.

'Tis night, and on a suburb garden-house the moon
Pours her full splendour; sweetest odours breathe
From flow'rs and shrubs, and mildest summer
breeze

Wafts all their treasures to a sense as keen,
As fair, sweet, beautiful as e'er blessed man.
Buried in thought, upon his hand his head,
Raised in habitually aspiring bend,
The poet sits. The open casement yields
Way for the breeze, and all it bears along;
Sweet and acceptable to him its store,
But now, alas! that beam he loved so once
To him is naught. That sight he still had used
To worship nature and exalt his race,
Is fled for ever, darkness covers all.
What then I believe not, tho' at times, his nerves
Yield to the natural feelings of the man,
And teach his muse to mourn in strains so high
For this his loss, that we can scarce regret
Was Milton blind—think not, I say, that he
Who has inhaled from life's first spring all joys
The senses offer, feels not now the charms
Of night as vividly as if the glance
Of a young eagle met the light 'twas raised to.

Oh! there are moonlit scenes enow within
That pensive brow to illumine fairy-land.

'Tis quiet, and the breeze that tells the hour,
Tells all the rest to one who needs no help,
No outward help, to feel the sweets of even.

Pale, thin, thought-wearied; o'er his forehead
bland,

Part the gray locks which, hyacinthine, once
Clustered like grapes. Ah! now that fond dream's
o'er

Which led him on through good and evil tongues
To bless his species. Satyrs now carouse
Where once he hoped that godlike reason would
Create a throne eternal, and would reign
O'er realms made happy by the sway combined
Of her and virtue. But, although that hope
Be quite extinct, and all save he are sunk
In sensuality beyond compare,

'Think not the fire divine or dims or fails:
Man and his cause have faded; but the flush
That flits e'en now across his pallid cheek,
And the swoln veins that speak the rapid pulse,
Betray the power that, latent, lives within.
Well may he now forget the puny cares
Of man and man's, for his ethereal soul
Hath left earth's sphere. The Poet talks with
angels!

The Poet's dream! The Poet's dream! On earth
Nought is so heavenly as the Poet's dream.

SERENADE.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

Mist sleeps on the mountain, stars watch in
the sky,

And moonlight far over the sea
Shows the bark that is waiting, the hour that is
nigh,

And bids thee remember me!

There are shores beyond ocean as fair as thine
own:

There's a bright lake afar in the west,
Where the spirit of beauty and silence hath flown,
And folded her pinions in rest.

Then dream not of splendour—then think not of
power—

Those visions that dazzle and die,
That fleet as the meteor, and pass as the flower
That fades with the evening sky.

But leave the dark world, with its fetters and fears
And hearts that too quickly awake,
To veil with false gladness their sorrow and tears,
Then slowly and silently break.

O, come o'er the ocean. The blossoms that breath
Perfume o'er that fairy-like sea,
They weep for one flower 'mid their glittering
wreath—

O, dearest! that flower is thee.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

"England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

MARMION.

"In this age of improvement, in earth, air, and
steam,
Old customs are waning away ;
Our grandsire's gay Christmas to us is a dream—
So coldly 'tis kept in our day.
But though Fashion's hand
Has polish'd our land,
And made us more elegant now ;
Have we friends more sincere,
Lips more tempting and dear
Than *they* had 'neath the misletoe bough ?"

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

We live in an age of perpetual change, surrounded by improvements and inventions which our grandfathers in their most dreamy moods could hardly have conceived, and certainly would not have credited. Feats which they, good worthy souls ! must have pronounced beyond man's achievement, are to us every day occurrences ; and knowledge which it took them the studious labour of half a long life to acquire, may now be easily attained in a six months' course of attentive reading. Steam and Penny Magazines have unquestionably wrought wonders marvellous as those narrated in Eastern fairy tales : the first, if it has not *quite* enabled us to realize Puck's boast of putting

"A girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes"—

has, at least, brought America within fourteen days' sail of our shores, and the remote provinces within about as many hours of safe travelling from London ; and the second, although they have not exactly initiated hedges in Euclid's abstruse problems, or chimney-sweepers in the metaphysical vagaries of Aristotle, have nevertheless placed within reach of our "unlettered swains" a vast mass of serviceable knowledge at an easy rate and in a familiar form.

Glorious, indeed, has been the progress made by the human mind during the last century, and brilliant are the conquests it has achieved in the fields of art and science. Man, boldly asserting the powers conferred upon him at the first by his divine and all-beneficent Creator, not contented with reducing the beasts of the forest to subjection, and compelling earth and sea to yield up their hidden treasures for his use, has, though but partially, withdrawn the veil that covers Nature's

mysteries, and summoned elements, hitherto the most dreaded or intangible, to do him service and minister to his wants. His genius, heaven's direct gift, has overcome obstacles apparently insurmountable by mental might. Borne by an agent whose speed rivals that of the wind, he hurries from place to place, traversing in his transit the bowels of mountains, and crossing wide valleys by diving bridges ; on, on, like an arrow in its flight—loftiest hills cannot stop his course, nor deep ravines arrest him. Upon the sea he launches his barque without mast, or sail, or oar ; and whether the waves be rough or smooth, whether the wind blow high or low, the fire-directed ship speeds on her trackless way, secure and fearless as an ocean bird. Science has penetrated the secrets of the starry heavens, bringing the moon and planets into silent but visible communion with us ; we know their appointed times and seasons, and the immutable laws of the vast universe are being gradually unfolded to our view. Already we literally paint in sunbeams, and write with lightning !*

Neither is the knowledge of these wonders confined to the wise or learned only. If the astonished villager hears of them in his humble cottage, and wishes for more information than his untravelled neighbours can give, he may readily obtain cheap productions descriptive of their causes and effects ; and for a few pence, or shillings at most, become possessed of a fund of useful information, which a century ago was not attainable by men who had access to the most expensive libraries. Probably we shall not reap all the benefits to be derived from the present advanced state of science, and the increasing diffusion of literature ; but yearly, nay daily, their salutary influence begins to be sensibly felt. The power of Tyranny is broken—Justice and Truth lift up their voices—Intolerance and Superstition tremble in their strongholds, and all things point to that desirable and fast approaching period when the might shall be with the right—when the oppressors and the unjust shall cease throughout the kingdoms, and "knowledge cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

Far from us be the wish to check, were such a thing possible, the progress of improvements, or the advances of reforms which are so acceptable to every honest mind ; yet we cannot help heaving a sigh when we see them producing effects which all who entertain any lingering affection for the memory of by-gone times must, we think, equally lament. The spirit of alteration, which, it is useless to deny, pervades in a greater or less degree all ranks at present, is silently but surely banishing the observance of every trace of those "ancient customs and merrie practices," which formerly marked in so peculiar a manner the recurrence of all great festivals of the church, and which were certainly, however rude, sufficiently harmless.

We do not mean to assert that *all* the boisterous sports which our ancestors so highly prized, and regularly indulged in when the wonted seasons

* The Daguerreotype and Electro-Magnetic Telegraph.

came round, were of a nature fitting to be preserved, or that we have any great reason to regret that *some* of them have fallen into disuse; but there were many innocent and kindly customs, now forgotten or despised, which had indeed their origin in a simpler state of society, yet spoke the silent language of benevolence, inculcating lessons of friendliness and good-will to all. And here we may observe that it is a misfortune attendant upon the march of refinement, that as men become polished, and consequently fastidious, they usually grow sensitively desirous to spread the mantle of oblivion over every habit which reminds them of their forefathers' mode of life, and, by a praiseworthy eagerness to abolish barbaric or idle practices, too frequently destroy much that is good also.

We have been led to these remarks by the great alteration which has of late years taken place in the manner of keeping CHRISTMAS. In other times the arrival of that holy season was a signal for general rejoicing; the prince in his palace, the baron in his fortalice, the peasant in his cabin, gave for a little while their troubles to the winds, and united as one man to celebrate the anniversary of our REDEEMER'S birth with glad hearts and community of joy. From one extremity of the land to the other the voice of festivity was heard, and all, according to their ability, willingly did honour to the commemoration of an event which brought salvation to the fallen sons of Adam.

Then were the portals of each castle thrown open to welcome the stranger and the poor; fatted bees and sheep were plentifully slaughtered—capacious casks of generous and long-kept liquors broached to supply the wants of the numerous guests. From morning till night the spacious kitchens were redolent of savoury fumes from roast and boiled; while the active foresters brought in large stores of game from wood, and meadow, and moor, and river. No wayfarer was sent empty away—no child of poverty chidden from the hospitable doors; and when the wintry blasts howled through loophole and turret during the hours of darkness, and drifting snow or cutting hail showers fell on the naked country without, how cheerfully, in oak-raftered halls, around blazing fires, rang mirth's careless laugh and the unceasing song, while quaint devices amused alike the haughty nobles and their humble dependants. Pride, stooping from his eminence, deigned to participate in the games that cheered the bosom of the lowliest husbandman; mingling, with relaxed brow, in the general dance, and smilingly sharing in the accustomed mummings.

The baron for a space forgot his rank in the remembrance that he was a *man*; and the serf forgot his bondage, recollecting that he was a *Christian*. Only once in all the year did the iron law of feudal times permit the slightest approach to equality; and it was on the celebration of that glorious night when a seraphic choir hymned the Saviour's birth, and the humble shepherds of Bethlehem listened to strains more heavenly than were vouchsafed to a monarch's ears. Then indeed might the peasant give vent to the expressions of his joy, unchecked by the presence of his lord;

while the proud and plumed sons of chivalry seemed of a truth conscious that THE VIRGIN-BORN, whose cradle was an ox's manger, and his life a pattern of humility, died afterwards for the sins of their vassals as well as for their own.

It was in times fraught with strange anomalies, yet not so evil and oppressive as many think, that Christmas festivities flourished in splendour which they have long since lost. The rude gambols so freely indulged in were well calculated to be played beneath the arched rafters of baronial halls, and suited the taste of high born but unlettered men, to whom our more refined entertainments would perhaps have proved insipid, and whose unenlightened minds delighted in exhibitions of giants, wizards, dwarfs, satyrs, and errant knights, resembling the characters whose valorous or evil deeds they heard narrated in the improbable tales recited by wandering jongleurs. Various were the ceremonies observed in noble households when the yule log was brought in on Christmas Eve, and the duly garnished boar's head placed with much solemnity on the table of dais, accompanied with loud strains of music, and the still louder shouts of noisy retainers; yet amid the boisterous mirth a vast deal of benevolence and mutual good feeling prevailed, so that men of all ranks, when the autumn leaves had fallen, and winter stole gradually on, looked forward with eager impatience for the arrival of Christmas.

Ay, and even in later days, when the feudal system with its mingled good and evil had passed away—when a strange faith had arisen in the land, and the holy festivals of the church were presumptuously railed against—Christians still brought hilarity to every dwelling, from the splendid mansion of the duke to the wayside abode of the day-labourer. Presents were exchanged, and kind messages sent; those whose business compelled them to be far from home during the rest of the year, returned to the bosoms of their families; friends met friends with cordial congratulations, and hearty good wishes for each other's success—even enemies forgot their bickerings. The hospitable board was plentifully spread with choicest viands—dainties gathered from earth, air, and sea—and all were welcome to partake; whilst the nut-brown ale circled briskly round, and songs of gladness burst from every lip. How comfortable, too, during the long evenings, looked the snug rooms trimmed with different evergreens, and illuminated with sparkling lights, not half so brilliant as the eyes that beamed around them! How musical were the old carols chaunted by young voices—carols that had been sung in the land for many ages!

Alas! for the mirth and feasting—the bright eyes and merry faces that so smilingly welcomed Christmas in, and grew dim with a transient pang when it departed. Alas! for those blithe old carols that sounded so cheerfully, and for the neat boughs of dark glossy holly, with their richly contrasting berries, that used to decorate every window, or form a becoming garnish for the antique mantel-shelf. Alas! for the mysterious mistletoe, beneath which a kiss, albeit imprinted on the coy lips of some most prudish damsel, was

no cause of offence! All, all are either gone or rapidly departing.

No eyes grow brighter, save those of schoolboys, when Christmas approaches; and few faces wear a merrier look. The carols are hushed, except in remote villages, the inhabitants of which have not wholly shook off ancient usages; and the holly and mistletoe are to be found chiefly in the houses of old-fashioned people. It is true that some symptoms of feasting appear—that the poulterers hang their shops round with a superfluity of splendid geese and turkeys—the dealers in game exhibit an abundance of hares, pheasants, and partridges—and the butchers display their very primest meat; but the true spirit of Christmas is in reality defunct, and the cold, formal dinners given by some families, which just serve to distinguish the season, differ as widely from the warm hospitality of past ages, as the dishes composing them do from those of Archbishop Neville's famous installation banquet.

Little reverence pay we to those holy tides our forefathers loved so well, and still less notice do many of us take of the sports by them appropriated to high festivals: but then *they* were plain homely men, artless in manners and speech; and we are too refined, too *spiritual* to find any pleasure in the simple amusements that gladdened their honest hearts. In fact, we carry in us a second nature, the fruit of education and habit, which teaches us to despise the pastimes most highly approved in former ages; and whilst the poet and antiquary must always muse over them as over a dream of other years, mournful but pleasant to the soul, when we remember the stern character of the times in which they chiefly flourished, we can scarcely with honesty lay our hands upon our breasts and say—"Give us these again!"

"What, is this so?" asks an illfated Prince, in a very solemn* scene of one of Shakspeare's grandest tragedies; and the awful response sounds the knell of hope upon the doomed one's ear.

"Aye, sir, all this is so!"

If an Englishman, of the fourteenth century, were to rise from his grave at Christmas, he might put that question to his astonished descendants, and their reply be given in the selfsame words. The festivities and amusements, which once pre-eminently marked the season, are becoming—many have already become—"tales of other times." The lapse of a few more years will probably suffice to extinguish them altogether. The yule log is still burnt, and the frumenty made on Christmas-eve, in our peaceful rural districts; and still, early on the succeeding morn, the village choristers serenade their sleeping neighbours with songs long consecrated to the sacred day—songs which, heard in the breathless stillness of that quiet hour, simple as their words and music alike are, seldom fail to carry the mind back to the fragrant fields of Bethlehem, where a heavenly host sang the first carol in honour of His birth, who was a *Light to lighten the Gentiles*. The polite—"the *fashiona-*

ble world"—and the busy dwellers in crowded towns, now know little of these, and other customs which their grandfathers most punctually observed. The next generation will, in all likelihood, be wholly ignorant of them.

We admire the improvements effected by modern ingenuity, as much as any one can do. We like to be whirled along a railroad, in an elegant and comfortable carriage, at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and feel pleasure in finding ourselves "careering o'er the billowy deep," on board of a well-appointed steamer. But, greatly as we approve of these things, their conveniency and utility, and unwilling, as we probably should be to exchange places with a mail-burthened ancestor of 1444, we still retain a lurking fondness for the unpolished, but innocent sports and blameless customs to which our progenitors were so partial. The great, who have long been sleeping, once joined in them; and good men of the "olden tyme" have participated in the amusement they afford. Let no one forget this, who feels inclined to condemn them, because lacking refinement; if they are now too antiquated to be pursued, let us at least treasure the remembrance of them, as of things dear to those whom it is our duty as well as our pride to honour and revere.

Christmas—the seasons never alter, though fashion may. It will, perhaps, be no longer marked by boisterous festivity and unbounded hospitality; but it will always be the anniversary of that glorious time, when angels proclaimed "Peace upon earth and good will towards men!" and may it ever remain in future years, what it has been for ages past, a season peculiarly devoted to THE RECONCILIATION OF ENEMIES, AND THE REUNION OF PARTED FRIENDS.

Banks of the Yore.

MYSTERY.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

Behold strange life in things inanimate,
Or things so called, and in this mortal state
An immortality? There are no bounds
To life but MYSTERY, and that surrounds
All forms of earth, and with its dread control
Aye checks the curious and impatient soul,
Whose aims at hidden things are grasps at air,
Whose eager gaze is but a blind man's stare!

Bewildered with blank nothingness—a dense
Objectless glare—how oft a horrid sense
Of loneliness and littleness prevails,
While the frame trembles and the spirit quails!

But, oh! this dream-delirium may not last—
We wake, and when the hideous dream is past
The mystery remains, but not the fear:
We know that God himself is everywhere.

And while this faith can animate and bless,
We feel no more forlorn and fatherless:
With humbled thought, calm hope, and sweet
content,

We cease to sigh for things for man unmeant,
But wait the uplifting of the curtain vast,
By hands unseen, around the wide world cast.

* "Macbeth," ACT IV., SCENE I. Not the acting version.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

BY C. H. HITCHINGS.

Oh! ye that think the poet's life
 A paradise of endless joy,
 Which not the war of outward strife
 Or inward sorrow can destroy;
 If ye but knew, who read his lays,
 How bitter is the poet's lot,
 Ye never would withhold the praise
 In which his sorrows are forgot.

I murmur at the poet's fate—
 Unwept, unpitied, and unknown—
 E'en though, perchance, in every gate
 The trumpet of his fame is blown.
 Then let me to the world complain,
 And tell my sorrows everywhere,
 And strike my lute but once again,
 Tho' it be only to the air.

Life's garden gates are open wide,
 Where every man is bid to toil;
 And plenteous fruits, I ween, betide
 The patient tiller of the soil.
 The hours of labour wane apace,
 Those hours in which I should have wrought:
 What have I done all day, but chace
 Some butterfly of idle thought?

At first, indeed, I took the spade,
 And 'gan to labour with the rest;
 But soon my tools aside were laid—
 The sunshine fell upon my breast,
 And beauty on my raptured heart
 Pour'd all the magic of its powers:
 I wandered to a spot apart,
 And wreathed the summer's brightest flow'rs.

And still my ground untilld remains,
 And still to me no fruits can fall;
 Yet, if ye bid me count my gains,
 One flower of mine is worth them all;
 But that the winter comes apace,
 And all my wreaths of fancy fade;
 While others who forbore that chace,
 A plenteous husbandry have made.

And still through winter's freezing hours,
 While fruits of labour crown each hearth,
 I look upon my faded flowers,
 And curse the hour that gave me birth.
 No butterfly to lead me now
 Through painted fields with treacherous art,
 For poverty makes pale my brow
 And dries the life-blood in my heart.

I grant ye, that the passing time
 Of childhood is a lovely thing;
 I grant ye, flowers of every clime
 Adorn the poet's happy spring;
 But summer comes, and autumn bears
 The rugged winter at his back,
 And age—that curse of all things—tears
 Sweet fancy to a mournful wrack.

Perchance some high ambition lost
 First clouds the poet's atmosphere—
 Perchance the heart's affection crossed
 First stays him in his bright career—
 Perchance some secret, private woe,
 Stamps on his brow the curse of Cain—
 "*A wanderer for aye*"—and lo!
 The poet never smiles again.

I can no more—false muse, farewell!
 I've worn thy livery all too long:
 Thou'st bound my spirit with a spell,
 And paid me with an empty song.
 Farewell! farewell! If not for me
 The world's prosperity, at least
 I will be from thy fetters free—
 Let others taste thy baleful feast.

Let others tread thy fairy land,
 Let others chase thy specious lights,
 And frolic with thine elish band,
 That are at best misleading sprites:
 If not for me life's better game,
 At least some hermit's frugal cell,
 Where, till life's close, without a name
 I may live on. False muse, farewell!

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

The deep sounds of sadness
 Are borne on the gale,
 And o'er the wind's moaning
 Comes woman's sad wail:
 While through the drear darkness
 A dense crowd are seen,
 Who with low-whisper'd murmurs
 Wind up the church-green.

The dark shades of evening
 Told midnight's sad hour,
 And the Autumn wind moan'd
 As it swept round the tow'r:
 While amidst the deep gusts
 Was, at intervals, seen,
 All alone, in her sadness,
 The heaven's pale queen!

Now the silence of night
 O'er that vast crowd was shed,
 And low o'er the green-sward
 Was bent every head;
 While a coffin was lower'd—
 A form was consign'd
 To the earth, and in silence
 To dust was resign'd!

For the sweet voice of prayer
 Was not murmur'd around,
 And the wail of the mourner
 Fell dead on the ground;
 And the sad moon's pale beams,
 Which the dark ground did lave,
 Shone not on the sod
 Of a SUICIDE's grave!

ELIZABETH.

LITTLE LETTY.

(A Tale of the Mines.)

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

Author of the "Blind Man and his Guide."

"It is good when it happens," say the children,
that we die before our time!"

MISS E. B. BARRETT.

It was in the summer of 183—, that two maiden sisters, with a small independent property, and large, warm, benevolent hearts, came to take up their abode in a certain mining district that shall be nameless; for, after all, it was but one among many, and the tale we are about to relate, but too common, alas! in the annals of our country, only that no record is kept of such, at least upon earth. It was a strange place for those lonely women to choose, but they may have had their own peculiar reasons for selecting such a vicinity. If it were so, however, they never mentioned them, or mingled with those in their own station of life beyond what the mere courtesies of society required. World-weary and disappointed, they yet nursed a sweet dream of happiness to be found in making others happy; somewhat too fanciful and visionary perhaps, for the stern realities of life, but active and praiseworthy nevertheless. It is true, the sisters were frequently imposed upon, and their charity was bestowed on unworthy objects; but then they sometimes did a great deal of real good as well, and were on the whole thankful for being permitted to be Heaven's agents of mercy to the poor hard-working children of toil.

But it is not of them only we are about to write; individually they have no history, or only that of thousands who daily walk the earth with pale, quiet faces, and smiling eyes, purified by suffering, and waiting patiently, and yet not idly, until it is His will to call them home. Lucy Ann Dorville, the younger by many years, although her hair was prematurely grey, contrasting strangely with the youthful brow over which it swept, wore a plain gold ring on her third finger, which she kissed frequently when she thought no one saw her, and wept over like a child. But then it might have belonged to her parents, or some lost relative, for both sisters were in deep mourning; or it might have been the last pledge of a dead or faithless lover. God send it be the former, in that case, that her tears may have less of bitterness in them; knowing that "a niche is kept in heaven to hold our idols." But would she cherish it thus? would she press it so often to her lips were it otherwise? Ay, to love once is to love for ever! They may change, but we cannot, even if we would. But to our tale.

During one of their visits to the neighbouring poor, the sisters chanced to hear that a little child lay sick in an adjoining hut; for the word cottage

has a significance far too comfortable to be applied to those ruined and desolate abodes, although they were generally called so: and thither accordingly they bent their steps, being too well known to have any fear, and yet few of the townspeople cared to venture among a class bearing the character of being little better than savages. As if, even if it were so, their only chance of redeeming them rested not in the interchange of kindness and humanity.

The scene that presented itself as the good sisters entered, was one calculated to arrest immediate attention; the invalid lay still and quiet, with her fair round face half concealed in a profusion of golden curls, smiling softly, as if listening to sounds which none else were permitted to hear; while gathered silently about the bed stood a group of thin, hollow-eyed children, their features darkened and obscured with the dust of the coal-mines from which they had evidently but recently emerged; emaciated and feeble, with vacant and wandering looks, crowding around and gazing (at least the sisters thought so) like lost spirits upon a being of another world! Hard-featured, and yet shadowy and spectral, towered the tall gaunt form of the mother of that little band—they had no father. While afar off, rocking herself to and fro, and muttering at intervals in the dim imbecility of helpless old age, sat the aged owner of a place which was soon to know her no more.

The children shrank away like a flock of frightened sheep at Miss Dorville's approach, all but one, a girl of some thirteen years of age or thereabout; although she looked a woman in suffering, and was sadly deformed in consequence, as she told them afterwards, of the heavy loads she had to drag, and that half the children down in the mines were just the same, and some worse. Her glittering eyes followed every movement of the little invalid; and fairly danced for joy to see how eagerly she ate the grapes which they fortunately had with them; the mother looking on the while with an unmoved and stony glance.

"Are they very nice, Letty?" asked her sister, as she bent fondly over her; for they were sisters, although no one would have guessed it to look at them.

"Taste," replied the little girl, holding them temptingly to her thin, pale lips; but she only *pretended*, and yet they were parched and burning with thirst.

The others were less scrupulous, but the curiosity of one got the better of his selfishness. "Who made them?" asked he, looking up in Lucy Ann's face; and when she told him that it was God, was never a bit the wiser.

Somehow, children always loved Lucy Ann; it had been so ever since she could remember: they would even stand still and smile, as she passed through the streets; but we cannot help fancying it must have been partly from a habit she had, of smiling first at them. The little invalid, when they went away, put out her burning hand, and asked her to come again soon, very soon, lest she should not find her.

"But you cannot go down into the mine now you are so weak and ill; even mother says so."

"I was not thinking of the mine, sister Maud. The dead do not go there, do they?"

"No, no; but to a green, quiet grave, where there is no room to work, and one can be quiet—still, just as you are now, and hear the birds singing all-day long over-head."

"How nice!" exclaimed Letty, clasping her little hands joyfully together, as if eager to depart, while the children repeated half-envyingly—"How very nice!"

Sad and awe-stricken, the sisters stole away, in order to send such assistance as the urgency of the case demanded.

"She will die!" said Miss Dorville, mournfully; "and so young, too!"

"Hush!" interrupted Lucy Ann, pointing to the little deformed girl, who had come thoughtfully after them, in order to open the broken and somewhat unwieldy gate that led to their desolate abode; "she will overhear you, else."

Maud had overheard them, and there was a radiant smile upon her poor pale face, as she limped back with the intelligence.

"Letty, dear, you will die! the ladies say so; and not be obliged to go into the dark mine after all. But mother, you do not seem so glad as I thought you would; and yet I have heard you wish it a thousand times!"

The wretched mother covered up her face with her apron, and wept silently; while the children agreed one with another that it was a fine thing for Letty to die young, and have no work to do; and the old woman laughed to herself, as she covered over the fireless grate, to hear them so merry. Looking at them thus, one could scarcely believe that fair, golden-haired child to belong to the same family; but she had been ailing from her birth, and the aged woman, beneath whose roof they were now gathered, had persuaded the mother to leave poor little Letty with her; and when her brothers and sisters came at intervals to see her, no wonder she should seem to them like a being of another world. It is said that she was frightened at first, when they came crowding about her with their dark, sooty faces, and gleaming eyes; but getting gradually accustomed to them, grew at length to look out for their arrival, almost as eagerly as the little miners themselves. And then what treasures she had to shew them, and how the children wished they were those yellow cowslips, to bend down and hide themselves in the long grass, when the hour came for their return—or a bird, to fly away to the bright heavens, which they saw only at long and stated intervals—or like a bright star, searching down into the dark, deep mine, as if in pity! For there was none to tell them any other way of reaching that far-off land for which they pined, not knowing it to be their home. At such times as these, Letty would go dancing on before them like a fairy; while they followed feebly, with their knees trembling under them, and their eyes giddy and blinded with so much light, sitting down, at length, and weeping bitterly in their weary helplessness; and then the child went gently, bringing one by one those treasures which they had not strength to seek out for themselves; flowers and berries from the

sunny hedge-rows, smooth, shining pebbles, and once a real bird's-nest, although it was past her art to make them comprehend how one of those tiny eggs could ever contain a live bird, such as those whose airy flights they followed with eager gaze. What wonders for those little miners! Letty herself, as she floated about with her bright hair, and her brighter smile, the greatest wonder of them all. But the kind old woman who had taken charge of her, grew daily more and more feeble, and it was said that she was not always in her right mind. Certain it is, that she became incapable of maintaining even herself any longer, and it was agreed that, when the children came next from the mines, which generally happened once or twice a-year, Letty should go back with them, and work in future with the rest.

The poor, it has been said, never dream; but we are led to believe the assertion to be an erroneous one. It would be better for them in general if it were so, for then those dreamless slumbers might bring rest; as it is, to quote the touching answer of one of those wretched beings, when questioned on the subject, "Its all one, day and night: we hear the wheels going, and toil on just the same; only that in the latter we are *working in the dark.*"

We remember hearing once of a young sempstress, living in the crowded haunts of our great city, who was always dreaming, she said, of what she had been doing or had still to do in the course of the day; and so vividly, that she got up, one fine sunny morning, full of joy to think her task was done; and put on the best her scanty wardrobe afforded, tempted into the luxury of allowing herself a whole day's holiday, after working so hard as she must have done to get finished so soon, intending to spend it with a distant relative residing in the outskirts of town. It would be such a treat to see the green fields and trees; and no doubt the air and the walk would do her a world of good—it was not often she got a long walk now-a-days, only to and fro from that city warehouse. It was necessary, however, that she should leave the shirts in her way, calling for a fresh supply upon her return, and thankful enough to get it. But lo, when she came to look at the roll of linen, there it was just as she had left it; and her working so hard all through that long, long night had been only a dream! There was no summer holiday for her. The faded gown was carefully replaced, and many a scalding tear, we ween, fell fast and heavily, as she bent once again over her endless tasks.

But talking of dreams has made us well nigh forget poor little Maud's. She dreamt that Letty had come down into the mine, and she saw her sitting, half indistinctly, under the dark coal-shadows, weeping bitterly. Thrice had they called her to come forth to work; at length the child rose up tremblingly; but as she came forward, her long hair caught all of a sudden in one of the perpetually revolving wheels, and she had only time to clasp her little hands, and cry in vain for help, ere it dashed her, torn and mangled, down a deep narrow shaft, so deep and narrow that Maud, looking down in her sleep, could see nothing but that golden hair scattered about like sun-rays.

The children laughed with a fearful mirth when she related her dream in the morning, and told her there was no fear of its ever coming to pass, for Letty's hair would be cropped close to her head, as soon as ever she got into the mine. And then, touched by her grief, for they were human after all, comforted her by saying that her little sister would soon get used to it; and might not be put to very hard work just at first. Poor Maud! how glad she was to find Letty so ill and feeble; and how strange she thought it, that her mother did not seem to rejoice also in the dear child's escape! Ignorant as the beasts that perish, love stood the young miner in the stead of intellect and reason—love, the purifier, the humanizer, even of the most wretched; and self was all forgotten in her sisterly affection.

But the time came at length when they must go back again to their dark prison-house; and Letty, although she grew weaker and weaker every day, still lingered on. Doubtless it would have been a comfort to the poor mother to have buried her out of all harm under the green quiet turf; but she uttered no complaint. The paralyzing influence of constant labour, without hope of rest either for herself or others, seemed fast turning her into stone. And yet there was a world of unshed tears in those wild hollow eyes, when the sisters took upon themselves to promise, unasked, that the little dying girl should be well cared for during the brief period of her sojourn upon earth. Even thus perhaps, like the children, the wretched woman was thankful to leave her darling behind, to die in that clean, quiet chamber, surrounded by kind faces; rather than take her with her to a living death in the dark, underground mines. Softly, one by one, Letty's brothers and sisters kissed her as she lay so still and tranquil, envying her in their hearts. All but Maud, whose passionate grief would not be controlled.

"Oh, that I might die too!" exclaimed she wildly. "Oh, that we might die together!"
 "Hush!" said Miss Dorville, reprovingly; "it is wicked to talk thus."

But Lucy Ann, remembering, perhaps, how she had once prayed, even as that little child, that God would take her to himself, only wept, for sorrow makes us very pitiful to others. And then rising up, she went quickly after the mother, who was standing quite still at a little distance, looking towards the spot that contained her youngest born, while the tears coursed each other down her thin, hollow cheeks. Lucy Ann was glad to see her weeping at last, it seemed only natural. Long they talked together, and whatever were the arguments she used, the mother was won to leave Maud as well as Letty behind her.

It is said that quite a crowd were found gathered about the shaft by which they descended into the mine, anxious to catch a glimpse of the fair, golden-haired child, whom little Maud was always talking and telling them about; and were sadly disappointed for the most part to hear that she was not coming after all, while a few rejoiced.

Maud was singularly intelligent, and would sit by the hour together listening to the sisters when they spoke of that happy land to which her little

sister was hastening away, and of God's goodness and loving-kindness to the children of earth.

"Yes, it was very good of him to think of taking Letty—happy Letty! And there are no coal mines, you say, in heaven—it must be a beautiful place indeed! No wonder she should keep smiling as she does at the thought of going there."

"Hush!" said Lucy Ann. "You are disturbing her."

The child opened her large blue eyes, and gazed vacantly around.

"Have you heard what we have been saying, Letty dear?" asked Maud, bending down her face to kiss her. "And that I am to come and see you, if I am good—and you will show me all your pretty flowers, and berries, and shining stones, and perhaps another bird's nest, just as you used when we came up out of the mines. Only I think the light will make my head ache more than it does now." And the poor girl pressed her hand to her dimmed and heavy eyes with a weary feeling of pain.

That night the little golden-haired child died, still smiling as Maud had said, and was buried a few days afterwards in the quiet churchyard, by the side of the good old woman who had been so kind to her—her sister kneeling as she was taught beside the grave, not weeping like the others, but rejoicing rather that she was at rest.

Our readers will, we think, be glad to hear that Maud was not sent back to the mines; and for years afterwards, although crippled, and half blind beside, there was not a more grateful or happier girl to be found for miles round. It would have done any one's heart good to hear her singing her simple hymns as she sat knitting in the sunshine; but her constitution, naturally feeble, never completely rallied, and she died very young.

The evening before her death she told Lucy Ann how grateful she was to God for restoring her to her dear little sister, and bid her be sure that Letty and she would soon be talking of them up in heaven, and blessing her for all her kindness to them both; wishing—oh, how much!—that her brothers and sisters, and all the poor children who worked in the mines, might come there too. "And so they would gladly," added Maud, "but there is no one to show them the way!"

A sad truth, although uttered by childish lips, and one which contains the whole moral of our brief and melancholy sketch. But the cry has gone forth, "the cry of the children!" as it has been touchingly called, and registered in tears and blood. Let us not rest until the fearful stain be washed out from the annals of our free, and for the most part, happy land.

The multitude of essays, of whatever description they may be, indicate the natural taste of a nation.

The poetry of nations should necessarily bear the impress of their religious sentiments.

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

BY ROSE ACTON.

There is a tale of fervent faith
 Within that prayer so often said—
 And yet so oft unheedingly!—
 "Each day give us our daily bread."

It stealeth forth from many a lip
 E'er decked with smiles—perchance, unheard :
 On ears that drink but sounds of joy
 It falleth as an empty word.

How should there be in lightsome hearts
 A vision of their mirth's decay ?
 How should the child of wealth have need
 For daily bread to kneel and pray ?

It is not these who kneel with faith,
 To crave the food they must obtain ;
 It is not *faith* to pray, and know
 Each day must bring but joys again.

Go 'neath the poor man's cheerless roof,
 Where Care's gaunt form hath gone before,
 Where Want's chill breath is ever felt,
 Where joy, if e'er it was, is o'er.

Look on yon eyes, which should be bright ;
 On drooping forms, which should be proud ;
 On aged locks, by sorrow thinned,
 By all the heart's stern anguish bowed.

Oh! it is *these* who pray with faith
 For means to keep from sin and shame ;
 Who crave for what a thousand deem,
 In pride of wealth, an empty name.

And shall no kindly hand be stretched
 In this our land of boasted worth,
 To save from ruin and disgrace
 Our fellow-pilgrims upon earth ?

Turn, oh, ye high ones! ye that share
 The "common lot" with each of those
 Whose fate, so widely differing now,
 Will be as yours when life shall close.

Turn! and the pity here ye show,
 May win you blessings which shall cling
 Around your memory, on that day,
 Far above every earthly thing.

Scorn not the poor! The heart ye crush,
 Can feel, as yours, a blighting word ;
 And, it may be, his prayer, before
 Your own, for pardon, shall be heard.

Oh! ye should glory that your gold
 Can lighten some lone hearts of pain,
 When many a one the world deems blest
 Is yearning for such peace in vain.

Have pity, then ; be yours the hand
 To turn destruction from its prey ;
 One mite from out thy store can make
 How many tears to pass away !

Oh! answer ye the prayer that bursts
 In anguish from the stricken heart,
 And triumph that it is for man
 To say to misery, "Depart."

And, in the poor man's prayer, for you
 A blessing shall ascend on high,
 To soothe your chequered path on earth,
 And win for you eternity.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

No. XII. and Last.

VIOLA.

A gentle creature was sweet Viola,
 Sweet as the flower itself whose name she bore!
 She was a thing to treasure and to love ;
 But with a tender love, that would not blight
 By violence, or passionate doubts or strife.

A fairy girl she was—
 Fragile of form, and loving best to sit
 By some kind friend within a loveful nook,
 Where she could bear to speak her innocent
 thoughts,
 Which angels might have gathered from her heart,
 And kept for holy offices !

One came into her presence, looked at her,
 And passed her by—for in her air
 Was nothing striking to the casual glance—
 But came that one some ten or twenty times,
 There seemed to grow (unless his soul were blind)
 A new perception of the beautiful
 Within his eye and mind ; and he 'gan note
 The noble intellectual brow—the eyes
 That held a world of slumbering love, unwoke
 As yet, perhaps, by even a maiden's dream ;
 Eyes that contained, like some medicinal plant,
 A hoard of healing balsam—sympathy
 For suffering human nature !

She was a poet, too,
 But of a class more ready to enwrap
 The heed of loving spirits, than attract
 The sound-bewildered crowd
 Of sentimental readers.

The holier range of thought was hers,
 Of fairest fancy—of essential good,
 That speaketh not in common places, formed
 Of hacknied dogmas, used-up yeas and nays ;
 But—like a glorious river—sendeth out
 Such wholesome issues, as the withered soil
 Of life may re-adorn with hope and faith,
 Belief in good, and grief for human error !
 — What is her lot ?

She liveth, blest in friends ; a home is hers
 Where love is not a dream !

PRETENDERS AND POSSESSORS.

BY THE LATE MISS JEWSBURY.

“*Guilkenstern*. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.
 “*Hamlet*. Do the boys carry it away?
 “*Rosencrantz*. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.”—SHAKSPEARE.

No one can have mixed much in general society without witnessing many amusing anomalies. He has seen assumption take precedence of merit; heard a person who knows little, discourse more learnedly than one who knows much; he has beheld the phantasmagorial illusion of a giant dwindling into a dwarf, and a dwarf dilating into a giant. The same spectator must also have smiled at the different style of conversation adopted by a mediocre, and by a really celebrated character. The former was grand, grave, and guarded at all points—thrice armed in authorities—entrenched in “wise saws,” and surrounded by a *chevaux de frise* of facts and arguments. The latter was, probably, easy in his deportment, even to the verge of carelessness; neither cared how he talked, nor what he talked about—answered grave quotations with gay ones; took, perhaps, a mischievous pleasure in seeming the very reverse of what he was known to be, make wisdom wear motley, and truth, unlike man, be born laughing. I once witnessed an amusing rencontre between four individuals, two of whom belonged to one of these classes, and two to the other; a country Dominie, a provincial *Blue*, a celebrated Professor, and an equally celebrated Authoress. The first-named personages were great people at home; the little world in which they moved (a place fifty years behind most others in its style of social intercourse) was divided between them; he was king and she was queen; the gentleman enacted the sun, the lady the moon, and they ruled and gave light accordingly. Learning and politics fell under his jurisdiction; polite literature, and questions of moral propriety, were subject to hers. Being great, in different lines, they might be called coadjutors in greatness. A dinner-party, especially in the country, frequently brings together the antipodes of the moral world; but the meeting is not always so amusing as the rencontre in question. Our host, a real old English squire, anxious to make people happy according to their own fancies, presumed, in the innocence of his heart, that every one who wrote books must of necessity like learned talk; therefore, though many agreeable persons were present, he conceived the Dominie and *Blue* to be the main stay of his dinner-party. Accordingly, the former, with wig doubly powdered, and clothes trebly brushed, took his station beside the Authoress, prepared to overflow with information. His help mate, “filled, from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst sense,” was stationed beside the Professor; she and the Dominie sat down to be literary; the Professor and the Poetess to eat

their dinners. We, the nobodies of the party, could not presume to lead the conversation in the presence of such distinguished guests, and, as they said nothing, the soup and fish passed away in silence. With the second course the provincials commenced their lectures.

“Madam,” said the Dominie, after thrice clearing his voice, and thrice wiping his mouth, “Madam, I shall esteem it an honour to take wine with you—I conceive myself privileged in sitting beside a lady whose writings are so universally admired—your last work, I rejoice to observe, is in its second edition. Which wine will you take, madam?”

The lady bowed and blushed—what could she more? what could she less?

The Dominie resumed: “Some of your pieces, madam, had they been written in Greek, would have descended to us amongst the finest specimens of ancient literature; ah, madam, what do we not lose by living now? there is no certainty that anything written in our language will survive, and therefore I cannot but regret, for the sake of your future fame, for fame differs widely from the greatest degree of popularity, I cannot but regret, I say, that you were not allowed to be a female Simonides—Madam, your health!”

Again the lady bowed, and cast a look on the Professor that seemed to implore his aid. Alas! he, poor man, needed aid himself. The *Blue* was in her tilting suit: “Yes, sir, and it must be confessed that the ladies of the present age not only have more advantages, but make the best possible use of them; I could really give you eight or ten proofs drawn from my own circle of acquaintances—to be sure that is rather large, including my correspondents—but eight or ten proofs, that Dr. Johnson’s comparing a woman’s preaching to a dog’s dancing—”

“My dear madam,” interrupted her auditor, “it really grieves me to see you eat nothing; allow me to recommend this calve’s-head hash.”

The lady waved a denial and proceeded; “and that Dean Swift’s parallel remark, as regards impertinence, concerning a woman’s learning—”

“Should unquestionably be forgotten now,” replied the Professor, slyly.

“If it be quite fair,” resumed his persecutor, “may I beg to know whether you give the palm of intellectual superiority to the *soirées* of London or Edinburgh?”

“Upon my word, at this instant, I am stupid enough to give the palm away from both.”

“Ah, perhaps to Paris?”

“No, ma’am, to the wing of this partridge.”

“Professor,” called out the Dominie from the *côté gauche*—

“A plague on my professorship,” thought the person addressed—

“I should exceedingly like your opinion on that letter of Parr’s, concerning *qui, quæ, quod*. I knew the old gentleman, Professor; yes, I think I may say I knew him, intimately, some twenty years ago; but, as respects the *qui, quæ, quod*.”

The Professor took refuge in a pun.

The Dominie looked aghast.

During this interregnum the *Blue* had been

thoughtfully examining her rival, and having discovered that she was too lovely to be intellectual-looking, and too fashionably dressed to be at all given to reflection, she drew up under a consciousness of superiority.

"Professor," recommenced the interminable Dominie, "I shall be happy —"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure," replied the Professor, wilfully misunderstanding and cutting short his peroration.

"I mean I shall be happy to hear which side you take —"

"Sherry, sir, I always take the side of sherry at dinner, and of claret after."

"I mean on the Catholic question, Professor."

"Oh, my dear sir, excuse me, politics and pudding will never do together; besides, I see a little friend at the bottom of the table, to whom I made a promise yesterday and never kept it. Annie, my dear, you see the consequence of trusting to a gentleman's vows; however, I really have made a riddle for you. 'Why is that roast pheasant like Shakspeare's Cardinal Wolsey?'"

Many besides Annie began beating their brains for an answer. The Blue looked on in scorn, the Dominie in astonishment; but the little girl conceiving him to be the wisest, if not the pleasantest person present, with great simplicity referred the puzzle to him.

"I am not a riddle-monger, Miss Annie," replied the dignitary of the dinner-table.

"Oh, my dear little girl," exclaimed the Professor, settling his features into decorum, "such idle plays will only do for you and me, and that lady opposite."

"Well," continued the child, with the pertinacity of ten years old, "well, but I do sadly want to know why you think a pheasant, that pheasant there, resembles Cardinal Wolsey."

"Because, Annie," said the Professor, "it was said of him—

'That nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it;—'

Ask your papa to help you to some of the said pheasant, and then you will think so too."

Ceremony was now entirely at an end, and the dialogue circulated round the table in a way calculated to assist digestion rather than impede it. Nevertheless, when we, the feminine part of the community, rose to depart, I heard, as I passed the Dominie's chair, indistinct mutterings; and the words, "golie diganmas," "transmission of ancient MSS.," and "the Iron Mask," convinced me that the Professor would yet undergo a learned persecution.

In the drawing-room the Blue indemnified herself for her previous quiescence. She favoured the stranger with a catalogue of all the books she had ordered into a neighbouring library, stated her opinions on the subject of education, entered a protest against public schools, gave a running commentary on five new poems and fifteen new novels, disclosed several remarkable facts relative to eminent living authors, eulogized retirement,

good sense, and the right employment of time, kindly improved her auditor's knowledge of her own affairs, suggested a few striking subjects for poetry, and finally, leaving the rocks and shoals of cursory remark, sailed off into the main ocean of metaphysical discussion.

Coffee, more welcome than the cup of Osiris to Alciphron, at length appeared; and then, by a manœuvre of some kind, I dispossessed the "talking lady," and availed myself of her seat. The poor patient poetess looked at me half thankfully, half doubtfully. "Do not fear me," said I, smiling, "I have for some time been in pain for you; distinction has its penalties, but I am not come to increase them. I will not sue for autographs, nor press favours and friendship on your sacred person; nor come when just least wanted, nor distress your gracious ears with praise à la Macpherson; I will not patronize, no, nor caress. Now, as a bore, haven't you had a worse one?"

She gave me her hand with graceful glee; we were friends on the spot. "And you will not expect me to discourse criticism?"

"No."

"Nor to understand the geography of central Africa?"

"No, no."

"Nor to point out the precise spot where the Ten Tribes are hidden?"

"No, no, no."

"And, time and place permitting, you would not be shocked to see me run a race with Annie?"

"I should be delighted to act as umpire."

"Charming. I choose you then to introduce me to some of the lovely walks in this neighbourhood."

I did so on the morrow; and whilst the Dominie was enlarging on the Professor's ignorance, and the Blue on my new friend's frivolity, I found that one in philosophy, and the other in poetry, could

"Murmur near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

THE PAINTER.

BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK.

Were't not for thee, how many noble acts
Would die forgotten; and the deeds that raise
Our souls' abhorrence, or excite our praise,
Alike would vanish; and the purest facts,
Where virtue, innocence, and truth combine
To shed their halo, would to time be lost,
Or on the sea of ages wildly tossed,
Sinking to nothingness! The poet's mine
Of endless phrase with beauty may describe
The gentle theme of love, or death's harsh scream
In thrilling accents, formless to the eye,
Existing but in fancy, to imbibe
A momentary image. Thine is no dream—
Snatching from Lethe's waves almost reality!

THE MONOMANIAC.

(From the German of Sternberg.)

BY MISS M. A. YOUATT.

Baron Colmar, an officer in the French service, united himself in marriage with Verenza, a daughter of the Marquis Bienville; and the wedding was celebrated on the estate of the Marquis, near Rouen, with a pomp and ceremony befitting the rank of both parties. Numerous guests had partaken of the festivity, the fêtes, and banquetings of the past week, and were now about to depart. The usually solitary high road was crowded with distinguished equipages conveying their owners north, west, east, and south, perhaps never to meet together again, at any rate on so festive and joyous an occasion. The portico of the elegant residence was yet filled with a gay crowd, on which the crimson rays of a brilliantly setting sun threw their warm lustre. The dust flew up in clouds, carriages rattled off, or drove up to receive their loads; words of adieu, smiles, nods, laughter, the angry scolding of rival coachmen, and the cracking of whips and galloping of horses, filled the air. Presently all became still: the evening wind whispered among the tops of the lofty trees, or breathed over the shrubbery and gardens, bearing away with it the sweetest odours. Most of the small party which remained sat in the saloon, divided into groups, and enjoying the balmy air which came softly through the open windows, and the gentle moonlight. A few were in a summer house, and their voices and music came deliciously in on the stillness. Colmar and his lovely bride were seen wandering in the distance, now clearly defined in the moonlight, now shadowy, dim, and indistinct.

"Well, I trust I shall at length see the son of my oldest and dearest friend perfectly happy," said the Marquis, while his eyes followed the forms of his daughter and her bridegroom.

"I do not wish to be thought personal," observed Marie Belleville, a sister of the Marquis, "but there are some persons who seem to delight in being miserable. What is the cause now of that young man's pale, haggard look? He is rich, of good family, has earned some fame by his bravery; his late wife he did not love, and therefore cannot grieve much over her loss; and he is now a happy husband, loving and beloved. I can see no cause for misery, save that he happens to have raven hair, dark melancholy eyes, and a pallid complexion, and therefore thinks it becoming to play the unhappy one. Certainly, some people make a far greater impression in that way than they ever could hope to do by means of their wit or talents."

"Come, come, sister, you go too far," interrupted the Marquis, "our young friend has no need to play any part in order to insure to himself friendship and interest. A man, many of whose years were passed in war's darkest passages, and yet who reaped fame and honour; one whose mind and talents win for him general esteem, who

unites enthusiasm with reflection, and courage with gentleness, is not likely to assume a melancholy in order to create effect. No, no, when such a heart as his is oppressed by a corroding care which eats into its very core, we should pity, and not scoff at it."

Marie paused, and then said, "You appear to be acquainted with his early history; pray tell it to me. There are none but our own family present, and I have long desired to hear it."

"I scarcely know how to comply, sister. Our young friend is, in my opinion, a visionary."

"Ah!" interrupted a young maiden. "That old castle on the Pyrenees, which he inhabited, is said to be haunted; Antoinette, whose sister attended on the late Lady Colmar, saw the ghost."

"How lucky it was that you did not marry him, Sophy," said a youth in uniform, Verenza's gay young brother.

"That it is, indeed," replied the lively girl. "I should die if I saw a ghost. In fact, I cannot imagine how my cousin could possibly venture to marry a man whose deceased wife—" She paused, coloured, and endeavoured to look as usual.

"Well, go on, Sophy; what information has Antoinette furnished you with on that point?"

"I beg you will be silent, Sophia," said the Marquis; "Colmar is my son, Franz's brother, and your relative; he deserves our love and esteem, and such let him have." With these words he advanced to meet the wedded pair, who were now coming towards the house. The Baron took his place among his new relatives, and his bride sat closely by his side, her fair hand resting on his.

The clear radiance of the moon now fell brilliantly on this group, while the forms of the rest lay in deep shadows; all save Franz, who leant against the window frame, and looked, in that white light, like some beauteous marble statue.

"My soul is full of joy and gratitude," exclaimed Colmar, offering his hand to his father-in-law. "Receive, honoured sir, for yourself, and all here present, my warmest thanks for the kindness and affection with which I have been received into this family circle, and believe that it will always be my most earnest endeavour to prove myself not wholly unworthy of it."

The Marquis pressed his hand with friendly warmth, saying, "You are welcome among us."

Colmar's large dark eyes passed inquiringly over each face, as if to see whether they echoed those friendly words, and were then sunk thoughtfully to the ground.

The sound of lutes and voices now came sweetly across from the summer-house; not even a leaf rustled in the still evening air, and each flower stood motionless in the pale moonlight.

The low, melancholy voice of Colmar broke the pause which had intervened. "How often in our moments of bliss do we seek to recall the troubled past, to look again on griefs which at the time seemed overwhelming, as if by so doing we could exalt our present felicity! I was just then thinking how on this day twelvemonth I was miserable, hopeless, praying to die."

Sophia and Franz exchanged glances, while Marie Belleville drew her chair nearer.

"Where were you then?" inquired the Marquis.

"Off the coast of Sicily," was the reply; "at sea in a frightful storm. The weather looked threatening when we set sail, and a few hours afterwards the whole sky was overcast with murky clouds; the wind moaned in the distance, and gradually approached nearer and nearer on its stormy pinions, until, howling like a chorus of demons, it swept over our heads; the waves, lashed to fury by its violence, rose up like mountains, and the unfortunate vessel was tossed on them as a feather on the breeze. Now came the hoarse roar of the thunder, the forked flashes of vivid lightning, and with them glimpses of the sharp rocks of the coast of Monte Pellegrino, which seemed to threaten instant destruction. In my arms lay the unfortunate youth who should have been our pilot, but from whose trembling hands the rudder was already lost. He stammered forth prayers to his patron saint, and called upon the holy virgin to save the vessel, and let him be the sole victim. I strove to speak peace to him, wrung out the moisture from his long dark hair, and covered him with my mantle; for myself I felt stunned by the roar of the tempest without, reckless from that within, and lay expecting death."

Colmar paused; his bride bent towards him with a gentle caress, and whispered words of love. The Baron turned to that young face, lighted up by the moonbeams, and as his eyes fell on it he shuddered, uttered a cry, almost a shriek, which caused the blood of all present to curdle in their veins; his eyes seemed to flash fire, his whole countenance spoke fearful excitement and horror; and, as Verenza anxiously would have thrown her arms about him, he raised his hand, and a blow fell on that gentle loving girl; a cloud at the same moment passed over the moon, and the whole scene became enveloped in darkness. After the first momentary pause of terrified astonishment, the female portion of the company flew to the door, uttering wild screams, for each believed herself likely to be the next victim of the maniac; sobs, cries for lights and help, and the exhortations of the Marquis, resounded every minute louder and louder.

Servants appeared with lights, and gradually silence succeeded to the late piercing sounds. The females gained courage to look round; the object of their terror had vanished, and the unfortunate Verenza lay pale and shuddering on the sofa, while Marie leant over her, whispering gentle words of affection and consolation. The Marquis stood with folded arms, lost in thought. Franz hastened to seek the Baron; his blood burned to revenge the insult offered to his sister, but Colmar was nowhere to be seen; he had evidently found some means of quitting the place, and the enraged youth returned to the house, where he found all the family assembled round the weeping and inconsolable bride. How much hangs upon the action of a moment! those over which we pause, calculate, and reflect, are often attended with comparatively unimportant results, while that which is the casual impulse of the moment affects the happiness or misery of a whole life. That one blow

had torn asunder the bonds of friendship and esteem, and broken the links of that fairy chain—woman's love—which death has scarcely power to sever. The Baron Colmar reached his home in the town; his servants gazed with astonishment on the pallid countenance, disordered dress, excited mien, and glittering eyes of their master. Some among them persuaded him to retire immediately to bed, while others sent for medical advice. For more than a month he lay in a delirious fever, and his life was despaired of, but gradually his health and reason returned: those seldom die to whom death would be welcome.

His first visitor was Franz, who, outraged and indignant as he was, could not avoid feeling compassion for the pale wasted form he now beheld in the place of the lately handsome and manly-looking Baron.

"Whatever is to be the character of our interview," said the invalid, "do not, I beseech you, let it be commenced in coldness; you may, you must hate me, and yet I cannot bear this strangement."

Franz was silent; his bosom was torn by conflicting emotions; again revenge became predominant, and he raised his flashing eyes, but they encountered a melancholy yet kindly gaze, and again he paused. It was as if some spell were on him; he had entered that apartment intent upon revenge; he bore about his person the weapons of destruction, and yet his hand now seemed paralyzed, and his heart almost yearned towards the cowardly outrager of his innocent sister.

Colmar appeared to guess his thoughts, and addressing him in a low, firm voice, said—

"My brother! full well do I know the purpose for which you have sought me. I have insulted your gentle sister, and, in her person, the whole family. I seek not to palliate my offence, it is beyond forgiveness, and I am ready to give you the only satisfaction in my power. I am now recovering from my illness, and if you name the time, place, and weapons, I will meet you as a man."

He arose as he spoke, and mastering at once his feelings and his weakness, stood in all the pride of his lofty stature before the young man; his dressing-gown flowed in rich draperied folds to his feet, hiding the ravages of sickness, and giving grace and dignity to his stature, while a momentary animation chased the pallor from his features, and gave to his eyes somewhat of their original lustre.

Franz felt as if he shrank into insignificance before that majestic form; but he had a duty to fulfil, and therefore, shutting his eyes to all that might in any way turn him aside from it, he said—

"Baron Colmar, you have well guessed the cause of my visit; the honour of my family, which you by your extraordinary conduct—"

"Rather say dastardly conduct," interrupted the Baron; "my action was that of a coward, and as such you are right to consider me, until I can wipe off the stain from my name. What weapons do you choose?"

Franz pointed to his pistols.

"And the hour and place?"

"To-morrow, at seven o'clock, in the pine wood near my father's house."

They met, as had been arranged, on the following morning. Franz had the first shot; he fired and missed. Colmar discharged his pistol in the air, and then offered his breast once more as a mark for his antagonist. Franz dropt his weapon, and turned away; and the Baron advancing towards him, held out his hand, saying,

"And will you forgive me, my brother? Will you forgive an unfortunate, who deserves your pity, but not your hate?"

Franz grasped the offered hand in silence; and, as if with one accord they withdrew to the shade of a group of trees, and seated themselves on a green turf bank. It was long before either spoke. At least connectedly; at length Colmar broke the silence.

"No, I am not the coward, the villain I appear! You, my brother, who knew me in happier days, who read my heart as a book; you know it was not always thus with me. Two spirits appear now to possess me; the one my own, the other a hideous mocking fiend. It was that which seized me on my bridal evening, which, with its hellish power raised my arm to fall—Oh God!—on my gentle, my beloved Verenza!" He buried his face in his hands, and deep sobs shook his frame.

Franz gazed with pitying looks on this proud, noble being, thus bowed down, even to the very dust, by some mysterious sorrow, the root of which he longed to know, but dared not inquire.

"Have you never heard of beings having a double existence?" exclaimed Colmar, suddenly raising his head, and fixing his wild looks on his companion.

"No—not that I am aware of—at least such tales are mere fables."

"I, alas! have had too fatal proof of their truth," said Colmar, in a low suffocated voice; "yes, there are beings who, when laid in the cold grave, still live on, a horrible, unnatural existence, rising again with bloodless faces and stony hearts, to wander amid the mazes of the world. There are others who can, by means of some hellish power, appear at one and the same time in two distinct places. How frightful it is to look on a loved form, and doubt whether it is a living breathing being we would clasp, or some mockery, some deception of the senses, formed by diabolical spells, adorned with all the fascinations which enchain our very souls, gifted with graces which might be of heaven's own bestowing, and yet a creation of sorcery, a fiendish double of the being it should be. Oh! what martyrdom can equal this? It shakes our belief in our fellow creatures to its very centre. Even you, my brother—how can I be sure that it is yourself that I see before me?—that even while I clasp your hand, another Franz may not appear from among those trees?"

As he spoke, a breeze rustled the leaves; the youth felt a cold shudder creep over him, and it required all his firmness to suppress the superstitious dread which curdled his blood in his veins. Colmar leant silently against a tree for some time, then passing his hand across his brow, as if to

chase away these dark visions, he looked up, and said—

"Forgive me once again, dear Franz, that I cloud your youthful brow with my melancholy. Laugh at—ridicule me—persuade me that these are but dreams, and not realities—call be back to happiness with that voice, the very echo of Verenza's—once my Verenza! Oh, can she ever forgive, ever admit me again to her presence, to her love? No, no, I have outraged her past all hope of pardon. Would that your bullet had found my heart! Banished from her, what have I to do with life?"

Franz was much moved; his light, buoyant spirits could not sympathize with the misery he beheld, or even understand it; but he felt deep pity for his unfortunate brother, and promised to use all his influence with Verenza to bring about a reconciliation; and the fervent grasp, and grateful beaming look of Colmar, thanked him more than words could have done. Together they rode back to the town, and the Baron promised his friend to relate the events of his life to him on the first opportunity; which promise Franz soon called upon him to fulfil, and seated together, as the evening was drawing in, he thus began:—

"My family are of northern extraction; my father destined me for the army, but did not live to see his intentions carried into effect, and left me to the guardianship of a maternal uncle, who was then ambassador at one of the Italian courts. He considered the safest ladder by which one could mount to fame was diplomacy, and accordingly used his utmost endeavours to incline me to tread in his steps. My ambition was easily excited; I spared neither study nor industry, and my success was beyond my most sanguine hopes. My sovereign smiled on me, my uncle looked on me with proud satisfaction, and a bright, glorious vista of fame and prosperity seemed opening before me. At a party given by the court, I met the Countess Orphelia Bergino. My first feeling when I saw and spoke to her was that of antipathy, of shuddering dislike; but, as the sunny beams of her lovely eyes shone on me, this melted away like the morning mists, and I soon loved her; deeply, passionately loved her. Nor was she indifferent or unfavourable to my suit, and in her smiles I forgot my hopes, my ambition, the whole world. My uncle soon perceived the alteration which had taken place in me, but he had outlived all remembrance of the mighty power of love, and therefore, deeming it a passing folly, which would soon be over, did not interfere in the matter. About this time a man appeared at our court, whose pleasing manners, lively wit, and quiet gentlemanly habits excited my interest, if not some slight regard. I learnt from my beloved that he was her uncle, but that on account of family differences, the cause of which she did not know, they had never met. I offered to endeavour to bring about a good understanding between them, but she seemed terrified at the very idea, and informed me that she felt an indescribable antipathy to him; that in his presence a shuddering fear came over her, which she vainly strove to suppress or explain.

" 'Have you observed his eyes?' she said to me one day; 'at times they are vacant, lustreless, and almost colourless, while at others they are animated, dark, and glittering.'

"I could not but smile at the earnestness with which she told me this, and laughingly replied, that it was the recollection of the old family feud, which so prejudiced her against the Count.

"Some weeks passed away, and strange whispers buzzed about the court; gradually the voices became louder; mysterious things were said of the Count Bergino; people drew back when he appeared, and it was hinted that he had been compelled to quit several courts on account of his strange behaviour. I heard all this, but confess that I paid little attention to it.

"One day, it so happened that I took my place at a *table-d'hôte* with a young officer, with whom I was on the most intimate terms; exactly opposite to us sat the Count, silent and apparently immersed in deep thought; long before the meal was over, he arose from the table and quitted the room. My friend had hitherto replied to me only in monosyllables, but now his usual cheerfulness returned, and he rattled away the gayest of the gay. I could not help remarking the sudden change, and he said in reply,

" 'Who could be gay while that form was sitting opposite?'

" 'What form? you surely do not mean the Count Bergino?'

" 'Most assuredly I do,' replied he. 'Are you acquainted with him?'

" 'Certainly I am, and I know him to be a most estimable man.'

" 'Man!' exclaimed the officer; 'methinks it is not quite clear that such monsters have any claim to the title of men!'

" 'What mean you?' I exclaimed, almost angrily.

" 'Mean!—why, that while he sat there, himself or his double sat in his study at Prague.'

"I looked in astonishment at my friend, and almost doubted his sanity.

" 'Yes,' continued he; 'that precious Count, that estimable man! is possessed of a double existence; and should he venture to show himself in our native place, he would be burned as a sorcerer, a fate only too good for such monsters.'

"I could not help slightly shuddering as I listened to him. This seemed to explain much in my own feelings which had before been inexplicable. I called to mind Orphelia's words, her superstitious feelings; and determined, with all the ardour of a young and impetuous spirit, to sift the affair to the very bottom. The Count, who had uniformly been exceedingly polite towards me, had frequently invited me to his house, and I now resolved to accept that invitation.

"His house lay at some distance from the town, and as I proceeded towards it I amused myself by picturing in my fancy a chamber built in the gothic style, hung with sombre draperies, filled with mystical instruments, astrolabes, crucibles, and such like; and the Count habited in a flowing black robe, and perhaps attended on by some hideous dwarf or grinning negro. How widely

different was the reality! An old grey-headed servant received and announced me, and the Count was seated at the piano in a lively, elegantly furnished apartment. He turned round as I entered, and greeted me gravely, but courteously, and then offered me a seat by him. The conversation flowed on for some little time on indifferent topics; music was touched upon, and he said—'Music is the language of the spirits, and whoever can reply to it must have comprehended its full and mysterious import.'

" 'To what spirits do you allude?' I inquired, 'and where will you find them?'

" 'In ourselves!' was the reply; 'the will, or in other words, a firm belief in our own spirituality both calls them forth and destroys them. There is nothing impossible to the will. A determined mind could, by unwearied endeavours, by patient exertions and undaunted courage, overturn even the decrees of fate, and set Heaven itself at defiance; and shall it not have power over weak, corruptible muscles and nerves?'

"I attempted not to reply to these strange words, but told him of the reports concerning him which had come to my ears.

" 'I do not pretend to deny it,' he said; 'why should I? On the contrary, I confess and glory in my power.'

" 'Horrible!' I involuntarily exclaimed. 'You have, then—'

" 'Unlimited power over myself!' he replied, while something like a smile stole round his lips. 'Do you find that so very wonderful?' A pause ensued, and rising, he let down the curtains of the window; a blueish kind of twilight now shadowed the apartment. I thought I heard one of the doors of the room close, and footsteps approach, but could not perceive any one. Again the Count spoke—'You love a young and beautiful girl, but ceremonies and engagements prevent you from being so much in her society as your heart could wish. How if that heart, or rather your will, were sufficiently powerful as to enable it, clothed in a resemblance of your form, to transport itself at any time into the presence of the beloved, to wander with her in the fresh dewy morning, or the quiet evening hour, to penetrate all the mysteries of the boudoir, to—'

" 'Hold! hold!' I exclaimed. 'What, would you have me, as a fearful half-shadow, half-fiend, a thing for which human nature has no name, draw near to the beloved one, and cheat her to waste her smiles, her love, on an unreal mockery? Truly he would indeed be her friend who pierced my bosom with his dagger, to see whether the thing which called itself her lover had a heart or not.'

"The Count heard me with a scornful, pitying smile, and said—'How youth, in its eagerness and enthusiasm, misconceives and misunderstands! Tell me, is not all kinds of power promised to those who have earnest faith? Faith and will are our subjects, we have full command given us over them; are we not right, then, to strengthen, arm, and fortify them in every way? Can the old boundary lines, drawn by the prejudices of narrow minds and fools, confine a spirit

which feels a consciousness of its own power, and longs to spread its wings and soar far beyond those contracted limits? Never! The man who has once felt the might and majesty of mind striving within him, will not rest until by its means he has subdued poor, weak nature, and bends it to his purpose.'

"I had listened with the utmost impatience to these words, which sounded to me profane and impious, and now arose to quit the presence of this strange and, as I thought, insane being, but he withheld me. 'You are still incredulous,' he said; 'stay one moment, and I will convince you.' I stood waiting what was next to happen, and the Count threw himself back in his chair, and placed his hands over his face; I could see his limbs shake convulsively. After the lapse of a few moments his arms sunk into their natural position, and I started as I gazed on his corpse-like countenance, from which every drop of blood seemed flown; his lustreless eyes were fixed on me, and a mocking smile curled his pallid lips. He pointed to the door, and, oh horror! it opened, and surely it was himself who entered and approached me! I uttered a cry, and turned away, but only to meet again on every side a repetition of that form, that mocking smile, that livid countenance. The room was surrounded with looking-glasses, and each gave back the same fearful image, until the very air seemed peopled with it. My brain felt as if on fire; I rushed towards the Count, entreating him to destroy this fearful delusion; but voices shouted to me from opposite corners—'Ah! ha! you are mistaken, I am Count Bergino.' 'No, no! here I am.' 'This way, Colmar.' Bursts of hellish laughter accompanied these speeches, and the sound as of many feet.

"How I escaped from them I know not, nor have I the least recollection of anything until some weeks afterwards, when I began slowly to recover from a brain fever. The first news that greeted me on my appearance in public was, that the Count Bergino had been compelled to fly the country. He had appeared with his double at a public place, and nearly frightened several persons to death, and the rumour of this so excited the populace that they proceeded in a mob to his late residence, burnt it to the ground, and would have made it his funeral pile, but he had fled.

"Months passed away; I had married my beloved Orphelia: the recollection of her fearful relative rarely crossed my mind, to cloud the clear horizon of my happiness; and when it did, her smile could banish it, and restore my calm bliss. Yes, bliss it was; even though it resembled the security of him who slumbers on the edge of a precipice, or beneath a tottering avalanche.

"It was some time after our union that I perceived an alteration in my wife's manners. With the watchful eyes of love I endeavoured to trace out its cause, in order to remove it; I marked her every step, not in suspicion, for my confidence in her was unbounded. How was it shaken, when I saw a stranger ever lurking about our path, and once or twice detected private signals passing between him and my Orphelia! Determined on having an explanation, I one day sought her in her

boudoir—a room held sacred to herself. She was seated on a low couch, and by her side a mantled form, which, rising as I uttered an exclamation of jealousy and astonishment, revealed to me the never-to-be-forgotten features of the Count. Surprise and horror rooted me to the spot, and the monster glided past me and vanished.

"How instantaneously had my dream of happiness been destroyed! She whom I so loved, in whom I had garnered up my every hope of bliss, whom I had believed pure and innocent as the angels of heaven, she was in confidential communication with this sorcerer. I threw myself on the couch in a paroxysm of despair. Orphelia knelt by my side: she assured me that her uncle had repented him of his sins, and was about to retire to a monastery; but that before he did so he sought an interview with her, as being the last of his race. She vowed most solemnly that she knew nothing of his mysterious power, and spared no art to soothe me and win me back. I loved her, and believed. But the city was now become hateful, and I resolved to retire to a castle I possessed among the Pyrenees. There I again began to deceive myself with vain hopes of happiness, that *ignis futuus* which skims along before us, now glimmering in the distance, now shining so near that we involuntarily attempt to snatch it, and find we grasp empty space, the phantom has eluded us.

"One day, while reclining beneath the shade of a leafy thicket, voices caught my ear; they came nearer, and I recognized in one Orphelia's attendant. She was pale, and her voice quivered as she related to my old steward that she had this morning left her lady at her embroidery frame in the boudoir, and descending into the garden to cull some flowers, saw a female form moving up one of the shady walks. Curious to ascertain who it could possibly be, she took a circuitous path, and, coming suddenly on the unknown, beheld her mistress. I paused to hear no more, but rushed to my wife's apartment, and upbraided her with her guilt. She sank at my feet, confessing, in a voice broken by sobs, that she had deceived me from the very first; that her early childhood had been passed with her uncle, who had taught her all his hellish science, which she had frequently practised. My blood ran cold, and in my disgust and aversion I pushed her from me with my foot; she clung round my knees, and implored me not to cast her off, but to teach her how to free herself from these spells and save her soul.

"What an existence did mine now become! alone, in my solitary castle, with this fearful unnatural being; uncertain whether it was Orphelia's self sat near me, or some unreal mockery of the senses; my mind, tortured with visions of horror; my very heart withered! The darkness of night seemed to cloud my soul; my days were hopeless; my nights haunted by frightful dreams, or sleepless. My dependants deemed me sinking into an untimely grave, and I longed for death, when suddenly Orphelia ceased to exist.

"I will not pause over the events of that period; suffice it to say, I was free; the day-star of hope

again arose above the horizon; I fled from that castle as from a pestilence; I destroyed every sign and token which might recall the past, and sought in the army and active service for distraction. Gradually those dark pages in memory's book became fainter, and the hand of your angelic sister had obliterated them, when, on that fatal evening, my eyes rested on your features, colourless and inanimate in the pale moonlight. A moment after I looked on Verenza; there was the same clear marble-like countenance, and the uncertain light gave a vacant, lustreless appearance to the eyes. All the horrors of my former union came flashing across my brain; the smile of my bride seemed a hideous mockery; madness seized me, and—you know the rest, Franz. You now are acquainted with my fearful secret, with the cause of that sorrow which has left its impress on my brow; my future is in your hands; be merciful, and let not the act of a momentary fit of insanity be punished with a whole life's hopeless misery."

Franz and Verenza were not the only children of the Marquis; in early life he had known and loved the daughter of a peasant, and the fruit of that amour was a girl named Adèle. She was but little older than Verenza, and what was most extraordinary, resembled that fair girl so closely that they might have been twin sisters. The extraordinary beauty of the child attracted the notice of a noble Italian lady who one day beheld her playing before the door of her mother's cottage, and caused her to offer to educate and provide for the little one. Adèle was talented, enthusiastic, and romantic. She grew up as lovely as her childhood had promised, and attended her patroness to court. Here she saw the Baron Colmar; his manly beauty, talents, accomplishments, and the whispered reports respecting his wife, made a strong impression on her excitable mind, which even time and absence failed to obliterate. She accompanied the Duchess to Paris, and there in time the account of the death of Orphelia, and all the various floating rumours connected with it, reached them. Adèle treasured each word; her busy fancy wove bright dreams: she pictured their future meeting—his admiration, his affection, all bestowed on her—and hope, with its gay prismatic hues, coloured all the future. There were not wanting adorers who flattered her, vowing that her eyes were twin stars—her glances, sunbeams—her smiles, spells; and Adèle now listened to such honied words with pleasure; not from vanity so much as from the thought, the fond hope, that attractions which others praised so highly might win the only heart in which she cared to reign. Who shall describe her delight when one day she saw him riding by? Her lively fancy, coloured by her wishes, induced her to believe that his glance fell lingeringly on the house. What could have brought him to Paris? Could it be that he still remembered her? Calling the next day at a celebrated painter's, in order to inquire when he could give the Duchess a sitting, her eyes were attracted by a miniature, and eagerly she inquired how it came there. The painter replied that it had been left by the Baron Colmar

to be copied. Could it be possible that he really retained so vivid a remembrance of her as to have been enabled thus to have imitated every feature? Yes, it was herself, every feature, every expression! Scarcely could she command herself sufficiently to hear and understand what passed, and once in the carriage she threw herself back in the corner, and gave full vent to her ecstasy. He loved her, then! must have loved her fondly, long. What joy, what happiness was this realization of all her dreams! Her existence for some days was one of hopeful anticipation; every time the door opened, her heart beat quickly, and the blood mounted to her very temples. Then came the chill of disappointment, and that nameless fear which falls on our spirits from a coming cloud. One evening, at a party, she heard his name: it was from a lady who had been present at the wedding, and she was describing the gaieties, the amusements, and the beauty of the bride. Suddenly turning, her eyes fell on the pallid, convulsed features of Adèle.

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, "you might pass for her ghost!"

The unfortunate girl was conveyed home, insensible; a delirious fever ensued, during which her kind patroness gathered enough from her ravings to guess at the truth, particularly as she had seen and been struck by the resemblance of the miniature. Health slowly returned at length, but Adèle welcomed it not; a cold, passive indifference succeeded, far different from her natural energy and enthusiasm. Gradually that too gave way before fanaticism, and notwithstanding all remonstrances, Adèle resolved to take the veil. For a long time the Duchess refused her consent, and strove by every means in her power to induce her to alter her determination; but finding it in vain, finally agreed to accompany her to the convent, in Picardy, which she had selected, and wished to enter on the anniversary of the third year from the day on which her happiness received its death-blow. That period was fast approaching, and they departed from Paris. Their route compelled them to pass the present residence of the Baron Colmar and his young wife, to whom he had long been happily reconciled. Adèle knew this, and feverishly longed to see and speak to him once again before she bade adieu to the world for ever; not to appear before him as a stranger, but avail herself of her resemblance to his wife, and in some twilight hour taste a few fleeting moments of happiness; but how to effect this?

We will now return to Colmar. Verenza, touched by the grief of the man she had so loved, forgave him, and used every gentle, affectionate spell, every sportive, cheerful wile, to win him back again to health and happiness; and her efforts were crowned with success. His eyes once more sparkled with their wonted lustre, his mind recovered its energy, and life again smiled hopefully before him. But still, on the anniversary of Orphelia's death, the dark clouds of memory would overshadow even this bright landscape.

That day was now approaching, and Verenza became alarmed by the change in her husband; a gloomy melancholy which defied all her caresses, all her sportive endeavours to remove it, weighed

on his spirits, and his health sank under its influence. The family physician, who knew all his previous history, was sent for, and he ascribed it to the dull, oppressive, enervating state of the weather, and advised merely simple remedies, and above all, distraction and amusement. Verenza complied with every suggestion, and invited her relatives and others to spend a little time with them, and also arranged everything for a fête. The day on which it was to take place arrived, a dark, chilly autumnal day, when everything seemed cold, damp, and grey. The post brought letters for the Baron, who had not quitted his room, for this was the anniversary of Orphelia's death. Little did Verenza dream of that, or that one letter contained intelligence of the death of the Count Bergino; she was busied preparing little surprises for her husband, and fondly hoping that the music and mirth might chase the cloud from his noble brow. Before the guests arrived he joined her, praised her tasteful decorations, surveyed her snowy, simple attire with a glance of affection, and even assisted her in receiving the company; but his smile was constrained, his gaiety unnatural and startling, and he shortly retired to his study. After some time Verenza went to seek and wile him back again.

The lively music echoed in the brilliant saloon; graceful couples whirled round in the giddy valse; bright smiles beamed; honied words were spoken; and all seemed mirth and harmony. But, hark! what fearful sound was that, which resembled the yell of a tiger mingling with a cry of agony, hushed almost ere it broke forth? How awful was the silence which fell at once on that before gay party; each one gazed on his neighbour in pallid fear. Presently a few gentlemen, with the physician at their head, made their way towards the study. But they paused in horror at the door. There lay the unfortunate Verenza, bleeding, dying on the floor; while beside her, with clasped hands and distracted mien, knelt—another Verenza, the same in form, in features, in attire! while Colmar had thrown himself on the sofa, and lay with his face buried in its cushions. Even while they stood, riveted to the spot, a lady in a travelling dress forced her way through; a scream of horror broke from her lips as she beheld the wounded girl, and rushing forward she called on the name of Adèle. The kneeling figure arose with a mechanical obedience, and tottering towards her, sank lifeless in her arms.

We will not attempt to describe the grief of the Marquis and Franz—the explanations of the Duchess, who severely blamed herself for yielding to the entreaties of her protégée and spending a night in that neighbourhood—or the horror of all the witnesses of this awful scene, but drop a curtain over the melancholy picture.

Verenza only survived long enough to breathe out her forgiveness of her unfortunate husband, who became a raving maniac.

THE MIGHTY DEAD.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

“The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

BYRON.

Ere beauteous earth had ever felt decay,
When man first knew it for a resting place,
And this, the new-born world, untroubled lay
Upon the bosom of unfathomed space,
The dead were not! Yet Purest Spirit breathed
His will Omnipotent, and this was wreathed
With the first tree, and herb, and bright young
flowers

Startled to life in Eden's sunny bowers.
And this was heard in the first joyous song
The lark uplifted to the throne on high,
And their fixed laws were willed to last thus long,
“While the young earth fulfils her destiny;”
And Nature never hath had sight or sound,
Where this pure essence was not felt around.

But most it ruleth in the heart of man;
For MIND was chosen as the instrument
On earth to work all changes, and began
The God-deputed task, when first was blent
With clay this essence pure. This was the seal
To mark mankind from each less wondrous
thing:

“Man shall to man his inmost thoughts reveal,
And, dying, shall bequeath them, and shall fling
A subtle spirit, which can never die,
O'er the wide path of far futurity.”
This is the quenchless light that ever burns,
And so “the dead are rulers from their urns.”

The Earth grows old, but still no wrinkles show,
To mar the lustre of her blooming face;
And yet the very dust we trample low
Doth point its moral to the human race.
Earth is one mighty grave of human clay,
But Mind immortal doth not pass away;
It is the monument that doth outlive
All that the sculptor's art can ever give.
And through these monuments we do converse
With our dead friends, while they perchance re-
hearse

The heart-throbs we have known; or council
seek

From the rare scrolls where our dead teachers
speak,

And win obedience still. Are we not led
By the just influence of the Mighty Dead?
Are not such bonds of sympathy more true
Than the frail links the living rend in two?
What though they lived a thousand years ago,
Are they not spirit-friends through weal and woe?
And can we look around, and fail to trace
Material records of a bygone race?
Is it not theirs our thoughts and deeds to school,
The inner and the outer world to rule?
The monarchs these, to whom our homage turns,—
The Dead, “who rule our spirits from their urns!”

ROSA LEYTON, THE PROTEGEE.

BY P. P. C.

CHAP. IV.

(Continued from page 278.)

The Hon. Augustus Deverell felt himself aggrieved by Fortune, who, overlooking his splendid genius for the squandering of wealth, left him to a paltry poverty of eight hundred per annum. The Hon. Mrs. Deverell, a fine lady of the modern school, felt that such destitution was worse than moral degradation. Much did she bewail her evil destiny, that shut out to her the glories of Almack's and of Park-lane, and made a Royal birthday an anniversary of still recurring envy and spleen. She was the daughter of Col. Longford, by a former wife. This lady, the antipodes of the gentle and tender-hearted mother of Reynold, had been a fashionable beauty, and she trained her handsome Alicia to fill her vacant place in the gay world. Alicia was, therefore, taught the usual trumpery accomplishments which expire at the altar; her air and address carefully tutored, her mind was left to its discretion. She was never directed in the reading that amused her leisure hours; she was never restrained in the intercourse with the volatile and shallow-minded, which her own feeble character enjoyed. She grew up beautiful, elegant, and destitute of either principle or reflection. The creed inculcated by her mother was simply this: "Marry happily, of course, if you can; but at any rate marry in your station, or above it; and be sure you have a good settlement!"

Three winters saw Alicia Longford raved about by ensigns, younger sons, and lieutenants in the navy. She began to despair of eligibles. Chance however, threw in her way the Hon. Augustus above-mentioned. He was, indeed, a viscount's younger brother; but he was a dashing sportsman, a handsome dandy, and had expectations from a cynical old aunt in Edinburgh, which were not to be despised by the prudent Alicia. They married, went to Paris, lived on the bride's portion of £3,000; and on hopes of the £90,000, which the cynical old aunt was hoarding up for their especial use. At the end of a year they had spent their money, and gained a little blue-eyed baby girl. The cynical old aunt happened, very kindly, to die most seasonably, on their return to London.

"Now, my angel," said the Hon. Augustus, "you can inquire for a good house in Eaton-square, while I run down to Edinburgh, and take possession."

Down went the heir-apparent in great style, but his triumph was soon damped. The cynical old aunt had left her £90,000 to a new lunatic asylum, at Morningside, near Edinburgh. "Fearing," as the document related, "that my beloved nephew may some day require the kindly tending of that excellent institution." Furthermore, it went to bequeath to him the house and furniture, No. 157, George-street; absolutely tied down that

it could not be sold, unless after his death for the benefit of any children he might leave.

"Deuce take it!" growled the discomfited Augustus, "why she herself was the maddest old cat ever known. Here am I, absolutely forced to live in this vulgar, dull, do-nothing, hear-nothing, see-nothing place."

"Mrs. Deverell, you must come and settle yourself in George-street. Put down your carriage, give up your soirées and dinner-parties, and make your own baby-clothes."

The fine lady wept, and lost her temper. She sought the resource of all weak minds in misfortune, she upbraided her husband for his carelessness to his venerable relative, wished she had never married upon expectations, and wrote to her father to help them with an allowance. Col. Longford abruptly answered, he had just enough for his own necessities; she was very well off, with a house rent-free. Complaint was vain, she was obliged to yield. Mr. Deverell, however, could not give up his hunter, his club, or an occasional trip to London in the season—a trip which derived double enjoyment from the absence of his wife. His selfishness was impenetrable; he felt none of the cramping cares which pressed so heavily on her, and therefore he was indignant that his return home should be the signal for complaints and reproaches. Alicia at last learned the policy of succumbing with a good grace, and her ill health combining with her natural indolence of temper, made her a spiritless, but not a quarrelsome wife. Children were bountifully bestowed on this amiable pair, Mr. Deverell voted them noisy nuisances, Mrs. Deverell vainly sounded the household rightly to provide for the wants of each new hungry mouth. Misfortune had deadened her character, not elevated it; and she was as ill fitted for a responsible mother, as she was for a devoted and intelligent wife.

I think I mentioned it was the month of August in which my story commenced. Mr. Deverell, who fancied his happiness rested on his having a moor for the shooting season, had set off to Inverness-shire, with a few more dashing fellows who had clubbed their aristocratic poverty together to rent a shooting box in the Highlands.

"You had better stay in town," said the selfish man as he departed. "There is really no possibility of going to the expense of country lodgings when you have a large house for nothing. If any of the children ail, send them down by the railway to Newhaven for a bathe. Good-bye!" And poor Mrs. Deverell was left in the deserted town, with eight noisy children, and a torrid summer (as it might have been for its heat), to amuse her weary hours. However she set about gathering up all the broken bits of sunshine, of which her ill fortune would admit.

Reynold readily obeyed her summons, for he was tired of Irish country quarters; and moreover, the invitation came very opportunely, as he had got into a boyish scrape with a showy daughter of a squireen. Flirtation, he found, was, in Bally Killy O'Hullabaloo, considered the direct road to matrimony. He had a very distinct dislike of that goal, and was glad to escape a duelling brother-in-law,

whose pistols were always in readiness to help the fair Biddy O'Donaghue to a husband.

He found his sister much curtailed in her enjoyments; and he gave up his riding-horse, and presented her with a little pony phaeton, in which he drove her to all the neighbouring country seats. Alicia was grateful, and the children were enchanted with their merry, kind-hearted young uncle. He walked and romped with them, and made even their grave, sober-minded governess smile at his gay and boyish good humour.

Miss Marden was not five-and-twenty, but she looked older, and her eyes had a cast of melancholy, which made her interesting. She was the daughter of an aspiring tradesman, and had been educated at an aspiring West-end Seminary; but her native good sense frustrated the mischief these two circumstances might have caused. Of course she was from London, for Mrs. Deverell's fastidious ear would have shrunk from the least accent of the native Doric in her Scottish-born children's voices. Miss Marden's accent was irreproachable, her manners ladylike, her touch on the piano reminded one of Moscheles; what more could Mrs. Deverell require?

"You must be an Episcopalian, I suppose?" she drawled languidly to her visitor, as they were "settling terms." "I could not have my poor dear girls repeat those awkward Scotch psalms, or stand so long at the prayers in church; I am sure it would make them all crooked; and I think the church catechism is very sensible, and not too long, like the shorter one which the Scotch use."

Miss Marsden, with an inward rising of contempt in her bosom, announced herself of the English Church, and the bargain was struck which bound the refined and sensible girl to be slave, body and mind, to a capricious, shallow lady, for the munificent wages of twenty-five pounds per annum, her scanty board, and still scantier lodging. The children benefited much by her tuition, she was exactly the person whose sentiments and judicious counsels might counteract the evil effect of their mother's example. She had that rare mental eye of daylight, that sees all things as they really are, not coloured by our own wayward imaginations. When young and prosperous, she had also the abrupt acuteness to the faults of others, the hard sound sense which banishes gentle charity for the sinning; but her father's bankruptcy and death had made her feel for others, by making her first feel bitterly for herself. She soon penetrated the state of Reynold's feelings at this time, though of course she was ignorant of their object; but she guessed the sort of motive which made him so often accompany them a short way in their walks, and then suddenly remember business in the town. She could fancy why, on Wednesday, he never was able to drive his sister anywhere, and she smiled in her secret soul when she heard his ever-varied excuses to the disappointed Alicia. She could not see how these Wednesday evenings were spent walking with Rosa Leyton far out of town, or persuading her to attend vespers at the Roman Catholic chapel; an achievement he at first found difficult, for Rosa trembled at the idea of Mrs. M'Dudgeon's discovering either her clan-

destine intercourse or the religious ideas which her old playfellow was so industrious in strengthening.

CHAP. V.

On the banks of the Firth of Forth stood Castle Moriston, a modern antique building, with fresh stone turrets, and oaken pannels suspiciously bright with varnish. The grounds between the house and the shingly beach were laid out in shrubberies, gardens, and smooth, shaven lawns: a belt of fine trees protected the inmates from the cold north wind; and yet so near was the sea, that sitting in the carved stone balcony on the lovely August evenings, you could not only hear the soft dash of the waves upon the shore, but see through the leafy curtains the sparkles of the sunset waters.

Here, then, dwelt the homely, but good-natured Mr. and Mrs. Fordyce and their only child, the heiress of their broad and fertile lands.

Helen was what is called "unfortunately plain:" she was at that age when woman first finds beauty a needful auxiliary in her search for happiness. She had just discovered, not from her glass—it had long ceased to inform her—but from the expressive faces of the young men who saw her, that she was utterly destitute of personal charms in their eyes. Knowledge may be a great good, but it is often, also, a great pain. Helen Fordyce grew suspicious, nervous, and constrained before the other sex, somewhat uncourteous in her reception of them, and bid fair to nullify the attractions of her wealth, by an ungainly appearance and unprepossessing manner.

Mrs. Deverell visited at Castle Moriston, and was much looked up to by its simple inmates. The parents were worshippers of rank, and the prefix of Honourable which distinguished their guest, was a passport at once to their admiration. Helen, like every woman who feels her own defects of person, was an ardent admirer of beauty, and Mrs. Deverell's elegance was really fascinating. She, perceiving the impression she made, conceived the idea of transferring her influence to her young and equally handsome half-brother. Her own experience of the ills of poverty, as she termed her straitened income, led her to look on money as the source of all happiness; she therefore ardently desired to procure for her brother such a splendid match as the heiress of Castle Moriston. She set about this in her own way, and my readers shall judge for themselves with regard to her skill in diplomacy. "Reynold," she said, as they drove off from Castle Moriston, after a lengthy morning call, "is it not a beautiful place?"

"Yes; very conveniently near the sea; excellent fishing, I dare say. And such kind, good-natured people. I would go to the Castle, but dear Mrs. Fordyce loads me with fruit."

"Oh, yes, and eggs too. I spy a basket-corner pressing out under the sent; I am sure I shall smash them, if this pony pulls so hard."

"Ob, pray don't!" cried the lady, in alarm.

"Eggs are so dear in Edinburgh, and so are chickens; and there are two chickens in that basket next the eggs; so pray take care how you drive."

"Pon my word," said Reynold, "a profitable visit this: very useful neighbours indeed! Does Miss Fordyce accommodate you with ribbons and gowns in the same friendly manner, or is that your part as a town lady?"

Mrs. Deverell looked amazed. "Helen certainly is glad to copy my style of dress, and actually employs that queer Scotch creature, Mrs. M'Dudgeon, because I recommended her; and she finds her excellent since the new forewoman's arrival. What do you shiver for, Reynold? You cannot be cold, surely!"

"Nothing, nothing," said the young man, horrified to hear Rosa spoken of under such an odious title. "What an ugly girl that heiress is! Such lanky arms—such a nose—and such saffron hair!"

"How silly it is! all young men are caught with mere beauty. You would soon sicken of a doll face; but the real substantial comforts of life are not so fly-away in their charms. A fit of illness will mark out the beauty, but good fat acres will stand any wear and tear."

"Oh, most eloquent pleader, you should not lightly regard the gift you yourself so eminently possess. Why, it was your beauty, good sister, that gave you a husband!"

"And see its power!" exclaimed the deserted wife; "see how it can keep a careless heart! Deserted, despised, and poverty-stricken, better I had died in my childhood than have been a beauty to come to such an end!" Reynold was vexed and astonished at this outburst, and an awkward pause ensued. "You will like Helen when you know her, said Mrs. Deverell, recovering her ordinary tone of levity: "she is very amiable."

"So are all ugly girls!"

"And she isn't the least proud."

"Little need of it."

"Little need of it, with eight thousand a-year! I wish I had it—"

"To show us, I suppose, how proud you could be; eh, Alicia?"

"You might have it, if you only behave like a man of common sense. I don't think Helen could withstand your manners, and I know her parents would be enchanted."

"I am sure I can withstand her manners; she is insufferable, and I am not a marrying man; so don't tease me, like a good sister. By the bye, I don't half like your bonnet: pink would suit you far better than green. Pray go, dear, and buy yourself a very smart one, and let me have the pleasure of giving you an useful present for once in my life."

"Well," said Alicia, gratified; for the green bonnet, to say truth, was more like summer's dusty leaves than spring's fresh verdure—"come and choose it for me, at Mrs. M'Dudgeon's."

"Oh, not there, for goodness'-sake; better go to one of the West End finery-warehouses."

"But I like Mrs. M'Dudgeon's things; they are so elegant; and I want to get a peep at her pretty new assistant. There, now, you're shiver-

ing again! You must have caught cold; pray drive to Leith Walk, and I'll point out that funny little shop."

"No, I think I'll deposit you at home, as it is just in the way; or, let me see, there's my groom crossing the street; he'll drive you to shop, and I'll get a walk to warm my feet; I have been sitting too long."

"Now, how odd it is the dislike you gentlemen have to all shopping! But you need not fumble so at the apron bolts, for it is not your groom after all; and there is Miss Marden crossing the very place where you fancied he was. I know she has come about the children's straw bonnets; you may as well take her up, and we can see about both purchases at once."

Reynold obeyed, inly grumbling, and they drove to Mrs. M'Dudgeon's. Here his sister vehemently insisted on his giving the charge of the phaeton to one of the little boys who hovered near, scenting afar a stray penny. "I must have your taste, as it is your gift, Reynold."

They entered; the shop was deserted, but through the red curtain from the back parlour came sounds of singing, so unlike what any of the party expected, that all stood involuntarily silent, with breath suspended till the song ceased. The voice was a deep, full contralto; one of those in whose mournful tones you fancy you hear the melting flow of tears; and the words, like the air to which they glided, were simple and unpretending.

"Your words had mickle eloquence,

Your looks had mickle truth;

I dooted not your love bid fair

To overlast your youth.

But still your manhood lacks its prime,

Your cheek its downy fringe,

While a' the vows o' simmer time

Ha'e caught the winter's tinge.

The bird wha seeks a mate in spring,

Bides a' the season true;

But oh, that sic short constancy

Was ower lang for you!

"A woman's wrang is no for words,

A woman's grief for show;

And flyting wins but flyting back,

And scorn but scorn, I trow:

And sae I winna weep for you,

Nor sigh a fond farewell;

It is the hearts o' purest clay

That fiercest fires anneal.

Be happy wi' your new fause love,

Your broken faith and a'!

Oh fule! that left a fervent breast

To clasp a wreath o' snaw!"

Scarcely had the tones died on the ear, than Reynold impatiently exclaimed—"Well, ladies, I cannot wait all-day for your shopping: excuse me, I will drive up to Littlejohn's, and eat an ice, while you are feeding your vanity with these elegant fripperies."

He hurried from the shop as he spoke: Miss Marden's penetrating eye followed, and a significant smile hovered over her pale lips, as she

guessed truly the cause of his changing colour, his agitated voice.

"This is very provoking," exclaimed Mrs. Deverell, who was now only alive to her ardent passion for dress. She beat impetuously on the counter, till all the bonnets and caps on the pegs shook as if with fear.

The door opened, and Miss Jeanie flaunted in with her flaming locks. "I'm real sorry, mem; the mistress is out, and there's naeboddy to see till yer business. Will ye no come back?"

"Desire the young person, the assistant, to speak with me," said Mrs. Deverell, haughtily.

"Muss Rosie disna wait in the shop," responded Jeanie, rather roused than abashed by the evident discomposure of the lady.

"But I wish to leave my orders, and must see her. A pretty sort of milliner she'll make," she continued to Miss Marden, "if she's too proud to attend to her proper business."

Jeanie looked impudent. "May be she's mair right to be proud than iher folk, that canna wait a proper time to be servit."

"Go," cried Mrs. Deverell, enraged at her impertinence, "and call the assistant, or I shall do it myself," and she seized the little bell which communicated with the parlour, and rang a sonorous peal.

The curtain was pushed aside, and Rosa entered. Her bearing, her beauty, and a certain look of unconscious superiority over the lady, gave her an air of a princess in the eyes of the astonished customers.

"Ha, ha," thought Miss Marden, "I understand the youth's confusion."

"I regret, madam," said Rosa, addressing herself with dignity to Mrs. Deverell, who, wholly taken by surprise, gazed spell-bound on the lovely, interesting creature—"I regret that Mrs. M'Dudgeon's absence should cause you inconvenience; but although I never interfere in the routine of the establishment, I shall be happy to take your orders, and will ensure their receiving the speediest attention."

Mrs. Deverell stared at her, without answering, then briefly muttering something of seeing about it another day, she caught Miss Marden's arm, and walked into the street.

"I declare I do not feel comfortable. What a mystery there is in this; such a creature for that petty, common shop! So elegant, so beautiful! Why, it is lucky that Reynold, who raves so about beauty, did not see her; we should have had no peace for ever again." Miss Marden guessed shrewdly within herself that it would not have been the first time; but she said nothing, and Mrs. Deverell went on warning her to keep her brother from such a dangerous neighbourhood. "Be sure, my dear Miss Marden, that you always go into the country when he takes a walk with you or the children; and pray never go near Mrs. M'Dudgeon's!"

CHAP. VI.

It would have been a worthy study for a curious observer of human motives—the hearts of our un-

conscious lovers. Angus Fullarton was the only one who clearly knew his object, and manfully struggled towards his goal. He knew he loved Rosa, and he knew that he was striving to obtain her love. Every Saturday evening found him at his aunt's; every Sunday he was waiting to escort her and her young inmate to the kirk of St. Martin's. All that his gentle, kindly nature could devise to soften the ruggedness of Mrs. M'Dudgeon's character, he did; all that his keen eyes perceived were pleasing to the refined taste of his mistress he brought her: a bird one day, a myrtle in bloom, often a hot-house bouquet, and sometimes a book or a song. Rosa would smile and sigh, and try to refuse his little gifts; but his pained and hurt looks always overcame her, and she began to feel unhappy and self-reproachful with regard to him.

She could not read her own heart when Reynold was the subject of its meditations. Artless and enthusiastic, she knew not how much of her feelings she betrayed to him; and she had a confused idea that she loved him in a very friendly, fraternal sort of way; at the same time she shuddered at the idea of his marrying in his own sphere, or of his ever ceasing to love her, and her alone. They met often, for Mrs. M'Dudgeon had been told by Angus that Rosa's health required exercise in the open air, so she had many opportunities, beside the Wednesday evenings, when Mrs. M'Dudgeon sent her to the weekly prayer-meetings at St. Martin's. She often blushed at the equivocations necessary to deceive the rigid church-goer, but gradually her conscience grew hardened, as she succumbed to Reynold's skilful application of that truly Romish doctrine, "You may do evil, that good may come." He persuaded her that deceit was fully allowable under her circumstances, that it would be a greater sin than falsehood to attend the meetings of the heretics.

The zeal of this conversion blinded Reynold to the folly and wickedness of the part he was acting towards his early companion. In the interest of bringing back this stray lamb into the fold of his beloved church, in the encouragement of his priest, he forgot he was risking the earthly happiness of a friendless girl. She had much imagination, and a clinging love for the memories of her happy childhood; every impulse of her sweet, but feeble nature, added new force to the spells of the enchanter.

Had Reynold soberly reflected that he was engaging her affection, he would have started at his own selfishness; but marriage with her seemed to his mind a thing so impossible and unreasonable, that he seldom considered in what light such a step might appear to her. He was dependent on his father, and feared his haughty displeasure; he likewise shrank from the ridicule and the privation which must necessarily ensue from such an alliance.

However, he looked on himself as Rosa's best friend, and therefore fully entitled to her sisterly love and esteem; and, as his pride revolted from the situation she held in a tradesman's shop, he resolved to use his interest to procure for her the office of companion to one of his Catholic lady

friends. For this purpose he had written to the Lady Augusta Vane, and now awaited her reply. Meanwhile Rosa's health and spirits failed daily.

The catechizing of the children at St. Martin's, which had at first amused and instructed her, became more and more irksome; the principles she had to inculcate became more and more distasteful to her new prejudices, and the children's stupid blunders confused her wandering, abstracted thoughts. Her indifference and inattention were soon remarked on by her fellow teachers. One espied her involuntarily crossing herself at the name of Christ; another took up her prayer-book, and was horrified to see Latin, for Rosa by mistake had brought a Catholic book. On her blushes and confusion at this discovery, they all decided something must be wrong, and therefore communicated their suspicions to the Reverend Mr. Dingtidoon.

He was thus led to watch her narrowly, and poor Rosa's distresses were doubled by feeling his cold, stern eye always on her in the class; and his harsh, drawing voice was always ready to supply some reproof, when, as she frequently did, she completely forgot all she had to tell the children on the subject of their lessons. Of course his severity urged her nearer and nearer to the gulph which had opened to absorb her. The denunciations of Mr. Dingtidoon rendered more alluring the soft promises and persuasions of the Romish priest, to whom Reynold had introduced her.

She was further impelled by the more worldly considerations of the hopes Reynold had set before her, respecting the Lady Augusta Vane; she disliked the life she was now obliged to lead; she hated the dependence she was under towards the uncouth and rugged Mrs. M'Dudgeon, and Reynold's words were ever, "If you would but be received into the bosom of the church, all would be easy; but Lady Augusta is a zealous Catholic, and no heretic will she permit in her household."

Angus Fullarton marked her depression in gloomy silence. "She despises my sympathy," he bitterly thought, "and why should I intrude it on her?"

One day, however, he suddenly entered the room, as she was sitting alone, her head bowed on her hands, and tears oozing out between her thin, blanched fingers. All the lover in the heart of Angus sprang up at the sight of those tears, too mighty to be resisted. He threw himself on a seat beside her. "You are ill," he said hurriedly; "you are unhappy, Rosa, and I am not worthy to enter into your grief. God knows what I would do to —" He stopped in great agitation.

Rosa lifted her head, and looked at him earnestly but sadly. "Good Angus, forgive me if I seem unable to appreciate your friendship; you cannot alleviate my distress; do not trouble yourself about it or me."

"Why not, Rosa? Oh, beware while you fling away true sympathy. Life has too many sorrows to be unshared. Rosa, I must tell you, though you despise me for weakness, though you may blame me for presumption, you must hear my love."

"Do not go on," gasped Rosa, putting out her hand as if to check the current of his passion.

"No, Rosa, one word. Alas! I already see it hopeless. I cannot plead in the language you may have heard from those higher in rank, and more cultivated in mind than I am. You first taught me to love elegance and genius; you first showed me the glory and loveliness of created things. I cannot give you back the station you have lost. I have no influence nor rank, but I have independence of mind, and fortune sufficient for simple desires. I have a heart that loves you, and that will trust God for our future. Rosa, pause ere you reject me, ere you refuse to try and love one whose greatest joy will be to labour for your happiness."

Rosa's face was still hidden in her hands. All sorts of lights and noises were flashing and hissing around her; there was at first only chaos in her mind, and nothing but a rapid beating in her heart. Angus's words were not wholly without effect. Simple and cheerful, full of quiet competence and affectionate peace, seemed the life he had set before her. Was it possible she could be so much beloved? Was it right to neglect so true and earnest a heart? Then, as she softened towards him, Reynold's face suddenly shone upon her imagination, and the words of the priest rang in her ears; and she felt it sin and shame to listen to the suit of a heretic.

"No, Angus; it cannot be." She spoke so gravely and calmly that the young man's heart died within him. "Think of me as a sister, deeply interested in your welfare, but do not speak again of such love."

"Oh, Rosa!" he cried vehemently; "you must love another; it must be so, or your heart would better appreciate the love of mine. Oh that I had known it from the beginning, that I had looked on you as beyond my reach, even when I first saw you in England."

"It is not *that*," faltered the maiden, blushing painfully; "it is not *that* which must ever divide us. Other obstacles there are which can never be thrown down."

"Be it so," sighed Angus, in a tone of bitter anguish; "but, Rosa, I will not love you the less that I must love you hopelessly. You are young and beautiful, and unbefriended in the world; promise me, if you ever are in trouble, if you ever need a protector, you will come to me as frankly as to a brother."

"Generous, generous Angus!" sobbed Rosa, as he left the room, pale and worn out with emotion. "Oh, will Reynold act to me as he has done?" Her thoughts dwelt gloomily on this idea, for she felt little ground of hope, and her greatest chance of peace now was a removal from Edinburgh; she therefore awaited with impatience the result of Reynold's negotiation with Lady Augusta Vane.

CHAP. VII.

Winter now began to herald his approach with those cold blasts whose very memory makes the teeth chatter in one's head. Helen Fordyce be-

thought her that she required, as beeseemed an heiress, a new set of winter apparel. In fact, it must be confessed a change had lately been visible in the style of Miss Helen's raiment. She had taken an unusual interest in shades and colours in combination with her saffron locks; she had been known to take two hours at her toilette, which of old had scarcely occupied twenty minutes; she had been seen glancing at the drawing-room mirrors, which formerly she had always avoided; she had discovered that flounces elevate a stumpy figure, and that diamonds flash away the freckles from a sunburnt neck.

The sagacious reader will guess that Helen Fordyce was anxious to impress another with the idea that she was not so very ugly after all, and that "other" was Reynold Longford.

It is a failing in men, I acknowledge, the almost universal love of flirting, usually complimented as "gallantry to the fair sex." Reynold being young and handsome, and light of spirits, had his full share of this failing. We have already alluded to his escapade with the husband-hunting Biddy O'Donaghue, and now Helen Fordyce was to suffer from his careless habit of talking a mixture of sentiment and badinage with the young ladies whom he found willing to receive it. With all her quickness and suspicion, Helen knew nothing of the other sex; and though she secretly dispired herself for so soon yielding to the favourable impressions made on her by Reynold's agreeable conversation, she fancied she could not be deceived by those frank, cordial manners, those gay, light-hearted avowals of his opinions and prejudices. Therefore she wished to please him, and therefore she wished to have new dresses to look fair in his eyes. She wrote to Mrs. M'Dudgeon, and requested that her clever forewoman might come to the castle for a few days, and make the garments under her own directions.

Rosa would have indignantly refused such an office of degradation, but her stay at Mrs. M'Dudgeon's grew every day more unpleasant. The good lady had taken her nephew's refusal by the dependant child of her bounty as a serious offence. Her growls were both loud and frequent, and poor Rosa shrank from her persecutions. She therefore reluctantly consented, by going to the castle, to have a respite from these annoyances, and from the sad worn looks of poor Angus, whose silent melancholy went to her heart.

Miss Fordyce had heard much from Mrs. Deverell of the beauty of Mrs. M'Dudgeon's assistant; but she was hardly prepared for the effect produced by her surpassing grace.

Dressed in a simple plaiden gown of shepherd's tartan, with snowy linen cuffs and collar to relieve its plainness, her shining hair bound over her temples round the purely classic head, and moving, in spite of her awkward circumstances, with perfect ease and modest self-possession, Helen Fordyce thought her an apparition of another sphere. Never had any one impressed her with such intense admiration as that poor dressmaker's apprentice. She could not stay away from the room where she sat at work; and, as forgetful of the rudeness, she stood gazing intently at Rosa,

she remarked the melancholy droop of her eyelids, and the compression of her lips, as if to force within the sorrow that must not be seen by any.

Helen ardently desired to hear her converse, and after much awkward hesitation abruptly broke silence with one of those commonplace questions with which the cleverest people generally preface more interesting inquiries.

"Do you like working?"

"Likings have little to do with our daily duties," said Rosa meekly.

"Then why do you choose such a trade?"

"Choice is seldom permitted to the poor."

The evident difficulty Rosa had in speaking with composure affected Helen, and she said kindly—

"I am afraid you are unhappy, my poor girl."

The tone, the gentle, unexpected sympathy took Rosa by surprise; she burst into tears.

Helen stood for a few moments beside her; the distress of this young girl, her own age, but apparently so far from the carelessness of youth, so weighed down with trouble, touched deeply her woman's heart; at the same time she was conscious of a silly fear lest the tears that were shed should stain the rich satin folds upon which the weeper was engaged. Relieved from this momentary dread, as Rosa, with a strong effort, recovered herself and dried her eyes, sympathy in Helen's breast was again in full force, and taking a seat near Rosa, she said with very impressive sweetness—

"I see you have had sorrow, tell me your history; I am not without influence, perhaps I can help you."

To strangers Rosa had ever been shy by nature, and her trials had of late increased this reserve; but the gentleness of her heart was not proof against the kindly sympathy of another girlish spirit.

"I am the daughter of a British officer," she said. "My father died respected and beloved by his regiment; but he had more genius than worldly prudence, and when he was killed by a fall from his horse, he left as dependant on his pension, which was but trifling. My mother's death soon followed, and with her went the pension, and I was thrown helpless on the world. Had not Mrs. M'Dudgeon, who in early life had exchanged kindly offices with my mother, had she not offered me an asylum, I believe I must have gone to the workhouse."

Again she burst into bitter weeping, and wrung her hands, overcome with shame at this her first confession of distress.

"And have you no friends?" asked Helen, quite horror-stricken to hear of such troubles from the young fair creature before her. "No one who could enable you to become companion to some elderly lady, for instance, or find you any other employment suitable to your birth? I suppose you are too pretty for a governess?"

"I tried in vain to be taken as one," sighed Rosa.

"No friends in the world, poor, poor girl!" said the heiress, looking inquiringly into her face.

Rosa hesitated—"One friend whom I have known from childhood is trying to procure me such a situation as you describe."

"What regiment was your father's, did you say?"

"The — th Hussars," said Rosa carelessly; but she soon repented her communicativeness, when the heiress burst forth—

"Why that is Reynold Longford's regiment! Dear me, and he is coming to dinner this very evening; I'll ask him if he knows you."

Rosa turned deadly pale.

"Oh pray do not trouble him, perhaps—"

"Perhaps," interrupted Helen abruptly, as one of her quick suspicions flashed across her mind; "perhaps Mr. Longford is the friend you alluded to?"

Rosa saw the change in her companion's expression; she saw she was distrusted; and vexed at herself, she vainly attempted to dismiss the subject, saying with a bad endeavour to appear calm—

"I dare say neither Colonel nor Mr. Longford remembers me, it is so long since I left the regiment, and just at that time poor Mrs. Longford's sad death must have effaced all but their own distress from their minds."

Poor Rosa! she had learned to equivocate from Reynold, and every day she found truth more difficult to keep hold of.

Helen thought deeply for some minutes, then turning more kindly again to Rosa, she said,

"Well, time wears on, and I must prepare for dinner; it is growing dark, Miss Leyton, and you must be tired of working. If you will go down the turret stairs, and open the door at the bottom, you will find yourself in my reading room. I dare say you will enjoy a good book this winter night, and my maid will take your tea there."

Rosa thanked her with real gratitude, and the young lady departed to her toilette. Helen Fordyce had kind, ardent feelings, and she felt deeply for the distress of the poor young dressmaker; but the suspicions excited by her agitation at the name of Reynold Longford were not to be easily lulled; and she made up her mind to discover the mystery, if indeed, any there might be in the case.

With this view, as she sat beside the young officer that evening, she found it easy, during the loudest clatter of knives and forks which always succeeds the temporary repose of a change of courses, to surprise her companion not a little by the abrupt announcement—

"Do you know, Mr. Longford, I have got that very lovely girl from Mrs. M'Dudgeon's that your sister is always raving about; and strange to say she has a most romantic story, which, poor creature, she was only too glad to confide to me."

Her point was gained. Reynold started, upset his wine-glass, and burst into ill temper at an awkward clod hopper of a groom, who chanced to be near, for pushing his elbow.

Helen's dark grey eyes kindled with triumph at his confusion; he saw it, and quickly rallied:

"Why, Miss Fordyce, my sister is too prudent to rave to me about lovely girls; so all this is quite

new to me. I am glad you have interested yourself in a friendless creature, however—"

"How did you find out she was friendless? I said nothing of that," interrupted Helen, rather maliciously.

"I guessed so from the tone of your remark," replied the young man hastily.

"Ah, well, it is you who should be interested in her, for she says her father was an officer in your corps."

Reynold bit his lip with increasing annoyance.

"Her name is Rosa Leyton; do you remember any Leyton in the regiment? perhaps she was making up a begging story to impose on me, and may turn out the corporal's daughter instead of the adjutant's."

Reynold saw her enjoyment of his vain efforts for composure; so determined not to let her know the real state of matters, he said coldly—

"There was some officer named Leyton, who was killed by an accident just when I entered the regiment. I believe he had a pretty wife, or daughter, or something of that sort."

"The very same! And how odd that a '*preux chevalier*' like yourself, should, in two years' time forget so sad a story, and the pretty wife, or daughter, or something of that sort! Poor girl, I have sent her to my boudoir, to amuse herself. I cannot bear the idea of an officer's child hemming my frouces or furbelows."

"She is fortunate in an employer so tender-hearted," said Reynold, in a complimentary tone, and then dexterously turned the conversation with an air that spoke so resolutely "enough of this subject," that his tormentor yielded herself to the amusement of his lively remarks. Moreover, as she had now ascertained the fact of some concealed interest in Reynold's heart towards the girl he pretended to have forgotten, she was satisfied with the result of her probing.

In the meantime Rosa repaired to the room Miss Fordyce had assigned to her; it was a most luxurious retreat, looking out on the flower garden, with French sashes that opened to the ground. The curtains were hanging down in warm folds, but Rosa flung them back and admitted the clear frosty moonlight, which streamed in, and mingled with the red flicker of the fire. She was roused from her reverie by the maid bringing tea for her, but soon resumed her attitude, and her reflections. Her heart was very sad, and fearful of the consequences of her candour to Miss Fordyce. Alas! were even her best feelings to war against her in their effects? She dreaded something indefinite that she had a presentiment was hanging over her, and she had another source of regret in the fact of her sudden engagement at Moriston Castle having the night before prevented her usual Wednesday meeting with Reynold, so that he was ignorant of her movements.

She must have sat a long time buried in reveries, for the moonlight waxed brighter, and the fire flames were dimmer, when a hasty step was heard outside on the garden gravel, a hand lifted the latch of the glass sashes, and almost as Rosa started up in terror, Reynold sprang to her side.

"Oh, Rosa!" he exclaimed, "foolish, thoughtless girl, you have ruined yourself for ever! What in the name of folly made you tell your name and story to Helen Fordyce, of all people? You have undone all my efforts for your happiness!" And he walked vehemently about the room.

Rosa stood transfixed. Is there in life one feeling so exquisitely painful as blame from those we love? His tone of impatience, his words cut her to the heart; the bitterness of this sorrow seemed too much to bear.

"And at this moment, too," continued Reynold, in the same tone of impatience; "now when I have had the most encouraging answer from Lady Augusta, and you might have gone there immediately, and if no one had known of this horrid Edinburgh mantuamaking, you might have taken your place at once as a lady in her house; but, confound that Hellen Fordyce for a tattler, she'll make the most of your silly openness. I thought you knew your own interest better."

"Oh Reynold, Reynold!" said Rosa, hoarsely, for her throat was parched with choking back her tears, and her head was dizzy with faintness; "never, never may you know the necessity of sympathy as I have known it! never may you feel *one* word of kindness too rare and blessed a thing to be thrown away without return."

Reynold was softened by her sorrow, and, as unable to stand, she reeled and fell heavily against a table, all his affection for her returned like a strong spring-tide; and forgetting all his father's pride, his own selfish regard to the world's contumely, he said, passionately—"Dearest Rosa! if your mistake to-day vexed me, it is because I too have a deep stake in the matter. Rosa, if you were with such a lady of title as Lady Augusta Vane—if my father saw you admired and liked among his equals, perhaps, perhaps he might be melted to, to—" and Reynold faltered, for he felt the hope he gave was false—"to let me have my heart's desire, to make my dearest Rosa—"

But Rosa had fainted, overcome by this revolution of all her feelings. Slowly as he seemed to himself to find words for his confused thoughts, Rosa at once caught his meaning, and oh! the reeling rapture in her brain, which was still dizzy with the bitterest anguish.

Reynold was frightened at her swoon, and all his love seemed too cold, too calculating to his self-reproachful heart, as he hung over the beautiful marble face that lay so lifelessly on his shoulder. His kisses (the first he had ever presumed to give) soon restored her to blushing consciousness, and his passionate expressions recalled to her hopes that before had stunned her heart to that deathly insensibility.

"You did not mock me then, Reynold, with mere words?" she asked, faintly.

"No, dearest! I will love you always! I will live and die for you!" he exclaimed with ardour, and with sincerity, for that juncture, certainly.

At this moment a laugh was heard at the window, which Reynold had incautiously left open, and two figures stood out darkly against the clear moonlight sky. Rosa, with a violent spring, dis-

engaged herself from Reynold's embrace; who, for his part, gazed with a vacant terror at his sister and Miss Fordyce, who confronted him with a sneer of contempt.

"Dear me," said Helen, with an ironical smile, while she entered the room, and set down on the table a small, shaded lamp which she held; "how delightful to Miss Leyton to have such tender-hearted friends! How wonderfully your memory must have been refreshed with regard to the pretty wife, or daughter, or something of that sort!"

"Reynold!" said Mrs. Deverell, with the heat of a weak, proud woman, and none of that sarcasm, which she could not reach to, in her friend; "Reynold, I am ashamed to see you in such low company—a milliner's apprentice, indeed. No wonder you don't show yourself, Miss Leyton, to *lady* customers at Mrs. M'Dudgeon's. Come away, Reynold, immediately; I shall tell Mrs. M'Dudgeon how her apprentices behave behind her back."

Rosa's eye kindled with a lofty anger. Rising from the dark corner to which she had before involuntarily hurried, she walked up to Mrs. Deverell with the same stately dignity which had, on a previous occasion, made that vain creature cower under her look. "Beware," she said, "how you insult the wretched; lest even the worm you trample turn against you. I too was once like you; I had all you now have—station, society, love, and happiness. I am poor, but I have an unstained honour, and a pride that will not stoop to the degradation of returning your unwomanly abuse. You cannot, however, scorn me as I scorn you. Ask your brother if I sought his love, if I ever made the slightest unmaidenly advances; he will tell you *no*, and my cause is safest in his hands. Miss Fordyce, you mistrust me; you gave me sympathy—have you no confidence in a candour for which I must pay so dearly? Do not fear, Mrs. Deverell, your brother should be followed by my *low* company. You all see me now for the last time."

She left the room as she spoke, with a calm fixedness of resolution that kept them gazing silently on her departing form. But a tempest was raging in her heart, and when she had with difficulty reached her attic-room, and barred its door, the violence of constraint on her agony had its frequent effect on the bodily system—a fit of strong hysterics, which lasted for some time, and entirely wore out her strength, so that she sank on the bed exhausted and stupified.

Reynold would have followed her, for his heart yearned towards her, so nobly as she bore this sudden attack, but his sister held him back, and Helen's ironical words were even more powerful. "Married, at St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, the gallant Ensign Longford, cousin to the Earl of Strath Fillan, to the lovely Rosa Leyton, apprentice in ordinary to Mrs. M'Dudgeon, dressmaker and milliner. The fair bride was arrayed in garments of her own handiwork, and she brought her husband, as a *tocher*, six months' wages from the savings' bank for the industrious

poor.' What an imposing paragraph, my dear Mrs. Deverell, for the Court Journal!"

"I could retort fairly on you, Miss Fordyce," said Reynold, stung by her words; "but a woman's tongue is too privileged and contemptible a weapon for me to oppose."

"You would willingly annoy me, I dare say," answered Helen, whose whole spirit was up in arms against him for his careless flirtation with her during the autumn; "but I have full revenge. You will never see that broken-hearted victim's face again. If I can read eyes, hers spoke indomitable resolution. You have done your own work; she may die of grief, but she will never expose herself again to the mockery of your coward love."

Reynold started, heart-struck at this prophecy. "I will see her this instant; I will prove to you all that I will not desert her."

"Nonsense," interposed his alarmed sister, as he hastened to the door, "I heard her lock her door; you cannot go now, it is too late. You shall see her early in the morning."

But in the morning Rosa was missing, and no one knew whither she had departed.

The housemaid thought it very odd that Mrs. Deverell had slipped along the passages at day-break to the fugitive's room, and paid a long visit there; but as she was given five shillings to be silent, of course "it was none of her business," and she earned the bribe by a most unwomanlike taciturnity.

CHAP. VIII.

Angus Fullarton sat as of old, at his aunt's supper-table; but how sad and forlorn was his air!

"Eh, my bairn, dinna be sae dowf and dowie. There's nae woman worth half sae muckle o' your cares. She's no for you, puir lassie! she maun be demented to be sae ill to suit."

"Is not Rosa to return this evening?" said Angus, vainly attempting to look cheerful.

"Aye, aye, Miss Fordyce will hae dune wi' her, and I'm thinking I've dune wi' her too; I canna keep baith her and you in the same hoose, and I canna miss yer auld merry voice, that's sae sad and pitifu' now. Waes me!" and Mrs. M'Dudgeon wiped her horny bleared eyes. "Mr. Dingitdoon was here the day, tellin' me he misdoots the lassie's a doonright Papisher; and I mysel' fand a picture-book, wi' nonsense prayers about the Virgin, in her room since she left, and I'm fearfu' that somebody's led her into the broad path o' destruction."

Angus reddened and paled at his aunt's account. Once he had from a distance seen Rosa walking with a gentleman; he was not sure at the time of her identity, but he had been painfully suspicious. As he mused silently, a porter came to the door with a note for him.

He knew Rosa's writing, and his eyes swam so that he could not see to break the seal. It was as follows:—

"DEAREST ANGUS,—You bid me seek your friendship if I ever fell into trouble. I ask its

exercise now. I cannot return to your aunt's—I cannot see any of you again. I am not unworthy still of your esteem; but my heart is broken, and I flee to the bosom of religion. I loved earth rather than heaven, and God has taken away all on which I leant. Soften this to your aunt—tell her of my gratitude, my ever-enduring remembrance of her goodness; think of me kindly, but attempt not to see me—in a few days I shall be lost to the world for ever!

"ROSA L—."

"She is gone, she is gone! that villain has carried her off!" cried Angus, frantically; "but I will tear her from him, proud and secure as he may be."

Now Angus had no right to conclude that Rosa had fled to Reynold; but his mind was in no mood for calm reflection, and having seen Rosa with Mr. Longford, whom he knew by sight, and having heard that he was a "dashing man of the —th Hussars," he took alarm instantly for her he loved better than himself. With a brief word of horror to poor astonished Mrs. M'Dudgeon, he rushed out of the house, and strode with all the hurry of blind passion to Mrs. Deverell's. There he thundered at the door, till the whole house was in commotion.

"Where is Mr. Longford? let me see him immediately!" he exclaimed, as the maid-servant stood aghast at his look of rage and excitement, and faltered in her answer—

"He is just returned from the country, and has gone to his room. You must come to-morrow."

"No to-morrow! now, now! at once!" cried Angus, stamping passionately on the ground.

The servant was so frightened at his vehemence, that she slammed the door in his face, and ran to Miss Marden for advice, as Mrs. Deverell had not arrived from Castle Moriston with her brother. By Miss Marden's orders the reluctant servant ushered poor Angus into the dining-room, where she stood ready to receive him. There was so much sincerity in his expression and tone, so much anguish in his words, as he implored her by the love she bore her fellow-women to help in saving the young forlorn orphan from destruction, that Miss Marden, herself an orphan and friendless, was melted into tears.

"I do not believe Mr. Longford can know anything of her; but I will inquire if he will see you."

"Do so, madam," said Angus, eagerly; "I will wait here for your return."

Miss Marden went up to the door of Reynold's room; she knocked gently—no answer. Another knock, somewhat louder, elicited a faint "Come in." She was a little surprised, but entered, and found the young man sitting with his great coat on, and his hat fallen by his side, and his eyes fixed with a vacant stare on a letter he held before him. "Here is a person named Angus Fullarton wishes to see you," Miss Marden ventured to say, timidly. "Let him come up; I guess his errand," muttered Reynold, mechanically, without raising his eyes.

Angus hurried up on her summons, and she had

scarcely time to beg forbearance of him by a beseeching look, ere he rushed into the room; but stopped short on seeing Reynold, and the writing which was in his hand.

"There," murmured Reynold, holding out the letter, "read it, and you will know as much as myself of the fate of Rosa Leyton."

Angus complied in silence; he felt under a strange influence, and began to think Reynold must have suffered instead of injured.

"REYNOLD," began the letter, which betrayed an unsteady hand, and frequent tear-drops—"Reynold, I know *now* how impossible it is that you should connect yourself with me. I know what I once hardly even imagined—that pride is a wider barrier than death. You could not be happy with me; I was made for sorrow that must be unshared. I have taken sanctuary at the Romish convent here. Soon I shall go to the continent, and assume the religious habit, and oh! pray for me, that a life of unceasing labour in holy works, and devotion to heaven, may atone for my blind idolatry to one created being. Farewell! it is a cold word; it cannot tell you how my heart is broken. Be happy—find another, better worthy of you in all things; one who will bring riches and increased honour, instead of giving poverty and contempt for her portion, as I must have done. Oh! pray for me, Reynold, that I may not faint in this my bitterest trial. Farewell again, for ever!

"ROSA."

"Lost! lost for ever!" cried the Presbyterian, horror-stricken. "Rosa an apostate! But you, *you*," he cried, "who have that precious jewel of her love, are you a man? and will you sit to see that glorious young loveliness immured in the darkness of a cloister?"

"It is a good work," replied the Catholic, with a sigh; "I dare not interfere between her soul and heaven."

"Heaven!" exclaimed Angus indignantly, "can you fancy God's creatures are made so beautiful, so loveable, so full of warm feelings and bright thoughts, to be killed by inches in unnatural seclusion? Do you think such a woman as *she*, made for the holy offices of wife and mother, fulfils her mission on earth in the barren darkness of a nunnery? Oh, Rosa, Rosa!" and the manly heart of Angus gave way, and he wept aloud.

Reynold was deeply affected. "My friend," he said, "you were more worthy of her than I, weak hesitating wretch that I am! God forgive me, that I ever stepped between you!"

The young men shook hands, and Angus hastened back to his aunt, who was weary of expectation. Her distress, horror, and disapprobation when he told her of Rosa's destination, were beyond description. She wept, she scolded, she pitied, she blamed by turns. At last donning her old black bonnet, she set off alone, resolutely refusing the escort of Angus, who could not discover her intentions.

Having dismissed him, she procured the aid of the rev. Mr. Dingitdoon, and walked with him to an omnibus, which soon deposited the pair at

Newington, whence a few minutes' walk brought them to the Roman Catholic convent near Morning-side. Mrs. M'Dudgeon boldly rang, and requested from the lay sister, who opened the door, that she might see the Superior. When this lady presented herself, Mrs. M'Dudgeon exclaimed,

"Sae, mem, ye hae got that puir bairn, Rosa Leyton! Noo, I've just brought this weel-speckit minister o' our godly kirk to witness that she's naething but a rinawa' lassie, that's left a' her friends, and that she's no' of age, and canna do sic a thing oot of her ain head."

"Pray," asked the Superior, and her well-tutored face could hardly repress her surprise at such 'friends' appearing connected with the beautiful creature who had the day previous sought her roof, "are you a relation of the young lady's, or have you any legal control over her actions?"

Mrs. M'Dudgeon looked puzzled, but the minister having explained matters to her, she briskly answered,

"Ow, then, I canna jist say I'm her guardian, but her mother wrote to me on her death-bed, begging me to see till the puir thing, and I did sae."

The Superior, who did not half comprehend the good woman's broad Scotch dialect, applied to the clergyman for elucidation in her turn; and although he also mystified her by his Aberdeen twang, she at length made out that Mrs. M'Dudgeon's charge of Rosa was merely voluntary. She accordingly said plainly, that as the orphan had chosen to come, she would protect her if she chose to stay.

"Let me see the misguided bairn," pleaded the distressed visitor; "she canna' listen to my voice wi' a hard heart; and surely, Mr. Dingitdoon, she canna' but fear, if you thunder to her the awfu' words o' truth against a' thae Papishers."

The Superior, curling her lip, left to seek Rosa, but very soon returned with a kindly worded, but decided refusal on Rosa's part to see any of her friends. "She was dead to the world, and she had no interests beyond her sacred duties."

"Sacred, ca' ye?" exclaimed Mrs. M'Dudgeon, departing in wrath; "eh, Mr. Dingitdoon, ye were right, she was never a vessel o' grace. The Lord has blessed me in keeping my laddie frae her evil sorceries, 'deed she jist 'minds me o' a real witch."

Angus did not wonder when he heard of his aunt's negotiation and their results. "Poor girl, he said to himself, "it is the desperation of a stricken heart."

Many years passed ere Angus forgot his first-love; indeed he never forgot, though in due time, another sat enthroned in his heart of hearts. A good, sensible, active, and happy wife she was, and she always blessed the day when, as governess to the exacting, haughty Mrs. Deverill, she saw the generous manliness and goodness of him whom she thought it no degradation to marry. Mrs. Deverill stormed at such a *mésalliance* for one "who had moved in the best circles," as her children's teacher; but Miss Marden judged wisely and well when she gave up a splendid dependence in the house of an Honourable for the cheery home where she was mistress, and the kind

noble heart which formed alike her happiness and her support.

There is a tradition that Angus Fullerton died Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and that he once had the honour to welcome the sovereign of bonny Scotland to her northern capital. At any rate, if that be true, I can vouch for my old friend that he was not the Lord Provost, who on such an occasion could be "caught napping!"

Poor Rosa! About twenty years after the events above related, an English colonel was thrown from his horse in the streets of Paris. As he was insensible, and apparently much injured, he was carried to the nearest hospital. Here he lay for some weeks with a broken leg. He was attended by a Sister of Charity, "La Sœur Marie" she was called, whose tenderness in sickness was proverbial in those places of suffering. He recovered, and thanking her for her attentions, his eyes rested a moment on her still beautiful features. But he did not recognise those eyes dim with weary watching by many a sick and dying bed, and he departed to the showy, titled wife and fashionable daughter who awaited his return, impatient for the gaieties of a London season. He departed, and the nun meekly pressing her hands on her breast, as if to shut there the anguish of a too faithful memory, with a mingled sigh and prayer, departed also on her errands of mercy. If the blessings of the poor can make sorrow's heart sing for joy, Rosa Leyton ought to have left grief, as indeed she had nearly left sin, far behind her in life's track; but we fear we cannot conclude with this poetical justice. When the nun died, on her tomb was engraved, "Keep yourselves from idols."

THE BLIND MAN TO HIS CHILD.

BY MISS M. H. ACTON.

My gentle child! my gleesome one! thy father's
joy and pride,
Come rest thy bright and glowing form these aged
limbs beside;
I'm pining for thy silv'ry laugh, I want thy joyous
tone,
For the softness of its melody can soothe this heart
alone.
Come nearer, sweet one! touch me, lay thine hand
upon my brow,
I've missed thy bounding step all day. Oh! do
not leave me now.
Nay! nay! I did not mean to chide; full well,
mine own, I know
That thy light footsteps long to glide the sunny
vales below;
I must not keep thee ever near, though lonely
seems the day,
And sadly pass the moments by, to me, when
thou'rt away.
For these sightless orbs can never greet the forms
so loved before,
And the joyous things of earth may meet their
stricken glance no more:

And what have I to fill this heart but one long
dream of thee?
In every thought thou hast thy part, for thou art
all to me.
But oh, my child, mine own! mine own! in agony
I bow,
To think I ne'er may gaze upon thy bright and
gladsome brow,
To hear thy light step by my side, thy merry laugh
of glee,
Yet know that form of joyous pride is ever dark
to me.
Ah! can'st thou wonder that my ear dwells on thy
slightest tone?
Ah! can'st thou wonder that I hear its echo when
alone?
While thou art gaily singing midst thy birds and
flowers choice,
To me there is no music like the music of thy
voice.
Aye! we are linked together by a firm and holy
tie,
Which nothing e'er shall sever till cold in death
I lie.
Thou hast been all in all to me, and blessings on
thee now.
Oh! that a shade may never be upon that laugh-
ing brow.
Then, come, my own! my cherished one! the last
lov'd tie to earth,
Draw near, that I may listen to thy tones of glee-
ful mirth;
Sing me thy sainted mother's lays, that joy this
heart may fill,
And the sunny dreams of other days, may rest upon
me still.
And when the clouds of evening come across yon
summer sea,
And night steals o'er the cottage home so lov'd by
thee and me;
Together, kneeling side by side, we'll raise our
fervent prayer
That God may guard the blind old man and bless
thy tender care.

SONNET.

WINTER.

BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

Desolate winter—first, most faithful friend
Of the storm-king—who lay'st the branches bare,
Plucking from autumn's brow her fragrant hair,
And can'st the sturdy oak, unpitied, bend!
Thou chain'st the pure springs, as they softly wend
Their forest course; and on the breezy air,
Where light buds fall (last fruit of summer fair),
Thy mournful note of triumph thou dost send!
Thou, who art weaving snowy robes, to deck
The fair earth's form, and gatherest from the dell
Bright hawthorn berries—pearls from ocean's cave:
If the light wind should laugh around the wreck
Of faded leaves—come *thou*, in peace to dwell,
And quench all tumult near that lonely grave!

CONCEIT CAN KILL—CONCEIT CAN CURE.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

In a country town lived a doctor who had acquired the greatest celebrity in his profession; so much, indeed, was his advice solicited, and so much were his medicines approved, that he might be fairly said to carry all before him. He, therefore, soon became, to all intents and purposes, *a great man*. If one were tortured by an excruciating head-ache, his nostrums were infallibly efficacious; if another suffered from wakeful nights, his draughts were certain soporifics; in short, he had an antidote for every malady, a cure for every pain. So extensive, at length, did his practice become, that, for many miles round, the very mention of "the doctor" had undoubted reference to himself. Such unparalleled success had naturally excited the envy of his brother Esculapians, and caused many an inquiry amongst them as to the means by which he obtained such rapid practice. Some had frequently visited him for this purpose, and, as they had no reason to believe otherwise than that he was a perfectly uneducated man, they came to the satisfactory conclusion that he was *a quack*. However, be this as it might, he still maintained the pre-eminence, and ultimately succeeded in driving off, *physically*, every rival from the field; and many who, previously to his advent, had been sufficiently blessed in the number of their patients, by a hasty retreat, were compelled tacitly to acknowledge "*palmarum qui meruit*."

In the same town resided a young doctor who had lately received an appointment, and was shortly about to sail for the east. Being naturally of a credulous, and at the same time a sanguine disposition, he had entertained an idea that "the doctor" was in possession of some important secret in the profession, which might ultimately tend to his interest. He had, moreover, had several remarkable dreams, in which "the doctor" and himself were singularly coupled—all tending to corroborate and increase the impression already formed. So deeply, indeed, was this belief impressed upon his mind, that he repaired to his house, acquainted him with his intended departure, and begged he would state any reasonable terms of remuneration in exchange for the important secret. He also assured him that the distance between them would utterly prevent any interference on either side.

The doctor had no objection to a fee, and, as it seemed so easy to be earned, and would occasion no future inconvenience to himself, he agreed to put the young man in possession of the secret the day previous to his departure, upon the payment of three hundred pounds, and an agreement written and attested, that a packet in which the desired information would be enclosed should not be opened until three weeks after his departure from England.

These were hard terms, and the other strongly

remonstrated at the exorbitant demand, and the unreasonable tax upon his patience. Many were the interviews between them, and many were the arguments and entreaties made use of to obtain a mitigation, but in vain. The doctor was inexorable, and his only reply to all expostulations and objections was that "his fee ought to be double."

At length the day arrived. He was still as unalterable as before, and the young man, under an unconquerable presentiment, which had only been augmented by opposition, that his future success in life strangely depended on the sacrifice, paid the stipulated sum, signed the bond, and, the next day, embarked upon his destined voyage.

Suspense is of all evils the worst to endure, amidst dark presentiments of disaster; but, when the mind is buoyed up by brilliant expectations, fancy is apt to indulge in Elysian reveries, and, alas! how often does anticipation destroy the due fruition of reality itself!

During the three weeks he often spent an anxious day, and often a sleepless night: many a longing glance was bestowed upon the object of his never-ceasing solicitude, in vain—the mystic talisman was mute to all the cravings of curiosity.

At length the time expired, and his utmost wish can be gratified—he breaks the seal; but what were his mortification and chagrin when he found his anxiety rewarded simply by the following sentence, written very legibly on a slip of paper:—

"CONCEIT CAN KILL—CONCEIT CAN CURE."

Maddened at his own blind credulity, and still more at the infamous fraud practised on him, nothing but the determination of revenge induced him to preserve the manuscript. To communicate the circumstance, he well knew, would be to establish his character as a madman; he therefore resolved to keep by him his dearly-bought treasure until some future period should render it of service.

"Experience makes fools wise" is a proverb. That "experience" makes wise men more cautious is equally true. The dupe was by this time capable of appreciating the grand moral fact, and naturally came to the same conclusion, at which all earlier or later arrive, that true and substantial blessings are not to be obtained by a romantic and over-wrought imagination, but by the efforts of a conscientious and well-directed mind depending on its own resources.

Time rolled on, and some few years devoted to unceasing industry rewarded him with much of India's golden dust, and he determined to return to his native country.

One summer day, whilst the town of ——— was engaged in one mingled scene of business and gaiety, report (than which there is nought more swift) announced the arrival of a great physician from a far distant land, whose miraculous attainments in the art of healing were sufficient to cure all complaints which could possibly afflict mankind: that it was the intention of the great panaceist publicly to address the townspeople, in the market-place, on the following day.

The report was soon circulated by the gossips,

and many were the maladies canvassed by the old women at the tea-table. Some who had never had complaints before almost considered themselves in duty bound to be ill on such an extraordinary occasion, and many ventured to hope the time had arrived when the whole country would be purged of all manner of sickness and disease. "A consumption so devoutly to be wished" excited crowds to assemble and gaze upon "the great unknown."

"Gentlefolk," commenced the philosopher, "it gives me pleasure to see so many of you anxious for your own welfare. Having been accustomed to regard all the intricacies of nature and science, I have been enabled to attain a degree in medical research altogether unprecedented, and in the country from which I come not an individual exists who would not bear testimony to the truth of my assertion. You must suppose, good people, nothing but the pure dictates of philanthropy could induce one possessing such unbounded reputation to travel so far for the good of his fellow-creatures. You have now an opportunity which may never occur again. I engage to eradicate all diseases of the past, to remove all indisposition of the present, and to provide preventives against all maladies of the future. Are there any troubled with indigestion, spasms, coughs, colds, fevers, liver complaints, asthmas, gout, rheumatism, dropsy, or consumption? Let them come and be cured. I see before me many who require my aid, many who must positively partake of my medicines, if they wish to preserve their lives. Many years' experience has also enabled me to prognosticate precise cases of illness, by the countenance alone. I can see many amongst you who will soon be the victims of disorders which they least anticipate. Their cases I can describe as minutely at this moment as if they were actually suffering under them. I will prove it by one example. Look, for instance, at that apparently hale old gentleman, with powdered wig and gold-headed cane; he is listening with the greatest unconcern, perfectly unconscious of his approaching fate; he seems healthy and vigorous, and likely to continue so for many years; yet scarcely will he reach his house ere he will complain of head-ache—symptoms of sickness will follow—a sleepless night—worse in the morning—loss of appetite and despondency—the next night delirium; the next day he will give up all hopes of recovery, and be compelled to send for me!"

In these, and similar terms, did the learned orator address his awe-struck audience. One continued burst of admiration and applause succeeded—a universal impulse of medicinal enthusiasm pervaded the crowd—pill-boxes and bottles were the order of the day, and never had an event more unexpected and propitious happened to the gossips and old women of ———.

But we must follow the *wig-powdered, hale old gentleman*, the principal object of our care, and who was no other than the redoubtable *doctor*, whose fame has already adorned our tale. Upon his return home his wife thought he looked remarkably pale; but he assured her that nothing was the matter, but that he wanted his dinner.

Dinner came, a dinner sufficient to satisfy the most scrupulous epicure, but notwithstanding all the attractive viands with which the table groaned, he was unusually abstemious and thoughtful, occasionally exclaiming, "What does the rascal mean? I'm well enough!" and suchlike ejaculations, perfectly unintelligible to his wife.

Dinner ended, the wine-bottle did not fail in its duty; but, still nothing could avail to conquer the manifest perturbation of the doctor; he paced the room, resumed his seat, then paced again: at last, after innumerable paces and restings, he exclaimed, "It is too true, after all; I *have* the head-ache! I feel the sickness too! (Another pacing and another resting). Oh, nonsense; I don't believe in *quacks*—I won't be ill!"

Having made this magnanimous resolve, the worthy *hale old gentleman* retired to his dispensary, where he felt somewhat relieved by the reflection that he was surrounded by drugs sufficient to suit every emergency. Under this delusive impression he endeavoured to lull himself into a state of comparative tranquillity.

We may here remark upon the absurdity of such salutations as the following, amongst friends: "Dear me, you look very ill!" "Don't you feel well?" "It grieves me to find you so altered since I saw you last!" and suchlike *animating and consoling expressions of courtesy*, not likely to contribute to the comfort of the person addressed. Thus it was that the doctor, singled out from a whole crowd, his state of health and the consequences so minutely and ominously described, and by one of his own profession, experienced considerable misgivings and unaccountable presentiments, in spite of his heroic determination, "I won't be ill."

Being of a very irritable temper, and mortified beyond endurance at the bare possibility of a *rival*—alarmed at the strange manner in which the first symptoms of indisposition had been realized—the doctor was now in a state calculated to verify still further the prediction of the mysterious oracle—at one time avoiding company for fear of being questioned, at another shunning solitude (it was contrary to his habits), he passed the remainder of the day, "*nunc solus, nunc comitatus*," in no enviable state. He retired earlier than usual to bed, hoping that "sweet restorer, balmy sleep," would kindly relieve him of his troubles, but his hopes were vain; once, indeed, a kind of doze stole over him. He dreamed he was in the marketplace with the "great unknown" at his side. His first effort was to turn and grapple with his foe, but great was his surprise and disappointment on finding that his wife, whose screams and resistance were of no feeble nature, was the undeserving victim of his merciless gripe.

"When in trouble to be troubled,
Is to have our trouble doubled,"

was particularly applicable to the doctor on this occasion. In addition to his own distress by day, he found he had severely shaken and alarmed his better half by night. Slumber, before an uncertain guest, now considered all obligations at an

end, and, accordingly, fluttered to some more inviting sphere. The whole of the next day our hero remained in bed, weakened by loss of sleep and anxiety. In the mean time his spouse had been acquainted with all the particulars relative to her unfortunate husband; and from her own personal experience on the preceding night, as well as the prediction of the renowned oracle, no doubt was entertained in her mind but delirium, of an awful nature, would ensue. Such proved to be the case; and he, who had hitherto been sedulously employed in blistering and bleeding his fellow-creatures, was now compelled to undergo the same operation by the hand of another. The next day he was reduced to the lowest degree of weakness, for blood had been copiously extracted from his veins. His first wish was to see the mysterious stranger—"he whose wonderful attainments could enable him to foresee such fearful catastrophes, was the only one to apply the remedy." He was sent for, and soon stood by his side: he felt his pulse—"Very bad! Have you made your will?"

"What!" exclaimed the patient, in an agony, "must I die, too!"

"Why," replied his attendant, gravely, "your case is very distressing, to say the best; yet," he continued, after a pause, "I feel convinced that I can even now save you; but as this is an extraordinary case, of course the fee must be in proportion."

"Oh!" exclaimed the patient and his wife, in a breath, "name any fee you like, and it shall be paid."

"Well," said the physician, "upon the immediate payment of three hundred pounds, I will engage to effect an entire cure in three days."

"Three hundred pounds!" cried the patient, in a tone of horror, "this is worse than all the blisters in the world!"

Unfortunately the old gentleman was particularly partial to that most alluring of worldly acquisitions—gold. Having endured during youth all the inconveniences of pinching poverty, nothing short of imperious necessity could induce him to part with what he considered the *primum mobile* of happiness. Thus it is that many are destined to pass lives of misery: during the first part of it they suffer from want itself, and afterwards from the fear of it. Great was the dismay displayed in the countenance of the doctor; one moment elated by the hope of life saved, the next dejected by the overwhelming thought of three hundred pounds lost! The latter consideration was weighty. He began to abuse the great physician in the most unqualified terms, for his unconscionable demand—it was altogether without precedent—adding, he might as well die at once, as subject himself to starvation!

"Well," replied the other, "I came here to serve you; but, as I find you determined to pursue your own course, I take my leave: by to-night *all assistance will be useless!*"

Having thus said, he departed: however, no sooner was he gone, than the patient, fatigued by his previous excitement, and terrified by the last

words of his visitor, began to think he had thrown away his life when he had the means of restoration in his power. He was influenced, moreover, by the philosophic reflection, that three hundred pounds would be of no use if he did not live to enjoy it. Under these reflections there was but one alternative. "Call him back," he cried; "I cannot exist without him!" He returned, and the money was promptly paid.

"Now," said the philosopher, "there is only one condition more—that a parcel, which I shall deposit beneath your pillow, containing a specific upon which everything depends, shall not be moved until the expiration of the three days; you may then do as you please." This condition required no payment, and therefore its observance was ratified by the most solemn pledge. The state of the body is ever dependent upon that of the mind, and the patient now experienced a tranquillity to which he had hitherto been an utter stranger, and for which he could not account. He was already healed in imagination, for he naturally concluded a most miraculous cure ought to be the result of such a princely fee. Everything of a strengthening nature was duly administered; he soon reached a state of convalescence, and at the end of the three days "the Doctor" was himself again. He now considered himself fully justified in examining the packet, which had remained untouched, and even unseen, during that period. Already had he conceived an idea of curing the whole world, when possessed of such a magic charm. He opened it, when, to his surprise, out flew a slip of paper, inscribed by no other hand than his own—"Conceit can kill, conceit can cure."

In conclusion, there is little need to add, that the great and mysterious physician was no other than the duped young doctor in disguise! After reaching England he made every inquiry respecting the impostor, and finding he was still on the same theatre of action, determined to punish him. How he succeeded we have already described—how chagrined the old doctor was may be better imagined.

G. J.

HOPE.

Star of my pathway, ever brightly beaming;
My consolation in life's solitude:
Bright beacon of eternity! Gay streaming!
How welcome art thou when dark tempests brood,
And fitful waves of life's rough ebbing sea
Gather around us, seemingly to burst,
And gulph the too frail bark! 'Tis then that we
Flee to thee for thy succour, and do thirst,
As heated flowers amid the fervid noon,
For thy reviving brightness. Thou dost dwell
In the expiring bosom ere the swoon
Of death steal back the pulse's throb, and tell
Of sunny lands where sorrows never rave,
A bright and peaceful home beyond the grave.

GEORGE BAYLEY.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY FISK.

Life it had fled—
Kneeling and weeping,
Each deemed him sleeping,
But he was dead !
The hopes he had nourished
Had blossomed and flourished—
She loved him, he knew ;
When she near him was kneeling,
He groaned, 't was the feeling
Of Death's chilling dew.

Hope yet was there—
O'er him, still smiling,
Herself beguiling,
Fell her dark hair.
Aye ! she who would gladly
Have died for him, madly
Now sought for his breath—
But the feather dissembled,
'Twas her frail hand that trembled,
Indeed, *there* was death.

Hope was no more—
Tearful, despairing,
Her tresses tearing,
Him home they bore.
At the grave she sank pale,
And her reason did fail ;
She lived now in gloom,
For her first-love was blighted,
Aye ! as soon as requited
'Twas lost in the tomb.

Love still lived on—
Buried in feeling,
To his grave stealing,
When the moon shone,
She would twine summer flowers,
Like her, weeping, for showers
Had injured their pride—
But night-wind, her traitor-guest,
Soon stole to her gentle breast,
And then, 'twas she died.

STANZAS:

'Twas in a wild wood's silent path
A cottage chimney peep'd
Above the honey-suckle flowers
That o'er its roof had creep'd :
The woodbine and the ivy grew
Amid the wild-rose there ;
A sweet-briar by its little porch
Grew round an oaken chair ;
And often, in the summer time,
Beneath the green trees' shade,
From morn till evening shades crept on,
A "band" of children played.
A silent river wound its way
Near to the cottage door ;
And there, in mirth, they'd sport awhile,
Along its pebbly shore.

A feeble man, with hoary head,
Oft wandered there about ;
And when he could no longer see,
Those children led him out.
He said that old men loved to think
Of boyhood and their prime,
Or ere the heart had felt a woe
Or dreamt of sin and crime ;
And much he loved their merry tone,
And many a time did say,
"God bless you all, my children,
My heart is in your play."

Year after year rolled rapidly
On fleeting wings of time,
The children ceased to speak of love—
The old man of his prime ;
But children they were not, for now
Manhood had marked each face ;
And each one sought at length to quit
His childhood's calm play-place ;
And, one by one, amid the world
In quick succession went ;
The ties that bound their earlier years
By selfishness were rent.

I passed the little woodland cot :
The old man—he was dead ;
The children had returned again
Where their fond boyhood sped ;
One from the sunny east had come,
Another from the west ;
But there was pride sat in each eye,
And coldness in each breast ;
And one was rich, and one was poor,
And I was grieved to see
That those who once were so beloved,
Should so much altered be.

'Tis sad to think the world should warp
A brother's love, and strife
Exist in that same heart where once
It was, in part, its life.
But so it was ; the brothers all,
Sought nought but this world's store ;
The hours when they were children,
They thought of them no more :
For at the old man's funeral,
They mingled there ; and when
The greensward wrapt their parent's clay,
They *never* spoke again.

GEORGE BAYLEY.

It is not difficult to comprehend the fascination exercised by astrology over the minds of men, at a period when the mists of ignorance and the blight of superstition covered the earth with a density which the rays of truth could only pierce at few and far between intervals. Nay, there is, and there will be, while the human mind retains its impress of the divinity, the same yearning after the unknown and the immaterial ; and now, as they did in years gone by, and as they will in years to come, the silent sentinels of the night awake a poetry and a mystery which science can never dull.

LUCY JESSERING.

"Death distant? No, alas! he's ever with us,
And shakes the dart at us in all our actings:
He lurks within our cup, while we're in health—
Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines.
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,
But Death is by to seize us when he lists."
THE SPANISH FATHER.

In the north of Leinster—it matters not now in what particular spot—there once stood a beautiful and romantically situated villa. The grounds around it were laid out with an elegance that was highly creditable to the taste of their proprietor. The house itself was situated midway on the slope of a graceful hill, its white brow just visible above a cluster of magnificent trees; a river swept round the foot of the declivity, and meeting with a low but rocky eminence on the left side, its waters fell foaming over it, and formed a beautiful lake beneath. Mr. Jessering, the owner, was a very wealthy man, and having a taste for such matters, had spared no expense in the decoration of his estate. His wife, a fair and gentle creature, had died of decline not many months after the birth of a daughter, the sole child with which their union was blessed; and she, just at the period we speak of, had attained her eighteenth year.

Lucy was very lovely. Her rich brown hair was soft and glossy as unwoven silk, her brow as fair and smooth as polished ivory; her eyes were of a deep chesnut colour, the whites tinged with that delicate azure which gives peculiar beauty to an eye; but yet the principal charm of hers was their variety of expression—now they sparkled with the most bewitching archness, and now they swam in the softest sadness. The soft blush that mantled on her cheek, the extreme beauty, regularity, and delicacy of her features, the angelic expression imprinted on each, and the exquisite symmetry of her graceful, though rather *petite* form, served to render Lucy the admired of all who beheld her. Her disposition was extremely lively; but, nevertheless, there lay concealed beneath feelings the deepest and most sensitive. His only child, the playful, interesting, and interested companion of his walks, the fond admirer of all his rustic plans and improvements, his tender nurse in sickness, his gentle comforter in sorrow—who sang to him, played to him, read to him; it is not, therefore, a subject of surprise that Lucy was the very idol of her father. He appeared to love the very ground on which she trod—he gratified her every wish—the thought of her came between him and his God; for in the gift he too frequently forgot the Giver. The natural excellence of her disposition, and the deep love which she entertained for her father, prevented Lucy's being spoiled by this extreme indulgence; and the fair girl grew up, beloved and admired by all who beheld her.

At a short distance from Greenleigh, the residence

of Mr. Jessering, there resided a wealthy family of the name of Melton; and, being such near neighbours, the families were, of course, on terms of intimate acquaintance. Frank Melton, their only son, was a tall, finely-formed youth, of some five or six and twenty years. He had received a showy, rather than a solid education—danced well, sang well, played sweetly on the flute, and had a certain ease and polish of manner and conversation, mingled with that gentle and respectful deference when addressing a female, which is so well calculated to win upon a woman's heart. He had known Miss Jessering long, and as he beheld each succeeding year adding to her sweetness and beauty, Frank felt that he loved her. Scarcely a day passed, on which he did not visit Greenleigh; sometimes with flowers which he had heard her admire, sometimes with a book with which he *thought* she would be pleased, sometimes with a new song that his sister had lately received, and "which he *knew* would suit Miss Jessering's voice so well."

It was a lovely summer's noon, with a blue and cloudless sky above, and a green earth breathing perfume beneath, when Lucy threw up the drawing-room window, and taking a book in her hand, sat down near the casement. She could not hear a sound save the low, sweet tinkling of the waterfall, that brought with it a sense of grateful and refreshing coolness, and an occasional note from her tame canary, as he came and perched upon her shoulder. In a short time she became absorbed in the work which she was reading, but was suddenly aroused by hearing the sound of a footstep at her side. She looked up, and Frank Melton was there. He had often seen Lucy look beautiful, but never so beautiful as now. Her cheek was flushed with surprise, and perhaps (love whispered him) with pleasure. Her splendid eyes were lit up with even more than their usual lustre, and a smile played around her exquisitely chiselled lips.

"I protest, Frank," she said, smiling still, "you are sadly ungallant, to startle and frighten one so. Here have I been just about to shed a flood of tears over this tale; so sad," she continued (the smile fading from her lip), "so like real life—of a happy young creature cut off by a fatal malady in the midst of her happiness."

"Then may I flatter myself, Lucy," said Frank, "that my presence has banished those tears?"

"Oh! the vanity of man!" she exclaimed, the rich blood mounting to her cheeks; "and yet I believe I must reprove you for interrupting my fit of seriousness, as I fear I am not sufficiently often in such a mood," and again she smiled.

"Dearest Lucy!" said Frank. He took her soft hand in his, and spoke to her long in a low and tender tone.

That day decided the destiny of Lucy Jessering; she learned she was beloved, and confessed that she loved in return.

Mr. Jessering and the parents of Frank did not long withhold their consent to the union of the lovers, and the day was fixed for its being solemnized. Lucy's love for her betrothed husband was deep and enthusiastic; she thought not of his

manly beauty—she thought not of his youth—she thought not of his wealth—she loved him wholly and entirely for himself: her father alone excepted, *he* was all in all on earth to her: without him, life would have been living death; and with him, existence under every aspect would have been the extreme of bliss. Poor, dear Lucy! *thine* was woman's love!

Three weeks after the day on which Frank had avowed his attachment, it was again a summer's noon; large clouds of dazzling whiteness floated over the deep blue surface of the sky, and the warmth of the sunny day was tempered by a gentle breeze.

"It is a charming day," said Frank, as he and Lucy rode slowly down the avenue of Greenleigh, "and exactly the description of day too that suits so well for seeing our favourite view to advantage."

"It is indeed, Frank," she replied; "how very beautiful it must look at this moment!" she continued, her dark eyes flashing and sparkling as she spoke. "I can fancy it now—the bright green of the valley glowing beneath the sunlight—those clouds casting their shadows and this sun his light on the broad high hills." She looked up and met the eyes of Frank fixed upon her with a look of the deepest love and admiration. Hers instantly fell—the vivid blush mantled to her cheek, and urging on her palfrey she exclaimed, "Come, Frank, let us visit it."

What a sweet picture of life and happiness did Lucy and her lover at that moment present! Two short weeks more, and they were to be united to each other. The heart of the young girl was filled with visions of love and bliss through a long vista of years to come; and as he, who shared her every thought, gazed on the beautiful creature so soon to become his own, he felt that his cup of bliss was filled to the very brim. Lucy looked beautiful, as seated gracefully on her milk-white horse she cantered down the avenue. The balmy breeze, that waved her long soft tresses, brought a vivid bloom to her cheek, and an increased brilliancy to her eyes, through which shone the mirth and happiness of her young heart. Frank rode enraptured by her side, drinking in the music of her sweet voice; and thus did the happy pair proceed on their way, till a turn in the road brought them almost within view of their favourite landscape.

"Oh! here it is," cried Lucy, and both were about urging their horses to proceed at a swifter pace (for lovers generally ride slowly), when a hare rushed across the path; the animal on which Miss Jessering was mounted, started, plunged violently for a single moment, and before Frank could find time to restrain the frightened beast, it set off with the speed of lightning. Lucy was an excellent horsewoman. From her earliest youth she had been his companion in her father's riding excursions; and with great care he had trained her up in all the mysteries of horsemanship. Now, however, though all her skill and strength were exerted in the effort, she found it perfectly impossible to restrain her palfrey; nor could Frank, who pursued with all the speed of love and despair, succeed in overtaking the flying animal. With great presence

of mind Lucy retained her seat; and in the mean time two or three countrymen, throwing themselves before the horse, endeavoured to stop it by their cries and gestures. This had the effect of rendering it irresolute, and Frank, plunging the spurs once more into his steed, it bounded forward, and in another moment Lucy was lying senseless but unhurt in his arms. Whilst the lover with the tenderest care was supporting the lifeless burden in his arms, and flinging back the dishevelled ringlets that fell around her face, one of the men ran to a neighbouring cottage for some water; on receiving which, Frank, by bathing her temples and sprinkling her face with it, endeavoured to restore animation. For a length of time his efforts proved unavailing, till making in his trepidation and anxiety some awkward movement with his hand, the contents of the vessel he held was poured on her neck and bosom. The cold shock aroused Lucy so that in a brief space of time she was perfectly recovered from her swoon. The long hair that fell on her bosom, and that part of her dress which covered her chest, were completely saturated with water; but being fearful that her long absence might alarm her father, and recollecting the distance they were now from Greenleigh, she neglected to dry either the one or the other, and requested that they might at once proceed on their homeward way. Unwilling to delay till another horse could be procured, she mounted her own again, having first warmly thanked the three countrymen, and offered them an ample remuneration for their trouble; to accept of which the true-hearted fellows positively refused.

"God bless her, she's a sweet young lady," said one of the men, as they stood looking after the receding couple.

"Fair she is," said another, "and has the heart as well as the face of an angel. She didn't recollect me, but 'tis I that well *remember* her; for only for the sweet crathur my poor old woman 'ud have been lost entirely, *whin* she had the *fav'er*. Miss Lucy—the heavens be about her—used to come to see her every whole day, *idout* the least fear of the *infliction*, bringin' her physics and other fine things."

"They say she's to be married to Misther Frank Melton," said a third; "shure I pray he may make her happy, that's all!"

"Amin!" responded the others, and turned to pursue their way.

Lucy reached home in safety, and on arriving there, found her father anxiously awaiting her return. Laughing, she related to him the adventure in which she had played such a dangerous part, and allayed his fond fears for her safety by assuring him that she was perfectly unhurt. That night was to our heroine an almost sleepless one; she felt agitated and nervous, and when she appeared in the breakfast-room on the following morning, her father remarked that she looked pale and languid.

"Well, papa," she said, smiling faintly, "you must lay the blame of my ill looks on that runaway horse of mine. A little fright, you know, will

banish for a few days the bloom from a lady's cheek."

On the next day Lucy was very feverish and ill. A short, dry, and distressing cough supervened; but believing her ailment to proceed from a slight cold, and being unwilling to alarm Frank, or her father, she refused their solicitations to have a physician called in. She continued in the same state for seven or eight days; her appetite was almost entirely gone, the bloom of health faded from her cheek, and her once bright eyes were now become languid and lustreless.

"My dearest child," said her father one day, taking in his her dry and burning hand; "My dearest child, you *must* allow me to consult a doctor to-morrow; I cannot, and will not hear a word of objection from you. There is poor Frank too, so miserable about you. Lucy, my sweet child, I fear that you are very ill."

"I must confess, papa," she replied, "that I feel myself somewhat worse to-day; but, I trust, I shall soon be better."

"Worse! do you really feel yourself worse to-day? then I shall immediately send for Sir William D—," said Mr. Jessering, and he instantly quitted the room to execute his purpose.

Sir William D—, the family physician, was a man of uncommon skill and experience, but possessed of a bluntness and sternness of manner that frequently proved hurtful to the feelings of those who required his services. He was not tardy in obeying the hasty summons of Mr. Jessering, and he arrived at Greenleigh not many hours after the above-mentioned conversation. Having seen Lucy, and been informed of her symptoms, he requested to speak with her father for a few moments in private; and when they were alone, he said—

"No power on earth, sir, can save your child; she is hastening to her grave in a rapid decline."

The unfortunate parent stood before him unable to move a limb, from the intensity of his agony and surprise. His eyes fixed with a stony stare upon the physician, his hands clasped tightly together, every faculty seemed destroyed by the shock; but in a few moments he started from this stupor, he paced wildly up and down the room, he wrung his hands, he tore his grey hairs, and exclaimed distractedly—

"Oh! my child, my child; my lost and only one!"

Sir William D—, though long married, had never known the feelings of a parent; but yet his heart was touched by the tone of wild anguish in which Mr. Jessering spoke.

"I entreat you to be composed, sir," he said, "we must —"

"My child, my child!" cried the unhappy father.

"Well! but, sir, I promise you that we shall do all in our power that may tend to effect her recovery," replied Sir William; "though," he added, relapsing into his habitual cold stern tone, "I am almost certain our efforts will prove unavailing."

"Do not say so—do not say so," cried Mr. Jessering; "I cannot part with my Lucy—I

cannot bear to lose my child. Oh! save her save her; and all that I have is yours."

"It is a needless offer, quite a needless offer, sir," said the physician, rising, "I shall do all that in me lies for the benefit of Miss Jessering."

Poor Lucy! Day succeeded day, and each one found her weaker and weaker. Her whole nature appeared changed; she knew, she felt that she was dying, but as the tenement of clay gradually lost strength, the spirit by which it was animated became strengthened. The natural vigour of her mind uprose, the unthinking gaiety of her character was now totally cast aside, she became grave and thoughtful, though neither sad nor reserved, for she saw that an additional pang would pierce her father's heart, if he beheld melancholy settle on the brow of his beloved child. But, ah! in the solitude of her chamber, or during the long nights, when all round her was hushed in repose, whilst she alone lay sleepless and weary, then, then, would the thoughts of this earth force themselves upon her. Many a time and oft, during those dark hours, did the warm tears fall down her wasted cheek. It was a bitter pang to be snatched away, when just on the brink of happiness; it was a bitter pang to know that all the fairy visions of youth and hope were now to sink into the gloomy grave; it was a bitter pang to leave so soon the green earth, the smiling face of nature, for the cold, damp, dark tomb; but oh! more bitter still than all was the pang of leaving her father, and Frank, her betrothed husband! With all her fortitude, she could not endure this thought; it prostrated her spirit to the very earth: she could have borne without repining the acutest pangs of death, but this, this she could not endure.

At a short distance from Greenleigh, there resided a very worthy clergyman; Lucy had always been a favourite with the good old man, and now, in her hour of sickness and sorrow, he did not desert or forget her. He visited her constantly, and endeavoured to make her sensible of the necessity that existed of preparing for the approach of death; he read and explained to her the Holy Scriptures; he pointed out to her the kindness and loving-mercy of the Lord, and the everlasting delights of the world to come, till, at length, what had formerly been a source of pain, now became one of happiness to his gratified listener. She looked forward in faith and hope to an eternal union with those whom she loved, beyond the portals of the grave.

It was a calm, sunny, beautiful evening, six weeks after the commencement of Lucy's illness, and the gentle invalid was lying on a low couch beside the open window. The bright smile had left her lip, but there was an expression of holy calm upon her brow. In place of the rich glow of health, that once mantled on her cheek, there now burned upon it the feverish hectic of consumption, and the wasted form bore sad testimony to its ravages. Her long rich hair hung in damp masses on her shoulders, and there was a glassy lustre in her dark eyes. By her side sat Frank Melton, holding one of her hands in his; his countenance pale as marble, and his lips quivering with suppressed emotion; whilst at the foot of the

couch sat her father, with his face buried in his palms.

It was a lovely hour, the cloudless blue of the sky melted towards the west into rich amber, and that again into burning gold, as it neared the verge of the horizon. The sun was setting magnificently; and beautiful, most beautiful, were the various shades of purple and red, from the lightest to the darkest dye, that beamed around his throne. Tree and flower were in their brightest bloom, and the newly mown hay added perfume to the faint air that stole in through the casement. There had been silence in the room for some moments past, but at length Lucy spoke in a low clear tone—

"I am glad," she said, "that this evening is so lovely—so very lovely, for I feel it is the last that I shall spend upon earth. Nay, my dear father, do not gaze at me with that sad despairing look. Frank, dearest Frank, do not weep. Shall we not all meet hereafter in a world of eternal joy? I have long thought upon death, and I now regard it but as a short separation from those beloved ones that I leave upon earth."

"Lucy, my dearest child," interrupted her father, "you will exhaust yourself by speaking," and his voice quivered with emotion.

"No," replied Lucy, "I feel myself stronger than usual, but it is only the bright flash ere the lamp expires. Frank," she continued, turning towards her lover, who sat weeping bitterly beside her; "Frank, I may now say, without blushing, that I have loved you, and do love you still—deeply, truly. I know that your affection for me is sincere. By all the happy hours we have spent together, by the memory of her whose heart has been ever yours, I conjure you, be a son to my aged father. I know that you will not forsake him, Frank; cherish him in his desolate old age, love him as you would your own parent. Oh! my dear, dear father," she cried, springing suddenly up with unnatural strength, and clasping her arms round his neck; "oh! my own dear father, do not grieve for me; you will still have a child, though I am gone. Where are you, Frank? I cannot see you. We shall meet—" but ere she could complete the sentence, her head dropped upon her father's breast, the white lids closed over her eyes, and Lucy Jessering was dead.

Reader, art thou a parent? Hast thou ever lost a child as dear, aye, far dearer unto thee than the breath of life—thy best beloved—thy loveliest one? Hast thou watched for long hours beside that dear one's bed of sickness, with that mixture of agony, suspense, hope, and despair that wears the very heart? Hast thou seen the bloom of health fade from that young cheek—the brightness from that eye—the smile of innocent gaiety from the lip—the lightness and fleetness from the step? Hast thou seen that being dead? If thou hast, thou mayest well judge what heart-rending grief Lucy's now desolate father at that moment endured. He did not shed a tear, or breathe a sigh; but "the iron had entered into his soul." Frank's grief was more passionate, but the sequel will tell whether or not it was more sincere. All who had been acquainted with Lucy, even those, who had only seen her or, known

her by report, sorrowed for her melancholy death. Mr. Jessering's aged housekeeper was inconsolable.

"How shall I live," she would say, "without my sweet young lady's kind words, without her gentle ways and bright smiles? And, to be sure, to think of her being taken away, and she just going to be married—not that Mr. Frank Melton was ever a favourite of mine, but then Miss Lucy loved him so dearly. And her poor old father, too! Well, well, God does all things for the best."

After his daughter's death, Mr. Jessering never raised his head; the old man's heart was broken; he became moody and reserved, wasted to a mere shadow, and scarcely ever uttered a word. The only occupation which appeared to interest him in the slightest degree was gazing on a miniature of his lost child, and caressing her little tame canary. Frank visited him frequently, but it was said that he did not pay him such kindness and attention as he might have done. One day, about a month after Lucy's decease, the old housekeeper tapped at her master's dressing-room door, and told him that dinner was ready; but receiving no answer to her repeated summons, she opened the door and entered. There sat the old man—his head and arms resting on the table before him, and Lucy's miniature clasped in his hands. He was dead. Seven months after, Frank Melton was married!

S. J. G.

TO MY GENTLE FRIEND.

They do not call you beautiful,

They say you are not fair!

They have not looked within your eyes,

Nor touched your silken hair.

They have not thrill'd beneath your tones,

Nor noted your sweet smile;

The mourner's face reflects its light,

Nor bleeds his heart the while.

They do not heed your quiv'ring lips,

The tremulous low sigh,

When thro' the eloquence of one

The oppressed lift a cry!

They have not seen your flashing eye,

When deeds of wrong are told;

Its speech is like the trumpet note

To animate the bold!

And oh! when those you love have erred,

And men are prompt to blame,

They have not seen your falling lid,

And deepening blush of shame.

They have not gazed upon your brow,

And read high language there;

The noble thought, the purpose great,

'Tis this that makes you fair.

A thousand fitting glories come,

To visit your pale face;

Our souls confess you beautiful,

And full of winning grace!

MATILDA L. DAVIS.

AFFECTATION.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"From my soul
I loathe all affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn,
Object of my implacable disgust!"

COWPER.

"What can be the matter with Alice Welford?" said Bessie Waldo, as she joined a group of young girls. "I never saw any being more changed. Why, I have been absent nearly a year, and when I thought to receive the welcome of an old friend and companion, I was met with such coldness, such heartlessness of manner, that I declare, (silly girl that I am!) it forced the tears into my eyes. Can I have offended her?"

"Oh, no; don't think it for a moment," replied her friend, laughing. "But the truth is, Bessie, Alice *has* changed. You must know she has but lately returned from a winter in the city, and in lieu of our favourite Alice, the unsophisticated village girl, has brought us back only the fine affected city lady."

"Is it so? Well, I wish the *fine lady* back again, amid the purlieus of fashionable folly; for I am sure she is perfectly ridiculous *here*—besides, no well-bred city lady but would despise as much as we do such airs and affected graces."

"You are right. Alice certainly shows great want of sense by her present absurd behaviour. Ah me! I fear she is utterly spoiled."

"For my part, I do not consider her either '*spoiled*' or '*ridiculous*,'" interrupted Matilda Grant, who had not before spoken. "I think her more lovely than ever."

"I am glad you do, Matilda," replied Bessie. "But look, is not that Alice? Yes, I am sure it is; but how different from the light springing step with which she used to meet us!"

At this moment Alice Welford approached, and was about to pass the party of young girls with merely a most graceful courtesy and bow, when Bessie Waldo, laying her hand on her arm, cried—

"Do stop a moment, dear Alice! it is so long since we have met. Come, join us in a walk to one of our old favourite haunts."

"I thank you extremely, Miss Waldo," replied Alice, in a soft, lisping voice, "extremely; but you must excuse me. A long walk would really agitate my nerves too sensibly; and the sunbeams are horribly excruciating."

Then gracefully bowing, and drawing her green veil with a slight shudder over her face, Alice passed on.

The sylvan village of Fairdale, with its neat white cottages peeping forth from clustering roses and honey-suckles, its pretty church embowered in a grove of willows, and its nicely gravelled walks shaded by lofty elms, was perhaps one of the sweetest spots where a lover of nature might pause on his journey through life, and there, far from the turmoil of the busy world, pass his days in peaceful seclusion and happiness.

It seems therefore almost profanation to speak of *money* in connexion with so blissful a retreat; but *everywhere*, from the time when "*Adam delved and Eve span*," the love of *riches* will creep amid the most lovely scenes, even as sin within the holy precincts of paradise.

Mr. Welford (the father of Alice) was the most wealthy man in Fairdale. He had held a lucky ticket in the lottery of life, and having constantly borne in mind the thrifty maxim, "*a penny saved is a penny gained*," could now count his thousands and tens of thousands. He was also an upright, honest man—never known to grind the poor, or distress the widow and fatherless; while on the other hand, it might perhaps be said, neither was he ever known to expend aught in charity, or help to smoothe the path of life for the forlorn and destitute.

Somewhat late in life, he had united himself to a lady of nearly his own age, and who perhaps might be said to excel even her husband in the careful hoarding of pounds, shillings, and pence. She was very ambitious—fond of dress, and of making a display; for which indulgences light dinners and an empty larder were often made to bring up all arrears. As Alice, their only child, grew up, the purse of the proud and happy father was never denied; for it was the aim and ambition of both parents that their daughter should not only be the best-educated girl in the village, but that her *dress* should always excel in richness those of her young companions. It was almost a miracle that Alice should have grown up to womanhood unspoiled by such lavish indulgence.

She was, indeed, a lovely girl. Her complexion was radiant with health and happiness, and if by some the rose might be thought too predominant, her beautifully formed neck and hands were as white as falling snow flakes. Her eyes were large, of a soft and lustrous black, shaded by the most beautiful eye-lashes, and arched with the bow of love. Her nose was *petite* and perfect, and her lips like the inner leaf of the rose. She was of middling height, delicately proportioned, with a foot of fairy mould. The mind of the fair Alice was not, it is true, as richly gifted; still her talents were by no means below mediocrity, while her temper and disposition were naturally amiable.

In infancy and in childhood she was so bright and joyous, so winning in her artless endearments, that every eye fell on her with delight; and as that period arrived when, bidding a joyful farewell to all school discipline, she tripped lightly forth to commence the journey of life—to her imagination a beautiful garden, where the haud of pleasure was ever strewing thornless roses, gemmed with the bright dew of happiness—there was one general tribute of admiration. Without a feeling of envy, her young companions stepped aside to yield place to the brilliant queen of their little coterie; the brightest flower of as beautiful a garland as ever came fresh and glowing from the hands of nature; for in Fairdale, one would think the fairies, as in olden time, had touched each blushing maiden with their wand, such wealth was there of beauty.

Frederick and Bessie Waldo were the children

of a wealthy landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of Fairdale, between whom and the parents of Alice there had always existed the warmest friendship—a bond which seemed to unite even more closely the hearts of their children. In childhood they were inseparable, and until Frederick left for college, scarcely a day passed that the three friends did not meet. Frederick was a young man of promising talents, enthusiastic in his attachments, generous and noble in his feelings. He would not, it is true, have been considered the *beau idéal* of manly beauty, yet there was a charm in his frank ingenuous countenance, which drew all hearts in his favour.

Although some years older than Alice, Frederick deemed it no reason why he should not continue to love the beautiful girl; as to falling in love, he never did:—he had adored her with his whole heart and soul from the time she first lisped his name. Nor was he by any means the only one fascinated and made captive by her charms. There was not a youth in the village but felt suicidal if she but smiled upon another; and many were the lines, now lost to fame, penned by some “mute inglorious Milton,” which were inspired by her beauty.

At each vacation, how gladly did Frederick hasten to Fairdale, sure of always meeting a joyful welcome from Alice! He witnessed with delight the gradual development of her mind and person—in his eye she was perfection. No one touched the piano with such skill; there was no voice so sweet. No pencil but that of Alice could have given that living glow to the landscape; and her writing—ah! surely some *elfin sprite* must have guided her little hand!

Upon leaving college, Frederick commenced the study of medicine in Philadelphia. There, day after day, night after night, did the young student toil on in unceasing study, to make for himself a reputation and a name worthy his beloved Alice; for not until then, he resolved, would he offer either heart or hand to her acceptance.

But in the meanwhile, o’er the heaven of Alice Welford’s beauty a cloud was rising—a mere speck at first, yet ever increasing, until it overshadowed her whole lovely person! It was at first difficult to tell *why* she was less pleasing—for less pleasing she certainly was. Her companions looked from one to the other, and silently wondered; for so well did they all love her, that each one strove to conceal her thoughts within her own bosom. About this time Alice was invited to pass a few months in the city, and upon her return *affectation* stood forth too palpable to be longer mistaken!

She was now suddenly distressed by fogs and moonlight. She took to sighs and sentiment, and in that vein her eyes were set, deep-rolling, tearful. Her voice was now so fine, “no sound could live ’twixt it and silence,” and if she smiled (for now away with laughter), it was with manner constrained and sickly. A beautiful mouth too had Alice, and beautifully white were the little teeth within; yet somehow or other “the pink portico with an ivory door” was guarded by a strange fanciful porter! Her manners and conversation partook also of the same unnatural change.

Mrs. Welford, deceived and blinded by her maternal love, saw only the most graceful refinement in her daughter; while Mr. Welford, good man, although he was at first somewhat puzzled, and was heard once or twice to utter an impatient “pish!” at length concluded these new-fangled airs were all right, so settled himself contentedly down to his day-book and ledger.

Although many of her most intimate friends now shunned the society of Alice, there were some who not only fancied they admired, but who also strove to imitate her every word and motion. Among these Matilda Grant shone conspicuously; and nature having innocently placed a languishing blue eye in her little head of light flaxen ringlets, and given a gentle lisp to her tongue, the mantle of affectation fell not ungracefully around her white dimpled shoulders.

Could these young ladies but have seen themselves as others saw them, how little would their self-love have been flattered! for nowhere does affectation appear more odious than when she comes with mincing step and languishing simper amid the homely scenes of country life.

“God made the country, and man made the town,” are words which fell from the pen of the inspired Cowper. It is in the gay thoroughfare of the city, therefore, in the glitter of the ball-room, in the brilliant saloon, or amid the artificial allurements of fashionable life, that affectation may be tolerated, although she is everywhere to be despised. But let her shun the country—the very school of nature, where grace may be learned even from the tall grass as it meets the kiss of the summer wind, and where the little blue violet, and the spotless lily of the valley, teach lessons of modesty and purity. Music!—can the opera send forth sweeter notes than morn and eve meet your ear from yonder grove? Hark to the robin, and the merry bob-o’-link, or to the lark trilling her hymn of praise far up in the azure vault of heaven! The silvery rill, too, as it leaps and dances over its pebbly bed, will teach you cheerfulness, and bright-eyed health and exercise transfer to your cheek the lovely tints of the rose.

Nearly a year of arduous study was passed by Frederick Waldo ere he again visited Fairdale; but now, with love, hope, and joy glowing at his heart, he once more pressed the green sward of his native village.

As soon as the affectionate greetings of kindred were interchanged, he flew to the residence of Mr. Welford, where he was received with the most cordial kindness. The natural feelings of Alice triumphed for a while over all affectation, and with a blush as of old, and a sparkling eye, she extended her hand to meet the warm pressure of her early friend. For that evening Alice was *herself*—or if perchance some few of her newly acquired *graces* shone forth, they were eclipsed in the eyes of her lover by her more artless manner, and he left her presence intoxicated with love and happiness.

But when the next morning Frederick saw Alice, she was languidly reclining upon a sofa, apparently too much absorbed in reading to notice his ap-

proach. With the prettiest little start in the world, therefore, she raised her head as his hand fell lightly upon her raven tresses, and exclaiming with great pathos—

"Oh, tell me, have you read it?" buried her face in her handkerchief.

"What is it, my dear Alice, that distresses you? Read what? What sudden calamity has befallen you?"

"Oh! no calamity to *myself*—but think of the sufferings of the poor wretched Sophie! Ah, is it not enough to rend the heart! But you must have read 'Sophie'?"

"I confess I have not," replied Frederick, smiling. "But come, I cannot allow fictitious woes to prevent us from enjoying this fine morning. Bessie and I have planned a little excursion on horseback (ever your delight, I remember), and I have called to ask you to accompany us."

"Really, you are very kind, Mr. Waldo," replied Alice; "but nothing could tempt me to leave this charming book."

"Indeed!" answered Frederick, evidently piqued by her refusal; "I flattered myself the society of a long absent friend might be of more value to you. But come, Alice," resuming all his wonted frankness of manner, "do lay aside your book. Recollect, for nearly a year I have been pent within the walls of a city, and now feel as if released from a galling bondage. I wish to enjoy every moment of nature and of you, my dear friend."

"Oh! I pray take your ride—do, I beseech of you," she replied, laying her hand on his arm, and pushing him gently from her. "Do go; but pray leave me to my delightfully absorbing Sophie!"

"Alice!"

"I believe I am very nervous this morning," she added, as she felt that look of wounded affection fixed upon her; then rising, and slightly blushing, she walked to the window.

"Since, then, you refuse me the happiness of your society, you will at least favour me with music—one song, Alice," said Frederick.

"How *can* you ask me to sing in the morning? It really is so *outré*, so *désagréable*, as the French say; but since you wish it, I will play a favourite air of Matilda Grant's: Have you seen sweet Matilda? the loveliest creature! Yet I must say, to attempt eliciting harmony at such an unseasonable hour, does not coincide with my taste."

"Then pray, Miss Welford, do not disturb yourself on my account," replied Frederick, and coldly bowing, he left the room.

As might be expected, there was no riding that day. Frederick felt deeply hurt by the conduct of Alice; it was so strange, so unlike herself. For the whole day he remained moody and silent, but at length, with all the generosity of true love, he accused himself of being unjust to Alice. "It was selfish in me," thought he, "to expect her to leave a story in which she was so much interested merely for a ride, which she can enjoy any day; and as to music, why truly it does seem out of place in the morning. I wonder how I could be so absurd as to feel so much offended." And thus

laying "the flattering unction to his soul," he was soon by the side of Alice.

"It is evening, Alice, the hour for music. You will now sing to me."

"Oh yes, with pleasure," she replied; and then seating herself with the most studied gracefulness at the piano, arranging her profusion of long ringlets, with many other pretty little airs, she turned in a languishing manner to Frederick, and inquired in a soft voice what song he would prefer. A favourite air from *La Sonnambula* was named, with which Alice had often charmed his ear.

Running her fingers lightly over the keys, the really fine voice of Alice commenced "Still so gently o'er me stealing." Poor Frederick looked and listened with strangely commingled feelings of pleasure and disgust. It was surely Alice—it was her bird-like voice which fell on his ear! yet so distorted, perverted by theatrical tone and manner, that he could hardly trust his senses.

"Oh sweet! bewitching! heavenly!" cried Matilda Grant, clasping her hands, and rolling her pretty eyes in ecstasy.

Frederick merely bowed his thanks, and then named a simple Scotch air; but here, alas! the most beautiful song of Burns was "worse confounded" with affected simplicity; and after many vain attempts to elicit some chord which might vibrate to his heart as in other days, Frederick turned sorrowfully away, and soon after took leave, more unhappy than he had ever felt before, and perhaps *less in love!*

Frederick remained a week in Fairdale. He saw Miss Welford but seldom, yet each time they did meet served only to disenchant him the more; and when he returned to Philadelphia, to pursue those studies which for her sake had been so sweet, life to the young student seemed disrobed of half its charms.

* * *

Room now for the elegant Julius Adolphus Bubble! Step aside, oh all ye village swains, ye home-spun youths! Doff now your caps in humble submission, and come not "betwixt the wind and his nobility."

Matilda Grant had a brother; this brother had a friend, and that friend was Julius Adolphus Bubble. He came from the far "sunny south," to inhale the cool breezes of a northern clime—to rusticate in the native village of his friend. Ah! favoured Fairdale, to receive beneath your rural shades this specimen exquisite—the inimitable Bubble! In the words of Carlyle, he may be best described.

"Elegant vacuum! serenely looking down upon all plenums and entities! The doom of fate was—'Be thou a dandy! Have thy eye-glasses, opera-glasses—thy Long Acre cabs, with white-breeched tiger—thy yawning impassives, pococurantisms—fix thyself in dandyhood undeliverable. It is thy doom.'"

And a doom which was met with wonderful resignation by the nature-befitted Julius.

When first he met the soft blue eyes of Matilda, he swore she was "an angel!" When he encountered the bewitching languor of Alice Welford's dark rolling orbs, he laid his hand where his heart

should have been, and vowed upon his honour she was "*de-vine*." In the words of the song, he might have said—

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."

Nor were these young ladies by any means insensible to the attractions of the elegant southerner. He was "bewitching!"—"what eyes!" "what whiskers!" and ah! yes—"what a superb moustache!" As Matilda said, it was "glorious as the first ruddy streak of Aurora's pencil, by which she signals to the night-curtained world the approach of the sun-god of day!" (*True, the moustache was red.*) To which rhapsody Bessie Waldo replied, with a wicked laugh, that had he lived in the days of Oberon and Puck, he would have needed the disguise of *no other ass's* head than his own: and like poor translated Bottom, he was already "marvellously hairy about the face."

Time flew all too swift for the trio. On he sped, (heartless old fellow!) careless that he was fast bringing round the fiat of separation.

There was riding, and boating, and pic-nic-ing in Fairdale. There was music by moonlight, and soft sighs, and soul-subduing looks "called up," out-doing even Mrs. Pentwizzle. But at length "the robin and the wren had flown," and the autumn breeze blew chilly around the delicate form of Bubble, whistling a mournful requiem to pleasure through those *magnifique* whiskers—and so with the summer birds the elegant Julius took wing—*sic transit gloria mundi*!—leaving behind him not only two engaged hearts, but, alas! two engaged hands.

This modern Lothario had sworn love and constancy to both fair friends. He had wept at the feet of Alice until she whispered of hope; and then, as he received her blushing assent to be his, he won from her the promise that not even her bosom friend, Matilda, should be allowed to share her happiness. For a while, strict secrecy must be observed; it was very important for his safety that this engagement should not be known at the south, hinted of a "rich heiress" pining in green and yellow melancholy for the love of him, "jealousy," "midnight dagger," &c., until Alice, turning pale as if she already saw the form of her lover laid prostrate by the assassin, gave the promise he required.

He then fell upon his knees before Matilda, swore by all the stars he loved but her alone, and that if she proved unkind—

"From a window his body should dangle!
Or a bullet should whiz through his brain!!
Or the fishes his carcass should mangle!!!"

But Matilda had no wish to be unkind to her *desperate* lover. She bent gently over him, and softly murmured forth her love. Then rising to his feet, Bubble beat his breast and his brow, calling himself a wretch to have thus obtained her love, when there were reasons—weighty reasons—that she must be his affianced bride in secrecy, secrecy! Not even Alice must know that Cupid

held their hearts transfixed, waiting to shake them off upon the altar of hymen.

And thus these two imprudent, deluded girls, fell readily into the snare prepared by the artful Bubble.

During the Winter, Frederick Waldo came again to Fairdale. It is needless to say what were the motives which incited him away from his arduous studies, and brought him once more into the presence of Miss Welford.

Since his return to Philadelphia he had been perfectly wretched. He had loved Alice too deeply to tear her image from his heart without much mental suffering; and now that "distance lent enchantment," he began again to think of her as she had been—not as she was. He blamed himself severely for the unkind thoughts he had indulged toward her. He only was in the wrong. He had confined himself so closely to his books, shunning all society, that he had become a perfect misanthrope! Alice was young—she was beautiful, and rich! Doubtless she was the same as other young girls, flattered and indulged as she had been, only a thousand times more beautiful! Why had he been so fastidious? Thus the lover strove to reason, while at the same time flitting before his mental vision came the Alice he had known in early life, seeming to reproach him for even palliating the follies of the *affected Miss Welford*.

To Fairdale then came Frederick once more, determined to look upon Alice with a less jaundiced eye. But, alas! he was doomed to have his fond flattering hopes dispelled, and his worse fears more than realized. The "last link was broken," and for ever! His love changed to pity and contempt, and he now almost wondered how it was possible that Alice could ever have been the object of his love.

Before leaving Fairdale, Frederick addressed her the following letter:—

"Pardon me, my dear Miss Welford, if I take the privilege of an old friend to address you; and should the perusal of these lines intrude upon a portion of your time, may the interest I feel for you plead my excuse. They come from one who once adored you—yes, fondly, truly loved you; and although those bright gems of feeling which lit up the dark passages of my life are now and forever extinguished, still the friendship, the sincere regard I must ever feel for you, prompts me to the fulfilment of what I consider my duty, although I am aware, by so doing, I may draw upon myself your lasting displeasure.

"There was a time, my dear friend, when your charms of manner and winning artlessness were not surpassed even by your unparalleled beauty; and pardon me, Alice, if I add, that thereon was based your greatest attraction; for although the eye may still sparkle, the cheek outvie the rose in beauty, the form equal in gracefulness the Medician Venus, and the voice still pour forth sounds sweet as the heaven-drawn notes of the *Æolian* harp, yet, if over all these charms *affectation* casts her transforming influence, where is their power to delight? Alas! when ingenuousness and sim-

plicity withdrew their support, that power was lost!

"Alice, in the eyes of all sensible people, you have lost your greatest charms!

"Affectation, like the poisonous Upas, defiles all it touches: from her reproach nature recoils, and simplicity shrinks affrighted! At first, affectation is content to wind her fanciful wreaths around the exterior of her victim; but the poison therein concealed soon penetrates the inner temple of the heart. The most sacred affections are violated, and made to attest her baneful influence. Truth and love, even religion herself, but issue thence in the garb of mockery!

"This is bold and harsh language, my dear Alice (for so in friendship let me ever call you), but yet you must acknowledge its truth.

"Alice, renounce at once and for ever the syren who now holds you in such withering bondage: act from the natural impulses of your own pure heart; cast aside the flimsy veil of affectation, and stand forth in your own loveliness! You may yet realize all that beauty of mind and person of which but a short time since you gave the promise.

"Others, my dear Miss Welford, may not have the courage to speak to you in the language of truth; yet, whatever you may now think, the time will come when you will acknowledge to your heart that you never possessed a more sincere friend than
"FREDERICK WALDO."

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Miss Welford as she finished this letter. Anger, shame, mortification, and wounded self-love stirred her heart by turns; while conscience told her the words traced therein by the hand of one whom her own folly had driven from her, were those of truth—the language of a heart still anxious for her good; that it came more in sorrow than in anger, breathing sentiments of compassion and kindness, rather than of the scorn and contempt she felt she merited. Once more Alice read the letter; then crushing it in her hand, she thrust it into the flames. As it caught the blaze she breathed more freely, for it seemed as if she was destroying a hated witness of her folly; and when all that remained was a black shrivelled mass, she tossed her head proudly, as if in defiance, exclaiming, with flushed cheek and angry brow—

"Really, how very presuming!—how very impertinent in Frederick Waldo! Lost my charms, indeed! How different is Julius Adolphus—he says nothing can be more *récherché* than my conversation, nothing more *naïve* than my manner. Really Mr. Waldo is too absurd?"

Then casting an admiring look first in the glass, then upon a brilliant which sparkled on her finger (the gift of Bubble), she sank into a blissful meditation.

There came at length a letter to Fairdale, autographic of the elegant Bubble! It was addressed to Mr. Welford, making known his love for his fair daughter. There came also another letter—this was for Alice. It was a pattern love-letter, in which, after an ocean of tears were passed over

by the fluttering Alice, a volcano of sighs happily surmounted, she came to the word "beware." "Beware of Miss Grant!" wrote Julius Adolphus. The sentence which followed was couched with the dark pen of mystery, but plain palpable evidence twinkled forth that Matilda had sought his love—sought to entrap a heart beating love's own rub-a-dub only for his adored, adorable Alice.

The engagement of Miss Welford to the rich southerner was forthwith announced by the delighted parents.

Oh, how rustled the silk dress of Mrs. Welford as she passed in and out of the houses of Fairdale, receiving the forced congratulations (as she imagined) of the envious mothers of grown up, unmarried, unspoken for daughters; stately as a ship she sailed over the village green, freighted with immeasurable pride and exultation. And Mr. Welford, on that day which made known the high destiny auspicious fate prepared for his daughter, in a fit of mental abstraction, withdrew his hand from the pocket of his waistcoat, and actually placed a shilling in the hand of a poor woman!

But Matilda Grant? Alas! for some hours Matilda went off in strong hysterics at the perfidy of her lover. Then flying to Alice, she upbraided her in the most natural manner for her deceitfulness—for basely, treacherously weaning from her a heart and hand which she vowed were plighted to her, and her alone. But Alice, bearing in mind the letter of Bubble, listened with the most provoking, unbelieving smile, to all these accusations, and, as might be expected, the bosom friends parted implacable enemies.

Matilda scrupled not to make known to her parents the faithlessness of her quondam lover, and now it was Mrs. Grant's turn to perambulate the village, railing at the "designing Welfords," the "artful Alice," and pitying and despising the "poor duped friend" of her son. What a commotion in Fairdale! What a tempest between the belligerent houses of "Montague and Capulet!"

The conduct of Mr. Julius Bubble must be explained. He had been smitten with both of these village beauties, and hesitated "which of the two to choose." Like a prudent man, he resolved his decision should not be made in haste, to be repented of at leisure. It was politic, therefore, to attach both strings fast to his bow, and thus his double engagement. But when he returned to R—— he found the house of "Bubble, Froth, and Bubble," of which he was the junior partner, had burst. His decision was then unhesitatingly made. The delicate hand of Matilda, he was aware, would come to him simply encased in a white kid glove, while that of Alice gleaned on his money-desiring vision like a pearl *perdue* amid a rich heap of golden guineas.

The month of July was fixed upon in which the happy lovers were to be made one. And now the "note of preparation" sounded far and near. Mantua-makers and milliners were kept busy from morn till night. The stage came in, loaded with packages, destined to be cut, clipped, united, and to receive a "local habitation and a name" under

the creative powers of the handmaids of fashion. The purse of Mr. Welford seemed inexhaustible. Nothing was spared to render the *trousseau* of the fair bride worthy her illustrious destiny.

But the Grants tossed their heads in high disdain, and vowed they neither would nor could stay in the place to witness such disgraceful proceedings; so they packed up their clothes, and were off to Saratoga, seeking probably a Lethe in the waters.

"On Thursday, then, he will be here," cried Alice, as she placed a highly perfumed letter upon her dressing-table. Then taking a magnificent sprig of pearls, she placed it in the tresses of her dark hair, and stood before the mirror contemplating with much satisfaction its effect.

Observe now how she smiles, bows, then court-sies as if she were receiving the homage of some prince—again, with all the hauteur to be observed to the *canaille*; while the beauteous image in the mirror reflects back to her vain mind the *comme il faut* air with which all must be performed to produce the sensation she desires.

Tired at length of attitudizing, Alice languidly took up a newspaper, and in sympathetic vein, cast her eyes first upon the records of Hymen.

A shrill scream aroused Mrs. Welford, who was in an adjoining room. She rushed in, and found Alice pale, nearly fainting, with the paper clasped tightly in her trembling hand. "Oh, mother, mother, read this!" she faltered forth.

Scarcely less agitated than her daughter, Mrs. Welford took the paper, and read as follows:—"Married, in New York, by the Rev. ———, Julius Adolphus Bubble, Esq., of R——, Virginia, to Miss Matilda Grant, daughter of T. Grant, Esq., of Fairdale."

It seems the enraged Grants resolved that the perfidious bridegroom elect should not slip like an empty bubble thus easily through their fingers. They fancied him to be rich, and therefore they determined he should be the husband of their not unwilling daughter. Seeing his name in a list of arrivals at New York, they proceeded without delay from Saratoga to that city, and by dint of threats soon compelled the frightened Bubble to accede to their demands.

Alas for Bubble! Wheresoever he turned his eyes, he saw "breach of promise" written in letters of flame, and being unable to meet "damages," the debtor's prison rose dark and gloomy in perspective. And thus Matilda Grant became Mrs. Bubble, each caught in the meshes of the net their own artifice had contrived.

* * * * *

Years have since passed, and Alice is still unmarried. Her beauty is on the wane, and her faults have lost even their power to excite compassion. She will probably fall the prey of some fortune hunter.

Frederick Waldo is now the husband of a young girl, as charming, as unaffected as was once the object of his early love.

May the history of Alice Welford prove a warning to those young girls who, in possession of youth and beauty, still strive by artificial manners to augment their charms; while, to those whom nature may not have so richly gifted, may it teach that natural simplicity, ingenuousness of speech, and gentleness of manner, prompted by the warm feelings of the heart, are charms which not even a brighter eye or a more rosy cheek can enhance, or the want thereof diminish.

ARCADE'S COMPLIMENT TO ULISSE.

FROM METASTASIO'S ACHILLE IN SCIRO, UPON THE
VARIOUS COLOURING OF THOUGHT DISPLAYED
IN A GREAT MIND.

(Translated by Mrs. Colonel Marianna Hartley.)

So varied and painted is Heaven,
When Sol, darting beams thro' the rain,
Redressed in new glories has risen
To Iris, and colours her train.

For no dove to the eye hath more changes,
In glitt'ring her plumes to the sight,
Whilst aloft in the ether she ranges,
And turns her gay wing to the light.

ANSWERS TO MRS. ABDY'S CHARADE.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,"
So says the song, but not for me
Hath ocean any charm:
Nor would I send the son I love
O'er deep and pathless waves to rove,
Lest he should come to harm.
Lady, in whom there brightly shines
The light of human reason,
I wish you in these answering lines,
All blessings in their season.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Nay, gentle lady, cease to mourn;
Such tears become not thee:
The dear one in yon vessel borne
Athwart the raging sea
Fears not with danger to contend;
One thought still spurs him on—
He goes the orphan to befriend.
Then weep not for thy son,
But trust in Him whose power can still
The angry billows' foam,
And, in his own good season, will
Restore thy wanderer home.

MARY.

LITERATURE.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE. By the Author of "The Young Prima Donna," "The Belle of the Family," "The Old Dower House," &c., &c., 3 vols. (*Newby*).—Shall we confess that upon a first introduction to these volumes, and while yet our acquaintance was limited to the opening chapters, we had well nigh pronounced them, "flat, stale, and unprofitable;" but only at first is it that we find a certain jejuneness of expression and incident, and a want of keeping in the portrait of the heroine; who proud, passionate, and self-willed, with the seeds of most indomitable resolution in her composition, is still represented as confessing a secret that the most ordinary strength of mind enables a woman to suppress, confessing an (however desired, yet) unasked-for passion; and afterwards vacillating with regard to it, till she finds ultimately she has made a *mistake*, and that her past indelicacy has not even the plea of strong affection to extenuate it. When, however, this part of the story is got over, one is led on insensibly from page to page, and chapter to chapter, till upon opening the second volume, we found our interest in the story had so kept pace with the action of turning over the leaves, that it was quite impossible to put it down, till we had followed the fortune of the "Gambler's Wife" to the very close. The heroine of the tale, Maud Sutherland, is a spoilt child, beautiful (as all heroines are), but selfish and intractable, as the every-day specimens of such persons. She has a sister May, the very antipode of her own character—meek, submissive, self-sacrificing, full of loveliness in disposition and manner; as her elder sister is fascinating from the force of her great personal beauty. Having no brother, Maud Sutherland is the presumptive heiress to her father's estates; and this gives her no little importance in her own estimation, as well as in that of numerous unsuccessful suitors during her first season in London. A well-born, but poor cousin, Arthur Balfour, visits them on the return of his regiment from India, and falls desperately in love with the haughty Maud, who visibly returns his passion; but,

"That idol of deceit, that empty sound,
Called honour,"

forbids him to take advantage of his *bonne fortune*, till, as we have before said, the lady conceiving his difficulty, throws aside all womanly reserve, and discloses her partiality for him. Nothing can be more in unison with the wishes of her parents, who delightedly agree to the match; and the young man leaves them for a few probationary months, at the end of which he is to return to claim his bride. In the meanwhile the *Gambler* has appeared on the scene (another cousin), older by some years than Arthur; and in this, as well as in worldly experience, having the advantage of him.

The character of this clever, subtle, insinuating, heartless man of the world is well drawn; we recognize it immediately, for every one has met his duplicate in society—has felt the fascination of those frank, easy, cordial manners—listened to the

attractive brilliancy of his discourse (beside which all other sounded dull and vapid), marked the grace that gave distinction to trifles, and made the slightest action imposing, the most ordinary courtesy of value—till the speciousness of exterior refinement has dazzled us into almost doubting the justness of the world's censure; and in our heart we have assailed him of half the sins society laid to his charge.

At first, the mere mischief of displacing Balfour in Maud's affections, and exhibiting his own too generally allowed irresistibility, induces the unprincipled young man to affect a sentiment, that in the end becomes real, and awakens all the fervour of his cousin's impassioned character; she finds that until now, she has not known the depth, the strength of feeling of which she is capable, and without scruple, almost without regret, she flings off the lightly assumed bonds that should still fetter her to the deceived and injured Balfour; and on the very night of his return to his father's house, and at the very instant when he is about to claim her promise to him, and the fulfilment of his own, and her family's hopes, she, in the most cold and heartless manner, recalls her past assurances, and rejects him. He has followed her to a conservatory, the scene of many a former *tête-à-tête*; and in the midst of an ardent flow of protestations and delight, is interrupted by the false girl's artificial attempts to exculpate herself from the wayward heartlessness of her past and present conduct. Arthur offered no interruption, and she continued—

"Drawn together by past associations of our happy childhood, when we were indeed like brother and sister, we foolishly chose to fancy ourselves in love; I was indeed most blameable, and blush with shame when I remember my conduct. But I have been the first to awake from my dream. You must have observed that I have been most unhappy of late; I felt I had, as it were, drawn you into the snare, and that you had worked up your imagination to believe you really loved me; I knew that the awaking from the delusion would be painful. Is it not therefore more kind in me to arouse you from it at once, than to allow you, when too late, when bound by irrevocable ties, to discover how much you had been mistaken in your estimate of our mutual attachment. I ought to have said this sooner, both for your sake and that of my parents, who, by my folly, my cowardice, may also have been deceived. Dear Arthur, forgive me." More earnestly might she have craved forgiveness could she adequately have imagined the despair, the agony, with which her cold words had struck upon the heart of her listener, freezing the warm hopes which a moment before beamed so gladly in his heart; and the proud girl might have even trembled had she gazed on his countenance after the first stunning sensation had subsided. Could it be Arthur?

"Truly, he could scarcely be recognized as he now stood; his cheek, before so pale, flushed to the deepest crimson; his lips, from which soft words of love had tremulously proceeded, tightly compressed, his eyes sparkling with indignation. He felt he had been wronged, grievously wronged,

humiliated, by her who so calmly, coldly, inflicted the bitter pang; and this thought called forth all his pride, and anger now was his predominant sentiment. His manner of replying to her was unexpected by the proud girl. He knelt not, he prayed not for a remission of his sentence; he dropped the hand, for which a few moments before he had so eloquently sued, which he had so tenderly pressed; he fixed his reproachful eyes full upon her face, and in a voice struggling with deep emotion, said, 'Forgive you, Maud! You have destroyed my hopes—the happiness of my future life; you have trifled with my feelings; cruelly, most cruelly treated me. Mine is not a brother's love. Tell me, and I have a right to ask the question; can you say with truth,' and his gaze was like that of the basilisk, 'can you, Maud, sincerely declare, that it was the discovery of your *sisterly* affection for me which alone has influenced your cruel conduct? or was it rather that you have suffered another, treacherously, dishonourably to rob me of that love which once—once your own lips confessed you felt for me?'

"For an instant her cheek blanched, and she quailed beneath the words and glance of Arthur; but she soon recovered, and proudly exclaimed, 'I acknowledge not your boasted right to question me in this strain, nor will I reply; enough that I love you not; if you reject the sisterly affection I bear you, I can offer you no other.' And she drew from her finger the diamond ring, the token of their plighted love, and held it towards him; but Arthur turned from it with a shudder, and falling from her hand, the little trinket rolled on the ground, and there lay glittering in a corner. 'You are right,' continued Arthur; 'it is not you, Maud, that I should call to account for this perfidy, but the author of the misery I am now enduring; and he,' and his eyes flashed fire, 'he, the traitor! must answer to me for the grievous wrong he has done me. Farewell! the blow has been too hard to bear; I am not fit to remain in your presence,' and he turned to depart.

"'Stay, Arthur; on your peril, leave me not; remain, I command you,' Maud exclaimed, her pride and composure at once vanishing, and her cheek turning pale as death. 'What are you about to do?'

"He turned again sadly towards her, and paused for one instant, whilst with distended eyes she gazed upon him. 'Tell me then, Maud, or I must ask him the question, do you love Harry Percy?' 'Leave me, leave me; how dare you insult me! Is this your love?' she cried, her eyes, appearing larger and larger, and passionate emotion shaking her light frame. 'What matters it to you whom I love? But presume not to make use of my name to justify your impotent rage—your mad jealousy! Would you threaten me—terrify me into loving you? But it will not avail.'"

As usual, one evil leads quickly to another; the dismissal of her first love is but a preparatory step to her elopement with Harry Percy, who, having been refused by her father, proposes this alternative, calculating that the strong affection her parents bear their spoilt child will render them

indifferent to the disobedience and disgrace of the act. The discovery of her flight proves such a shock to her mother (already in a very fragile state of health), that she sinks beneath it. In her mental agony a blood-vessel is ruptured, and the fugitive girl returns to find her dying. The late remorse, the suddenly broken spirit, the penitence and misery of the unhappy girl, are well depicted. In his indignant grief, her father refuses to forgive her, passionately denounces her as the murderess of her mother, and is hardly persuaded in mercy to soften the heavy accusation, and say he pardons her, when she is going forth motherless and disinherited by her own impetuous act. The scene in the dying mother's room is full of deep pathos. Instead of setting off for the continent immediately after their marriage at Gretna, as her husband proposes, Maud insists on returning to her father's house, in order to receive (as she fancies) the quickly to be accorded forgiveness of her parents. Leaving her husband to await her summons, she proceeds from a retired part of the grounds to the house, and thence, without being perceived by the servants, to the room of her mother, whom she sees supported by her father; while her sister May kneels beside the bed, and the clergyman—good old Mr. Merton—is engaged in reading the service for the dying. The miserable Maud creeps within the room, unnoticed by the sad group.

"Once more, however, a voice of sorrow recalled her thoughts to earth; she raised her hand, and pressed it over the head of the heart-broken May, who, in a tone of bitter grief, murmured, 'Bless me, mother; oh, mother, bless your child!'

"A wandering, searching look of inquiry, gleamed for an instant on the mother's face; an expression, as if some painful, worldly care for a moment weighed down her spirit, as she felt the shining hair of her daughter, and a look almost of agony clouded her before placid brow. But then, again, a ray from above seemed to illumine it, and her lips moved, as if in prayer for forgiveness; again May's supplicating voice called her back to earth. 'My good May,' she fondly murmured, and she poured upon the head of the weeping girl, in faint, but earnest accents, a blessing as full, as tender as ever fell from a mother's lips. She paused; her eyes closed, and as her husband raised her in his arms, he thought they were never again to open in this world—that *all was over!* But what sound was it that suddenly broke the awful stillness of that moment, and recalled to earth the fast departing spirit? It was a thrilling, heart-rending, agonizing cry, which those who heard it, never, never forgot. It was the cry of anguish, bitter—oh, how bitter!—of Maud, as she lifted up her voice, and cried, 'Bless me, bless me, also, oh, my mother!' There was one bright look of eager joy on that mother's face, a gleam of reviving life, as feebly she extended her failing, trembling arms towards the wretched girl, from whose lips the passionate cry had issued. 'Maud, oh, Maud!' she faintly murmured, and Maud was in her arms.

"There was an instant's reverential hush, as if the mourner's woe was soothed by the soft fluttering of the angel's wings that bore the soul of their loved one above, and they gazed, seeking to

trace its heavenward flight. All appeared calm but one—the child upon whom the last look of earthly love had been bestowed by the departed. She looked for a moment wildly around her, then clasped her hands convulsively over her head, tore with frantic grief her hair, and, with a fearful shriek, which recalled her fellow-mourners to a full sense of their bitter sorrow, fell on the lifeless body of her mother, almost as breathless, cold, and inanimate."

This sudden and awful blow is not without its effect on the stricken spirit of the unblessed wife, and her self-accusation and late remorse are touchingly depicted. Doubly alienated from friends and home, she accompanies her bankrupt husband to the continent, and henceforth her character is a contemplation of perfect beauty—her trust, her endurance, her uncomplainingness and clinging love, are all effectively exhibited; and the indignation with which she provoked us as a proud and spoiled girl, merges into tenderness and admiration of her as a wife. We follow her from place to place, from trial to trial (each leaving her more pure and loveable than the last), with absorbing and tearful interest, until the affection that has proved the sole redeeming point in her husband's character, that has continually blinded us to his errors, and made them seem venial indeed to her, falls off, and she wakes to find the object of her self-sacrifice and heart-worship a deceit, receiving her love as a right, forsaking her at will, and bestowing on a coarse, intriguing woman those attentions and endearments that she has flattered herself had never been estranged from her. Bitterly does she prove that "sin is its own avenger;" but it is beyond our limits to follow the story to its close. Life is loveless indeed when she discovers her husband's infidelity. A flash of her former pride returns, and she insists on separating from him. An asylum has been offered her in her father's house, and there, childless, and in heart a widow, she returns. For the way in which they meet again, we refer the reader to the book; merely observing that May becomes the wife of Arthur Balfour, and that Harry Percy lives to repent the error of his ways; though we think there would have been better taste shown if he had exhibited it less publicly. We doubt not that the adage "the greater the saint the greater the sinner," may hold good reversed; but the idea of finding the *roué* transformed into an itinerant preacher, is almost too startling an antithesis.

REGENERATION; WHAT IS IT? &c.—By the Rev. Richard Beadon Bradley, &c., &c., author of the "Portion of Jezreel," &c., &c. (*G. C. Caines, Hulkin-street.*)—In such a day as the present, when the church appears rent with divisions, and schism shows her hydra-head, and proclaims her name to be *Legion*, we hail the fact of a minister of the Church of England coming forward to heal the breaches religious controversy never fails to create; and to make the Christian attempt of harmonizing conflicting opinions upon a serious and vital doctrine, which, from the hitherto mistaken view some have taken of our baptismal service, has caused so much secession from the

Church of England among many most excellent Christian people.

We hold it a duty to invite all to the perusal of a small volume which has evidently cost much time, research, and deep reflection to the author. Unhappily, religious subjects are but too much laid aside in this day of book-making, and it is no small praise, we conceive, to give a religious writer, to say that a great and comprehensive subject has been considered with power and perspicuity, and condensed within the compass of forty duodecimo pages.

PUNCH'S POCKET BOOK for 1845. What is the use of noticing "Punch's Pocket Book?" every body has got it, or is going to buy it—so that it is only the last we can instruct, assuring them they have a racy treat before them, from the same pens which in the welcome weekly sheet have ever the merry liling at folly, and the wounding shaft for selfishness and vice—immortal Punch! that has the privilege of the ancient jesters—who were the wisest men in company—and speaks the truths which graver heads dare only think. The frontispiece, from the pencil of the clever Leech, is entitled, "Farming for ladies;" and rich in humour it is—parasols and hay-making—pigs and eau-de-Cologne. The other illustrations are equally humorous, and the contributions in prose and verse most witty and amusing—especially the letter of "The Oxford Reading-man to his Chum," "Eccentricities of Genius," and the "Evenings at Ramsgate:" from the last we make a short extract. We ought to add, that *Punch* supplies his friends with all the grave information and blank paper of a serious pocket book.

"The opening bars of a popular air—

A beautiful ballad of feeling and grace—
Are played on a Broadwood piano—a square—
With several notes out of tune in the bass.

And there, on the top of a kind of a box—
A platform they term it—a maiden there sits,
Who gives the piano such violent knocks,

They threaten to break all the keys into bits.
She dreams she is dwelling in marble halls,

But carried away by the words she is saying,
So heavy her fist on the instrument falls,

She must dream, on a marble piano she's
playing.

But there is one amongst the crowd
For whom those notes are not too loud;
Riveted to the spot he stands

Clapping together both his hands;
And when that lovely girl has gone,
The youth still keeps applauding on,

Till, with enthusiastic roar,
He bellows out a wild "encore!"
His words are answered by a shout

Of—"Turn that silly fellow out."

FULCHER'S LADIES' MEMORANDUM-BOOK AND POETICAL MISCELLANY for 1845. (*Fulcher, Sudbury; Longman, London.*)—This pocket-book contains some beautiful engravings and an admirable selection of poetry. It would be worth purchasing, if only because there is extracted into it Hood's "Bridge of Sighs;" that is to say, by all

those whose admiration for the poem has inclined them, though they have not yet had the opportunity, to commit it to memory.

THE ANNUALS.—We purpose reviewing the *Annals* next month; meanwhile we extract a clever and sparkling poem from the versatile pen of the accomplished Countess of Blessington. It appears in the "Keepsake."

"SOLILOQUY OF A MODERN FINE LADY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"How dull it is to sit all day,
With nought on earth to do,
But think of concerts, balls, or routs,
At evening to go to!
Perplex'd between a robe of pink,
Or blue celeste, or white,
Or visits one is forced to pay,
Or little notes to write.

How tedious in the park to drive,
Each day the same dull round,
And see the stupid visages
That there are always found;
Come home a half an hour too late
For dinner, dress in haste,
While husband swears the fish is spoilt,
And ven'son lost its taste!

How vexing 'tis to have such tastes
As thousands can't supply,
And ev'ry pretty thing one sees
To still be sure to buy;
Then meet one's husband's surly glance
At each new cap or robe,
As if into one's bills he'd pry,
Extravagance to probe!

How tiresome then at dinner too
To have no appetite,
Because a luncheon one has had,
Or *corset* laced too tight;
Then find a glass of iced champagne,
Though mixed with water pure,
Has made one's nose a little red,
A misery to endure!

How wearying at night to drive
To op'ra, rout, or ball,
And find the last is sure to be
The dulllest scene of all;
Then tired and cross, at last return
To home with aching head,
And quarrel with one's yawning maid,
Before one gets to bed;

Then find one's couch a sleepless one,
The pillow all awry,
The downy bed uneven grown,
Enough to make one cry;
Then wake next morn at half-past twelve,
All languid and deprest,
And know that each succeeding day
Will dull be as the rest!"

THE STAR OF THE COURT. By Miss S. Bunbury, author of "Combe Abbey." (*Grant and Griffith, successors to Harris.*)—This is a charming little volume, combining all the fascination of a

romance with the sober lessons of history. It is long since we have met with so appropriate a present for the young of her own sex as Miss Bunbury's memoir of Anne Boleyn, for she is the heroine of the work; and the author has shown no small degree of judgment and skill in handling a subject so fit for an example, and yet so difficult properly to treat.

PAWSEY'S LADIES' FASHIONABLE REPOSITORY, for 1845.—(*Longman.*) Brilliant in scarlet and gold, and enamel, this is by far the handsomest pocket-book we have seen. Besides almanac memoranda, &c., it contains several fine engravings, and a vast number of enigmas and conundrums, some of the latter being really good. We cannot say much for the original verses, except that their quantity is more remarkable than their quality. Why not select gems of poetry, which are better worth repeating than the fresh effusions of mediocrity are worth printing?

THE FUNNY ALMANAC, for 1845.—(*Lover, Bolt Court.*) There is certainly more than sixpennyworth of laughter in the "Funny Almanac." The sketch by Phiz of "Fire Insurances Expire," though probably suggested by *Punch's* statues going out of town, is really capital.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE, with Illustrations on Steel by Robert Cruikshank.—(*Newby.*) From the odd number of this work which has come before us, we feel sure it is one of no common power and interest. As may be imagined, no richer field for high-wrought romance could have been found than "Chronicles of the Bastile;" though that the terrible must mix with it, is of course a painful matter-of-course.

THE ORPHAN; OR, MEMOIRS OF MATILDE. By Eugene Sue; illustrated by Robert Cruikshank; translated by the Hon. D. G. Osborne. No. 1.—(*Newby.*) It is not easy from the first number of a serial work to predicate the tone and character it may afterwards take, and the present, with its clever illustration, is no exception to the general rule; we may, however, say, that the opening is most interesting, and we have sufficient faith in the power of the author to believe that it must be ably continued. We hope it may prove the sort of work which the English will be right in transferring to their own tongue. We are not quite sure of this matter yet.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Phelps and Mrs. Warner continue that great run of success and popularity which their efforts have so richly deserved. The production of the *City Madam*, and of the *Lady of Lyons*, has been greeted with the most tremendous applause. Both of these plays are too well known to require any comment on our part. *The City Madam* of Phelps and Mrs. Warner, is the *Riches* of Macready; and Sadler's Wells need not be ashamed to hold up its head beside any of the larger theatres. Indeed, we almost prefer Phelps to Ma-

cready in this part. Bulwer's beautiful play of the *Lady of Lyons*, with Phelps as *Claude Melnotte*, and Mrs. Warner as *Pauline*, was most powerfully sustained; and, as a natural consequence of such fine acting, the house is literally crammed every night. Several novelties are announced to be produced here, to which we shall devote ample space, as we are most anxious to support, by every means, this most creditable effort in favour of the national drama, an effort which richly deserves some marked public demonstration of approbation.

DRURY LANE.

Though since our last nothing new in the musical way has been produced, yet has the enterprising manager continued to supply a most varied round of popular operas; the *Syren*, the *Bohemian Girl*, the *Sonnambula*, *Der Freischütz*, &c., having been given in rapid succession.

Adele Dumilatre and Mademoiselle Plunket, the former perhaps the best French *danseuse*, not excepting one, who has visited this country, have been exceedingly popular in the very clever ballet of the *Beauty of Ghent*; which, with the *Corsair* and *Revolt of the Harem*, have been the after-pieces.

A new tragic opera will have been brought out ere this is perused by the public, but too late in the month to give us an opportunity of expressing an opinion of its merits. We shall amply compensate for this next month.

COVENT GARDEN.

Monsieur Jullien's annual series of concerts commenced a week or so back, and they have hitherto been attended with that ample success which their moderate price, excellent music, and agreeable novelties so richly deserve. The bill of fare is nightly most rich and varied, and the performers are of the first order of merit. Mozart's grand Jupiter Symphony we never saw produced under more advantageous circumstances; while Jullien's real Polka is decidedly the best version of that popular air. We regret that this cheap and excellent musical entertainment will last for so short a period; but we invite all who love good music, admirably played, to avail themselves of this opportunity of being pleased, nay, delighted.

HAYMARKET.

A comedy, by the author of *London Assurance*, under the title of *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, has been produced here with very considerable success. The plot, or effect of the plot, is far less brilliant than that of its predecessor; though had it equalled in its latter portion the two first acts, it would certainly have been a sterling English comedy, and as it is it will do great credit to the author's reputation.

In the commencement we are introduced to *Littleton Coke* (Mr. Charles Matthews), a briefless barrister, seated in his chambers in the Temple, and lamenting that he should have a wretched pittance of seven hundred a-year, so unequal to his ambitious desires, while his brother in Yorkshire, *Tom Coke* (Mr. Webster), is in the bland enjoyment of coal-pits and cash. *Bob*

(Mr. Buckstone), the clerk or servant of *Littleton*, is the sympathizing listener to his master's tale of woe, when the post brings a letter from the Yorkshire squire, somewhat unceremoniously rejecting an application which *Littleton* had made for a loan, and reproaching him with his extravagant habits. *Littleton*, like all spendthrifts, is mightily indignant that another person should be indisposed to part with his cash for the purchase of pleasures in which he has no participation, but probably abhors, and votes his brother a bore. Another visitor now appears upon the scene, in the shape of *Lord Charles Roebuck* (Mr. H. Holl), an old chum of *Littleton's*, and who has been some time absent from England. In the conversation that ensues between *Lord Charles* and his friend, we learn that the young nobleman is disinclined to the match which his father, *Lord Pompion* (Mr. Tilbury), has provided for him in the person of a rich and beautiful widow, *Lady Alice Hawthorn* (Madame Vestris), and is, of course, rapturously in love with another, *Miss Rocket* (Julia Bennett), the daughter of a peppery East India colonel (played by Mr. Strickland), but who is in opposition to *Lord Pompion*. The young men lay their heads together to circumvent the plans of the earl. *Littleton* is to go down to the borough which *Lord Pompion* desires his son to represent, and, by this preconcerted and friendly opposition, to be returned—*Lord Charles* offering to help his friend to the hand and fortune of *Lady Alice*, if *Littleton* can aid him in obtaining those of *Miss Rocket*, a proposal to which, as may be expected, the briefless barrister has no objection. While in conversation, the two friends are interrupted by *Bob*, who alarms his master with the intelligence that two persons, whom he takes to be an attorney and a bailiff, are approaching. *Exeunt*, therefore, in great haste, *Littleton*, with his friend *Lord Charles*. The new comers, however, prove to be *Tom Coke*, who has come to visit his brother, accompanied by *Rural* (Mr. Farren), a simple-minded, well-meaning country parson, who has been tutor to both the brothers in their youth. Their object is to affect a reconciliation between *Tom* and *Littleton*, and to reclaim the latter from the error of his ways; but *Bob*, still under his misapprehension as to their real characters, uses sundry offensive epithets to both; and *Tom*, supposing this conduct to be the result of his brother's orders, indignantly retires. The next act brings us to the drawing-room of the *Earl of Pompion*, where we are presented to the *Countess* (Mrs. W. Clifford); and here all the principal characters assemble, and commence their several actions. *Littleton* pays court to the beautiful and eccentric *Lady Alice*, and succeeds in stealing her heart; then he poutingly, and like a sulky, underbred school-boy, rejects the advances for a reconciliation which his brother, who is a fine, frank-hearted, manly fellow, makes towards him. *Tom* also falls in love with *Lady Alice*, and thus all parties are at cross purposes. But at this point we must abandon all hope of unravelling the plot, or following up the incidents which lead to the *dénouement*—namely, the marriages of *Lord Charles* with *Miss Rocket*, and of *Littleton* with *Lady Alice*—for any

attempt at describing the mysterious means by which these events were brought about could only reduce our readers to the same hopeless state of bewilderment with which we contemplated them. Something there was of a double elopement, semi-political, semi-matrimonial, with the heroes disguised as grooms and postilions—of a paragraph in the *Morning Post*, announcing the elopement, indeed correctly, but attaching each lady to the wrong gentleman—of *Littleton* being returned for Closeborough by a great majority over *Lord Charles*, but for what purpose we could not see, nor by what means comprehend; and all the confusion occasioned by the simplicity of poor *Rural*, who goes about with the best intentions possible, interfering, apparently without knowing it, in everybody's business, wishing to make everybody happy, but dreadfully discomposed at last, on finding that he has made everybody miserable. *Tom Coke* is the best sustained and most complete character in the play. He has singleness of purpose, honesty of mind, and nobleness of heart, and yet he is disappointed in his affections; for *Lady Alice* prefers his brother *Littleton*, a selfish, ill-conditioned fellow.

The applause was perfectly uproarious. We shall again see it, and may then perhaps give a better opinion of its merits than we can from the stormy excitement of a first appearance.

PRINCESS'S.

This admirable little theatre continues every night to enjoy the privilege of drawing crowded houses, and deservedly; the entertainments being of the most popular and amusing character. The variety too is singularly great. The *Widow Bewitched* is a most amusing and clever production, full of capital hits and good situations. The plot is slight, and perhaps flimsy, but being acted with great ability, especially by Mrs. Stirling, was completely successful. Mr. Lorimer (Granby), for some unexplained reason, is obliged to quit England, and spread a report that he is dead; his wife is consequently supposed to be a widow. Clement Furnival (Walter Lacy), a young lawyer, has been paying his addresses to Arabella (Miss E. Hounner), but attracted by the superior charms and accomplishments of her aunt, Mrs. Lorimer (Mrs. Stirling), he transfers his affections to the latter lady. The niece discovers the infidelity of her lover, and quarrels with him. At this stage of the affair the widow's husband returns, and becomes rather uneasy at finding Clement Furnival established on such a familiar footing in the house, while the young lawyer, imagining from the easy appearance of the stranger that he is also a candidate for the widow's hand, tells him frankly that he is himself in love with Mrs. Lorimer, and that any one who disputes the prize with him must fight him. Lorimer, though he acknowledges his passion for the lady, declines this barbarous mode of deciding their pretensions, but purposes that each shall honestly confess the encouragement that he had received from the widow, and upon which he had presumed that he was the object of her tender regards. Furnival consents, and relates various circumstances which his vanity

had construed into indisputable proofs of the lady's attachment to him; the husband, however, trumps every card played by the lover, by disclosing some stronger mark of Mrs. Lorimer's affection for him. The lover at last describes a scene in which, according to his belief, the widow has tacitly admitted his intrusions. They were alone in the library, Furnival was reading to her some tale of romance until the clock struck twelve; "Then, sir," said he, "I arose, took down my hat and departed." "And I," replied the husband, "on similar occasions, hung up my hat, and remained." This candid avowal fills the young lawyer with indignation, and he insists upon the calumny upon the honour of the purest of her sex being instantly recanted, which produces an acknowledgment from Lorimer somewhat in the manner of that rendered to Laura's cavalier, in Byron's poem of "Beppo."

"Sir," quoth the Turk, " 'tis no mistake at all,
That lady is my wife!"

Lorimer, in order to extricate himself from the dilemma in which he has placed himself, now declares that he is ready to renew his allegiance to Arabella, and marry her. And here the piece might have been judiciously terminated, but fresh entanglements are produced by Mrs. Lorimer planning to punish her husband for his groundless jealousy, and Furnival for his vanity and fickleness. This she effects by causing Arabella to write a letter to her faithless swain, which is so ambiguously worded that he imagines it comes from Mrs. Lorimer, and instantly relapses into his adoration for her. The tangled plot is, however, cleared at length; the gay deceiver is obliged to return to his old love, and the delighted husband finds his wife to be a pattern of virtue for all widows bewitched.

Don Cesar de Bazan, which the sterling careless humour and the native under-current of feeling displayed by Wallack have rendered so completely successful, continues nightly to receive the utmost applause. Perhaps it is the very best drama which France has produced for many years, and the version here given is, by far, the most effective, as well as the best acted. After this, a very capital ballet, *The Enchanted Bell*, has been nightly applauded. We never saw a ballet supported by more superb and admirable scenes. The illusion is perfect, and great credit is due to the talented artist. A comic opera, *The Four Brothers Aymon*, has been very well received; as also *Prediction*—a new version of *Satan*.

LYCEUM.

The irresistible Keeleys continue to draw crowded houses, and to excite roars of laughter. *To Persons about to Marry*, and *A Trip to Kissing*, are the only novelties, if we except a very ineffective spectacle, *The Seven Castles of the Passions*, which may be put aside at the earliest opportunity with advantage to the management. The light pieces, however, are happy in the extreme.

STRAND.

The Knight and the Sprite; or, *The Cold Water Cure*—of which the plot is as follows—has been

singularly successful. Sir Hildebrand (Mrs. Walter Lacy), the lover of Bertilda (Mrs. Coleman Pope), an old baron's only daughter, whose heart and hand are also coveted by Sir Florian (Mrs. Montgomery), travelling to execute some difficult enterprise by his lady love's desire, is obliged to take shelter during a heavy shower of rain in the cottage of Jan Tickletroutz (Mr. R. Romer), an old fisherman, and his frau (Mrs. C. Melville). There the knight sees and falls over head and ears in love with Ondine, the fisherman's adopted daughter, whom he had found an infant exposed on the beach on the very day that he had lost his own child. Sir Hildebrand marries Ondine, and returns to his "father's hall," accompanied by his bride and Dabblehorn (Mr. H. Hall), a being described as "half demon half Dutchman," who acts as a kind of protector to Ondine. Meanwhile Bertilda, deserted by one lover, is bestowing her hand upon Sir Florian, when an awkward revelation is made by the demon that the lady is not the daughter of the baron, but of Tickletroutz, the fisherman, which causes the match to be broken off. Sir Hildebrand, now a wedded man, begins to neglect his wife, and essays "particular attention" to his former love, Bertilda. He invites her to accompany him on a marine excursion in the *Lily* steamer, of which Dabblehorn acts as captain, and this personage being convinced of the infidelity of Sir Hildebrand to his lawful spouse, causes the steamer to sink with all her passengers to the bottom of the sea. The cold water effects a sudden improvement in the morals of Sir Hildebrand, who upon the appearance of Ondine on the deck of the steamer, returns to his matrimonial allegiance, and is instantly transported by her to her private residence in the "well known Caves of Coral," Bertilda, Sir Florian, and the fisherman and his wife, being sent up by a special conveyance to their former quarters. The fiend Dabblehorn was admirably played by Mr. H. Hall; it was a bit of genuine burlesque, and told immensely. His imitation of O. Smith when he first rises through the stage, and his song to the nigger air of "Old Dan Tucker," were loudly applauded. Mr. Romer also made the part of Jan Tickletroutz very funny by the grave drollery of his pantomime. Mrs. Walter Lacy's part could hardly be termed burlesque; she played it with great taste.

ADELPHI.

The Mysterious Stranger, which is as far superior to *Pretiction* at the Princess's, as their *Don Caesar de Bazan* is to the Adelphi's, has drawn night after night with unabated interest. It is a most effective piece, and the gentlemanly acting of Hudson, the mysterious doings and disguises of Madame Celeste, and the rich humour of Wright, give it double zest. The appearance of Madame Celeste as *Satan*, first in the disguise of a Paris dandy, then a ball-room belle, then a French boy, then as a Chinese princess, then as a creole officer, and lastly as a very pretty woman, was singularly pleasing to the audience. The fright of Wright at his contact with ——— is very rich, while Celeste acts with her usual talent.

The improbability of the plot is nothing; it tells well, and that is the great consideration.

Miss Farrell, whom we discovered a short time ago at Margate, has made her appearance in the metropolis among the "Histrionics," at St. James's theatre. She had little to do, however, in the poor little part of *Kathline* in the *Poor Soldier*, and we hope to see her on a more bustling stage. She has a splendid figure, and a pretty Irish face, brimming over with droll smiles, that evidently gush up from the heart. She has an accurate knowledge of stage business, which gives her an air of perfect self-possession; and her voice, although it still wants some drilling, is both sweet and powerful.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré,
à Paris, November 24.

The aristocracy of birth, as well as that of money, are beginning to return to Paris, but as yet slowly. In a few weeks more the season will be fairly opened, and Paris will exhibit more than its usual splendour, for the marriage of the *Duc d'Anmale* is expected to be celebrated by a number of public *fêtes*. We have more than usual variety in our promenade costumes, particularly in mantles; I have sent you some of the most novel. I may cite also the *manteaux russes*, composed of velvet, and lined with white satin. They are the smallest of the fashionable cloaks, and are worn only in carriage dress, or for an evening wrap. A good many are trimmed with *grèbe*. The furriers are striving to bring their fur again into vogue, but I don't think they will be very successful. Several satin mantles have a velvet pelerine descending as low as the waist behind, drawn in so as to form a very small jacket just at the back; it descends in the heart form in front, and is laced on the shoulders, so that sitting close to the shape it forms it very gracefully. The *manteaux mantelets*, also composed of velvet, and lined with satin, are just introduced; they are made open at the sides, and laced, as are also the sleeves, which are very large. A new kind of *passementerie* is employed for the lacing, but the round of the *mantelet* is always trimmed either with fur or an embroidery in chenille. The *manteau d'Anmale* may be either of velvet or satin; if the former, it is lined with satin; if the latter, the lining is either *gros de Naples*, or *peluche de soie*. It is made to the shape at the back, straight, but not very wide on the bust in front, with a deep falling collar of fur; the round of the mantle, and the sleeves, which are very large, is bordered to correspond. Ermine is employed for velvet, and sable for satin cloaks. The *paletots* of the form described in my last, are more than ever in vogue. Mantles are all made with sleeves: some have very large ones, others are only of an easy width; that depends on the fancy of the wearer. Mantles have lost nothing of their width at bottom, but they are narrower than last year at

the top; the lengths remain much the same; none of those made quite long have yet appeared. The trimmings are velvet, *passementerie*, velvet lace, and fur.

The only change that has yet taken place in the forms of *chapeaux* and *capotes* is a little rise in the crowns of the former, and something of additional depth in the back of the crowns of each, so that they descend lower on the neck. The materials are the same as when I wrote last, but velvet is still more employed, particularly for the promenade. Black lace is very much in vogue, especially for *capotes*. White lace is equally fashionable and more *distingué*, but it is confined to half-dress. A good many black velvet *chapeaux* have the exterior decorated with an intermixture of black lace and ribbon only; the lace is arranged in a *chou* on each side of the bottom of the crown, upon a torsade of ribbon shaded in different shades of red upon black; a *ruche* of ribbon issuing from each *chou* forms an arch in the centre of the crown, and the torsade is terminated at the back by a knot with floating ends. The interior of the brim is decorated with small red flowers corresponding with one of the shades of the ribbon. Other *chapeaux* intended for the promenade have the exterior ornamented only with a rosace of the same velvet as the *chapeau*, but the brim is always lined with satin of a striking hue, and the interior trimmed with flowers of a small size and a more delicate hue than the satin. Ostrich feathers of the colour of the *chapeau*, or a lighter shade of the same hue, disposed in the same manner as the figures in your first plate, are also much in request. Some of the velvet half-dress *capotes* are decorated with two ostrich feathers, either white shaded with the colour of the *chapeau*, or else of that colour; one is inserted on each side of the crown in a wreath of thistle blossoms which encircles the bottom of it. Some *chapeaux* have appeared a day or two ago with velvet crowns, and the exterior of the brim composed of an intermixture of satin and velvet forming lozenges; the interior of the brim is ornamented with *cogues* of ribbon à la *manicini*; the exterior is decorated with ribbon and a long willow plume; both are shaded in various tints of the colour of the *chapeau*. Half-dress *capotes* are mostly of satin or *velours épingle*. Feathers are more in request than flowers for half-dress *chapeaux*, although the latter are also a good deal employed. Flowers and lace decorate the majority of the *capotes*, but a minority of the most elegant are adorned with feathers.

The *saules ondés* are new willow plumes, shaded in the colour of the bird which serves as a base to the feather: the *saules follettes multicolores* are shaded in a variety of hues: the *follettes mouchetées de paon* are spotted in imitation of peacock's feathers; and the most novel of all, the *plumet Darius*, is a melange of marabout and vulture's feathers. Birds of Paradise in one or two light *panaches* shaded in the most delicate colours, and the plumes d'*Argus* sparkling in blue or emerald green upon black, were favourites of the mode last season, and are not less so at present; nor has the stately ostrich and the light marabout plume lost any of their vogue. Flowers for *chapeaux*

and *capotes* are of various kinds; roses and dahlias predominate among the home flowers, but we have a great variety of exotics, particularly those from Algiers, and a great number of fancy flowers.

Never was comfort so much attended to in indoor dress as at present. The *robe de chambre* of an *élégante*, whether composed of an expensive or a cheap material, is always of a warm texture. The most elegant are of *Lampos royal*, or cashmere, lined either with silk or satin; the lining quilted down the front, and generally forming a rouleau round the robe: the most novel are made with a *collet roulant*; it may either be buttoned quite up to the top, or left open as low as the waist, forming a shawl pelerine of a larger or smaller size according as it is buttoned. Hitherto the under dress with a *robe de chambre* has been either muslin or cambric, both have now given place to a new *robe de dessous*; it is composed of *cachemire d'Ecosse*, and called a *soutamette*, they are made high with *manches Armada*, and have neither *ceintures* nor casings to mark the shape; the only trimming is a row of small buttons from the top to the bottom. Wadded pelisses, or *douillettes*, are sometimes substituted for *robes de chambre*, and may be adopted in promenade dress with the addition of a shawl; *à propos* of shawls, the cashmere still keeps its ground. But whether the early morning *deshabille* is a *robe de chambre*, or a *douillette*, a cap must be adopted with it, no matter how juvenile the wearer is, if married. The *bonnet Breton* is the last novelty; it has a small caul and a very broad head-piece, which descends on each side in a square *demi barbe*; a Valenciennes edging is set on with very little fullness round the head-piece; there is no *bavolet*. A more dressy and, in my opinion, much prettier style of cap, is composed of embroidered muslin; it is made long and rounded on the cheeks; the head-piece is trimmed with four rows of Valenciennes lace set on with very little fullness, and parted by small *cogues* of narrow satin ribbon; a band of narrow ribbon encircles the small low caul, and is tied in floating ends behind.

Robes, even in half-dress, continue to be made high, and close *corsages* are, I think, becoming more general, though they have not by any means displaced those opening in front; but the latter are so close as to display very little of the embroidery of the *chemisette*; sometimes it is only the lace, with which some *chemisettes* are trimmed down the front, that is visible. The *corsages* à *revers* continue their vogue; some that are made a three-quarter height behind are rounded in front in the heart form, and the ends of the lappel meeting on the bosom descend in a sharp point. A good many are made with a small close jacket, which adds much to the elegance of the shape. It is said with some degree of confidence that demi large sleeves will again become fashionable this season, and some few I know have already appeared; but tight ones are in a very decided majority; even those of a three-quarter length, worn over muslin ones, are merely easy, but not wide, with the exception of one, the *manche à la bonne sœur*. Tight sleeves continue to be a good deal ornamented; the one terminating in a point falling



over the hand, which I have sent you, is the most novel that has lately appeared.

There is no want of variety in half-dress trimmings, though I cannot say there is any great novelty, with the exception, however, of the various new garnitures in *passenterie*, and a novel kind of embroidery, employed for silk and cashmere robes; it is an intermixture of silk and chenille, in wreaths of flowers, or detached sprigs. The other garnitures in vogue are flounces, *ruches*, velvet lace, and black lace.

Caps are very much in vogue for social dinner parties; some that have just been introduced are composed of *dentelle de soie*, a round form trimmed with lace plaited *à la vieille*, parted by two rows of narrow green velvet; the caul is encircled by a second plaiting of the same kind, with a knot and long ends at the back, also of green velvet, but much broader than that which parts the lace.

The enormous width of the skirts of robes is now decidedly diminished; the skirts of promenade robes are a little shorter, but those for demi toilette and evening dress have rather increased than diminished in length. *Corsages* are made lower than last month in evening dress; those of silk or velvet are always tight to the shape: the majority are deeply pointed at bottom, and either round or square at top. A few, but very few, are partially open in the centre of the breast; the majority are trimmed with lace; even those made with a lappel have the lower edge of the lappel bordered with lace. *Berthes* are still fashionable, but they are not so numerous as lace disposed in three or four falls, or in *pelerine-fichus*. Short sleeves are shorter, but a garniture of *bouillonné*, or lace, adds to their length. In many instances, where lace is employed for the *corsages* of dresses, there is no trimming at the bottom; but if there is one, it should either be a deep flounce of the material of the dress, or else one or two lace flounces. I should observe that velvet and satin robes are never flounced with the same material. Several shot silk robes are trimmed with *tulle ruches* of the two colours of the silk, on the *corsage* and sleeves. The garniture of the skirt is either composed of plain satin, or of the material of the dress; in either case it is fancifully intermingled with *tulle ruches*. Lace arranged down the sides of a robe, in the *tablier* form, with a broad lace flounce at the bottom, that is, at the bottom of the *tablier* only, will be very fashionable, and has an elegant effect.

This month is particularly rich in evening *coiffures* of every kind. Caps of *tulle*, blonde, and thread lace; small, round shapes, with the cauls a little raised, trimmed with flowers, intermixed with gauze or narrow velvet ribbon. Small wreaths of flowers, imitated in peacock's feathers with hearts of coloured gems, have just appeared for dress caps. Velvet demi-turbans and *petits bords*, the first either trimmed with a lace scarf, the ends descending on each side, or else with gold or silver cords and tassels, and one or two white ostrich feathers, spotted or shaded in the colour of the velvet. The *coiffure Memphis* may be made in the most costly or simple materials, according to the taste of the wearer. In the first,

the foundation, which is very small, may be composed either of velvet or of gauze, embroidered in gold or silver; it is ornamented with small *tor-sades*, either flat or round, descending in three or four rows on each cheek, rounding towards the back of the head in the style of the bands, *à la Berthe*. The others are entirely composed of green, blue, or crimson silk. The *coiffure à la Cleopatre* is also new: it has a very small foundation of either velvet or fancy silk net, traversed by two lace lappets of moderate length; the ends are square, and fall on each side; the lappets are retained on the foundation by bandelettes of gold, pearls, or velvet wreathed with pearls or spotted with gold. The vogue of wreaths of flowers for head-dresses of hair is expected to be very great: I have never seen them so beautiful, nor in such profusion. I may say the same of the plumes in which our *artistes* have this year surpassed themselves. I have no change in fashionable colours to announce to you.

ADRIENNE DE M—.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of *Pekin satiné*, an aventurine ground with narrow black stripes; the *corsage* a three-quarter height at the back, and open on the bosom, displays the lace of the *chemisette* standing up: *manche à la Henri III.* over a long muslin sleeve made tight, and finished with a deep lace ruffle. The cloak is a *manteau d'Aumale*, of deep blue velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with black lace; it is somewhat shorter than usual, and made loose, with a *pelerine écharpe*, which forms a substitute for sleeves. Pink satin *capote*, a close shape; the exterior of the brim trimmed with a cluster of folds; a garniture of white lace, with *coques* of pink ribbon in the centre, is disposed on one side, partly on the brim and partly on the crown; a white plume *zéphyr* issuing from this trimming, falls low on the other side: a knot and *brides* of pink satin ribbon complete the trimming.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Claret coloured satin robe, *corsage en amazone*, and sleeve a three-quarter length over one of muslin *bouillonné*. Two rows of chenille fringe, very broad, and with a rich heading, trim the skirt. Mantle of black *satin broché*; it is the usual length, drawn in to the waist behind, loose before, and closed down the centre. *Pelerine* of moderate depth, very open on the bosom, with a collar and border of velvet, long loose sleeves and velvet cuffs; the front is trimmed with velvet, in the form of a broken cone. Dark green velvet *chapeau*, a moderately openshape; the interior trimmed with *coques* of shaded rose ribbon, the edge with a wreath composed of emerald green satin ribbon; the exterior with ribbon of the same shade, and two long and very full emerald green ostrich plumes.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 3. MORNING DRESS.—Drab-coloured le-vantine robe; the *corsage* made quite high, and tight to the shape, is trimmed with two velvet

bands encircling the back, and descending in the lappel style on each side to the bottom of the waist; they are placed at some distance from each other, and form the shape in a very graceful manner; the centre is decorated with brandebourgs. A similar garniture is arranged *en tablier* on the front of the skirt. Long tight sleeve, ending in a point falling over the hand; it is lined and bordered with velvet; close *mancheron*, forming a rounded point, trimmed with velvet. Claret-coloured velvet *chapeau*; it is a very dark shade, a deep round brim, and crown somewhat higher than usual; a fancy trimming encircles the brim; satin rouleaus encircle the crown, and *têtes de plumes* intermingled with *coques* and ends of satin ribbon, form a wreath round it.

NO. 4. MORNING DRESS.—Robe of one of the new quadrilled Pekins; the *corsage* made quite up to the throat, and close, descends in a point, and is trimmed in the centre with a *caur* of the same material, bordered with *passementerie*; a small falling collar is similarly edged. Tight sleeve, rather more than a three-quarter length, over a muslin one, terminated by a *bouillonnée*, and finished by a lace ruffle; the bottom of the sleeve is edged with *passementerie*. Round *mancheron*, trimmed with a *ruche*. A single very deep flounce, headed by a *bouillonnée*, decorates the skirt. Lemon-coloured satin *chapeau* lined with white; the interior and exterior trimmed with flowers.

NO. 5. EVENING DRESS.—Lavender bloom satin robe; a low *corsage*, pointed at bottom, round at top, and trimmed with a fall of lace headed by a drapery, with a satin *choux* in the centre. Short tight sleeve and lace ruffle, also ornamented with a *choux*. The skirt is decorated with a fall of lace put far back on each side, and *choux* placed close to it at regular distances. The head-dress, arranged in the cap style, is composed of lavender bloom velvet, put far back upon the head, and decorated with folds of spotted *tulle* and white chenille fringe.

SECOND PLATE.

DEMI-TOILETTE.—Shot silk robe, a low *corsage*, pointed at bottom, round at top, and trimmed with a lappel open in the centre, and scalloped round; long tight sleeve; the skirt is trimmed with two very deep flounces, also scalloped, each headed by a light chain of *passementerie*. Ceinture of ribbon to correspond, twisted round the waist, and descending in long ends nearly to the bottom of the skirt. *Chemisette* made up to the throat, and composed of alternate bands of cambric set in full, and embroidered *entre deux*. Green satin *capote*, a drawn shape; the brim moderately open, has the interior trimmed with half blown dahlias; the exterior with a full blown flower and foliage laid upon a lace lappel.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Blue satin robe;

the *corsage* made quite up to the throat, is trimmed round the back and down the sides with four bands of black velvet ribbon; they descend to the waist, where they are met on each side by the same number of bands going down the sides and round the back of the skirt, in the tunic style; long sleeve of equal width from top to bottom; deep turned up cuff, and *mancheron* of the shell form, both trimmed with velvet. Lace collar and ruffles. *Chapeau* of golden brown velvet; an oval brim, descending low at the sides; the interior trimmed with *coques* of yellow ribbon; the exterior with ribbon, and a long and very full willow plume, both to correspond with the *chapeau*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

NO. 3. WALKING DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—Lavender levantine frock, a double skirt, the lower one long, and trimmed above the hem with an embroidery in black *soutache*; the upper skirt is much shorter, open before to the waist, and made with robings embroidered in *soutache*; the *corsage* quite high, tight at the top and full at the bottom, is trimmed in the pelisse style, with a small pelerine, which forms a *revers* in front, and is embroidered *en suite*; a cord and tassels encircle the waist. Turkish sleeves over full ones of muslin, trimmed, as is also the top of the *corsage*, with Valenciennes edging. White satin drawn bonnet; a long and close brim; the exterior trimmed with a wreath formed of the beards of white feathers.

NO. 4. MORNING DRESS.—Robe of white *tissu de Cachemire*; *corsage en canezou*, made quite high behind, but opening *en V* on the bosom. *Manche à la Louis XIV.*, over one of muslin *bouillonné*. Cleft *mancheron*. *Ceinture* of broad plaided ribbon descending in long ends. *Bonnet à la Duchesse* of Brussels net; the front is arranged somewhat in the diadem form; the net, which is edged with Valenciennes lace, descends in full ends at the sides; they are retained by clusters of small *coques* of ribbon.

No. 5 presents a back view of No. 3.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACCEPTED, with thanks—K. E. L.; Marion.

DECLINED, with many thanks—Elise; Cornelius; "On the death of a relation;" "On a dead sunflower;" "Lines to a bouquet of faded flowers," and other poems by the same author.

EMERALD's article displays talent, but is nevertheless unsuitable. If she will favour the Editress with an address, she will be happy to return the paper, and give more particular reasons for its rejection.

If SELINA CAROLINE E. B. will give the Editress her address, she will be happy to communicate privately with her.

Several papers are under consideration.

END OF VOL. XXI.



